





THE
AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. II.—WHOLE VOL. VIII.



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J. P. Ingersoll

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for July.

THE NOMINATION: GENERAL TAYLOR,	1
NECESSITY OF PARTY—THE PRESS—THE LOCOFOCO PLATFORM,	8
SIR THOMAS BROWNE. By Joseph Hartwell Barrett,	15
HYMN OF CREATION, (in the Indus.) By William Wallace,	24
A TALK ABOUT THE PRINCESS,	28
HUDSON'S LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE,	39
EZZELINO DA ROMANO, SURNAMED "THE CRUEL,"	53
THE SWISS REVOLUTION, By J. A. McMaster,	63
TWENTY SONNETS; with a Preface and Notes. By G. W. P.,	81
FRENCH REVOLUTION: M. LOUIS BLANC. By Henry Smales,	90
HON. JOSEPH REED INGERSOLL,	101
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	106
CRITICAL NOTICES,	108

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JULY, 1848.

NO. I.

THE NOMINATION.—GENERAL TAYLOR.

It is now certain who will be the candidate of the Whig Party for the next Presidency. GENERAL TAYLOR has received a majority of all the voices of the Convention, and the spirit of our institutions, which rest for security in the acquiescence of minorities, compels us, as good citizens and good Whigs, to support the nomination.

Some inconsiderate persons in the North talk about a movement for the nomination of Mr. Clay by Northern Whigs, notwithstanding he was among the candidates of the Convention. If these persons were as careful of Mr. Clay's honor as they were suspicious of Gen. Taylor's when it was falsely reported that the Gen. would run whether he was nominated or not, they would see that it is really a moral impossibility for him to become a candidate, as it would have been impossible for Gen. Taylor had Mr. Clay been nominated. *None* of the names that were used by the Convention, except that of the nominee, can be used by Whigs represented in the Convention. Party conventions are not under the laws of the land; they are therefore governed by the code of honor. The integrity and success of a party depend on its rigid adherence to this code. Whatever be our chagrin or disappoint-

ment, the debt of honor must be paid, or we lose all consideration, and therefore all force.

The objections to the nomination of General Taylor arose out of a double misapprehension: first, of the political sentiments of the nominee, and second, in regard to his treatment of the Convention.

On the first of these points, the homely but spirited and satisfactory testimony of Major Gaines, at the Whig Reception Meeting, held June 16th, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, will give some idea of the confidence reposed in his principles by his friends:—

“Major Gaines then said he would recur to some of his late achievements, in which the country had opportunity to judge of the man. He had exhibited the highest qualities of intellect. He never in all his life had said or done a foolish thing. He has never given a wrong order, has never made a mistake, or a wrong move. * * *

“As to General Taylor being a Whig, why there was no mistake about it. He is a greater Whig than our worthy President, notwithstanding his boast. Why, said Major Gaines, they call me in Kentucky the Whig High Priest, and, said he, General Taylor is a stronger Whig than I.”

To the virtues and character of the

nominee as a man, the following is a remarkable testimony, coming from one of the best of men and of Whigs :—

GEN. TAYLOR AS A MAN.

Hon. John J. Crittenden addressed a great meeting at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Friday evening, being on his way home to Kentucky, having resigned his seat in the Senate to canvass the State for Governor. Mr. Crittenden never *could* make a poor speech, and on this occasion he made a very good one in commendation of Gen. Taylor. It does not prove Gen. Taylor the best man for President, but it shows that he possesses (as we always supposed) many sterling qualities. The following synopsis (we have no room for a fuller report) we take from the Pittsburgh Gazette :

GEN. TAYLOR IS A WHIG.

This, Mr. Crittenden said, he declared from his own knowledge. He is a Whig, a good Whig, a thorough Whig. I know him to be a Whig, but not an ultra Whig. All his political feelings are identified with the Whig party.

GEN. TAYLOR IS AN HONEST MAN.

On the uprightness of Gen. Taylor's character, Mr. Crittenden dwelt with great earnestness, as a trait which he knew, and felt, and admired. He said he was emphatically an *honest* man, and he defied the opponents of the old soldier to bring aught against him impeaching his uprightness, in all his transactions, during a public life of forty years. His appearance and manners bear the impress of such sterling honesty, that peculation, meanness, and rascality are frightened from his presence. Gen. Twiggs, who has been on habits of intimate personal intercourse with him, said to the speaker lately that there was not a man in the world, who had been in the company of Gen. Taylor five minutes, who would dare make an improper proposition to him. Dishonesty flees from his presence.

GEN. TAYLOR IS A MAN OF GREAT ABILITIES.

His whole military life gives evidence of this. He never committed a blunder, or lost a battle. There is not another man in the army who would have fought the battle of Buena Vista but Gen. Taylor,—and not another who would have won it. Examine the whole history of his exploits, in all their detail, and you see the evidence of far-reaching sagacity and great ability.

GEN. TAYLOR IS A MAN OF LEARNING.

Not mere scholastic learning—he has never graduated at a college—but his mind is richly stored with that practical knowledge, which is acquired from both men and books. He is a deeply read man, in all ancient and modern history, and in all matters relating to the practical duties of life, civil and military. He is inti-

mate with Plutarch,—said the speaker,—a Plutarch hero himself, as bright as ever adorned the page of history. Gen. Gibson—you all know and love Gen. Gibson, one of your own Pennsylvanians, a man whose reputation for truth and honor was proverbial, and whose word was always the end of controversy, so implicitly was it relied upon.—Gen. Gibson had told him, that he and Gen. Taylor had entered the army nearly together, and had served together almost constantly, until he, Gibson, retired, and that during that time they had sat together on seventeen Court Martials, many of them important and intricate cases, and in every single instance, Zachary Taylor had been appointed to draw up the opinion of the Court,—a brilliant testimony to his superior abilities, and ripe learning, and practical knowledge.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S HUMANITY AND SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

Gen. Taylor is a plain, unassuming, unostentatious, gentlemanly man. There is no pride, no foppery, no airs about him. He possesses the utmost simplicity of character. When in the army, he fared just as his soldiers fared—ate the same food—slept under his tent and underwent similar fatigue—for fifteen months in Mexico, never sleeping in a house one night. His humanity, kindness, and simplicity of character, had won for him the love of his soldiers. He never kept a guard around his tent, or any pomp or parade. He trusted his soldiers, and they trusted and loved him in return. Not a drop of his soldiers' blood was shed by him during the campaign. All the blood shed under his direction was shed in battle. We hear of no military executions—no judicial shedding of blood. His heart moved to human woe, and he was careful of the lives of his soldiers, and humane to the erring, and to the vanquished foe. He is kind, noble, generous, feeling—a friend of the masses—there is no aristocracy about him—he is a true Democrat. He will adorn the White House, and shed new light over the fading and false Democracy of the day, which has gone far into its sere and yellow leaf—he will bring in a true, vigorous, verdant, refreshing Democracy.

GEN. TAYLOR PROSCRIBES NO MAN FOR OPINION'S SAKE.

He is a good and true Whig, but he will proscribe no man for a difference of opinion. He hates, loathes proscription. He loves the free, independent utterance of opinion. He has commanded Whigs and Democrats on the field of battle—has witnessed their patriotic devotion and invincible courage while standing together shoulder to shoulder—has seen them fight, bleed, and die together; and God forbid he should proscribe any man on account of a difference of political sentiments. He would as soon think, said the speaker, of running from a Mexican!

GENERAL TAYLOR'S POSITION.

Some object, said the speaker, to General Taylor, because he is from the South, and is a slaveholder. Are we not one people? Do you not love the Union? Have I not the same rights as a Kentuckian, to all the benefits of our glorious Union, that you have as Pennsylvanians? We are one people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from our most Northern line to the Rio Grande, we are one people—it is all *my country*—it is all *yours*. There is no country, there never was a country, like this. Rome, in her mightiest days, never possessed so vast and splendid a country as this—so grand, so great, so glorious. Our destiny is as glorious as our country, if we hold together, and do not suffer sectional prejudices to divide us. We speak one language—our identity is the same—we are one consolidated people—and our success has hitherto been glorious and unprecedented. Shall we, then, divide in feeling? No! no! No matter where our man is from, if he is an *American*. Gen. Taylor, in his feelings, knows no South, no North, no East, no West. He is an *American*. Where has he lived? In his *tent* for forty years. His *home*, for forty years, has been under the *American Flag*!—the flag of his whole country. He is a *national* man—he has lived *everywhere*, wherever the flag waves! He is not a Southern man—he is an *American*! He proscribes no one, either of the North or South; and will you proscribe him for the accident of birth and home? He condemns no man for the institutions of his State. Will you condemn him? He is a kind, generous, noble old man—a true American in heart.

GEN. TAYLOR'S HABITS.

He is a temperate man—he never drank a bottle of spirits in his life. His habits are exemplary.

GEN. TAYLOR'S INFLEXIBILITY OF CHARACTER.

Finally, said the speaker, he is a man you cannot *buy*—a man you cannot *sell*—a man you cannot *scare*—and a man who *never surrenders*!*

If this be not sufficient to convince those who are afraid of being betrayed, let them read the following from a gentleman long versed in political affairs, and whom our readers will not readily suspect of any design of 'demoralizing' the party. The Hon. Daniel D. Barnard, in reply to an invitation from the Whig General Committee, to attend the Ratification Meeting in New York, wrote thus:†

ALBANY, June 12, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—It will not be in my power to be in New York on the occasion of the Whig Ratification Meeting, on the 14th inst, to which you have done me the honor to invite me. I approve of the prompt call of this meeting; and if I were, or could be on the spot, I should attend, and join in "responding to the nominations made at Philadelphia;" though I could not do so without a struggle with myself. To me, it would not be unlike going to a festival immediately after having witnessed the funeral obsequies of some long-cherished friends, while my inclinations would lead me rather to stay behind with the mourners. It is a case not unlike the state ceremonies observed in other countries, when the monarch dies, and his successor is instantly proclaimed. The cry is—"The king is dead—long live the king." CLAY, WEBSTER, SCOTT, eminent men and civilians all, of tried and known principles, sink down before our eyes, while, rolling in upon us from the South, a popular mountain wave sweeps over them, on the crest of which is borne in triumph the successful and war-worn soldier, ZACHARY TAYLOR. The cry is instantly raised—long live Zachary Taylor! Well, as the monarchy cannot do without its king, so this Republic cannot do without its President, and the Whig party *must* have its candidate. A National Convention, speaking, by authority, in the name of the Whig party, has proclaimed the name of General Taylor as a fit candidate before the American people for the Presidency. The alternative candidate is General Cass—and there is no other. As one of the people, I shall take General Taylor for my candidate, and not General Cass. I believe he is a better soldier, a better man, and will make a better President for the country than General Cass. And I am ready, as a *Whig*, without waiting to hear further from him, to tender him my support, and my humble but earnest efforts for his election; but I do this in the full confidence that he will show himself in the government to be a man thoroughly imbued with Whig principles. Taking these principles into the administration with him, and calling about him the right sort of agencies for their maintenance, I shall not, for one, like him any the less, if he shall seem, as President, to think more of his country than of the Whig party. I shall like him the better if he shall put his country before any party. I shall not indulge in any fear that the Whig party can suffer, so long as its cherished principles are maintained by official authority and the power of the government.

If we may see the new dynasty—or rather I should call it, perhaps, the last phase of an old dynasty—the worst and most mischievous the country has ever seen—which began with Mr. Polk, also end with him, instead of being elongated under General Cass; a dynasty, whose brief career in the person of President Polk has

* New York Tribune, June 23d.

† Courier and Enquirer.

been signalized by the absorption of nearly all authority into Executive hands, by an unhal- lowed war of invasion and conquest, by the creation of an enormous debt, by the neglect and sacrifice of the great economical interests of the country, and by a policy looking at once to the extension of the political power of the slave interest, the acquisition of foreign and distant possessions, and the necessary exercise of a vast, overshadowing and imperial power at the seat of the Federal government ;—if we may see an end put to this dynasty ; if we may see the Congress of the United States once more become the government ; if we may see the Executive office once more reduced to its constitutional limits, and its power handled with modesty, and with becoming deference to the representatives of the national wants and the national will ; if we may see peace and not war—the growth of freedom and not the spread of slavery—made the policy of the administration ; if we may see the government mainly anxious for the consolidation of our Union rather than its infinite extension, for the improvement, advancement and true glory of our country as it is, rather than an external aggrandizement, to be maintained only by wars, secured, if at all, only at the cost of order, quiet, public virtue, popular contentment and felicity, and finally of the Union, and of liberty itself ;—if we may look to the promise of advantages like these from the election of Gen. TAYLOR to the Presidency—and we have many assurances that we may—certainly every Whig, and every patriotic and good citizen, will have occasion to rejoice over that election with unspeakable gladness and joy. In this confidence, I for one am ready to join the Whig party, and the people, in bearing Gen. TAYLOR forward to his destined place in the exalted seat once occupied by the Father of his Country.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Your obliged friend and fellow citizen,

D. D. BARNARD.

Messrs. J. H. Hobart Haws, Joseph R. Taylor, and Royal H. Thayer, Committee of Correspondence.

We cannot but be satisfied with such testimony. Had General Taylor ever discovered a taint of Locofocoism, his enemies would by this time have raked it out of oblivion. But there is no proof, nor at present any suspicion, of the kind, even in the mind of the most discerning of those who know him. We seek no further proof and shall not agitate the question ; we hold it certain that the affections and prejudices of the nominee incline him to the side which we advocate. We do *not* ask of him an immediate declaration on *every* point of Whig policy. As he is

honest and prudent, he cannot speak without deliberation : his mind has been occupied with military affairs ; in these he is well versed ; but as the genius of the great commander differs but little, perhaps not at all in its kind, from that of the civil chief, we may be sure his government will be devoid neither of energy, wisdom, nor economy.

With energy, prudence and moral force, qualities equally necessary in the Commander and the Governor, the history of the Mexican war shows him to be largely endowed : the same qualities that fitted him to plan a campaign and control the movements of armies, will go with him into the Presidency.

Our confidence in Mr. Clay as candidate was unlimited ; but it was the character and principles of the man, and not the fact of his being a civilian, that gave that confidence : his traits are those of a great general as well as of a great statesman ; he resembles those heroes who have been equally successful in the field and in the cabinet ; the same moral force that makes him what he is could not fail to have made him a great general ; it fits him equally to make successful use either of civil or of military science. Prudence, firmness, justice ; invincible resolution, contempt of opinion, of danger and of accident, an elevated spirit ;—these features enter equally into the character of him who defends with success, and of him who justly governs, a free people.

In losing his powerful support the party lose indeed many prospects of advantage ; yet it cannot be denied that the present nomination offers opportunities of reform of vast importance to the nation. By an election less violent and more popular, contested not so much against men as against principles and measures, the opportunity will occur of breaking down the system of party patronage to a great extent, and removing a cause of bitterness and contention more injurious than any other to the morals and happiness of the people.

If the private opinions of Gen. Taylor do not fully agree, upon speculative points, with those of the majority, he will not entertain the nation with badly written essays upon Free Trade, under the name of messages to Congress ; a conduct of which one look at his countenance may convince us he is incapable.

It seems to be taken for granted by many Whigs, that the integrity of the party can be maintained by none but an ultra Whig. Admitting this to be true, it is not at all certain that any one of the gentlemen nominated by the Convention were real *ultra* Whigs; we do not know that General Scott, or Mr. Clay, would fully agree with the ultra Whigs of Massachusetts, in *all* their views of Whig doctrine; or that Mr. Webster would in *all* particulars coincide with Mr. Clay, two independent minds scarcely ever harmonize perfectly. Mr. Clay might be too lenient towards the South, and Mr. Webster towards the North. It would very probably happen that questions of policy would arise on which the opinion of these gentlemen would not harmonize with that of Congress; all we should demand of them, in that event, would be, that they should not oppose the expressed opinion of the majority: unless it was certain that Congress had acted hastily, or under an undue or improper feeling, which time and reconsideration would abate.

In regard to war, General Taylor has declared himself opposed to wars of aggression, and we are assured that he is not the man to excite a conquest fever in the minds of the people. Himself a humane and successful soldier, he knows too well the evils of a successful war to hurry us needlessly into a contest: nor is he likely to follow the policy of the present administration, which ruined itself by an enterprise, of which the only good results were to the glory of its political enemies.

The second disqualifying objection to our candidate was, that he had insulted the party by declaring himself an independent candidate, and saying that he should run, whether nominated by the Convention or not. The validity of this very serious objection was destroyed by the declaration of the General's friends in the Convention. On the second day of Convention, (Thursday, June 8th,) before proceeding to the first ballot, Judge Saunders of Louisiana obtained permission to read a statement presented by the delegation from Louisiana in reference to the position of General Taylor. He said, knowing General Taylor as he had long done, and knowing that his position had been misunderstood and misconceived, he called

the attention of the Convention to the statement which he proposed to read.

"This document went to show that Gen. Taylor had taken no part in bringing his name before the American people. His friends throughout the Union had placed him prominently before the country, to occupy the high office that was once held by the Father of his Country. General Taylor considered himself in the hands of his friends; and under the circumstances in which he had been brought forward, he did not think it proper to withdraw himself.

"Gen. Taylor wished it to be understood that, IN HIS OPINION, HIS FRIENDS WERE BOUND TO ABIDE BY THE DECISION AND WILL OF THE CONVENTION, he being impressed with the necessity of a change in the Administration, and thus of saving the country from its downward career. But his friends would *withdraw his name from the canvass, unless he should be the nominee of the Convention.*"*

Thus by the clearest evidence, this most serious objection to the nominee is completely removed. He is a fair and honorable candidate of the Whigs, and the nominee strictly of the Whigs: it is impossible under these circumstances either to neglect or to oppose him.

When the Whig Delegates met in Philadelphia, and organized a Convention for the choice of a candidate, they pledged themselves virtually, *by that act*, to sustain, or at least not to injure, or oppose to the detriment of the party, the nominee of the Convention. If, after all that has been done and conceded, they withdraw their support from the nominee, it will of course be from reasons that can be explained—reasons of a solid and tangible character; but from no quarter, as yet, have we heard any such reasons.

The Convention was agreed upon as a necessary means for the integrity of the party. The delegates were not sent there to elect this or that man; their constituents knew very well, what they had often declared, that the members of the Convention did not go to Philadelphia to elect some one man whom they had in view, but only to elect a candidate: who that candidate might be, was a question which only the event could decide.

The members of the Convention went

* National Intelligencer, Washington, June 10, 1848.

there in good faith and with no sinister sentiments. They went for the party, to ascertain the sentiment of the majority; and by that sentiment it was their intention to abide. The vote which they cast pledged both them and their constituents to the nominee, whoever he might be.

Had any informality been suffered; had any fraud been practiced in Convention; had the friends of any one of the candidates been threatened, or in any way improperly influenced, there might be a doubt—there might be a question raised, how far they were bound to the nomination. But there was no informality, there was no improper influence; it was an honorable Convention, and its proceedings were judicious and satisfactory.

Six names were offered to be voted for, namely, those of Messrs. McLean, Clayton, Webster, Scott, Clay, and Taylor. The whole number of votes cast was 279. Of these Judge McLean had two votes, one from Ohio and *one* from Iowa.

The Hon. J. M. Clayton, of Delaware, had four votes; *three* from his own State, and *one* from New York.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, had twenty-two votes; *twelve* from his own State, *six* from his native State, and *three* from Maine.

Gen. Scott had forty-three votes, of which *twenty* were from Ohio, and *nine* from Indiana.

The Convention thus discovered that of the six candidates, four were nominated by single States or sections of country, and not by a diffused and national vote.

Had the forty-three votes cast for Gen. Scott been from all parts of the Union, it would have had a more sensible effect upon the Convention in his favor; but as this first ballot was to be a test of the relative popularity and nationality (if we may so speak) of the candidates, it was the most important of the whole, and necessarily threw out four of the names, notwithstanding that it was supposed that many would continue to vote their favorite names to the last. The question of reputation or of the people's choice, now lay between two candidates, namely, between Mr. Clay and Gen. Taylor.

The first of these gentlemen received 97 votes out of 279, something less than a third of the whole. These votes were

given by twenty different States, New York however giving twenty-nine of the whole, which showed a great concentration of feeling for Mr. Clay in that particular State, analogous to the feeling of Ohio for Gen. Scott, and that of Massachusetts for Mr. Webster, and that of Delaware for Mr. Clayton. These great names are best beloved by those who stand in the best position to appreciate them.

The remaining candidate, Gen. Taylor, had 111 votes, scattered through twenty-two States.

The vote for General Taylor at the first ballot was 111; seven entire States cast an undivided vote for him, namely, the States of Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi and Georgia. From the Eastern delegations he had six votes; from the Middle States 11 votes; from the Western 15 votes; the remainder, being more than two thirds of the whole, Southern votes.

Mr. Clay had 16 Eastern votes: 13 Western: 23 Southern; the remainder from the Middle States. He had the undivided vote of two States, Maryland and Connecticut.

A second, third and fourth ballot gave General Taylor a still greater predominance. He now had the undivided vote of *thirteen* entire delegations, namely: Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Maryland, Rhode Island.

Mr. Clay had now the votes of no one entire delegation. Of his original 97 32 continued to vote for him. In this final ballot of 297 votes, General Taylor, having 171, a majority of all the votes, was declared duly elected candidate of the party. It was observed in this last ballot, that General Scott's votes rose to 63, whereas at first he had but 43.

The Convention then proceeded to the choice of a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Four names were presented, to wit: Abbott Lawrence, of Massachusetts, Millard Fillmore, of New York, Andrew Stewart, of Pennsylvania, and Thos. M. T. McKennan, of the same State. The choice fell upon Mr. Fillmore, who at the second ballot received 173 votes, Mr. Lawrence having 87.

Such are the most remarkable particulars of the election. The nomination was

received with applause and satisfaction, and the Convention discovered throughout a proper sense of propriety and decency, both in conduct and expression.

We conclude by presenting our readers with the following extract from an article in the Albany Evening Journal, as we have met with nothing that seemed more judiciously expressed :—

He expressed the hope that his friends would go into the Whig National Convention "pledged heart and soul" to the support of its nominee, adding that that nominee would have his best wishes for success. These sentiments, but for what we must regard as an error of judgment in the friends of Gen. Taylor at Washington, would have been made known three weeks ago. Before the Whigs of the Union, therefore, Gen. Taylor stood, when the National Convention met, in a false position. This, however, was less his own error than the error of the Whig friends in whom he confided.

Gen. Taylor, though just what his answer to Col. Haskell, of Tennessee, imports—"I am a Whig and a quarter over"—having been forty years in the army, was wholly unlearned and unpracticed in politics. His position now became as embarrassing as it was novel. The friends who enjoyed his confidence acquiesced in, if they did not advise the course he has pursued. That course complicated and perplexed the question. In all that was done, however, the fact that he was and is a Whig is fixed and remains.

We come not now to commend or to approve Gen. Taylor's letters. Though showing him independent, honest, and patriotic, time has proved that the idea of a "no party" President is wholly impracticable. And this truth, we doubt not, is as apparent to Gen. Taylor as it was and is to the troops of Whig friends whom his letters pained but could not alienate.

At an early day, before Gen. Taylor's political sentiments were known, leading men of the Administration party declared in his favor for President. But when the fact that he is a Whig became fixed, they generally fell off. Several such who had been nominated as electors, or who had been active in Taylor meetings, gave public notice of their secession, assigning as their reason, that they could not support a Whig. Those who adhered to him, regularly or irregularly, and of whatever political hue, finally referred their hopes and based their expectations upon the action of the Whig National Convention. They are therefore merged in the Whig party. Gen. Taylor is now, his friends having unreservedly pledged themselves to abide the result of the Whig National Convention, the candidate of the Whig party. To the past, well-intended but ill-judged, there is an oblivion. In the future,

there will be abiding faith on the one hand, and enduring fidelity on the other.

It remains for us only to inquire what are the principles of our candidate, and what will be the character of his administration? Upon these topics we shall speak freely and frankly, from unquestionable authority, but as briefly and concisely as possible.

Gen. Taylor is by birth and early education, a Republican. His father, "Col. Dick Taylor," (as he was familiarly and honorably known in Kentucky,) was an elector of President who voted first for Jefferson, and then for Madison. In 1803 Zachary Taylor received his first commission in the U. S. Army, with which he has ever since been gloriously connected. He can look back through that long vista of trial and privation without finding a reproach upon his name or a stain upon his escutcheon. He has had no quarrels with his brother officers and no collisions with his fellow-citizens. He is "a Whig, though not an ultra one." But he is a Whig who was warmly in favor of encouraging American Industry; and after the National Debt was extinguished, he was as warmly in favor of a distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands among the heirs of the Republic, as "the most just, equitable and federal" disposition of that surplus. He is a Whig who warmly opposed those wild Governmental Experiments which brought bankruptcy and ruin upon the people and the country. He is a Whig who warmly opposed the Annexation of Texas, foreseeing, as did other Whigs, that it would inevitably involve us in War and Debt. He is a Whig who, deprecating the spirit of conquest, was opposed to the subjugation or the dismemberment of Mexico. * * *

There is, however, another and a higher question involved in this issue. Shall the geographical boundary, and the political power of slavery, be enlarged and augmented by means of the territory wrung from Mexico? Gen. Taylor is identified by birth, location and interest, with the South and its institutions. He is a planter and a slaveholder. But what have been his sentiments upon these questions? Though a Southern man, like Messrs. Crittenden, Berrien, Mangum, Clingman and other distinguished Southern Whigs, he was firm and uncompromising in his opposition to the Annexation of Texas; and, to our shame and dishonor be it remembered, that while Kentucky and North Carolina and Tennessee cast their Electoral Votes *against* the Texas and Mexican War Candidate, *New York!* and *Pennsylvania!* and *New Hampshire!* and *Maine!* are ingloriously responsible for the election of Polk, the Annexation of Texas, the War with Mexico, and all their attendant consequences! It was from no wish and no fault of Gen. Taylor, that we have Texas and a part of Mexico.

But now that we have, by virtue of conquest and treaty, vast territorial acquisitions, the

question returns, shall that territory remain free, or become bonded? And that question, when Gen. Taylor shall have been elected President, will remain to be decided by the People and their Representatives, to whom it rightfully belongs, and to which decision, when thus made, whatever that decision may be, Gen. Taylor will affix his name and seal. * * *

We have, in Gov. Cass, a northern candidate with southern principles, while in Gen. Taylor we have a southern candidate with *national* principles. In the former we see a man who has been as sand in the hands of those who moulded him to their wishes. For a presidential nomination, he has made merchandise of all that is high, and precious, and sacred. In the latter, we see an honest, upright, inflexible, free-thinking, out-speaking man, who would not compromise a principle, suppress a sentiment, nor modify an opinion to gain the presidency. In the hands of Gov. Cass, the government, judging his future by his past, would be corruptly administered, with a view, by its corrupting influences, to secure his re-election. In the hands of Gen. Taylor, judging his future by his past, the government will be brought back to the integrity and purity which distinguished the administration of WASHINGTON, for Gen. Taylor is one of "God's noblest works;" and in the language of a ven-

erable divine who was an army chaplain at Matamoras, Monterey, Buena Vista, &c., "*he comes up, in his life, character, and principles, nearer to Washington than any other public man I have ever known.*"

There are those among us who, exasperated by the conduct of Tyler and Polk, and the miseries which have been inflicted upon the country by the last eight years of misrule, are unwilling to vote for a southern President, and who are anxious to make an open issue with slavery. We are among those who appreciate all the evils of slavery, and who are sure to be on the side of freedom when her banner, with sufficient provocation, shall be unfurled. But we cannot, nor should others forget that only for the conduct of Senators Cass, Buchanan, Allen, Dickinson, Dix, &c., sanctioned by their political friends at the ballot boxes, there would have been no annexation of Texas, no war with Mexico, no hundred million debt, and no extension of slavery. If the South, without the treasonable participation of the Northern States, was alone responsible for annexation, war, debt, and extended slavery, we too should have been prepared to strike. But let us, before that issue is made, see that we occupy vantage ground. Let our "cause of quarrel be just," and then we shall be ready to do battle with those who enter first and farthest into the conflict.

NECESSITY OF PARTY—THE PRESS—THE LOCOFOCO PLATFORM.

It is a very common error among the ignorant to cry out against party, and to disavow partialities: patriotism, according to these disinterested persons, is neither for this nor that side, but for the country.

Let us agree with them for the moment; as not desiring, in this easy race of protestation, to be left behind, and becoming quite impartial in our affections, let us propose a plan for the good of the nation: let it be a tariff, or a tax on property, or a sub-treasury. Is it possible that any friend of his country can be offended at the proposal of so necessary a measure? But many *are* offended. A division has begun, and the yeas and nays have gone over to different sides.

Let any national measure be offered to the consideration of a promiscuous body of citizens, a division will arise as to its expediency. Some will go into opposition upon grounds merely theoretic; others will find arguments against it from policy, as being ill timed; others, again, will find it at variance with the pecuniary or political interests of themselves or their friends; all these will unite against it, and form a *party* to oppose it. Parties, therefore, whatever be our private opinion of them, are unavoidable, and it becomes us, instead of crying out against them, or affecting a haughty indifference to them, to use them, rather, as the only remedy for the less endurable evils of anarchy and despotism.

Nor can the struggle for power be deemed discreditable, when it is seen that this struggle is the most arduous and the most important that men can engage in, and that the very life of liberty is maintained only by the strife of contending parties. In free states, where public questions are decided by majorities, the strife of party begins in the office and the market place; every point of policy is agitated in private, and the representative is chosen with the expectation that he will maintain the opinion, and even the prejudice, which he represents. When the majority are well informed, and their representative is true to his function, liberty and humanity will be observed, and the morals of private life become the guiding principles of legislation.

When the Constitution confers the power of suffrage upon a citizen, it imposes a duty; he has taken a share in the government, and is a legally qualified member of the great Council of the nation, from which emanate, if not particular measures, at least the first impulses of opinion, on which the character and power of the nation reveals itself.

In election to public offices, the people know, or should know, that they are merely choosing one of their number in whom they confide to represent the opinion, the character, and the interests of the majority; the Constitution intrusts them with this power of choice, and in using it, they impress their private judgment, and their private will, upon the government of which they thus become true and responsible members. How unworthy, then, of this high privilege are those inert or supercilious citizens, who affect to disregard the elections, or who speak of them as a vain and interested contest of office-seekers. A people who respect their institutions, and who not only know, but *feel*, that government emanates from themselves, will not confound the contemptible enthusiasm of place-seekers, with the ardor of *patriots*, or—if even that most sacred appellation have lately acquired some taint,—of men who seek for power only to avoid dishonor. National dishonor falls not only upon the mean and insignificant, but upon the able, the bold and the well informed; the honor of the nation is an element, yes, a palpable element, of its power and prosperity; if the affairs of the nation are badly con-

ducted, not only the weak and mean, but the men of character, of genius, and of enterprise, have to bear the dishonor and the punishment. Whoever, therefore, accounts himself one of these, whoever feels within himself the least spark of that generosity of soul which makes men republicans, is, so far, a *POLITICIAN*. Politics, the judging and acting for the honor and the prosperity of the nation, is properly an art to which all of *us* are born. *We*, the citizens, who think we have no masters but the laws, cannot be too careful or too vigilant in the exercise of the power of election, in which we perform the initiative art of government.

In the exercise of the franchise we are removed alike by our character and our circumstances, from any corrupting influences. We are too jealous and too proud to be influenced by our superiors in social rank, (if we admit that any such exist,) and the greatness of our numbers renders it impossible to buy us; neither by a bribe, nor by a threat, can we be enticed or terrified: only the trembling servants of a corrupt Executive, who, for an uncertain subsistence, have resigned every merit but that of an interested obedience, can be suspected of a corrupted vote. The motives which actuate us are those lawful and necessary prejudices, which form so great a part of the virtue of imperfect humanity: the prejudices of theory, of experience, of country, of family, of education, and of temperament. Either, or all of these, will give the free mind its bias, and make us of the one party or the other, on every question submitted to our vote. Those who mean to influence us individually, must appeal to each or all of these sources of opinion; and their only power is in that lawful superiority which is given by skill of persuasion, or of intellectual power. They may show us that national interests are at stake; they may terrify us with a gloomy prospect of the future; they may tempt us on with visions of golden prosperity; they may appeal to our generosity, our shame, or our pity;—but here their power ends; all beyond is corruption.

If there ever was a nation, in which the liberty of popular election was as general and as unobstructed as in our own, its history has not been handed down to us; and yet, this first privilege of freedom, believed

by the most sagacious politicians of ancient and modern times, to be a perfect safeguard against every internal danger that can threaten a republic, will not always protect us against even gross injustice and oppression.

If it be inquired, why so simple and effectual a means of eliciting and establishing truth has so often failed of its effect, and men and measures, worthy only of a corrupt and ignorant age, have been inflicted upon the country, it is enough to reply that the public mind is distracted and discouraged by *misrepresentation*. True it is, our newspapers are a great restraint upon the unprincipled, and often hinder the execution of bad measures; but they know nothing of the press who do not know that its power of mischief is at least equal to its power of good; that it is a weapon that cuts with equal keenness the flesh of enemy or friend, and in the hands of bad men may be used to destroy the best and the most sincere. Good men, though defended by a clear conscience against the internal effects of calumny, have no impunity with the public: their very virtues may be made a theme of laughter, and their weaknesses and misfortunes exalted to the dignity of crimes. If the fox be biographer to the lion, he will paint him endowed with vulpine dexterity and fraud.

In that state of servility and prostitution, to which the undue influence of the Executive has reduced a portion of the press in this country, it is not unusual to find the most enormous falsehoods deliberately maintained and propagated for party purposes, by men who otherwise maintain a respectable appearance, and, it may be, pride themselves upon the propriety and urbanity of their lives. These unhappy instruments of guile, incapable as they are, through a native imbecility of character, of identifying in their minds the morality of public and private affairs, believe in two systems of conduct, one for private men and one for politicians. Their narrow intellects discern only a faint outline of the State, and their moral sense is far too dull to feel reality in any public principles. The things they seem to see, but see not, they are easily led to trifle with; and the pressure of authority and necessity soon compels them to employ their talents in trifling to some purpose.

Nor is the intrinsic difficulty of the subjects themselves, a less serious impediment to a right judgment upon them. Questions of political economy, to be understood at all, must be seen in the light of nature and experience; but men look at public affairs through the microscope of theory; their uninitiated eyes see only a distorted and discolored representation of a part of the object.

The artificial eye of the editor or the economist, is interposed between their eye and the question. The enchanter draws about them a circle of yeas and nays, false facts and false arguments; their understandings are overwhelmed and darkened. They can determine wisely in the plain business of life, but cannot think for the nation; their very caution and conscientiousness obstruct them; and the headstrong pedant, whose knowledge of affairs has never extended beyond the payment of his grocer's bill, becomes councillor-in-chief and legislator to a nation of merchants and artisans.

During the old struggles for freedom, the power of the press required to be protected and maintained; now, when the weapon is freed, and every hand may grasp it, we let it lie idle; and if ruffians seize upon it, we raise our hands to Heaven and deprecate the mischief, instead of wresting it away by the far superior force of truth and knowledge. There are towns even in New England, where the power of education is most felt, and valued at its highest rate, where a company of educated persons, either through indolence or pride, allow the community they live in to be daily insulted and abused by a lying and drivelling press, without an effort to establish the only possible remedy, a sincere and enlightened one. The power of political education is dropped into the hands of unimportant scribblers, able at nothing but the circulation of calumnies. While this evil remains, let no educated man in such a community either lament over or wonder at the growing triviality, grossness, or viciousness of the citizens: if he allows a fool or a knave to make his daily impression on the minds of his family and neighborhood, he may thank his own supineness and folly if both are corrupted in the end.

And yet if the press is fallible, nay, vic-

ious and mischievous to a great extent, it is, notwithstanding, the great organ of truth; and in the *free* press of this country we find the instrument and sole defence of our liberty. If the Executive organs disseminate the most atrocious falsehoods among the people, who thwarts and contradicts them, if not the unbribed presses of the Opposition? If the ingenious sophistries of a war-party occupy for a time the minds of the people, what displaces and subverts them if not those ministers of truth and justice, the honestly conducted newspapers? What may they not do, what power may they not exert, moving forward and together towards great and sincere objects? Let us then no longer complain. With the weapon in our hand, and a fair field, we have ourselves to blame if we fail.

First, then, and above all other aims, should not our care be to present a firm and unbroken front to the enemy: to yield no inch of ground, but with a steady and vehement endeavor press home upon the public mind the great principles by and for which we exist as a party? The integrity of the party depends upon the simplicity, distinctness, and binding force of its first principles:—*For* them it exists—*by* them it exists—*without* them—it dissolves and disappears.

To set these forth in bold contrast with those of the enemy, let us cast an eye over the propositions of their electoral "Platform," in which they have condensed their creed. Observe with what a cool impudence they charge upon Whiggism the very practice which it spurns, and of which Locofocoism itself is properly the inventor,—namely, the subjugation of the will of the constituent to that of the representative.* Who, pray, is the inventor of packed Conventions? and who first converted citizens into voting machines, with no more force of *will* than would suffice to steady a glass of liquor?

Perhaps no system was ever contrived, at least as we have seen it operate, more effectual to extinguish the individuality of the constituent, than so-called "Democratic organization." Without the odor of sanctity, without the honor of aristocracy, without the pride of patriot-

ism, or the humble enthusiasm of the monarchist, the retainer of Locofocoism leads a negative existence; he is a man of negatives, he is subject to negation, he subsists upon vetoes and denials, his political existence is a blank: history will not remember him; he is a part only of the great mass, or lump, of the Locofoco majority. And yet this party, whose creed it is to sink the citizen in the multitude, has the audacity or the impertinence to charge upon the Whigs that old Federal offence of subjecting the will of the Constituent to that of the Representative. A few testy old gentlemen, there may be, still alive, who think that the representative is to be a nursing father to the "mass" of his poor ignorant constituency; but if there be any such, their place is properly among the draughters of Democratic resolutions, whose ingenuity in sinking the power of the citizen, and exalting that of the government, commends them to the courtesy of all old-fashioned Tories and Federalists.

Nothing, again, is more remarkable in the declarations of Locofocoism than the facility of imitation which it discovers,—the genius for blending contraries: for while it never mentions the government of the nation without prefixing the word "federal," calling it always the "Federal Government," to convey the idea of its being a mere federation of the States, it has always manifested an extraordinary respect for the Central Authority, and has even dared to question, whether it would not be better if the President were quite free of the Senate in the appointment of civil officers; a liberty which would instantly convert the Presidency into a monarchy—elective, indeed, but none the less for that reason a monarchy.

It very gravely advises us, that the "federal government is one of limited powers derived solely from the Constitution:"—a proposition quite necessary indeed to be set before Locofoco Presidents, and before that small minority of office-holders and friends who go by the name of "the People,"—but of which to remind a Whig citizen, were only to insult him.

These dispensers of political wisdom then proceed to say, that the powers granted by the Constitution require to be strictly construed by all departments and

* See Washington Union, May 4th, 1848.

agents of the government:—and yet it has become really dangerous to mention that sometime venerable instrument in the hearing of a Locofoco majority in Congress, for fear you be laughed at for your simplicity. As there is no sect so absurd but it has a text to back it, so there is no usurpation without its constitutional apology. Strict construction is but an entering wedge for innovation, and there is no political heresy but has its constitutional text. Let any man set up this rule of strict construction, and we know what he would be at. Those only who inquire out the *spirit* of the law are to be trusted for an instant with its application. The letter kills, the *spirit* only can save us.

And yet, a stricter construction of the Constitution might not be undesirable even for the Whigs: it might perhaps lead to the impeachment of a President, who, by wresting the Constitution, has involved the nation in a cruel and costly war.

Locofoco majorities, infected with a horror of unnecessary outlay, declare against all projects of internal improvement. It were a violation of first principles in their esteem, should the government, or, as they prefer to call it, the *federal* government, of the nation, lay out a few millions on harbors in the North, or on a canal or a railroad, to connect eastern and western commerce with the South;—but we all know how readily they will vote away a hundred millions, for the sake of *external* improvement, such as a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a harbor on the coast of California, or a tract of gold mines and Buffalo prairies in the south-west. Millions they will spend to extend cotton interests, millions to the western hunters and borderers, millions in Texas, millions in Mexico and Yucatan, millions anywhere, so it be of no use to the industrious artisans of the North and West. With *EXTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS* they are greatly in love, with *internal*, not at all. At home, the strict constructionist, full of the law, bears hard upon his family and neighbors: he is a man of principle, forsooth, a straight-backed Pharisee, a political puritan;—but open to him a project of foreign conquest, for the extension of free trade, of slavery, or of the Democratic privilege of occupying the lands and cities of a neighbor, he begins at once to

dilate upon the growing wealth and commerce of the nation, and proposes vast *improvements* in the army, the navy, the public debt, and the executive patronage, to be paid for in the property and liberties of future generations.

Certain it is, indeed, that the Constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence and carry on wars for the acquisition of new territory—as certain as that it *does* confer the power of “commencing and carrying on a system of internal improvements.” Is the system of the post office established solely for the uses of the government, or is its better conduct a part of a system of Internal Improvement for the benefit of the whole people? Is the establishment of a “harbor for shelter,” or a lighthouse, or a military road, a national telegraph, forbidden by the Constitution? and if the harbor established for shelter was used also for commerce, though no such use had been contemplated,—if the military road became a great emigrant route and stage road, increasing the value of property in all the districts through which it ran,—if the lighthouse benefited especially the coasters of a particular State, more than those of other States,—if the telegraph enriches commercial speculators and manufacturers,—would these incidental benefits be advanced as arguments against the appropriations for such purposes in Congress?

Trusting in the good sense of the nation, we have no fear that this doctrine of Internal Improvement will not ultimately prevail over that Locofoco doctrine of External Improvement. The people will by and by consider that a hundred millions spent in the establishment of a telegraphic Post Office, a universal navigation improvement, including the Mississippi, the great lakes, the harbors of the eastern coast,—in the construction of ship canals, and national railroads,—in the protection of a valuable branch of manufacture, agriculture or commerce,—will be far better invested for the wealth of the nation than in the maintenance of invading armies. Money spent on Internal Improvements enriches first the employed operative, then the district where the work lies, and lastly the whole nation. But history shows clearly that of External Improvements, the most fortunate are those which only do not

utterly ruin the nation that undertakes them. The wealth of England is the fruit of protection and Internal Improvements : her debt and misery on the other hand are consequences of her 'External Improvements,' or in other words, of her conquests and aggressions.

But the ingenuity of the draughters of Locofoco Resolutions, is in nothing more noticeable than in the guarded opposition which they offer to the national policy of Protection.

"Justice and sound policy," say they, "forbid the federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of one common country ; every citizen, and every section of the country, has a right to demand and to insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to complete and ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression."

A foreigner, unacquainted with our politics, would think upon reading this ingenious resolution that a party existed in the nation, whose policy it was to subvert some particular branch of industry by the exaltation of other branches ; and that this same wicked faction had it in mind to leave unprotected the liberties and properties of citizens. The Whig party hold that *every* manufacture, *every* department of agriculture, *every* species of commerce or industry, from the cultivation of cotton and potatoes to the making of broadcloths, and the composition of works of art, has a just claim upon our care and brotherly pity : this party holds, that as the *first* office of the government of every nation is to protect the lives and properties of its citizens from foreign *aggression*, its *second* and not less important is to protect their industry and enterprise from foreign *competition* : they place these two duties upon the same ground of patriotism and humanity, and hold that to be a wretchedly weak and inefficient government that cannot fulfil them both. What matters it, say they, if we are kept poor and miserable, whether it be by the competition of foreign labor and capital, or by the terror of foreign fleets and armies ? Should our commerce be extinguished by the fleets of an enemy, we should forthwith arm ourselves and

proceed to vigorous retaliation ; nor should we cease from war until the slightest unarmed vessel that bears our flag might sail unmolested into every nook of the ocean. But if this be so, if we are jealous for our commerce, and cheerfully tax ourselves millions, keeping up a vast and costly naval armament for its defence, by what infatuation are we persuaded to neglect this source and great material of commerce, this manufacture ? Commerce is but a carrying trade—a free portage ; and is it lawful to lay indirect taxes for that, and not lawful to do the same for the materials of that ? Is it lawful to take five millions a year from private property in the shape of revenue tariffs, for the support of commerce, and not lawful to take as much by the protection of manufactures ?

It is hardly necessary to say that these ingenious and respectable "Platforms" convey a falsehood, by insinuation ; and if any ultra Democrat reads this, let him be assured that his instructors deceive him. The Whig policy is *not* what they affirm it to be ; on the contrary, Whig legislation means to extend *protection* to the LIFE, PROPERTY, INDUSTRY, CREDIT, and HONOR of every citizen ; to convince him by a judicious and patriotic conduct, that it is actuated by no theories, nor by any blind or selfish interest, but by the one desire to make this nation the free, the rich, and the powerful.

On the delicate question of constitutionality, which every honest mind will approach with the most serious regard, the party who oppose all beneficent action of the government, exhibit a singular inconsistency. While they profess to be of the Jeffersonian school of politics, they strenuously and obstinately oppose the policy of which Jefferson must be looked upon as the first patron, if not the father. "Shall the revenue," says that President to Congress, in his eighth annual message, "be reduced ? Or shall it not rather be appropriated to the improvements of roads, canals, rivers, education, and other great foundations of prosperity and union, under the powers which Congress may already possess, or such amendments of the Constitution as may be approved by the States ? While uncertain of the course of things, the time may advantageously be employed in obtaining the powers necessary for a

system of improvement, should they be thought best." Thus evidently of opinion that the Constitution does not directly forbid such a use of the revenue, he yet respectfully intimates that if any are doubtful upon that head they should proceed at once to *alter* the Constitution, to make it agree with their policy.

Already in his sixth annual message he had pressed this policy upon Congress:—"The question now comes forward, to what other purposes shall these surpluses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of import, after the entire discharge of the public debt, and during those intervals when the purposes of war shall not call for them? Shall we suppress the import, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression in due season will doubtless be right, but the great mass of the articles on which import is paid, are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism (!!) would certainly prefer its continuance and application to the great purposes of the public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers."

Here we have the great father of Democracy, not only advocating a political tariff, but proposing to continue this tariff, for the support of a system of Internal Improvement; in aid of which, and to satisfy the scruples of Mr. Madison and his friends, the Constitution is to be *altered*!—a system of internal improvement, let us observe, to be supported by a protective tariff! This was the Jeffersonian policy, urged in the Messages of 1806 and 1808! "By these operations," continues the first President of the Democratic party, "new channels of communication will be opened

between the States; the lines of separation will disappear, their interests will be identified, and their union cemented by new and indissoluble ties. Education is here placed among the articles of public care; not that it would be proposed to take its ordinary branches out of the hands of private enterprise, which manages so much better all the concerns to which it is equal; but a public institution can alone supply those sciences, which, though rarely called for, are yet necessary to complete the circle, all the parts of which contribute to the improvement of the country, and some of them to its preservation. I suppose an amendment to the Constitution, by consent of the States, necessary, because the objects now recommended are not among those enumerated in the Constitution, and to which it permits the public moneys to be applied."

And yet, notwithstanding this deference to the scruples of strict constructionists, we find him, in the eighth annual message, proposing a system of protective and discriminating tariffs, without even a hint of unconstitutionality. "The situation into which we have been forced, (by the war,) has impelled us to apply a portion of our industry and capital to internal manufactures and improvements. The extent of this conversion is daily increasing, and little doubt remains, that the establishments formed and forming, will—under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistence, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of protecting duties and prohibitions—become apparent." He never doubts that Congress has the power to impose duties for the protection of manufacturers, but only finds no clause in the Constitution which allows the duties so collected to be given back to the people in the form of internal improvements for the aid of that internal commerce upon which manufacturers depend for their existence.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In the troublous times that marked the close of the reign of King Charles the First, and through all the commotions and vicissitudes attendant on the career of Oliver Cromwell, there lived in the quiet city of Norwich a remarkable man, whose spirit was never conscious of the tempests that raged about him,—whose “soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,” in the regions of tranquil contemplation. To live independent of one’s age, to be insensible to the thralldom of time and place, to bring the past and future into a common range of vision and upon the same plane with the present, is an elevated state of being, rare in this world, as the destiny of man plainly requires that it should be. Most men and women are born into a condition of life, whose actual, stern, pressing duties impose a limit to the motions of an enthusiastic temper, and restrict the range of imagination within the sphere of attraction that surrounds the substantialities of human existence. To inquire whether such be our lot entirely through the fault of ourselves, were, perhaps, “to consider too curiously.” Rousseau has well styled reflection a disease, if we assume as the type of reflection that peculiar cast of mind, and that unnatural style of thinking, of which he was himself a pattern. To meditate upon the modes and conditions of our life, at the very time a necessity is laid upon us for immediate, energetic effort, is at once unhealthy, enfeebling and ruinous. We do not reason upon this necessity. We state the fact; for it stares us in the face at every corner—in the market-place, in the work-shop, on the wharf, in the counting-room. Severe, unceasing conflict everywhere, with the rude elements of matter—stubborn collision with the subtler motions of mind—anguish of the heart to be borne up against—oppression of spirit to be endured and patiently subdued: these make up the great sum of human experience.

The scholar is a character that inevitably appears, wherever civilization and refinement have made any progress. There is a

reflection no less healthy and sane than the most necessary and becoming action. There are minds, too, especially endowed by nature with the fitting qualities for meditation—for study—for tranquil observation. With an intellect to perceive, a heart to sympathize, a tongue to communicate,—the hand to execute may be wanting, and yet no monstrosity be apparent—no deformity and no deficiency. Individuals, in the main, are but divers limbs of the great body of humanity—alone complete in themselves, and each fully performing its office, yet none accomplishing its ultimate purpose, or proving itself absolutely indispensable, but in co-operation with the rest. To be a genuine scholar, is doubtless one of the most exalted stations to which a human being can be called. And those who profess to underrate the importance of letters, have been among the first to do homage (however secretly or unconsciously) to learning and genius.

In many respects, the celebrated scholar whose name has suggested these remarks, is without a parallel. The class to which he belongs includes many varieties, indeed, though founded upon certain general characteristics, common to all. In some, the scholar is but dimly apparent through another predominant shade of character. We distinguish between those qualities which constitute the fundamental elements of poetic genius, and those which belong simply to the man of letters and the student of nature. Yet the two characters are many times combined—the former always, in such cases, predominating. The scholarly character, again, sometimes remains subordinated in the man of business, through a long series of years—prevailing at last or entirely smothered, according to worldly success or failure. The daily avocations, also, pertaining to the three professions, are such as in general to distract the attention from literary studies; yet with each of these, the scholar is frequently mingled, in a greater or less degree.

To this latter class, although nominally a professional man, and enjoying at some periods of his life an extensive practice, Sir Thomas Browne can hardly be said to have properly belonged. In his character, so far as we can now know him, there was only the genuine scholar, with scarce a perceptible tinge of any disagreeing mixture. His profession, most certainly, if it ever gained any prominent place in his spirit, was speedily absorbed in the weightier and rarer calling, and mingling its elements therewith, became henceforth imperceptible. Indeed, so purely and simply was he characterized by scholarly aims and habits, that we know not where to look for a more complete individual development of our ideal of the scholar. The beautiful and salutary admonition which, in the latter days of his life, he left for all who aim at a dignified and becoming rank among human spirits, was well exemplified in himself, and gives us a clue to his whole character: "Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and *live but one man*."

The life of a scholar (pre-eminently such) presents little to the outward eye, beyond the ordinary events of birth, christening, marriage, (perhaps,) and death. Had the case of Browne been otherwise, we should certainly have received the evidence of it, in some substantial shape. He did himself write, to be sure, when scarcely beyond the limits of youth,—"*For my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable.*" But such language, to one who rightly conceives the manner of the author, and truly catches his spirit, can hardly create surprise, or admit of an ambiguity of meaning. This "*miracle*" and this "*piece of poetry*," to which he alludes, have no reference, certainly, to any remarkable visible and outward occurrences, such as go to make up the sum of biography; nor did it require even the acuteness of Dr. Johnson to discover that, "*Of these wonders, however, the view that can now be taken of his life offers no appearance.*" Much less was it appropriate for this celebrated critic, after saying that "*the wonders probably were transacted in his own mind*," to fill out his sentence by inferring that they were the illegitimate offspring of "*self-love*" and "*an imagination vigorous*

and fertile." Such an inference is worthy only of a "*bread-scholar*," blind to the very character which he imagines himself to wear. That this language is indeed characterized by a sort of sublime egotism, is undeniably true, but that it includes or implies a statement essentially incorrect, is not to be admitted. The scholar's real life is, we repeat, in a measure hidden:—that Browne's was, to his own mind, and that it would have so appeared if told to others in his own language, really poetical, and scarcely less than miraculous, is doubtless strictly true. But this "*hidden life*" is veiled from our eyes, except as momentary glimpses appear in his published works.

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London, on the 19th of October, 1605. His father was a merchant, possessed of a considerable fortune, who died while his son was quite young. The widow subsequently married again, and is represented to have exercised hardly the usual amount of maternal care and solicitude for the well-being of young Thomas. He had, however, a sufficient inheritance to place him above want, and to enable him to avail himself of the highest privileges of education,—to which his nature seems to have early inclined him; while his friends had equally determined to bring him up to learning. He was put to school, first at Winchester, and afterwards, at the age of eighteen, entered the University at Oxford. He received the Bachelor's degree in 1627, and immediately after commenced the study of medicine. At a later period, (the precise year is not known,) he commenced travelling, first in Ireland, then in France, Italy, and Holland. At Leyden, he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine—a title rather more dearly obtained, in those days, than at present in our own country, and bestowed upon none who had not fitted themselves to receive it, by years of attentive study. In 1636, he settled as a practitioner, at Norwich, the capital of Norfolkshire, where he spent the remainder of his days. Wood, in his well-known biographical sketches of Oxford Students,* says that he had an extensive practice, and was resorted to by many patients.

Religio Medici, the best known of the

* *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.

works of Sir Thomas Browne, was written at London, in 1635—previously to his settlement at Norwich. He was then thirty years of age, and his powers were fully matured. Aside from the additional experience which would naturally be accumulated during a long life, we see no tokens in his subsequent writings of any further development of his faculties, or of any new shape assumed by his character, indicative of intellectual progress. This work, however, was not given to the public until the year 1642. It very soon acquired an extensive celebrity, and established a permanent fame for its author. The ostensible subject of the book is expressed in its title,—the Religion of a Physician, or an extended confession of his faith.

In 1646, Browne published his next work, entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*—"Vulgar Errors." The purpose of this work is perhaps sufficiently indicated by its appellation. The author, with much and general learning, exposes the absurdity of a large number of notions that had in his day become fixed in the popular belief, and attempts to correct the false views which were entertained respecting objects really existing, or belonging solely to the region of fable.

In 1658, he published his *Hydrotaphia*, or Urn Burial—a work full of nice and varied learning, and especially of that kind of learning peculiarly belonging to the province of the antiquary. The subject was suggested to his mind by the discovery of certain urns, which were exhumed, at that time, in an ancient cemetery, in the county where he resided. The book contains descriptions of the various modes of burial among different nations, in former times especially, of the funeral ceremonies performed over the dead, and their significance, with characteristic contemplations of a grave and sublime nature, such as the occasion could not fail to awaken in a mind so constituted.

Various tracts, on divers subjects, but all more or less tinctured with antiquarian tendencies, and with the niceties of learning, complete the catalogue of works published during his lifetime. The excellent volume of "Christian Morals" was composed in his very last years, and was not given to the world until after his death. Its genuineness is fully vouched for by his

daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Littleton, and others,—nor could it be doubted by any one who is familiar with his other productions.

Browne was married in 1641, to a lady named Mileham, with whom he lived happily, and who survived him two years. In 1671, he received the honor of knighthood from King Charles the Second. He died on his birth-day, 1682, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Every author of any great note has some one work (most usually) which may be safely assumed as the type of his character, and on which his general repute is made to depend. The *Religio Medici* will doubtless be accepted by all as an exponent of the spirit and genius of its author. We are left to infer, to be sure, that in the lifetime of Browne, his "Vulgar Errors" was the most extensively read, and most generally popular of all. This is not at all incredible, nor without some plausible reasons. It embraces a greater variety of topics, and those, too, topics that lay near the heart of all classes of readers—intimately allied with all the sentiments of wonder, and mystery, and dread, which nestle under the wings of popular superstition. Some of the subjects discussed in this work are really curious, both as showing the extent of popular credulity two centuries ago, and as revealing the generality of the author's observation and learning. "That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed;" "that a diamond is softened by the blood of a goat;" "that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as without them;" "that men weigh heavier dead than alive;" "that storks will live only in republics and free states;" "that the forbidden fruit was an apple;" "that a wolf first seeing a man begets a dumbness in him;"—are a few among the many opinions vulgarly current in his day, that he takes upon him, in a learned and dignified style, to refute. He descants also upon the popular notions respecting the ring-finger, and the custom (still prevalent in many parts of Europe) of saluting upon sneezing. He finds matters for grave disquisition in pigmies, the dog-days, and the picture of Moses with horns. He expends much eloquence and research on the blackness of negroes, the food of John the Baptist, the poverty of Belisarius, the cessa-

tion of oracles, and Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke. He very worthily labors, likewise, to set right the minds of the uneducated common people, on the river Nile, "theme of many fables," and makes some very sage observations and discoveries respecting the aged and venerable Methuselah. He deems the romantic wish of the ancient Philoxenus (that he might have the neck of a crane) worthy of a dissertation, and indulges his imaginative and conjecture-loving mind in threading some of the mysterious mazes of Gipsy history.

From all this variety of disquisition we get an idea, it is true, of the singular cast and complexion of the author's mind—an insight of his "hidden life" and his peculiar intellectual constitution, such as we could less clearly obtain from the *Religio Medici* alone. We need to take it into the account, therefore, in forming a conception of Browne's intellectual character, and even in rightly understanding and justly estimating that earlier work itself. But to accept it as a type of his genius, would be manifestly an error.

Strictly characteristic—full of sublime contemplations and manifold learning—as is the *Hydriotaphia*, it is not, perhaps, much nearer to a true representation of the distinctive qualities of this celebrated scholar. The subject is one that admits of no general unfolding of the author's inner self. Modes of burial and funeral ceremonies appropriately attach to themselves a degree of importance, since they nearly touch the affections and the self-meditations of all human beings. The occasion which such topics afford for *moralizing*, of a grand and elevated description, could not have fallen to a better pen than that of Sir Thomas Browne. Some of the noblest and most eloquent passages of all, occur in this work. Especially those characteristic words upon Oblivion, (we can quote but a part, though the full effect cannot be obtained without the whole,) we remember, first stole over our own mind like the harmonies of some solemn and wonderful music, far away in the distance,—to haunt the memory, at intervals, forever afterward.

"Circles and right lines," says he, "limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which

temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

"To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they know more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging of his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses, in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable men forgot than any that stand remembered in the account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

" Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callousities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes

of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory to their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which time or Cambyzes hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise:—Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharoah is sold for balsams.”

The “Christian Morals” would seem to be designed especially as a legacy to the young, whose character is unformed, and to whom the world is new and untried. Embodying as it does a rich fund of mental experience, we may draw from it much in confirmation or elucidation of what is elsewhere less perfectly exhibited. It is replete with maxims of true wisdom—nor does it want the brilliancy of setting and the occasional smoothness of polish, which are found in the earlier and more general works.

To speak of the *Religio Medici* as strictly a confession of the religious faith of a physician, would be to narrow the work within limits to which it was never meant to be confined. It oversteps the boundaries so prescribed, in the direction of almost every other great topic of human contemplation, and so becomes a general record of the inner experience and observation of a scholar. It is as such a work, that it has attained, and still maintains, a universal reputation. Without any technical theology, and in no sense controversial or proselytic, it becomes, in its religious aspect alone, deeply interesting to all for whom the great concerns of human life, and the higher destinies of man, afford any subject for earnest and solicitous inquiry. The title itself is captivating, for the very reason that the medical profession have in general so little repute, (not altogether justly,) for any particular relish of the loftier range of spiritual contemplations, and for the considerations that transcend the region of matter.

We accordingly look for no insane rhapsodies—for none of the ecstatic raptures of an Ignatius Loyola or a St. Theresa—for none of the sickly “experiences” of a John Bunyan. Morbid fanaticism and morose religionism, we well know, could have no place in the mind of a man so educated, and bred to such habits. Browne was trained in the Church of England, and accustomed to sober views of its nature, doctrines, and polity. Christianity was not to him a bundle of wild and enthusiastic notions, nor the Christian life an unceasing effort after self-torture and distortion. To that part of the world with whom religion is something to be exhibited, and worn for a show—a matter to be inconsiderately obtruded upon everybody’s notice, and forced into every incongruous connection with everything to which it has no proper relation—Browne might very naturally appear as anything but a religious man. “For my religion,” he admits, therefore, at the very outset, “there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all.” And that such always has been, always will be, and always *ought* to be, the judgment of certain people respecting the most truly religious men, we regard as a circumstance no less fortunate than it is inevitable. A religion that can be paraded with effect, and made available for the admiration of the vulgar, is a very different affair from that to which we have ever applied the name, or ever mean to. And if any reader has been so rash as to take up this book of Sir Thomas Browne, expecting to find in it a gratification for any sickly craving of this sort, or from so unworthy a motive as seeking a subject for ridicule in the blind and ignorant observations of a sombre religionist, he probably encountered a startling disappointment.

We have said that the real life of the scholar is mainly hidden—that in external, palpable incidents, it is barren and unimportant. Could we but have the interior history of such a man as John Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or of one of the chief philosophers of ancient times, we might well dispense with whole libraries else, that would, indeed, in such a case, become useless. Shakspeare, in his Sonnets, is thought to have given us some transient glimpses of what had gone on in his spirit, unseen by all

eyes, and scarcely surmised, perhaps, by those most nearly about him. But those few gleams do little more than to reveal the immense sum of experience to which all clue is cut off. The works of this kind are rare and of little consequence; nor can the *Religio Medici* be assumed as anything more than a very remote (though agreeable) approximation—that rather suggests what might have been done by the author, and what we could have most heartily wished him to do, than satisfies the curiosity and strong desire which it awakens.

The style of this, as of all other works of Sir Thomas Browne, is peculiar, and has been a topic of much animadversion. That its peculiarities are not in any sense attributable to the period at which he wrote, will at once be seen by comparison with contemporary authors,—such as Owen Felltham, Abraham Cowley, and John Milton. It has an elevated and independent tone, indeed, like the prose of Milton, but without any of its rich harmony and evenly sustained grandeur. Both are characterized by much learning, both have given currency to many words new-coined from the Latin and Greek. But that which with Milton seems to have sprung spontaneously from his own creative genius, deeply familiarized with those ancient languages, in Browne can hardly escape the imputation of pedantry. And though the quaintness with which he is justly charged seemed to have become an easy and regular habit, it has still an air of affectation, to which we are obliged to extend some degree of forbearance. That a writer should avoid any eccentricities of manner, in so far as it is possible, is a no less evident requisite to good standing in letters than to a favorable reception in society. Egotism of manner as well as of speech—and much more any degree of indifference to the sentiments and feelings of those about us that exceeds this—amounts to positive impoliteness, and betrays the want of a gentle disposition and breeding. Browne's offences of style do not, by any means, amount to such a degree of enormity. There is nothing in his writings like a studied contempt of conventional forms, or an attachment to oddity for its own sake. And though he is certainly chargeable with some degree of egotism, we cannot attribute it to him as a predominating

characteristic—softened and shadowed as it is, by a respectful deference to the opinions of others, and a mild and habitual charity. A high self-respect is easily mistaken by the indiscriminating for an irrational vanity and conceit; and the *Religio Medici*, which exhibits this objectionable trait rather more strongly than any of his subsequent works, can well be excused for all such appearances, on the ground that a work of the character therein proposed could not be made to assume a form which should preclude a large amount of personality.

That this work was never intended to be given to the public, until after it was published without any formal sanction of the author, is doubtless too broad a statement to be strictly correct. It has every internal appearance of having been intended, sooner or later, for at least a wider circulation than amongst his own particular friends; nor does it need to be defended from any defects on such a ground.

The obscurity of many of his expressions and the remoteness of his allusions, in some cases, are features of his style that grow directly and unavoidably out of his own peculiar nature. Of a reserved habit, manifestly, and a covert manner of thinking, his writing must necessarily partake of those qualities. The plane of his life was elevated far above the mass of men about him. However universal his charity, his sympathy went not with the multitude. An austere dignity, a heroic virtue, and a lofty contemplation, shut out from his mind one half of the great interests of the human race, and tended to foster a serene and exalted self-admiration. He speaks more than once of the “retired and solitary imagination,” which was the prevailing temper and condition of his mind; and even while disavowing “that father-sin, pride,” discloses quite plainly enough that he entertained an exalted and habitual sense of superiority. What lofty aims he proposed to himself, and with what a steady, ever-constant purpose, he set about the attainment of what he deemed the highest perfection of human nature, may be easily gathered from certain precepts laid down in his “Christian Morals.” There is a heroism about such a scheme of life, and such a devotion to true manliness, which we cannot but admire, little as its

coldness and austerity win upon our affection.

"Live unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last, whether thou hast been a man; or since thou art a composition of man and beast, how thou hast predominantly passed thy days, to state the denomination. . . . Be not under any brutal metempsychosis while thou livest, and walkest about erectly under the scheme of man. . . . Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long past and long to come; acquaint thyself with the choragium of the stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Let intellectual optics give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles; and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honor of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pigmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind, heroes, men, and beasts. For though human souls are said to be equal, yet there is no small inequality in their operations; some maintain the allowable station of men, many are far below it; and some have been so divine, as to approach the apogee of their natures, and to be in the confinium of spirits."*

Such was the mood to which Browne himself had attained: a stately dignity, little warmed by sympathy with human hearts, and looking down with pity upon the inferior in culture and station. "My conversation," he says, "I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity." We are not, therefore, surprised to find him saying, after avowing a "general charity" for all men, and a love for everything, ("but the devil:")—"If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do condemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the multitude." The common affections of humanity flowed not through his heart; the pulses of common sympathy which have universally vibrated through the soul of genius, never beat in his bosom. This was in some sense a fault of his time and place; but it was not from custom that it had possession of his mind, for he was, (as everything kin-

dred to genius essentially is,) in a large sense, superior to his time, and unsusceptible—encased in the pride of exalted aspiration—of any decisive influence therefrom.

Any one who has compared the literature of two centuries ago with that of the present, very readily marks a grand distinction between the two periods, both in the level from which the work issues, and the tone with which its contemplations are uttered. Literature has grown democratic. The masses of humanity, before overlooked, and left entirely out of the reckoning, now assume an importance that almost overshadows the rest of mankind. We do not refer alone to such writers as Dickens, or Carlyle. We speak of the general tone of a large share of the current literature. That the tendency in this direction is so strong as to have already become vicious, and to render a reaction necessary, we firmly believe. To Sir Thomas Browne, the vulgar were *simply* vulgar: the wearing of a human shape, so far from being a redeeming circumstance, but added to their disgrace, in his view, from unavoidable contrast with the dignity and refinement becoming in true *men*.

A certain amount of sympathy with the struggling millions of humanity, whose life is one continual toil, and whom hardship and sorrow perpetually encompass, is indispensable to the highest qualities of the scholar, no less than to true genius. Without it, none knows how to touch those common chords, whose vibration alone is universal fame, and by means of which, and not otherwise, the author gains a permanent abode in the hearts of mankind. From hence we can understand why Browne always has had, and always will have, from his many admirers, few to love him heartily, and treasure him in their affections.

Yet the author of *Religio Medici* was by no means an inveterate *hater*. All his attempts at hatred take anything but a serious turn. He owes a particular spite to "the devil," (the only creature of God, he admits, that is properly hateful,) and intimates that it would afford him a special delight to be permitted to propose to him a few hard questions. For instance, in speaking of the world's final destruction: "To determine the day and year," says he, "of this inevitable time, had been an excellent query

* Christian Morals, III, 14.

to have posed the devil of Delphos, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology." We like this quaint humor of the austere scholar, as it occasionally breaks out in the midst of his most serious disquisitions, hardly conscious, doubtless, to himself, and unexpected by the reader. This humor, however, such as it is, never finds an object among the low and everyday concerns of vulgar life; it never ventures to meddle with a subject less sublime than the fallen archangel; and that, too, only in his more dignified peculiarities. Southey could find an unfailling source of fun in the hoofs and tail of this distinguished personage, but to Sir Thomas Browne, there never occurred a train of meditation which was not altogether too grave to be intermingled with such grotesque diversion.

That Browne had, in the common acceptance of the term, any real humor, cannot properly be asserted. There is nothing of the playful in him. His reader is taken by surprise at such an allusion as this: "I ever hear a passing-bell, *though in my mirth*—." We pause, and vainly attempt to figure to ourselves what sort of levity that might be, in which it were possible for such a one to bear any part. "I have shaken hands with delight, in my warm blood and canicular days," he says elsewhere,—but in such a manner as to leave us to infer that those were, to his mind, only seasons of vanity, long since passed, and never very heartily embraced. From the time he becomes known to the world, and according to all the tokens that remain of his disposition and habits, no one can reasonably take exceptions to his own account of this matter, or perceive the necessity of any great reserve or caution in accepting it as the whole truth. "I was born," says he, "in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company."

Yet a sort of covert, elusive, unconscious humor there is, pervading every part of his writings, the most serious no less than the apparently trivial—subtle, hard to designate or even understand—but always to be taken into the account as an essential ingredient of his style of thought and expression. It is no strange thing,

therefore, to find him saying that "in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof." Mysterious and incomprehensible as it is, our dreams may become our truest instructors in self-knowledge, and they are often the revelators of many a natural quality and innate propensity, which habit has rendered latent, and which in the waking life of our spirit have come to be perpetually dormant. This element of humor, which might, under a different development, have acquired a predominating influence in the mind of Browne, now moves "many fathom deep," like the spirit that followed the ship of the Ancient Mariner—constantly felt—ever unseen and obscure.

The *Religio Medici* comprises two grand divisions—the first of which seems to be devoted to the author's Faith; the second develops his notions of Charity. His peculiar conceptions of the nature and province of faith are worthy of especial notice. To give assent to that which reason approves, is to him a very small matter—faith comes in only where the judgment ceases to give assent, and has its chief and noblest work, where reason even enters her contradictory protest. Indeed, he complains that "there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith."

It might be a very natural inquiry here, by what law his faith is squared, or how he shall know what to receive as true, and what to reject as false—allowing to the voice of reason not so much as a veto. Yet the whole tenor of his life, and the general cast of his mind, plainly enough answer the query, and thereby help us to a glimpse of certain foundation principles of his belief. The established order, both in Church and State, is to him sacred and unquestionable. Dream as he might, on other matters, he seems never to have conceived the possibility of a greater social perfection, or of a form of religious belief and worship better adapted to the wants of human nature. Existing institutions were therefore a law to his faith, so perfect and inappellable, that even with all his wild vagaries—his speculations upon the final cause of eclipses, and his wanton reveries over the oracles of old—he never once overstepped (scarcely ventured even to reach)

the limits prescribed by his education and the laws. He distinctly avows that, with him, reason is subordinate to the teachings of the Church, as the Church is subordinate to the Jewish Scriptures. Of a temper naturally visionary, (though we find it impossible to discover any appropriateness in Coleridge's designation of "affectionate enthusiast,") had his mind but swung aloof from these moorings, we might have looked for extravagances, less wild and antic, perhaps, than we are doomed to witness among our transcendental *savans*, yet, from the superiority of his intellect, of sufficient consequence to save him from contempt.

Sir Thomas Browne, then, did not waste his energies in a vain and endless chase after *absolute truth*. Clearly recognizing that man is but relative in his nature, and encompassed by no calculable course of events, nor influenced by the same unvaried causes, nor able, at all times and in all positions, to get a complete and reliable view of the elements on which his reason is exercised, he wisely abstained from a search he saw must be fruitless, and contented himself to attempt a discovery of his immediate relations, and of the wants arising therefrom. He thrust off every approach of skepticism, therefore, by a suppression of all doubts that arose to disturb a belief which he had once deliberately settled, knowing that in this state of imperfect vision, many uncertainties and apparent contradictions will attach themselves to all the weightier conclusions of our reason.

The great subjects on which his contemplations most delighted to dwell, as already intimated, were of a nature far removed from the ordinary affairs of life, constituting a spiritual world in which few, in the present state of being, have leisure habitually to dwell. To lose himself in meditations upon an incomprehensible Deity, was his constant delight, and all the loftier themes of human life, and death, and destiny, were forever returning to his thoughts. In these was his existence; and none to whom such matters have any interest can lightly esteem the manifold and various lucubrations, of which his works are the elaborate record.

That Browne had something of austerity, has already been seen. Intellect with him was supreme. Affection was rigidly governed, and passion was suppressed. His enthusiasm, even, had a stateliness of march and a severity of demeanor, that amounted almost to a perfect disguise. His was not a heart that could love. At thirty, he tells us that he "never yet cast a true affection upon a woman." And though his marriage, some years after, puts a face of inconsistency upon the contempt at this period expressed for the other sex, yet it is easy to believe that no material change, in this particular, ever passed upon his mind. Such a cold, heroic pursuit of wisdom and virtue will always command respect and even high admiration, but there is nothing in it to love: and we should greatly belie our own judgment and feelings, did we avow any ardent affection for his writings, or any impulse to seek for consolation and sympathy in his bosom, amidst the ills and perplexities of our life. While it makes us more proud of humanity to know that such a man has lived, we never feel our pulse beat warmer at the mention of his name—no sweet words of beauty and hope, from his pen, ever gush upon our spirit in moments of dejection and sorrow. Sir Thomas Browne cared very little for the beautiful or the tender. He could weep at the idle parade of a Romish procession, but for a heart overwhelmed and broken with grief, he had no kind word of comfort. He could name, doubtless, many hundreds of flowers, but their delicate loveliness never touched his heart. He talks much and frequently of nature, yet he could never have cordially sympathized with the beautiful child of affection who should say in simplicity: "I have ever loved the flowers,—and even from my earliest years, the greatest happiness that I could know was a solitary ramble among them, and an hour's silent communion with nature." Beauty, in his eye, was nothing—wisdom was all. We open his pages with reverence,—we read with admiration,—we close them and go forth into the world, to find a darker hue and a sterner aspect on the face of destiny, and a more sombre shadow upon all things.

J. H. B.

HYMN OF CREATION.

(IN THE INDUS.)

Creation, as it is described by MENU, was a work of Brahma, who is the principal person of the three that emanated from Brehm, the VAST, the ineffable, ONE. Brahma, the first of created gods, gave origin to the world by conceiving it in his thought.

See Article "*The Laws of Menu*," by J. D. Whelpley, *American Review*, Vol. I. 1845.

WHERE SURRAWATA's crag aspires,
 An Indian minstrel stood alone,
 Seeing the manifold soft fires
 Of evening paint the westering zone ;
 While far below a large blue deep
 Lay calmly in its circle curled,
 And the low breathing of its sleep
 Like music charmed the Orient world.
 The poet gazed as poets gaze
 Along the wave, the mount, the air,
 With soul of prayer and lips of praise ;
 For BREHM* HIMSELF was kindling there,
 And, like an over-wearied dove,
 The earth lay brooding in His breast of love.

The moon came up with dewy wreath,
 And in the sunset's golden street,
 The evening paled and died beneath
 The trappings of her silver feet.
 Silent the priest of nature stood—
 His hands upon his harp—his eyes
 Bent raptly on the purple flood
 That filled the hollows of the skies.
 But when the planet, calm and queenly,
 In mid heaven sat serenely,—
 Gazing with extatic looks,
 On the old heroic books
 That Brehm hath written on the folded stars,—
 He struck the strings ; the wakened lyre
 Leaped to an answer for his soul on fire—
 The holy hymn rolled out and rang the willing wire.

I.

Mountains and seas, and suns, and stars, and spheres,
 That fill the deep caves of the dark Abyss
 With sounding Meres
 Of splendor, giving and receiving bliss !
 Oh, steadfast marks by whose keen glow

* The Hindoo name for God.

The fields of space we only know—
 Even as a Godhead's large domain appears
 To spirits undefiled,
 By truths, like stars, along its cloudy border piled,
 Not, not to ye,
 Vast as ye are and awful in your gloom,
 Or beautiful in thick ambrosial bloom—
 I bend my knee.
 I hear your symphonies forever roll,
 Like the long quiet breathings of eternity,
 O'er many a far-off spot,
 Where millions dwell, who wear, like me, a soul ;--
 Yet, yet, oh planets bright, or systems dim
 In yonder shadowy space,
 Fronting ye face to face,
 I worship not,
 Nor sound to ye the high and holy hymn.

II.

To CHREESHNA* will I lift the strain,
 The born of BREHM in ages long ago ;
 Chreeshna ! who saw, and not in vain,
 Cycle on cycle round the Father flow.
 'Twas He, the tall Archangel, who beheld,
 When leaning from the gallery of His home,
 With diamond column dight and crystal dome,
 The rough stupendous sea of matter swelled
 In scowling discord far below.
 " Why glooms the desert tentless ? " thus he cried :
 " Be mine ! be mine
 The task to bend it to the Will Divine !
 A harmony may wed its cloudy tide—
 A melody within its discord may be wrought ;
 So with a Time may it forever shine,
 And under sweet compulsion brought,
 No longer wail, but clothe an angel's thought."

III.

He said, and from his shoulders swift unfurled
 Their wings, like snowy clouds, and bore away
 Into the Inner World,
 Which owns the SIRE's immediate sway.
 He stood upon the margin of the Sphere,
 Waiting until the essence trembling out
 Should wrap his charmed soul about
 With sympathy, and draw the angelic near
 Its awful but resplendent source : nor waited long,—
 Soon shone he there with that selectest throng
 Who feel, in dread delight,
 The Father-Brehm's melodious love
 Strike through their frames a wondrous might
 That lifts them swooning to the heaven above.

* An incarnation of BREHM.

IV.

He heard the thunders of Almighty Will
 Go crashing down the thronèd steeps—
 He heard the echoes answering, answering still
 From all the distant deeps—
 A high song pouring from the choirs
 Of giant seraphs ranked around,
 Like pyramidal fires with skies of azure crowned.
 Wrapt in his scheme, he only pondered mute,
 But when the anthem died he made his mighty suit.
 All Heaven was hushed at his bold word,
 While through the awe-struck space
 His fervent voice was heard
 Ascending to the Secret Place.
 He paused—a wave of smiles came floating down,
 And curled around his forehead in a crown
 Of calm magnificence: then swelled again
 An ancient song from that angelic train,—
 “Holy! Most Holy! unto Thee we bow!
 Glorious! Most Glorious! only unto thee,
 With veiled brow and bending knee,
 Who WAST and ART and ever more shalt BE!”

V.

Again his wings unfurled
 Like snowy clouds around a star,
 And bore afar
 Beyond the Inner World.
 At last he checked his eager flight
 Close by the realm of Night:
 There lighting on a promontory,
 His countenance took its grandest glory,
 And over the cloudy Deep
 He stretched his shining hands:
 Slowly it felt their awful power sweep
 Along its wailing waves and solemn sands.
 And still the INFLUENCE grew in might,
 And gathering to a rounded light,
 Now quick, now slow,
 Went smiting all the Chaos to and fro,
 Until its dull eyes opened lazily to the glow.
 He spoke!

The darkness shuddering broke:

Then the sun-orb, from a chasm, moaning in the troubled ocean,
 Rose and towered grandly upward, with a slow melodious motion;
 Blazed the zodiac's giant circle, shouting rose the Pleiades;
 Glittered all the starry islands in their blue, surrounding seas:
 Other spheres from other caverns gave the gift of flame to space,—
 Mighty Jove with many vassals kneeling round his golden mace;
 Trembling Vesta gliding coyly under all the ardent glare;
 Venus with her snow-white bosom throbbing passion in the air;
 Pallas leading out the young Winds, murmuring with joy the while,
 Over the emerald vales and mountains, by the blue lakes of her Isle;
 Ceres on her sunny uplands with the blossoms keeping tryst;
 Lone Uranus walking slowly in his wilderness of mist;

Solemn Saturn with his bright rings wheeling round his stately form,
 And the world of red savannahs shimmering ghastly through the storm;
 Followed by the silver planet—Planet! whom I now behold,
 Looking on the Earth serenely as thou look'dst in ages old,
 When ye first, with low, sweet laughter, in your azure circles whirled.
 And the Angel-shepherd, smiling on the far extending wold
 Which had drank his sudden splendor, numbered all his starry fold;
 Then like melody his white wings on the morning air unfurled,
 Wafting up the great World-maker to the waiting Inner World.

VI.

But still the INFLUENCE brooding hung
 O'er all the spheres and peopled all their climes:
 First through the grosser shapes it sprung,
 First to the lower atoms elung;
 But took the nobler in the nobler times.
 It swept along with permeating song,
 In whose harmonious breath
 An Eden kissed to life the cold, black lips of Death.
 The huge sea-monster, stricken by the tone,
 Sank to his vasty tomb in dark despair;
 Th' enormous beast, left in the worlds alone,
 His mighty race to marble history grown,
 Crouched, dying darkly in his caverned lair.
 To them the rosy flower and rainbow wing
 Were torture, and upon their tombs
 The snow-white swan went sweetly murmuring,
 And all the hyacinth urns of dewy spring
 Poured out their rich perfumes.

VII.

And still the Influence swept along,
 And still diviner grew the song.
 The wild bee murmured in the flower; the wild bird sang aloud;
 The Eagle soared, and drank from out his beaker of the cloud;
 The wild deer glanced like beams along the dizzy mountain race;
 The Lord of all majestic rose and filled his throned place;
 And at the last, when softest grew the silver-sounding strains,
 Did Woman, glorious Woman rise from all the Eden plains
 Of those resplendent worlds; then Silence through the space
 Leaned pressing her pale hands upon the hushed lips of the air,
 And in the quiet sabbath morn Creation bowed in prayer.

W. W.

A TALK ABOUT THE PRINCESS.

CARL BENSON'S LIBRARY. *Present:* CARL AND FRED PETERS.

PETERS. And so Carl, while I have been in the thickest of the stirring times abroad, and seen one monarchy topple after another, you have been quietly reading at home. And that gray-covered book is poetry of course.*

BENSON. It is TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

PETERS. Oh, Tennyson! Yes, I remember you always had a great admiration for him—not but what he is justly entitled to a good standing among the secondary poets.

BENSON. Perhaps you would be surprised to hear Tennyson spoken of as a greater poet than Byron.

PETERS. Ay, that should I.

BENSON. And yet such is at present the opinion of a very large number of the best educated men in England.

PETERS. Indeed! I knew that of late years Wordsworth had become the fashionable poet of his literary countrymen, but did not suspect that they had now set up a new idol in his place.

BENSON. The process is natural enough. Men grow sated with passion and excitement; they rush for relief to quiet meditation. The popular taste passes from poetry which defies theory and morality to poetry which is all theory and morality. In time the proper medium between and union of the two begins to be seen and appreciated. The literary world has its oscillations of this sort as well as the political.

PETERS. This then you are disposed to consider Tennyson's great merit, that he is a uniter and harmonizer of the two opposite schools, the Byronic and the Wordsworthian?

BENSON. I am, though well aware it is

not the ground that most of his admirers would take. They would make him (so far as they would allow him to have any master) a follower of Wordsworth. But the passionate element is certainly very predominant in him at times, sufficiently so to have annoyed some over-proper people here. And I do consider this fusion or eclecticism, or whatever you choose to call it, as one mark of a great poet, because it gives a truer representation of man than is afforded by either of the schools which it combines. The slave of passion, on however grand a scale he may be depicted, is a low development of our nature. The meditative philosopher is a high, but an incomplete development. You would not choose as your type of government an unbridled democracy or an immovable conservatism, but one in which the two parties had room and scope to struggle. So in the man, you wish to see the play of his feelings and the supervision of his judgment, his better reason prevailing in the end amid the conflict of his passions, but only "saving him as by fire." And where in modern poetry will you find a greater example of this than in Locksley Hall?

PETERS. What is the reason then that some people complain of Tennyson's writing namby-pamby, and emasculating poetry?

BENSON. Simply because some people are dummies. I can understand a charge of this kind as applied to Mrs. Hemans, or Keats, or Wordsworth, (not meaning that I should agree with the man who makes the charge, but I can see why he makes it :) but as applied to Tennyson it seems to me neither more nor less than absurd. There is pathos and sentiment in him: there are passages which may make those cry who are cryingly disposed. In the name of Apollo and the nine Muses, is that to be set down to his discredit? Read Locksley Hall,

* Fred talks Yorkshire, but writes as pure English as any of us, so that it is only doing him justice to translate his remarks into the ordinary dialect.

I say again, and read *Morte d'Arthur*, and then tell me that the man who wrote them has emasculated poetry. Bulwer and Mrs. Norton, whichever it was of them that perpetrated the New *Timon*, might write their heads off before they could achieve two poems that will live alongside of those. Ought a man *never* to feel pensive? Is it a crime to be sometimes moved by the pathetic? I well remember that I used to lie on a green bank of summer mornings and read *Theocritus* till I was full of pity for *Daphnis* and the unfortunate man who "had a cruel companion;" but I never found that it unfitted me for taking a horse across country or digging up hard words out of a big lexicon at the proper time.

PETERS. Yes, I remember *Romano* and you lying on that very bank you are thinking of, between the Trinity bridge and the Trinity library, and him making his confession thus: "I acknowledge the influence of the scene. At this moment any one might do me."

BENSON. There was a man of the world who was not ashamed to be sentimental, and why should a poet be?

PETERS. Thus far you have praised Tennyson's taste and judgment rather than his genius and originality, it seems to me. What peculiar and individual merits do you find in his poetry?

BENSON. In the first place, wonderful harmony of verse; in the second—

PETERS. Wait a moment, and let us dispose of the first place before going further. It really surprises me to hear you make such a point of Tennyson's harmony, for he is frequently blamed on this very head. There are some violent, old-fashioned elisions, to which he is over-prone—

BENSON. Such as "i' the" for "in thee."

PETERS. Exactly; and though not professing to have read his poems critically, I would engage to point you out a number of lines in them which contain weak or superfluous syllables.

BENSON. It must be confessed that occasional blemishes of the sort may be detected in him, yet it is scarce possible to read one of his poems carefully through without being struck with his exquisite sense of melody. Try it especially with his blank verse:—blank verse, as every judge of verse knows, is a much greater

trial of an author's powers of versification than any rhyming metre. Read *Enone* or *Morte d'Arthur*, and you will see what I mean.

PETERS. But after all, allowing what you claim, is not this a small matter to build a poetic reputation on? You may have mere nonsense verses, like the "Song by a Person of Quality," perfect in the way of rhythm and metre: indeed it is a very common device of small poets to make sound supply the place of sense.

BENSON. It is also a very common device of people who are not poets at all to profess themselves such geniuses that they can despise the ordinary laws of versification. An every-day trick that, and a sad nuisance are these little great men who set up to write poetry without being able to write verse. Is the most correct and elegant prose translation of a passage from Homer or Dante poetry? The question seems almost absurd; but why isn't it poetry? There are all the ideas of the original. It is the vehicle of them that makes the essential difference. And any tangible and practicable definition of poetry must somehow include *metrical expression*; if you admit one independent of this element, you may be driven to allow that the Vicar of Wakefield is a poem, to which felicitous conclusion I once pushed a transcendentalist who was arguing the point with me.

PETERS. But metrical excellence is, to a certain extent at least, a matter of study and practice.

BENSON. What then?

PETERS. Why, you know, *poeta*—

BENSON. *Nascitur* to be sure. Which means that unless a man has a genius for poetry he can never be made a poet. And the very same thing is true of the painter or the mathematician. A man requires education for everything, even for the proper development of his physical powers.

PETERS. Of course you except political wisdom and statesmanship, which in a democracy come to every man by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing.

BENSON. Of course. But no man can afford to despise the rudiments of art, I don't care what his natural genius is. What would you say to a young painter who should refuse to study anatomy and perspective?

PETERS. Then you think it as necessary for a poet *in posse* to study metre, as for a painter *in posse* to study anatomy?

BENSON. *Rem acu.*

PETERS. You were going to mention another excellence of Tennyson.

BENSON. Yes, his felicity of epithet. You may go through his two volumes without finding a single otiose adjective. Now it is the happy employment of adjectives that especially makes descriptive writing, whether in prose or poetry, picturesque; and therefore in *Idylls—ἰδύλλια—poems which are little pictures*, or each a series of pictures, Tennyson has no equal since his master in that branch of poetry, Theocritus.

PETERS. You seem to have studied your man well, and therein you would have the advantage of me in a discussion. But let me ask you one question. Do you honestly think, to say nothing of this country, that Tennyson will ever have the same continental reputation that Byron has?

BENSON. I do not for a very good reason. Tennyson is decidedly a more national poet than Byron. Indeed, there is nothing national in the latter. There is nothing in him that a Frenchman or an American cannot appreciate as well as an Englishman; nay, there are many things which a Frenchman can appreciate better than an Englishman, because they are more in accordance with his feelings and sympathies. Whereas—

PETERS. You must make an exception in favor of Byron's satires on contemporary English poets.

BENSON. To be sure; but they are certainly not the poems on which his continental reputation in any way depends. Tennyson, on the other hand, is eminently an English poet. He likes to take his subjects from English country life, or English popular stories; and some of his shorter poems are simply and distinctly patriotic, embodying the liberal conservatism of an enlightened English patriotism.

PETERS. I remember one beginning—

"Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied Past."

BENSON. There is a finer one than that:

"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights.
She heard the torrents meet."

PETERS. Yes, I recollect; and how she gazes down from her isle-altar, and turns to scorn with lips divine the falsehood of extremes. There is nothing violently or offensively national in that.

BENSON. He began with a great deal more spice. In one of his earlier volumes there is a sort of war-song conceived in a spirit of magnificent national conceit. It starts with this satisfactory assumption:—

"There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So true of heart as they be."

And there is a pious and benevolent refrain or chorus, after this fashion:—

"For the French, the pope may shrive them,
For devil a whit we heed them;
As for the Fench, God speed them
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive them
Through the water and the fire."

After all, I like a man to stand up for his country. We don't do it half enough.

PETERS. Whom do you mean by *we*?

BENSON. You and I, Whigs and Locos, and everybody. But to return to our Tennyson. There is another reason for his being "caviare to the general," even in his own country. His mind is classically moulded, and his poems full of classical allusions. The influence of Homer and Theocritus especially is constantly traceable in his writings; and his felicitous imitations and suggestive passages constitute one of his greatest charms to the liberally educated. Sometimes he is harsh, if not unintelligible to the uninitiated, as when he says that Sir Bedivere stood with Excalibur,

"This way and that *dividing the swift mind*
In act to throw;"

which reads very stiff till you recollect the Homeric

δαῖρόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
διχθᾶδι.

PETERS. I would go further yet, and say that a man, to appreciate Tennyson fully, must be artistically educated and be familiar with Claudes, and Raphaels, and Titians. That was what struck me some time ago, on reading his *Palace of Art*, (at the recommendation of an admirer, who considered it his *chef d'œuvre*.) and your last re-

mark, together with what you said just before about his picturesqueness, reminded me of it. I certainly am inclined to think with you, that Tennyson, like Shelley, will always be "caviare to the general," and therefore—but we won't quarrel. I have one more question to ask you. Don't you think that Tennyson owes some of his present reputation to clever friends? Isn't he the pet of his university? Is there not a certain club of Cambridge men that you once told me of?

BENSON. They are not all Cantabs—some Oxonians like Arnold's pupil and biographer Stanley, and some non-university men like Carlyle. They comprise lions of all sorts, greater and less; humorists, with Thackeray of Punch at their head; artists; literary men of fashion; theologians, (did you ever read Maurice's Kingdom of Christ?) and plenty of reviewers. A poet who has generally one of his club in the Edinburgh and occasionally another in the Quarterly, stands a chance of having full justice done him. At the same time it is only fair to remember, Fred, that laudatory criticism is at times essential to justice, especially after unjust and one-sided treatment, like the first notice the Quarterly took of Tennyson. Nor can the Tennysonians be charged with anything more than this. You cannot justly impute to them any mere puffery, or extravagant because unqualified panegyric. Take Sterling's review, (lately republished in a volume of his works;) there is no horror of fault-finding in it. When he doesn't like a poem he says so. How different from the mutual criticisms of a society of mutual admirationists!

PETERS. You are brim-full of your author, I see, and ready to lecture on him. Suppose you give me some account of his new poem there, (*sotto voce*), especially as there will be more chance of getting something to drink after it.

BENSON. That will I. It is a queer thing certainly, this poem. "A medley" he calls it, and so it is—a medley of grave and gay, where, like his own holiday rustics, he in one place pursues sport and philosophy hand in hand, in another, pure sport. The poet goes to see a jolly baronet, whose son, Walter, is one of his college friends. It is a fair summer day, and there

is a fête to the tenantry. Walter shows his guest the house:—

"Greek, set with busts; from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their
names,

Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together: Celts and Calumets,
Claymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-club
From the isles of palm; and higher on the
walls,

Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armor hung."

All which is very fine; but the literary visitor is sure to make for the books, and dive into

"a board of tales that dealt with knights,
Half legend, half historic, counts and kings
That laid about them at their wills, and died;"

till Walter pulls him out, book and all, to see the grounds and the ruins and the ladies. The happy multitude are scattered about their path.

"A herd of boys with clamor bowl'd
And stumped the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and
maids
Arranged a country dance and flew thro' light
And shadow. * * *

And overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end
to end."

So they come to the ruins, where Sister Lilia has amused herself by dressing up an old ancestor's statue in new and fashionable woman's attire, and the young men begin to "talk shop," that is, in the present case, to talk college, which brings up the old question of female rights and female capacities. At last the guest is called on for a story that shall be moral and amusing both.

PETERS. Unreasonable requisition!

BENSON. Nevertheless, with Cantab assurance, he sets about "making a shot" at it; but, says he—

"One that really suited time and place,
 Were such a medley we should have him back
 Who told the Winter's Tale to do it for us :
 A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
 A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
 A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
 And there with shrieks and strange experi-
 ments,
 For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them
 all,

The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.
 No matter : we will say whatever comes :
 Here are we seven ; if each man take his turn
 We make a sevenfold story."

PETERS. Ah, each man a canto : that
 would afford room for some pleasant di-
 versities of style and thought.

BENSON. Unfortunately, or fortunately,
 there is nothing of the kind. The seven
 cantos, or parts, or fyttes, or whatever
 you may choose to call them, are all in one
 continuous vein. Lilia wanted to be a
 Princess and have a college of her own : he
 therefore must be a Prince at least, and
 accordingly a Prince he is,—

"blue-eyed and fair in face,
 With lengths of yellow ringlet like a girl ;
 For on my cradle shone the northern star.
 My mother was as mild as any saint——"

PETERS. That "any" is prosaic.

BENSON. "And nearly canonized by all she knew,
 So gracious was her tact and tenderness ;
 But my good father thought a king a king :
 He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
 To lash offence, and with long arms and hands
 Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
 For judgment."

This northern Prince had in his boyhood
 been betrothed to a southern Princess in
 her girlhood—a regular affair of business,
 as royal betrothals are.

PETERS. Only royal ones, Carl ?

BENSON. Don't interrupt me, Fred, for
 I am like one of your fast trotters, very
 hard to start again after breaking. So
 when he was coming to man's estate, his
 father sent after the lady to fetch her, as
 per agreement ; but instead of the Princess
 comes

"A present, a great labor of the loom,"

and a letter from *her* father to the effect
 that she has "a will and maiden fancies,"
 and in short won't be married at any price.
 You may fancy the old warrior monarch

tearing up letter and present, and threaten-
 ing an appeal to the *ultima ratio*.

PETERS. The Prince resolves to go him-
 self incognito, I suppose.

BENSON. Precisely so, as you shall hear.

"Then ere the silver sickle of that month
 Became her golden shield, I stole from court
 With Cyril and with Florian"——

(These were his two friends, and the
 latter has a sister in the Princess's court,)

"With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived.
 Down from the bastion walls we dropt by night
 And flying reached the frontier ; then we crost
 To a livelier land, and so by town and thorpe,
 And tilth, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
 We gain'd the mother city thick with towers ;"

(How like a journey in Fairy land it is,
 with all those quaint Elizabethan words!)

"And in the imperial palace found the king.
 His name was Gama ; crack'd and small his
 voice,

A little dry old man, without a star,
 Not like a king."

This little old king, who was as oily as
 one of your third-rate, shake-your-hand-
 with-two-fingers *diplomats*, explained that
 his daughter had been put up to founding
 a university for maidens by two widows,
 (one of them Florian's sister ;) whereat the
 Prince, chafing him on fire to find his bride,

"Set out once more with those two gallant
 boys,
 Then pushing onward under sun and stars
 Many a long league back to the north,"——

(for the summer palace where this female
 university was founded lay on the northern
 frontier,) came to an inn near the place, and
 after a consultation with mine host, hit on
 the plan of turning ladies for the occasion.

"We sent mine host to purchase female gear ;
 Which brought and clapt upon us, we tweezered
 out

What slender blossom lived on lip or cheek
 Of manhood ; gave mine host a costly bribe
 To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
 And boldly ventured on the liberties."

PETERS. "And so they renished them to ride
 On three good renished steeds."

But the thing is an absurdity already.
 Do you suppose three men among a little
 town of women, could escape detection
 three minutes ? Do you know three of
 your acquaintance, that you would trust
 in such a position ?

BENSON. I have seen *heaps* of English women quite ungraceful enough to be men in disguise for that matter. Their entry is beautifully described. They come into

"A little street half garden and half house;
But could not hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers
falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare."

PETERS. Good! and then?

BENSON. Of course they mean to be on *Lady Psyche's side*, as a Cantab would say, for she is the younger, prettier, and better tempered of the two tutors. So the Prince

"sat down and wrote
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring east:
'Three ladies of the Northern Empire pray
Your highness would enroll them with your
own
As Lady Psyche's pupils.'"

And accordingly,

"At break of day the College Portress came:
She brought us academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when these
were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons,
She, courtesying her obeisance, let us know
The Princess Ida waited."

PETERS. Ah, now for the heroine!

BENSON "There at a board by tome and paper
sat,
With two tame leopards couched beside her
throne,
All beauty compassed in a female form,
The Princess: liker to the inhabitants
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her
head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived through her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

How do you like her?

PETERS. The sketch is too shadowy me-thinks. Not definiteness enough of touch in it, and—surely one of those lines halts?

BENSON. Yes, it is one of Tennyson's crochets that *flower* and *power* are full

dissyllables. But the Princess will define herself better by and by. Of course, Psyche finds out her brother, and of course she is persuaded to give them a little grace; else how should they, and we see and hear any more of this Female University life? And here is some of what they saw and heard:—

"And then we strolled
From room to room:—in each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught or known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,
And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
'Why, sirs, they do these things as well as we.'"

PETERS. And to be sure they might, if they were only taught.

BENSON. And so might most men sew and play the piano if they were only taught. But whether it would pay is another question. Here is an after-dinner picture:—

"A solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there
One walk'd reciting to herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with
that."

A most lady-like substitute for the small terrier that a Cantab would be promenading about.

"Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow'd from the heat: some hid and
sought

In the orange thicket; others tost a ball
Above the fountain-jets and back again
With shrieks and laughter. * * *

So we sat; and now when day
Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court

A long, melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies,
The work of Ida to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world."

You see the finest of these descriptions have an amusing double sense. They are at once a parody on, and a description of English University life.

PETERS. Yes, I remember going to Trinity Chapel with you, and those five hundred young men in surplices. How innocent and virtuous they did look—at a distance! I wonder if Princess Ida's girls tattled and gossiped as much when they pretended to be kneeling at prayers. There were two youngsters just in front of us that night who were settling the next boat-race all service time. But certainly there are many delightfully picturesque features in a Cantab's life. By the way, Carl, what has become of your sketches?

BENSON. *Infandum jubes renovare*. They were so free-spoken that no one in this land of liberty dared publish them. But we live in hope. Do you recollect what Titmarsh says of the great Jawbrahim Heraudée, how after having circumvented his enemies and made a great fortune, he "spent his money in publishing many great and immortal works?" That's what we mean to do some day, so help us Puffer Hopkins!

PETERS. Omidous invocation! But how fares the Prince meanwhile?

BENSON. He is invited to take a geological ride with the Princess. You may be sure he seizes the opportunity to discuss the plan she had made for herself in contrast with that which others had made for her, not forgetting to say a good word or two for himself.

"I know the Prince,
I prize his truth; and then how vast a work
To assail this gray pre-eminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? Think
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feeble heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss
Meanwhile what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?"

And she exclaimed:

"Peace, you young savage of the northern wild.

What! tho' your Prince's love were like a god's,
Have we not made ourselves the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd to thus.
Yet will we say for children, would they grow
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them
well.

But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die.
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them.
Children—that men may pluck them from our
hearts,

Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves.
O children! there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err: nor would we work for fame,
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of
Great

Who learns the one Pou Stro whence after-
hands

May move the world, though she herself effect
But little: wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
Of frail successors. Would indeed we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants, living each a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone."

After their philosophic equitation they
luxuriate in a tent,

"elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood
Engirt with many a florid maiden check,
The woman-conqueror; woman conquered there
The bearded victor of ten thousand hymns,
And all the men mourned at his side."

There is an instance, one out of many in the poem, of the admirable way in which all the adjuncts are artistically in keeping. Tennyson always seems to keep in mind Fuseli's rule "that all accessories should be allegorical," and this makes him eminently the painter of poets. And now comes what all the critics consider the gem of this work.

PETERS. Isn't it a blank-verse song about "the days that are no more?" I remember seeing that quoted in three London periodicals the same day. I bought them at the railway station.

BENSON. Even the same. There is a unanimity of opinion about it, which it may seem ridiculous to oppose, but I do candidly confess to you that I don't like it as well as some other things in this very poem. Perhaps it is from utter want of agreement with the sentiment. The past is for me a sweet season, not a sad one at all—in consequence no doubt of my fearfully antiqua-

ted conservative sympathies. I never could feel, even though a great poet has sung it before Tennyson,

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

and therefore—

PETERS. That is the true critical fashion, Carl, to dilate upon your own feelings and neglect your author.

BENSON. Straightforward is the word then. *In vino veritas*. When they begin to drink, the secret's let out and great is the flutter. The Prince, scornfully expelled, lights on the camp of his own father, who had heard of his danger, (it was a capital offence for any male to infringe on the University limits), and marched down to rescue him. Poor Psyche is there; she has lost herself and her child: hear what a touching lament she makes for it:—

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah my child,
My one sweet child whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl,
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life [dead.
With some cold reverence worse than she were
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all.
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing forever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?"

The medley is true to its name. After this pathos we have some fighting, for there are three brothers of the Princess, tall fellows all, and one, Arac, a tremendous champion. He bullies the Prince, and thereupon the North and South agree to fight it out, fifty to fifty. I am sure Tennyson had the *Ivanhoe* tournament in his head when he wrote this. Arac knocks over every one, ending with the Prince; but nobody is killed, though there is much staying in of iron plate and bruising of heads. Then the Princess, under whose

very garden wall the *mêlée* has taken place, comes down with her maidens and opens her gates in pity to the wounded, and so the women lose their cause in gaining it. You may imagine the catastrophe—the Prince ill in bed, and the Princess nursing him and reading to him, and what must follow thence. But it is beautifully worked out. He lies in delirium, until she from watching him, and listening to his mutterings, and casting sidelong looks at "happy lovers heart in heart," (what a felicitous expression!) begins herself to know what love is. At last he wakes,

"sane but well nigh close to death,
For weakness; it was evening; silent light
Slept on the painted walls, whereon were wrought

Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they crammi'd

The forum, and half crush'd among the rest
A little Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind
A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs, and before them paused
Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

(How the lion-painters had had it all their own way! There is great humor in that picture, as well as artistic keeping.)

I saw the forms; I knew not where I was:
Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,
Ghosts of the fading brain they seem'd; nor more

Sweet Ida; palm to palm she sat; the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder show'd: I moved; I sighed; a touch

Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand:
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:
'If you be what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself;
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing; only if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Sloop down and seem to kiss me ere I die!'"

Do you remember a somewhat similar appearance in Miss Barrett, where the Lady Geraldine visits her poet-lover, and he takes her for a vision?

"Said he, wake me by no gesture, sound of breath, or stir of vesture——"

PETERS. Excuse me, but I never yet undertook to admire Miss Barrett, and would much rather you should read straight on.

BENSON. It is a pity to interrupt so fine a passage.

"I could no more, but lay like one in trance
That hears his burial talked of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turned; she
paused;
She stoop'd; and with a great shock of the
heart,

Our mouths met; of languor leapt a cry,
Crown'd passion from the brinks of death, and up
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose,
Glowing all over noble shame, and all
Her falsen self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,
And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-tides
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet hergraces where they decked her out
For worship without end, nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee!"

PETERS. I suppose our classical poet had one of the Homeric hymns to Venus in his mind, when he sketched that comparison.

BENSON. Possibly, but there is no verbal resemblance that I recollect. Let us see. Here is the shorter Hymn to Aphrodite. You shall have it word for word:

"Fair Aphrodité, goddess golden-crowned,
Majestic in her beauty will I sing,
Inheritress of all the crowning heights
Of sea-beat Cyprus, whence the wat'ry breath
Of Zephyr bore her lapped in softest foam
Across the loud-resounding ocean wave.
Her lovingly the golden Hours received
And clad in robes immortal; and they set
Upon her head divine a golden crown
Well wrought, and fair to look on; in her ears
The flower of mountain-brass and precious gold;
And they decked out with necklaces of gold
Her tender neck and silver-shining breasts.
With such the golden Hours themselves bedeck
When they betake them to the pleasant dance
Of deities, and to their father's home.
So having all her person thus adorned
They brought her to th' Immortals, who rejoiced
To see her."

Homer, as you perceive, dwells upon the

ornaments of the goddess more than on her native charms. But now for our Prince and Princess again. He has slept,

"Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep,"

and is awaked by her reading a sort of serenade to him, and a beautiful one it is. Listen:—

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,

And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thought in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake,
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

By-and-by they come to an explanation. He makes an admirable confession of his faith, and a more admirable explanation and history of it, even thus:—

"'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience, worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime;
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him.'"

And this is his satisfactory conclusion:—

"My bride,
My wife, my life, O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself,
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Enter the General.

THE GENERAL. Well, Carl, what's on

the tapis now? One of the nine male muses of Boston, eh?

PETERS. No, indeed! but Tennyson's Princess, which our friend is well nigh enchanted with.

THE GENERAL. It is two years or more since I heard Carl talking of that poem. The literati in England must have been expecting its appearance for a long time. And it seems to me surprising that they have not shown more disappointment—that is, if, as seems perfectly natural, they meant to judge it by the standard of the author's former works.

BENSON. Then *you* are greatly disappointed?

THE GENERAL. Not *greatly*, for I never was a violent Tennysonian. But I shall be surprised if you are not dissatisfied.

PETERS. Carl looks incredulous: he wants your reasons, General.

THE GENERAL. He shall have them. First, let us begin with the vehicle and dress of the ideas, the mere structure of the verse. Knowing that you all agree with me in the importance of this, I have no fear of being thought hypercritical. Every one must see on reading the poem, that much of the versification is on the Italian model. Now this may be a perfectly proper innovation. It is possible that

"O swallow, swallow if I could follow and light,"

is as natural and suitable a line in the one language as

"Molto egl'opro con senno e con la mano"

is in the other; so I will not dwell on this point, though it certainly admits of dispute. But there are many lines built on no model at all, in short, not verse at all. What do you say to this?

"Strove to buffet to land in vain: a tree;"

or this—

"*Timorously* and as the leader of the herd."

And there are plenty not quite so lame as these, but very faulty, such as—

"Albeit so mask'd, madam, I love the truth."

"Of open metal in which the old hunter rued."

"I did but shear a feather, and life and love."

"Life. And again sighing she spoke, 'A dream.'"

Now we have a particular right to animadvert upon these things in Tennyson, because his harmony of versification is always insisted upon (and in many cases I admit with all justice) by his admirers. Here, then, he fails upon his own ground. And it cannot be from haste, for we know that the Princess has been some years in preparation; it must be either from wilful carelessness, or some perversity of theory. So much for the first charge.

Next, there is to be found in this poem a superabundance of quaint and harsh expressions. I do not refer to the affectation of dragging in antiquated words, such as "tilth," and "thorpe," and "enranged;" but to such phrases as these:—

"And then we past an arch

Inscribed too dark for legible."

"On some dark shore just seen that it was rich."

"Seldom she spoke, but oft

Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field; void was her use,"

meaning that "her occupation was gone," I suppose; but it is not easy to get that sense, or any sense out of the words.

The next fault I have to find is a very serious one. Your pet poet, Carl, is terribly gross, repeatedly and unnecessarily so. There, don't make such large eyes, but listen. The Princess

"Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf,"

to the Prince. Where was the need of allusion or reference to this barbarous and disgusting custom of a dark age? You can't say it was introduced to preserve historical accuracy, for there is no historical or chronological keeping in the poem. The Princess talks geology and nebular hypotheses, and the Prince draws his similes from fossil remains. Then, again, the break at the close of the innkeeper's speech—why, the suggestion conveyed by it would be low for Punch, and only in place in the columns of a Sunday newspaper. And why the Prince's question about the want of anatomic schools in the female University, but for the indiscreet innuendo which it conveys?

BENSON. You grow over nice, General.

THE GENERAL. Nay, if I did, you would hear me objecting to the whole scene of the three young gentlemen's dis-

covery; master Cyril growing tipsy and striking up a questionable ditty,

"Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies;"

and the Prince "pitching in" to him.

BENSON. Can you suggest any better mode of bringing about the discovery?

THE GENERAL. If no better can be devised, that only throws the objection upon the choice of such a subject.

PETERS. That brings us to the point. Come, General, don't be nibbling all around the poem, like a mouse about a big cheese, but tell us what you think of it as a whole.

THE GENERAL. As a whole, then, let me ask Benson if he considers it to add much to Tennyson's poetic reputation?

BENSON. Is it perfectly fair to expect that each successive work of an author shall equal or surpass his former masterpieces?

THE GENERAL. Somewhat of a Quaker answer, that, but it involves an admission which I accept as a satisfactory reply.

PETERS. I have heard it objected to the Princess, that it was too evidently written with a moral and for a moral, and *therefore* could not be a really great poem.

BENSON. That is really too bad, Fred. According to that rule, no allegorical picture can be a great painting. To go no further, what would such a critic say to Cole's Voyage of Life?

THE GENERAL. It certainly is not the objection I should make either. The idea that a great poem cannot have a moral, seems to me as one-sided and untenable as the theory of the extreme Wordsworthians, that a great poem *must* have a moral. My animadversion would be just of the opposite kind—that the subject of the Princess is too slight. It would be well enough for a semi-ludicrous trifle; it is not sufficient for an elaborate poem, the work of years. While reading this production, the suspicion has crossed my mind—a mere suspicion which it is perhaps uncharitable to utter—that Tennyson has intended and striven to be eminently *Shakspearian* in it. Hence his peculiar phraseology, his changes from grave to gay and from gay to grave, his rigorous artistic propriety combined with his almost systematic chronological discrepancy, his

introduction of comic characters, (though he must have seen by this time that humor is not his forte;) even the very reference to the Winter's Tale is not without meaning. But Tennyson is said to be a modest man, and it is hardly fair to tax him with such impudence. But at any rate the Princess goes far to confirm me in the opinion I held before, that long poems are not Tennyson's line, so to speak. And he must have an inkling of this himself, else why does he not finish *Morte d'Arthur*?—which is surely worth finishing, though it might not perhaps be "one of the epics of the world," as Carl thinks. There are many exquisite little gems in the Princess—many of "those jewels five-words long," that the author speaks of; but as a whole, I should beslow to call it a great work of art.

BENSON. There are certainly also many things in it to which the General has taken exception, and which I am not prepared to defend. The thought has struck me that for some or all of these occasional lapses, we may have to thank the so-called "Water Cure" which the author underwent between his former volumes and this.

PETERS. Not a bad idea that, Carl. The result was exceedingly likely.

THE GENERAL. So then the same cause will account for the difference between "Evangeline" and "The Voices of the Night," and that between the Princess and Locksley Hall.

BENSON. Well, we are agreed on one point at any rate. And having settled so much satisfactorily, let us refresh our inner man. Lift up the top of that oak window-seat, Fred; you are the nearest to it. What do you find there?

PETERS. Something that looks very like a *paté de foie gras* reposing upon some old music; and a little basket with an assortment of soda biscuit and wafers, and—is there a Bologna in this roll of yellowish paper?

BENSON. Precisely. Where's the General? Oh, one naturally looks to the other window-seat for the liquids. Quite right. You will find some jolly old Cognac there, and a bottle of the real "Drioli" Maraschino, if you are not above so lady-like a vanity. Help me to clear the table, Fred. Put Dr. Arnold on the top of Vanity Fair, and pitch those Boston reviews into the chiffonier basket. Spread

this Literary World out: it will do for an extempore table-cloth. There, we have the edibles and potables arranged: let us give a good account of them.

THE GENERAL. We will endeavor to do them justice, as we have been trying to do justice to the Princess.

HUDSON'S LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE.*

IN reading Mr. Hudson's assurance in his dedication, that he has, "in writing these lectures, rather studied to avoid originality than to be original," we know not, to use a part of one of his characteristic sentences, "whether it be more incredible, that he should say what he did not believe, or that he should believe what he said." For it is of the very essence of, his mind to be original, and to allow it to be seen that he tries to be so. His very avowal is original; the thought, it is true, is not new, but the light in which it is presented is colored with a peculiar personal shade. It was meant to tell in a particular direction, and it does so. How it must startle the drowsy senses of those who have fallen into that state of morbid conceit, which it is the fashion of the *soi-disant* transcendentalists to develop and nourish, to read a sentiment so directly in opposition to one of their cardinal dogmas, as the following:—

"He who is always striving to utter himself, will of course be original enough; but he who wishes to teach will first try to learn; and as, to do this, he will have to study the same objects, so, unless his eye be a good deal better or a good deal worse than others, he will be apt to see, think, and say very much the same things as have been seen, thought, and said before."

This is a plain common-sense thought put into a Johnsonian wrapper and fired out of the Hudsonian rifle at a particular object, viz., the worshippers of certain avowed Self-Utterers in New England and elsewhere; which object this thought is peculiarly adapted to hitting, (as silver bullets are for witches,) and which, in this instance, it *hits*, in the very point aimed at.

The writer intimates that he could have been original, in the transcendental sense, i. e. unique, outre, odd, absurd, nonsensical or ridiculous, had he chosen, but that being a man of honesty, and having some reverence for the learning of thinking, he has endeavored to study his subject with the assistance of other students, and then to travel on with them in the great highway of wisdom. It is the *false* originality then which he has studied to avoid, that which mistakes Deviation for Progress, and self-illumination for general enlightenment. In this sense only can he say of himself with truth that he has studied to avoid originality.

But if going ahead in the right path of thought, that which runs parallel with what men understand by common sense, in a peculiar characteristic fashion, be true originality, then Mr. Hudson has tried to be original, and has succeeded. He is consciously peculiar in his thought and expression, more from a natural idiosyncrasy than because he intends to be strange. He writes antitheses, and makes points, and scatters shot here and there, because he is a wit. He is full of individuality both in style and thought; but in the general, though many of his traits as author are against good usage, he is on the right side, the old, true side, the side of honesty and sincerity. He is neither a Weeper nor a Seeker. He does not bear his candle aloft and cry, "Behold the sun!" he merely lets it so shine that men may see his good works.

With our Progressing friends Mr. Hudson is not a particular favorite; they do not consider him a "perfect person." This

* Lectures on Shakspeare. By H. N. HUDSON. 2 vols. New-York: Baker & Scribner, 1848.

question respecting his originality, which they were the first to raise, affords a curious instance by which to observe a characteristic motion of the advancing Mind. Mr. Hudson has made a free and generally a fair use of the thoughts of other writers on Shakspeare; in a few instances, one of which we shall extract, it seems that he has, instead of quoting, given the thoughts of others in his own language. This could not have been intended for plagiarism, since those thoughts have now become so common that there could have been no felonious intent; still it was unnecessary, and is a blemish.

Not relishing, when these lectures were delivered, the blunt sense and pointed sarcasm which characterize almost every paragraph of Mr. Hudson's writing, and make it *very* original—the advancing Mind, or rather some of those nameless persons to whom he frequently alludes as “some people,” fastened upon these instances, and pronounced him a mere laborious compiler. We did not hear the lectures, but remember seeing them spoken of in that wise in sundry newspapers, by individuals as inferior to him in wit, good taste, scholarship, and industry, as superior to him in the wisdom which is born of conceit, and is engendered by fanning the inward light.

Now, since his book has appeared, and it has been seen that he professed to have studied to be *un*-original, in their sense only, they have been rather taken aback; they have been obliged at least to commend his prudence. They imply (we have read thus in a newspaper notice) that as he was accused of wanting originality, he has now very *adroitly* met that objection by confessing it was intentional.

All this while the progressing Mind, “some people,” must be as perfectly aware as he is himself, that he is truly one of the most original writers that has for a long while come before the public. His style is quite peculiar; no one else has ever written it. His course of thought is like that of no other mind which had contributed to enrich our literature; it is a beautiful spray of innumerable little jets of wit. As for what he has borrowed from other writers, he has so remodelled it in the mould of his fancy that he has a right to pass it

as his own. Except in the instances alluded to, which though in bad taste could not have been written to mislead, there is no charge which could be brought against these lectures with less foundation in truth than that of wanting originality.

Yet such is the nature of the mental progression of the “some people” aforesaid, that they cannot be brought to admit aught which tends to lessen them in their own esteem. Something must be said against Mr. Hudson, because he does not subscribe to the Harbinger; but his piquant sallies are too cutting not to be acknowledged to have some force; the shift then is, to pretend to feel no smart, and assuming a high level of “self-respect,” to accuse him of want of originality. This is especially the *modus operandi* of “some people,” the imitators of Mr. Emerson and Lord Nozoo, who are perpetually “welling out” in our newspapers and magazines. Lacking utterly all basis of good sense, and all respect for study, they are in our literature the exact counterpart of the Democratic party in our politics—only, thanks to the mighty dead who repose in our libraries, to the nobler qualities of the human soul, and to the chivalry of such valorous knight-errants as Mr. Hudson, they are not quite so formidable. For our own part, we are so much disposed to trust in the natural vigor of the understanding, that we look upon the vagaries of these progressives as mere harmless manifestations of weakness that will always be showing itself in some form or other; we as little think of allowing transcendentalism to disturb our repose as Mormonism; we defy all attempts to be drawn into seriously dispelling any such momentous Nonsense that is always obscuring the air of the soul. It is nothing but fog; though at a distance it looms heavy, and seems to envelop all things in Cimmerian gloom, yet, if we walk boldly on, we have always a clear space around us. We believe in Bigotry: the ignorant are to be pitied and benevolently instructed, not contended with. The Pinel method of treating the insane should be extended to many other infirmities. Still, when boys have behaved very badly indeed, not studied well, but relied on their effrontery to carry them through, and been altogether vain, assuming and disagreeable,

there is a degree of pleasure in beholding them "settled with," not at all incompatible with a kind and forgiving spirit.

The providence of Heaven graciously raises up from time to time men who seem especially commissioned to correct certain special errors. Thus Howard the philanthropist had a "mission" to reform the English prisons, and Father Mathew was lately moved to stay the plague of drunkenness in Ireland. Mr. Hudson, though he has not probably been aware of it, is as signal an instance as either of these. He was sent forth into New England to overthrow and utterly demolish the vanity of that class of speculators, whom he and we, for want of a more specific title, have designated as "some people"—which must be understood as including all that class, whether transcendentalist or orthodox, who think that they know Something when in truth they do not. This is a class so abounding in New England that it has been supposed by many to originate in a sort of aftergrowth or second edition of the ancient puritanical Pride, which made the essence of all piety to consist in a state of mind expressible by the formula, "I am holier than thou!" This pride, now that creeds have changed, develops itself in various shapes, in philanthropy, literature, morals, divinity, and the like; but in essence it is the same old self-adoration. Others, among whom, for the sake of several of the earliest names in the Plymouth colony, we should desire to be numbered, refer this pride to a source further back than the Puritans, who they think were upon the whole more sinned against than sinning; they rather consider it only a new modification of the original Adam, shapen and colored by the peculiarities of New England character and education. Be that as it may, Mr. Hudson was evidently sent forth against this pride, from whatever source it sprung. One may see the impulse operating upon him from the outset. What else could induce a young man, without a literary name, to prepare lectures on Shakspeare, and go about to deliver them? But the reality of his commission is most irrefragably asserted, after the fashion of most special providences, by what he has accomplished. We are bound to believe that he was sent forth to puncture pride and let the wind out of preten-

sion, because *he has done it*. "Some People" have fared hardly under his hands; he has shown them up and made them ridiculous. He has "settled with them."

The manner in which he has done this is so delightful, that we cannot refrain from giving a few examples before speaking of his merit as a Shakspeare critic.

"Many think Shakspeare's female characters inferior to his characters of men. Doubtless, in some respects, they are so; they would not be *female* characters if they were not: but then in other respects they are superior; they are inferior in the same sort as woman is inferior to man; and they are superior in the same sort as she is superior to him. The *people in question* probably cannot see how woman can equal man, without becoming man, or how she can differ from him without being inferior to him. In other words, equality with them involves identity, and is therefore incompatible with subordination, and runs directly into substitution; and such, in truth, is the kind of equality which has been of late so frequently and so excruciatingly inculcated upon us. On this ground, woman cannot be made equal with man, except by unsexing and unsphering her;—a thing which Shakspeare was just as far from doing as nature is. To say, then, that Shakspeare's women, according to this view of the matter, are inferior to his men, is merely to say that they are women, as they ought to be, and not men, as he meant they should not be, and as we have reason to rejoice that they are not. The truth is, Shakspeare knew very well (and it is a pity *some people* do not learn the same thing from him or some other source) that equality and diversity do by no means necessarily exclude one another; and that consequently, the sexes can stand or sit on the same level without standing in each other's shoes, or sitting in each other's seats. If, indeed, he had not known this, he could not have given us characters of either sex, but only wretched and disgusting meddles and caricatures of both, such as *some people*, it is thought, are in danger of becoming."

If one of the tenets of the faith in which all sound orthodox New Englanders are educated, be true in proportion to the hearty and frequent zeal with which it is inculcated from the pulpits of country churches—if it be actually to be believed a principal ingredient in the perfect bliss of heaven, that the saints shall behold and enjoy the just punishment of the finally impenitent—then we, and, if we mistake not, a large majority of our readers, may derive great comfort from this quotation. The lively relish with which we contem-

plate the fate of "some people," cannot arise from a sinful malice, for we are conscious of the kindest feelings towards them, and hope this will do them good; we are at liberty to consider it, therefore, a faint foretaste of the eternal fruition which is to reward the good hereafter. Let us then enjoy it in a proper manner, with gratefulness to our author for his truth, and thankfulness to Heaven for raising up so doughty a defender of common sense.

"Polonius is virtuous inasmuch as he keeps below vice, (for there is a place down there and *some people* in it;) is honest, because he thinks honesty to be the best policy,—a maxim which, by the way, is far from being universally true: for honesty sometimes carries people to the stake, (queer policy that;) and perhaps it would carry more of us to the stake, if we had it; if it did not carry us to the stake, it might carry us to poverty, and that, *some people* think, is the next thing to the stake."

Again:—

"The reason, therefore, why *some men* see nothing valuable in nature but cornfields and cotton-plantations, is, they have none but corn-eating and cotton-wearing faculties to view her with. To such men nature is, properly speaking, no nature at all, but only a sort of huge machine, put in motion by some omnipotent diagram, to manufacture useful articles and agreeable sensations for them."

In the following instance the phrase is a little varied, but it is sufficiently plain who are intended:—

"The fashions of that age may seem foolish and affected enough to us, and ours may seem equally so two hundred years hence. Perhaps it is for this reason that *those people* who look no deeper than dress, either of body or mind, and who make it their being's end and aim to wear clothes, and look sleek, and be fashionable, are always thinking that human improvement is now in its quickest march, and that the present has first exemplified the perfection of human reason."

In the following no people are alluded to but sentimentalists; yet they are included under the generic "some people," and form a very considerable class. What is said will apply admirably to the ideal transcendental Poet:—

"Of all men, therefore, Shakspeare was perhaps the least a sentimentalist; strove not at all to reveal the truth and beauty of his feelings, but only to reveal the truth and beauty which

he felt. For the sentimentalist is one who thinks he has very fine feelings, and means everybody shall know it; he therefore puts his feelings on the outside, dresses himself in them, and so goes about calling on all to observe and admire them; all of which, by the way, is among the very lowest and meanest forms of conceit and selfishness."

But in the following our author gives one of the surest proofs of the authenticity of his mission. He is not here depicting "some people" from a fancied vision in his mind, but is evidently drawing from life.

Great novelists have sometimes been accused of putting actual living characters into their tales, and clergymen often expound the sacred text, without being aware of it, in so forcible and applicable a manner that conscience-burdened hearers construe it as a personal insult: it would not be at all surprising if Mr. Hudson was accused of having had in his eye when writing what is below, certain particular individuals—men and women—especially women, resident not more than five hundred and fifty-five thousand miles from the capital of Massachusetts. We say it would not be surprising if he were to be thus accused—not that the reader is at liberty to understand that such is our own opinion, for there are "beautiful spirits" in New York as well as Boston, and we do not know any of them; only this we say, and say it boldly: *you should not wonder* if Mr. Hudson were accused of having had individuals, living *somewhere or other*, distinctly present in his mind while he was putting this paragraph on paper:—

"It is by gilding or varnishing over impurity with the superficial graces of style and sentiment, by wrapping up poison in an envelop of honey, so that it may steal a passage into the mind without offending the taste or alarming the moral sentinels of the heart,—it is in this way that death is conveyed into the system;—a thing which no man was ever farther from doing than Shakspeare: if we wish to see it done in perfection, we had better go to the pages of Byron and Bulwer; who do indeed discover no little fondness for delineating noble, generous, magnanimous villains; gentle, amiable, sentimental cut-throats,—in a word, devils sugared over. Yet it is questionable whether even these, bad as they are, are so bad as the late importations from France, so much in favor with the more 'beautiful spirits' of the time, where the laws of morality are not so much

evaded by simulation of virtue as inverted by consecration of vice, and where debauchery is argued for on principles of reason, and religion itself, the sacred law of love, is urged in behalf of lewdness and lust. The truth is, there are *some people* whose morality seems to be all in their ears; who cannot bear to have things called by their right names; nay, who are even fond of dirty things, and will compass sea and land to come at them, provided they can have them dressed in clean words; and who are never contented unless they have something whereby to persuade themselves that they are serving God while indulging their lusts."

We do not feel as if this needed any comment. Indeed, at present, it is not apparent that anything remains to be said upon the subject.

In another instance the social reformers, a very presumptuous and ignorant species of "some people," are dealt with as follows:—

"Whether from a fault in himself or in the public for whom he wrote, it is a remarkable fact, that Shakspeare never attempts to show his respect for religion and law by reviling ministers and magistrates; nor was he so scrupulously just and charitable as to represent all poor men as wise, temperate, honest, and unfortunate, and all rich men as cheaters, extortioners, and sensualists: in a word, he was not so enlightened and sanctified as to identify social with moral distinctions; he therefore found, or perhaps fancied, something besides virtue in hovels, and something besides vice in palaces; priests were not all villains, princes were not all dunces, criminals were not all heroes, beggars were not all saints, with him. Which will probably account for certain sneers and censures which have lately been cast upon him, as not being a reformer, but as being content to let things remain as he found them; as giving no 'prophecy' of 'a good time coming,' nor making any efforts to bring it about; in other words, that he did not patronize Providence, nor try to rectify the moral government of the universe, so that all men, and especially all reformers, should be immediately rewarded according to their deserts, themselves being judges."

One other instance shall suffice for a view of Mr. Hudson's manner when speaking directly in his missionary character:—

"Yet *some* appear to think that Shakspeare, irreligious himself, could not delineate or conceive truly religious characters; probably because his persons do not take sides on the 'quintinacular controversy;' their faith always showing itself in words, not in words, and their piety consisting in doing right, not in 'getting religion.'

If "some people," who will read these lectures, do not have their eyes opened by these and similar passages, then, to use our author's phrase, they may be given over as "spoiled eggs." The truth shines out of them so clearly that there is no mistaking it without intentionally shutting the eyes. "Some people" can talk, and twist, and shift,—they always could and will, which is the reason why it is a waste of time to argue with them; their very nature and essence includes a want of reverence for God or man, and hence it is their religion never to stop talking, never to be put down, never to confess themselves wrong. But this plain showing of them up must do much to dash even their effrontery, (we refer particularly to the transcendental progressives and social reformers.)

Walking down Broadway on one of those evenings when the lamp-lighters are instructed to presume the existence of a moon in defiance of the senses, an individual might accost one thus: "Sir, wishing to afford you an unusual gratification, I take the liberty of walking by your side. You are now conversing with a person who was for a long time at the head of one of the greatest nations in the world. I am his late majesty, Louis Philippe, ex-King of France, in disguise." This might be a plan to delude one's vanity, while picking his pocket. But if there was an individual on the roof of the Museum, sending every now and then upon the obscured throng of passengers, those strong rays of the Drummond light which seem almost sensible to feeling, the cheat is not one which would be likely to be attempted. The person addressed would turn to the face of the accoster, would see at once that he lacked the massy features of the ex-king, and would then tell him to go about his business, for that he desired none of his society.

Just so with "some people," these professors of Everything; they meet us in the crowd and affect to be so many Platos, Homers and Lycurguses; they afflict exceedingly many honest persons who lack strength of mind to shake them off, and who thus fall into the sin of answering them according to their folly. But now comes Mr. Hudson, and begins turning his Shakspeare lecture Drummond light—precisely

as the man does on the Museum. The honest persons turn upon the pseudo-philosophers who bore them, and they perceive only "some people"—some very silly people—frequently fantastically dressed, with long hair, and the natural position of their under garments reversed. The philosophers also become conscious that their character is known to be assumed, and cannot be sustained; if they were not before aware of this, the strong beams of truth make them so now, and those among them who have sincerely erred will encourage the delusion no more.

But many of them will persist in their claims with the same pertinacity in the face of truth and common sense, as though they were on the best of terms with those all-powerful allies. Just like the Democratic party, to which we have already compared them, their object is not so much the asserting and supporting *truth*, as the gaining and retaining *power*.

It is the instinct of a radical, no less in philosophy and letters than in politics, to be noisy. He cannot bear that there should be any finer or nobler being than his own. He cannot understand poetry or art, and his presence takes away from the enjoyment of either. He is fond of argument, because in it he can always talk, and always have the last word. If you pin him to a point he grins and avoids it. He will not permit the existence of any elevated state of feeling in his friends. He is ever manifesting a disposition to laugh at what he cannot enter into or lift himself up to. He will keep to the letter of courtesy while he violates its spirit. He wears upon the nerves, and requires to be held off at arm's length. Obedience, deference, modesty, politeness even, are virtues he does not practice. He is one, in short, to whom, if one wishes to do any good, he must put on dignity and carry it towards him authoritatively—a painful effort for sensitive nerves.

For our own part, we are glad to avoid the immediate contact of this sort of people. They annoy us to the verge of distraction. We prefer to let our light shine upon them from a distance, and to obey the natural impulses of benevolence rather by laboring for their good through intelligent readers. Hence we hear no transcendental or ultra orthodox conversation; the only Fourierite friend we have is—yes, he is ashamed of

the folly, though of course he does not own it. Why should we go down and vex ourselves with thoughts and questions which lie in a region where all sensible thinkers are absolutely omniscient? If, when we are walking up Broadway, (to use our former comparison,) a man comes up who tells us there are three hundred lamp posts between the Astor House and Canal street, and that, *therefore*, we must believe in the speedy restoration of the Jews, we are not bound, unless by some very recent statute, to refute the proposition. The individual who wishes to entertain us with such speculations puts himself in a state of *quasi* insanity. He is no prophet, such a man, but an auger, and his conversation is an unprofitable bore.

If he intended to amuse us, or if he had to communicate, or desired to learn aught of us, that would be another affair. If for instance, in passing the new Russ pavement, one should call our attention to it as a fine example of the *rus in urbe*, (even *that* might be endured,) or if one stopped us merely to ask the way to such a street, or to inform us that we had dropped a glove—anything, no matter what, save utter rapidity, would be tolerable. But we cannot, with due courtesy to "some people," can *not* devote our time to nonsense. Their conversation and writing, therefore, have long ceased to appear to us worth answering, or, for its own sake, even noticing.

But Mr. Hudson, and this is another proof of his mission, is still annoyed by "some people," and delights to perplex and confound them. It is of the nature of his mind to see things minutely in detail. His Drummond light illuminates with exceeding clearness whatever point he turns it towards; but he is not, and this may be said without disparagement, since there are so few such in the world, a great fixed beacon like Coleridge, who irradiates at once the broad horizon.

Or, to speak in another figure, he is one who, in writing, does not bear himself away on the wings of emotion, aroused by the great vision of an entire effect, but he moves laboriously, fettered by the desire of being effective in every sentence, and by the intensity with which he sees the immediate points that arise in his treatment of his subject. His sight is keen, but near the ground; he detects weeds among flow-

ers, and wherever he does so they are sure to come out; higher up he could not do this so well, but would see wider landscapes. Little men and little thoughts vex and stop him. A capital marksman, he kills hundreds of squirrels, coons, foxes and other such vermin, when if he would not be distracted by their clamor, but would leave the bush and take to the open prairie, he might have nobler sport with grim white wolves and bellowing buffaloes.

The droll, querulous manner in which he pops away at all sorts of little-mindedness, under the head of "some people," is very diverting, as it is also creditable to his skill. He is the terror and the *terrier* of know-nothings. He will not have them about him. He exclaims against them, slaps at them, and flattens scores of them at every stroke. We look where they had been, and there is nothing to be seen but an antithesis or a comparison.

The spirit in which he attacks nonsense in general is, as he probably meant it to be, highly entertaining in its quality as well as suited to the purpose. He does not go into great passions with it, but in just enough little ones to give his sarcasms heartiness as well as pleasantness, and so to make them sting.

"We should naturally presume, indeed, that a man would understand a thing in proportion as he had studied it; but herein we are liable to err; for critic Bottom plainly understands a thing in proportion as he has not studied it: in which respect he has certainly had more imitators of late years than any other great man whose name and fame have reached us."

"A straw fire in the night may be a very pretty thing; but it only sets people to running after it, and then dies out by the time they get there, thus leaving them more in the dark than they were before."

The *tone* of these, and a hundred other excellent things in these lectures, as well as of the passages above quoted, is so analogous to that of another worthy personage, that one cannot help fancying there must be some blood relation between our author and the Nipper:—

"A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five and forty feet of water, Mrs. Richards, but a person may be very far from diving."

All these peculiarities make him just the one to achieve the work appointed for him

of antagonizing and exterminating a peculiar development of sentimentalism.

But besides his missionary labor, he has produced in these volumes the best book on Shakspeare that has ever been given to the American public. He has so much nationality as well as individuality that his calculations are peculiarly fitted to our meridian; he sees through our mind, (being a Yankee,) and has aimed at it so well that he has done his countrymen a service as well as himself an honor in what he has written. He would not desire of course to be compared with Coleridge or Lamb; but he may justly congratulate himself on having produced what will have much more effect than their criticisms in keeping Shakspeare before our people—and this too not by lowering his subject, but in a way which all true Shakspearians and honest men must approve. He cannot lay claim to a very high degree of poetic emotion; nor has he that sort of power which flashes on the mind's eye new and abiding views of ideal characters. But he talks *about* them in a way that must interest readers, encourage them to freedom and clearness of thought, and strengthen them against all manner of temptation to hypocrisy and self-deception. Though he has exercised his wit in sarcasm, where it was needed, he has written more in love than to punish. He is evidently self-reliant and fearless, but he has reverence for his author, and designs to spread a true knowledge of him. He is outright and frank; his faults are therefore pardonable, and his excellencies not accidental, but the result of the sincere labor of an acute scholar.

With regard to the sonnets of Shakspeare, with which he begins his lectures, we think it best to differ with him in supposing, because they were addressed to a Mr. W. H. as "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets," that therefore the ideal love, or friend, celebrated in them, was likely to have been William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. That he or some actual person is meant in some few of them, is quite probable; in the one wherein Downland and Spenser are mentioned, for example, the poet is apostrophizing some living person. Perhaps in the composition of others he may have had actual persons for *sitters*—images from which he idealized

and created states of emotion and fancy, and embodied them in these works of art. The sonnet commencing, "Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits," should have been from a wife to her absent husband; such ones as "When in disgrace,"* or, "When I do count the clock," are from a lover to his mistress. The whole together appear to be a collection of pieces in that form, written at various times, and in different moods of mind. Some express a proud power, others sad resolution, tenderness, regret, hope, love, sorrow; yet all have that wonderful condensation and peculiar freedom of language which mark them as the production of the same great artist. Perhaps they were written as studies, and Shakspeare persevered in using the sonnet form as the most purely artistic and difficult of any, feeling that if he could attain the ease and habit of symmetry necessary to bring out that harmony of emotion and expression which is the perfection of poetry, while compelling his imagination to work under so great a stress of carefulness, then the requirements of ordinary verse would leave him almost free. Just as great composers of music write in strict fugued counterpoint till they acquire an almost miraculous command of harmony, and painters study the human face and form till they master its changes under the many shades of expression and effect.

For poetry is an *art*, and its forms require study as much as those of any other art. The poet's emotion, thought, fancy, passion, &c., pass out from him under the superintendence of his judgment, and in a strict *form*, of which he is perfectly conscious. A man cannot well write a sonnet without knowing what he is about. He must write in *some* form, and the mastery of *any* form is not a natural and inalienable attribute of humanity. We cannot "gush" poetry, as is evident not less from

the teachings of common sense within, than from the lamentable failures of late years in the many attempts to do so around us. Good poetry requires the reason, the taste, and the intellect, as well as the heart, the fancy, and the imagination. The raptures of song and music are not those of wine.

It would seem to be the idea with a superficial class of thinkers, that even admitting the necessity of a study of the form of poetry, the poet should, at the time of inspiration, be able to forget that he was using any form, and should flow on in spontaneous jets of musical eloquence; and that poetry so written would be more perfect in form than if the writer should endeavor conscientiously to conform to rule. In other words, they would have him study his rule till the moment of application, and then throw it aside and go by the pure *æstus animi*. This, it seems to us, is a very low view of the art. We are not to study *celare artem* but the *ars celare artem*. That is, we should not aim to throw aside the art and conceal it by not using it, but we should endeavor to *command* the art, with so much power that there shall be a sense of ease and strength imparted to the reader.

Just at our time, when "some people" are so given to self-utterance, so ready to take upon themselves the feeling that they are great artists, when they are in truth no artists at all, it is well to insist on the practical part of poetry, and to say very plainly, at the expense of being styled a "conventionalist," "purist," or whatever the phrase may be, that poets are not those who can intoxicate themselves with the nectar of conceit, and then expose their raptures to the world. They are those who can express raised states of the soul experiential by all mankind, in forms suitable to those states; who have the art to control themselves and beget a temperance in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion; who express not themselves but what they think, see, and hear, in that way, because they are impelled to it by a natural spiritual impulse—a feeling not primarily of desire for fame or any other consequence, but of a strong wish to excel in that department, and a notion that they *can* and *will*—by study, by thought, by a resolute compulsion of themselves to the task. How earnestly did the inspired ploughman labor

* Mr. Hudson quotes thus :

Haply I think on thee ; and then my state
Is like the lark at break of day uprising
From earth and singing hymns at heaven's gate.

Our London Edition of Hazlitt's Poets has it—

Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
(From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.

This must be the true reading.

to make himself worthy of the title "Robert Burns, Poet!" His was no such inspiration as took away his senses. His most musical, most melancholy songs were not produced by a mind made maudlin through a contemplation of its own charms. He was too delicate-minded a man to uncover himself and "think out 'loud" before his countrymen. We gather but a meagre account of his personal history from his poems.

If these be true views of the art of writing poetry, then they afford a reason for supposing that Shakspeare composed his Sonnets chiefly as exercises, artistically creating imaginary conditions within himself, and producing them in required forms. There is no necessity for believing them to have been personally intended; indeed, if it could be proved that they were so, it would tend to show that Shakspeare was not only himself, but comprehended Milton, and at the same time sang his native wood-notes wild on the bloomy spray of the social earth, and towered among the stars like a winged messenger of heaven; it would make him the artist of control as well as of liberty, and force us to admire the power of an imagination which could at once bear its possessor to the gates of paradise, and gladden the sullen earth with smiles. In fine, it would make the musical element in him to predominate and sustain the descriptive and the reasoning powers in such a way that he should seem to address himself to others, whereas in his manifestation of himself through the drama he appears rapt in contemplation and self-communion, (not revery,) speaking to himself alone—borne upward in his flight, not on self-created pinions, or by the fire and strength of his melody, but by the natural loftiness of his being.

Before proceeding further in the path of thought suggested by these observations, there is a passage from Coleridge which it is necessary to quote, for its own sake, as well as in justice to Mr. Hudson. It is part of the concluding paragraph of the critical analysis of the *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, in the second volume of the *Biographia Literaria*. There is in the latter form, he says—

"lastly, the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language.

What then shall we say? even this: that Shakspeare, no mere child of nature; no automaton of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration possessed by the spirit, not possessing it; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class; to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion, the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own IDEAL. All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of MILTON; while SHAKSPEARE becomes all things, yet forever remaining himself. O what great men hast thou not produced, England! my country! truly indeed—

'Must we be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals
hold

Which Milton held: in everything we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold!'"

In Mr. Hudson's chapter on Shakspeare's perceptive powers, near the end, we have the following:—

"Herein Shakspeare differs altogether from Milton. Milton concentrates all things into himself, and melts them down into his own individuality; Shakspeare darts himself forth into all things, and melts down his individuality into theirs. Every page of Milton's writings exhibits a full-length portrait of the author; the perfect absence of Shakspeare from his own pages, makes it difficult for us to conceive of a human being's having written them. The secret of this probably is, Milton had nearly all of Shakspeare's imagination, but perhaps not a tithe of Shakspeare's vision. The former might have created a thousand characters, and all would have been but modifications of himself; the latter did create nearly a thousand, and not an element of himself can be found in one of them. Thus Milton transforms all the objects of his contemplation into himself, while Shakspeare transforms himself into whatever object he contemplates: the one makes us see his own image in all things, the other makes us see everything but his own image."

And the chapter concludes as follows:—

"With most authors language is as hard and stiff as granite. It comes from them shaped and colored exactly as they find it. Instead of governing it, they are governed by it; they shape and submit their minds to its pre-existing

forms, instead of moulding and subjecting it to the law of their minds. It is therefore the tyrant, not the servant of their thoughts. But with Shakspeare, language became as soft and limber as water at the fountain. He was its master, and in his mind it obeyed no laws, for it knew none, but his. Without shape or color of its own, it assumed under his plastic hand the precise shape and color of his thoughts. Words have obeyed some others from convenience, they obeyed him from necessity. He is the true Adam of English literature: both things and words heard and came at his call, the former to receive names, the latter to be given to them. He is enough of himself to immortalize the English tongue; he has made it as imperishable and almost as inimitable as the Greek. Well might Wordsworth say,

‘We must be free,’ &c.

We regret that Mr. Hudson should have used Coleridge so freely without making an acknowledgment, since it will enable “some people,” who are nothing if not cavilling, to cower from his downright blows, under the imputation of plagiarism, and thereby elude the happy possibility of having nonsense fairly cudgelled out of their brains. That our author does not intend to be a plagiarist, will be evident to all candid persons who read his book; but we shall not undertake to defend him for such an extension of the ordinary privilege of quotation as he has here introduced, even though the chapter thus served up be one which all students must be presumed to have almost by heart. There are several other instances of the kind in his lectures, for which the expression in his dedication of a strong desire to add “the interest of novelty to any notions so old and true, that they are in danger of being forgotten,” is not a sufficient excuse. Where opinions were so literally copied, the authorities should have been cited, as in legal decisions.

But to return:—The view of Coleridge in the extract above given, arrives at the same distinction with that we were about to propose, in considering Shakspeare as one rapt in contemplation and speaking entirely to himself, while Milton is full of an earnest purpose, and addresses the world. It is very presumptuous to speculate on a subject which has been made so clear by one of the most profound critics that ever wrote, yet as our view may help some readers to the better understanding of his, we shall not withhold it.

Our theory then is, that the true solution of the Shakspeare problem is to be found in the character of Hamlet. We can best account for his ability to make himself “the one Proteus of the fire and the flood,” by considering him to be in himself an unideal Hamlet—one whom everything made to think, and who was so full of reflection, so all-grasping in perception, and so lofty and pure in heart, that he could never be moulded by the world into a desperate earnest creature, could never attain to a set of opinions, but remained observing like a boy, even after he had grown through and settled most of the great questions of government and morals that agitate the world in general. In short, he was a man who lived in meditation, and who, whenever his mind was at repose, was not cogitating of darling purposes, nor feeding himself with vanity, but rather occupied with thick-coming ideas, and brooding pleasantly over innumerable unutterable thoughts. He was one who, like Hamlet, hid himself from himself so completely that he was never assured of his own character, and only knew himself as one of those melancholy spirits with whom the devil is “very potent.” They had not defined thinking in his time, and got so into the roots of it, but that a man might lead a reflective life without knowing it,—indeed perchance his very prince has more to answer for in this respect than has ever been suspected; he is so noble a gentleman that all scholars naturally take a pride in imitating him, and hence he may have contributed to encourage that lofty reserve which is congenial to pure contemplation, and which is always an attribute of the most intellectual characters in our English poetry and fiction.

Pure spiritual greatness is never in any age or time readily yielded its proper place. The world asks for those rough and ready instruments, learning and intellectual training. It will not believe, on his unsupported authority, that one man sees or feels more than another; the old can say to the young, “We know and you do not,” but the wise cannot (if they have to live by them) take that liberty with the foolish. The growth of Shakspeare’s genius must have forced him continually into a more and more learned class than that in which his youth had been passed. To sustain

his position, he must have made up in quickness what he lacked in training, and hence have literally "lived upon his wits," in every sense of the word. This placed him in unusual relations with his associates. They loved him: they thought he had "an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions;" but they did not think of teaching him to look upon his wit as a virtue, and so to admire it and turn it wrong side out.

Thus he went on, thinking and thinking, after his own fashion, in a universe of his own, where there was as much variety as in the universe around, so much indeed that it was enough for him to observe and repicture it, without attempting to reconcile contradictions, or to discover and propagate universal laws. He had business to attend to, money to earn, jovial company to keep, and he could not afford time to be a philosopher, except in that sense in which every great artist is one. If we could open his heart and dissect him, the great purposes of his life would be found, we apprehend, very plain, simple and business-like. As for his writing, he probably thought well of it; but if he could be called up and questioned, it is like he would tell us truly that it cost him, with all his affluence, a world of labor, and that nothing stood in his way so much as his "villainous melancholy." He probably valued himself upon his study, upon what he had acquired and done, and upon his friends and patrons. In the society he enjoyed, there was little danger of a man's reaching that state of unhealthy conceit which it has been the fashion with "some people" to affirm of him. A man who was in the habit of often drinking too much sack with Ben Jonson, was not likely to become a self-idolator.

It was this very position, which isolated him while it kept him active, which compelled him to write in the midst of a busy world, that no doubt contributed, with other circumstances, to preserve healthful so rare and sensitive a soul. His very early marriage was also fortunate for him and us. Being eight years older than he, it is probable Anne Hathaway was in some sort his teacher; his going up to London naturally enough separated them. Thrown alone into the city at the age of twenty-three, a sensitive boy, full of intellect and

imagination, the experience of five years of married life with a wife so much his senior must have been a most happy circumstance for him; the theatre was not then the pure place it is now. But all these circumstances which gathered around to preserve him, left him still more and more to his natural custom of reflection. He was alone; the learning he acquired he got himself, and he shows us how fond he must have been of study. His soul was proud and lofty, far within—unseen by himself. He felt a princely gentleman; and it was a constant habit with him to consider seriously or for pleasure the characters of other men and the doings of life. He studied his art with infinite power of self-compulsion; he meant to be a great poet, and knew when he was one. But in the secret life of his spirit, he dwelt apart, far above his art, far above all passions, (for he could not have feigned them so well had he not been master of them,) far above the opinions of men, in "clear dream and solemn vision," like one over whom

"his immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by."

He was one who debated with himself whether this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire, were so indeed, or only a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors; whether man were the paragon of animals, or only the quintessence of dust; and so busy was his mind with such inquiries and with

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

that, beyond the common cares of life, he dwelt in this abstract region—not a proud man, but one of a most lofty nature—a royal muser. So entirely natural and spontaneous was this reflectiveness, and so absorbing, that it took in all objects, thoughts, and emotions, not more without than within, even to the very life of the soul, or the primary consciousness; rendering him a complete mirror of all that came within his ken, himself included. How very elevated must have been his actual soul who could concentrate the multitudinous image through the lens of art, and send it upon the world in burning rays of poetry! It was as if he superintended himself and all the world from a

heavenly throne; not indifferently, but in sympathy, like a God.

What innate imaginative power it must require to exist at such a sublime elevation, we ordinary mortals can form no proper idea. Consider a moment that every man is objective to himself, and wishes to think well of himself. Conceited persons may carry it high, to be sure, but there is a secret misgiving with them, and time generally causes it to grow. Most people who mix with the world, have somewhere within a pretty fair estimate of themselves, though often it is probably not agreeable to contemplate it, and they find it not desirable to be true to it. But great artists are certainly not afraid to look at themselves in their hours of labor.

When Shakspeare was at work upon a play, it is evident he was living in a very high region—far removed from our common life, and where, to speak philosophically, he imaged himself to his consciousness, as a BEING almost purely composed of consciousness-controlling faculties; that is, using the nomenclature of Coleridge, his secondary imagination, which is “an echo of the primary, co-existing with the conscious will,” was so strong that it nearly identified itself with the primary, which is “the repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM.” One step further would have made him a creature of inspiration.

Milton gained this region also, but not by the same path. He was upborne, not by a rapt contemplation, but by the fervor of emotion. He rose on the wings of music, the sense of power giving birth to greater power, and bearing the passionate old man so out of himself that he too became godlike, in that the primary “I am” was almost lost in its echo, the state assumed under the guidance of the conscious will. Shakspeare was a mortal raised to the skies; within the soul of Milton an angel had been drawn down.

Mr. Hudson must answer for this discussion. In general such definement is not very interesting or profitable. It were best to let Shakspeare remain Shakspeare—nothing other. For our own part, Hamlet's mock definition of Laertes would be all-sufficient for the father of them both:

“To divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither,

in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.”

And we might say the same of all of Shakspeare's characters. It is not the mind's first wish to have them “divided inventorially;” whenever they are spoken of, we prefer that they should be simply referred to as persons perfectly well known. We do not enjoy a walk in the fields any the more for having the name of each particular flower pointed out to us. And besides, let one consider how difficult it is to give an estimate of characters which affect us as individuals; even in real life we are obliged to keep very much in the generals; such an one is a “good soul,” another is a “gentleman,” another, “Lord Saxby, man of six foot ten,” (his portrait is in the prints of foxhunts,) or “conversation Brown,—four-bottle man at the Treasury Board, with whom the father of my friend Gay was probably acquainted.” Cousin Feenix gives individuals, such as they are, as vividly as though he went into their biographies. He sees the salient point, and flashes the man upon us with a word.

So it should be in the most elaborate analysis. Mr. Hudson has little of this power, and hence, along with much in these lectures that shows true and delicate insight, there is a great expense of wit, which, though honestly exercised, is not collected in burning *foci*, but leaves the impression of a world of good things, pleasant in the reading, and altogether wholesome, yet wanting in the attractive and adhesive quality which would make them fasten themselves upon the mind. Still, with a class of readers who are comparatively unpracticed, both in the study of Shakspeare and in thinking, they must be of infinite service. They have an awakening influence, which, if encouraged, may lead many readers to the joy of peace in believing; while they quench sentimentalism, they foster the habit of that free-thinking which is based on Christianity, knowledge and common sense.

But without a wit as active as Mr. Hudson's, we should fall short with him and not excel with him in going into a minute examination of his views of particular

characters. Let it suffice that in general his perceptions are true: had he more poetry in him, with no less wit, we should have liked better what we now like well—and our remarks would probably have savored more of the warmth of advocacy than of the coolness of deliberation.

The sentence reminds us, both in sound and sense, not to conclude our article without admonishing our author for some of his liberties with language. He has thought proper to be almost as antithetical as the Euphuists whom Shakspeare delighted to ridicule:—e. g. a few sentences:

“Accordingly his poetry is instinctively philosophical and his philosophy instinctively poetical; histories come from him like creations, and creations like pure histories. In a word, his creative and perceptive faculties are constantly playing into each other's hands and perfecting each other's work; and it is hard to tell whether he carries more of imagination into the regions of truth or more of truth into the regions of imagination.”

“The lord and the tinker (Sly) are the two extremes of society; so much so, indeed, that they well-nigh meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. There is just about as much gold in the one character as in the other; only in the lord it is all on the outside, in the shape of gilding; in the tinker it is all in the centre, in the shape of a kernel. And it is doubtful which be more ludicrous or the more dignified, the ennuï which drives the one to seek sport in duping a sot, or the sottishness which makes the other dupable into the belief of his being a lord.”

“On the whole, it is not easy to decide whether the poet hath conferred the greater favor upon us by writing this play, (*Comedy of Errors*), or by writing no more like it.”

“Now, to say that Shakspeare's age was a rude age, that it was without true culture, in the best sense of the term, is about as magnificent a piece of historical misrepresentation as can easily be found. It is one of the instances so common in modern times, wherein people have presumed their fathers to have been in the dark, because they have themselves got into the dark respecting their fathers.”

“In bringing my teaspoon to this Niagara, (the tragedies,) I trust I am not ignorant on which side the danger lies: I have not forgotten, and shall not forget, that he who can look the sun in the face with undazzled eye has some reason to distrust his sight. Wherefore, in regard to this part of the course, I can only say, I dare neither refuse to try nor hope to succeed; I cannot expect to do much, and will not despair to do something; and if my

performances should be found small, I trust the smallness of my promises will not be forgotten. At all events, let me entreat you for your own sakes not to transfer the feebleness of my efforts to the account of my subject: and I shall deem myself fortunate if, small as I am, the greatness of my load do not crush me into less even than my usual dimensions.”

This is well enough in its way, yet it is anything but good writing; it is simply point-making. No man can write in such a fashion without knowing that he is odd, and without meaning to be so; and a writer who practices such fire-works must not expect to acquire the sounding flow of natural fervor. He may be good as a wit and a humorist, but he must not be allowed to consider himself a good writer.

There is no worse habit, both for its monotony and its effect upon a writer's mind, than this constructing antitheses and pointed sentences. It breaks up thinking into mote-catching, and gives a see-saw motion to style that drowns perception in the reader.

We trust there are few readers who would not consider it an insult to their good sense for us to go into an explanation how we can be pleased with such things for what they are, and still so decidedly object to them, as characterizing a style. Nor is it necessary, we believe, that our author should be very severely treated for what there is reason to suppose he has emotion enough to outgrow. Only—let no one imitate him. He has prepared these pellets of wit for “some people,” and has therewith exterminated that class, so that we can go on now, without thinking of, or writing at or for them. But they that are well need no physician; and there is no reason why we should be made to swallow any more antithetical pills, though ever so well disguised with saucy wit.

Mr. Hudson has now a right to take advantage of the position he as a literary man has honestly acquired, and to go on laboring for truth, not in his original sphere, as one unknown to the public, but in that to which he has raised himself by being a successful writer. As a lawyer who practices several years with success in inferior cases ought, as he goes on, to take the responsibility of more important ones, leaving the others to younger men; or, as a physician, after having experience in prolonging

the lives of poor patients, ought gradually to esteem it his place to take the care of those whose health is of more importance to society; so should a man of letters, when he has got through his justice court and dispensary practice, carry into a higher walk of his profession the qualities that have sustained him through the unavoidable rudimental exercises, and dare from his attained eminence another and loftier flight. Many passages in these lectures show that their author, would he but attempt it, has the power to master a fine rhetorical style, and thus to elevate the reader instead of addressing him at his own level. He is never very free from mannerism or stiffness, (his dedication is horribly nice,) but yet he shows in many passages the ability to command an impressive eloquence. The following, though marred by the tendency to antithesis, is very beautiful:—

“The truth is, the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, and of Leo, all together, can hardly show so much wealth of genius and of culture as the single age of Elizabeth. It was, so to speak, a perfect volcanic eruption of every order of talent, of every degree of intellectual excellence. Or rather, it was the Sabbath of Christendom, when the fierce stormful elements of mediæval chaos first appeared in a beautiful and beneficent creation, and the genius of modern civilization, resting from his long labors, first smiled upon the works of his hands. Uniting faith without superstition, and philosophy without skepticism, it seems to have had all the grace of art without stiffness, all the sincerity of youth without its ignorance, and all the enthusiasm of chivalry without its extravagance. This flowerage of so many centuries of preparation, this bursting forth of the bloom and perfume which had been accumulating for ages, had neither the twilight rudeness nor the midday sultriness, but simply the morning freshness of modern civilization; the freshness, too, of a morning sparkling with dews and vocal songs, as if the star-beams of the preceding night had been fashioning themselves into music and gems; a morning crowned with all the brightness, yet free from all the languor of the day which hath since followed.”

The antitheses here do not seem studied, and the flow of expression harmonizes with the thought. Though extremely artificial in structure, the paragraph has therefore a poetic effect. The style seems to have been formed by art acting under the impulse of emotion.

But how very capable our author is of taking place among the best writers, both as having skill with language and true elevation, may be seen by the following:—

“We see Cordelia only in the relation of daughter, and scarcely *see* her even there; yet we know what she is or would be throughout the whole circle of human relations, just as well as if we had seen her in them all. She is just such a creature, like some we may have known, as it makes one feel safer and happier to live in the same town with; to walk the same streets that she walks in; to kneel in the same church where she hath knelt: such an one, the knowledge of whose being in the same house with us renders our room more comfortable, our outlook more beautiful; puts peace into our pillow, and a soft religious life and joy into our thoughts; makes the night calmer, and the day cheerfuler, the air softer and balmier about us: at thought of whom the objects that were looking black upon us brighten up into smiles; the consciousness of whose presence brings consecration of the place and sanctification of the feelings; and the knowing of whom regenerates and purifies the heart, because she can be truly known only in proportion as the heart is pure. And finally, Cordelia, so rich in mild, sweet, gentle austerities, belongs to that class of beings, of whom there are probably more to be found than there are to find them, who seem born to give happiness or something better than happiness to others, and yet to know little of it themselves: unless, peradventure, they have the unseen and unprized gift of sharing the happiness they create; so that while they seem no less pitiable, they really *are* no less enviable, than admirable.”

This is rhetorical and antithetical, but it *feels* natural—truly eloquent—eloquent in spite of the handy-dandy fashion of tossing the thought to and fro. A writer whose perceptions are so true, and who seems to have so much genuine emotion, ought to be held very strictly to task for his affectation and bad habits. He ought to be commanded, “more in sorrow than in anger,” or rather entreated, in the love of truth and for his own sake, to strive after what he seems so able to reach, a simple free eloquence that would enable his heart and mind to have their proper influence upon his fellow-countrymen.

Perhaps it will be thought unfair, as it is certainly unusual, to criticise an author for what he ought to be, when we have given him so much praise for what he is. But Mr. Hudson, from the delightful manner in which he has accomplished his mis-

sionary labor treated of in the first part of our article, has awakened our sympathy, and we feel in taking leave of him that it is not quite enough to thank him for what he has done, without expressing a wish that he would do more. And if we have, in speaking of his book, made the proportions of blame too great for the praise, it

may be excused on the ground, to use a form of speech which it is to be hoped neither he nor we will ever require again, that there has no work lately issued from the press which has deserved a little censure more, or could bear a great deal so well.
G. W. P.

EZZELINO DA ROMANO, SURNAMED "THE CRUEL."

A CHARACTER OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

It is well known that the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* owes its origin to incidents which took place in the city of Verona, when

"Civil broils, bred of an airy word
By Capulet and Montague, disturbed
The quiet of the town."

These rival factions were a subdivision of the two grand parties known as the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Verona thus divided was the first stage where Ezzelino da Romano, one of the most notorious characters of his age, appeared before the world. By historians he is represented as a man of no ordinary energies, but who by turning them to evil became the scourge of his cotemporaries, and the execration of posterity. Tradition describes him as the most cruel of tyrants, and the poets of Italy have treated him still worse. Ariosto sums up his character by calling him a son of the Devil, who did so much mischief that Marius, Sylla, Nero, and Caligula may be considered as merciful when compared to him.

"Ezzelino immanissimo tiranno
Che fia creduto figlio del Dimonio
Farà troncando i sudditi tal danno
E distruggendo il bel paese Ausonio
Che pietosi appo lui stati saranno
Mario, Silla, Neron, Cajo, ed Antonio."

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Dante, though a fellow-Ghibelline of

our hero, describes in a certain part of the infernal regions a lake of boiling blood, from which the heads of such monsters of cruelty as Dyonisius of Sicily and Alexander Phereus are seen to emerge, only however to be pierced by the arrows of Centaurs ranging on the banks. While he is looking at them the sage Chilon his guide, pointing to one of them, says: "Seest thou those horrid features, overshadowed by dark locks?" 'Tis Ezzelino.

"E quella fronte che ha il pel così Nero
E' Azzolino."

INFERNO, Canto XII.

It cannot but prove interesting to have a brief sketch of a person handled so unmercifully by such celebrated authorities, more especially as his chronicle furnishes an idea of matters and things during the thirteenth century, in the leading events of which he bore a prominent part.

Ezzelino da Romano, so called from the name of the village where he was born, began to rise into importance about the year 1225, when, uniting himself with Salinguerra, a famous desperado chief of those days, he appeared in Verona to reinforce the Montecchi, who had just driven out of the city Count Richard di San Bonifazio, head of the Cappelletti or Guelphs. The good services rendered by Ezzelino to this faction, gained him, in Verona, a little power, which he increased by his subtlety

and boldness. He had frequent opportunities of signalizing himself on account of the unceasing broils between the cities of Lombardy and the Marca Trevigiana, torn by numerous factions, each division of which was headed by some warlike noble, or ambitious adventurer, desirous to increase the fame of his house, and enlarge the number of his adherents. His first care was to expel from Verona the nobles who adhered to Count Richard, reducing their palaces and towers to ashes.

We find him soon after on horseback, at the head of his Veronese, crossing the country in the direction of Vicenza.—Through the assistance of his brother, Alberico da Romano, who had some little power there, he entered the place, and the Veronese war-cry terrified the unwary Vicentines, who flew to arms and fought desperately in the streets and thoroughfares. Although the forces of Padua soon came to their assistance, Ezzelino defeated them with great slaughter; and having created Alberico Governor of Vicenza, he returned to Verona proud of having detached a city from the Guelph party.

The Paduans, however, had not to wait long for an opportunity of retaliating upon Ezzelino. He had got into his possession the castle of Fonte, allied to the Paduans, but they fell upon him with such determination that he was compelled, much to his confusion, to retreat before their superior forces.

They got word soon after, that he had caused the city of Treviso, which had named him its citizen, to take arms and proceed against the Bishops of Feltre and Belluno, and that, putting himself at the head of the Trevisans, he had taken those two little towns. The Paduans exhorted the citizens of Treviso to get rid of Ezzelino, and not having succeeded, they formed a league against him with the Patriarch of Aquileja and the Marquis of Este, and marched towards Treviso, setting fire to everything they found on the way. Feltre and Belluno were finally given up to the aggressors, and Ezzelino was obliged to go and create mischief in some other quarter. He owed thenceforth a grudge to the Marquis Azzo D'Este, which time did not make him forget, as we shall see.

The old dissensions of Verona had not subsided yet, and they were stirred up

anew by the election to the office of Governor of Giustiniani, a patrician of Venice, who not only recalled the exiled nobles, but received into the city Count Richard of San Bonifazio, head of the Capulet faction. The jealousy of the Montecchi at this occurrence can be easily imagined. Ezzelino and his old associate, Salinguerra, blew the coals; and at their instigation, and with their assistance, Giustiniani was driven from the town, and the Count, with several of his adherents, was thrown into prison. The principal part of the Count's faction took refuge in the castle of San Bonifazio, where they elected a Governor, and implored the help of the commune of Padua. Every device they could think of was tried by the Paduans to coax or terrify Ezzelino and Salinguerra into the liberation of Count Richard, but in vain. They and the Marquis of Este, with other friends of the imprisoned nobleman, even begged that holy and learned preacher, Friar Anthony of Lisbon, better known afterwards under the title of St. Anthony of Padua, to induce the Veronese to set the Count free. Willing to do anything that might lead to restore peace among brothers, the good saint proceeded to Verona, and tried both reason and entreaty with the chief men of the city, showing them the direful consequences which would ensue from their refusing to release a prisoner obtained by means which they knew themselves to be fraudulent and unjust. His exhortations were cast to the wind on account of the state of exasperation in which all minds were at the time, so that after doing all that lay in his power, he left them, and returned again to Padua.

The effect of this unchristian obstinacy was, that not only the forces of Padua and the Marquis of Este poured into the territory of Verona, but even Modena and Mantua were drawn into their side of the quarrel. Several towns and castles were reduced to ashes, and the tide of war rolled on to the very gates of Verona. Blind attachment to a favorite leader, and factious enmity, may account for many outrages to one who understands the state of Italy in the middle ages, when every man was a warrior, every warrior's country was the town of his birth or adoption, and every town's code of honor the principles of its petty prince or baron. But even these

meagre excuses cannot palliate the conduct of Ezzelino. He respected no laws, and cared for no standard, but served in the capacity of leader, man-at-arms, or cut-throat, the master whose influence he could use to the best advantage for the accomplishment of his private ends.

In the year 1232, Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, was in Ravenna. Having done his utmost on several occasions to sow dissension among the Italian commonwealths, and show his ingratitude towards the Pope, by whom he had been crowned, changing his tact with every change of fortune, but still getting worse as he grew older, this monarch deemed it his interest in the present year to maim and disable, as far as possible, the cities of Lombardy, which had formed a confederacy against him.

Ezzelino was among the foremost to aid, by his counsel and his arm, this plot designed for the ruin of his native country; and the foreign tyrant was so much pleased with his advances, that he subsequently rewarded his zeal with the hand of an illegitimate daughter. One of the first acts of the infamous Ezzelino was to imprison Guido da Rho Podesta, or Governor of Verona, with the judges, and give the city into the hands of the Count of Tyrol and other officers, who, accompanied by a hundred and fifty horsemen, besides a hundred cross-bow men, took possession of Verona in the Emperor's name. The reward of the traitor was the captaincy of a foreign force, at the head of which he resisted those of the confederates who opposed him, sacking and burning their towns and strongholds, besides giving them a warm reception whenever they showed their faces in the territory of Verona.

Division became so rife in Lombardy, and the two parties of the Imperials and Confederates so violent against each other, that Pope Gregory IX., who had changed his residence from Avignon again to Rome, and succeeded in quelling dissension there, resolved to try to open the eyes of the Lombards upon the danger to which the whole country was exposed by their interminable feuds. The manner in which the Pope set about completing his wise and pious purpose, is characteristic of those times when respect for religion, feudal fanaticism, and warlike passions were the

elements which, mingling together, formed every man, and predominated over him by turns.

The Pope elevated to the honor of Envoy Apostolic, and endowed with ample faculties, Fra Giovanni da Vicenza, of the order of St. Dominic, a man of acknowledged sanctity and persuasive eloquence, charging him to represent to the jealous cities of Lombardy, with words of heavenly unction, the grievous sins and the injury to their native land ensuing from their detestable brawls, and to exhort them to sincere repentance, and to the maintenance of the brotherly love nearly forgotten amongst them. Friar John was soon upon the field of battle. So great was the fame of his virtue and eloquence, that the inhabitants of Padua turned out in their best clothes to receive him; and having met him on the road between their city and Monselice, taking him up with great devotion, they put him on their *carroccio* or war-chariot, and drew him fairly into the town with loud demonstrations of joy. The good friar spoke to them, and afterwards to their troublesome neighbors, with such effect that even the Montagues of Verona promised to behave themselves better in future; and the wicked Ezzelino himself swore to do all the holy father had ordered for their greater good. Several of the cities, at the suggestion of Friar John, gave liberty to those of different factions who were confined in their prisons, and made away with such parts of their statutes as had been the cause of civil contention. Encouraged by the beneficial effects of his mission, and desirous to give stability to the peace which had been obtained, Friar John, in accordance with the principal chieftains and councils of the towns, appointed a day upon which all the communes should meet, for the general good and tranquillity. He chose for the rendezvous an extensive plain near the river Adige, four miles from Verona.

A great day for the cities of Lombardy was the Feast of St. Augustine, August 28th, 1233. The cities of Verona, Mantua, Brescia, Vicenza, Padua, and Treviso, had poured out their warriors in arms, and all their people—men, women, and children—in their gayest attire. Each population was preceded by the *carroccio* tastefully and gaudily arranged.

This *carroccio* was a large chariot on four wheels, surmounted by a mast, on the top of which was a golden apple, or some other device, and was destined to bear the standard of each little commonwealth. The chariots were decked with precious cloths of different colors. They were greatly in use in the thirteenth century, forming as it were the palladium of each town, whose inhabitants it preceded to the field, and by whom it was defended at every peril; for it was a lasting dishonor to a town to lose its *carroccio* in battle. Sometimes the chieftain addressed his feudsmen from it, and sometimes even mass was celebrated on a portable altar erected upon it. (Vide Sismondi, and Muratori Delle Antichità Italiane, Tom. I. P. 2, page 198.)

Multitudes had come to the great assembly from cities more distant than those mentioned above. The inhabitants of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, &c., appeared unarmed, preceded by their bishops, and walking bare-foot in sign of penance. The most celebrated chieftains of the day were on the ground, and most conspicuous amongst them the Marquis of Este, the Signors of Comino, Ezzelino da Romano, and his brother Alberico. According to the chroniclers of the day, the number of people present was more than four hundred thousand, and no less than ten bishops.

Such a spectacle had rarely been seen in Italy before, and the circumstances of such an extraordinary assemblage must have inspired the worthy Dominican preacher with no common eloquence. From a platform sixty feet high, he harangued his immense audience, exhorting them in the name of God and the Holy Father to give to each other the kiss of peace, and forswear those fatal brawls which tended only to exhaust and weaken their country, until it became an easy prey to the watchful invader.

His words had an immediate effect upon every heart. The Ghelph chieftain embraced the Ghibelline whom he had met on the field of battle, and armed to the teeth, three days before; the Capulet kissed the cheek of the Montague whom he would have run through the body, the preceding week, for "biting his thumb" at him; and even the people of Vicenza settled all quarrel with the Florentines, who the year previous had not only besieged their walls,

but thrown into the town, by means of a machine, the carcase of a donkey as a compliment to the inhabitants. The peace was mutually promised, agreed to, and stipulated by all parties, and the awful sentence of excommunication fulminated against him who should be the first to destroy so holy a work.

Friar John witnessed the successful result of his mission with unbounded satisfaction, and gratitude to God, who had effected it. That the peace might be still better established, he proposed to the assembled parties the marriage of Adelaide daughter of Alberico da Romano, whose brother Ezzelino was the most conspicuous among the Ghibellines, to Prince Rinaldo, son of the Marquis of Este, chief of the Guelphs. This proposition was applauded by all, and the articles of the peace were inscribed and signed in a document which is still extant. (Vide Muratori, Antiq. Ital.)

Friar John had certainly arranged matters satisfactorily amongst the different populations which had listened to his address on the banks of the Adige; and had they been left quietly to themselves they would no doubt have remembered and kept his good advice. But many of the chieftains had only feigned a desire for a peace which would have deprived them of their favorite adventures, and the rich spoils which were their object. Hence it is that they only waited for a plausible pretext to destroy the universal reconciliation which had apparently been effected. New difficulties began to arise very soon, and only a few days passed before several of the cities broke off from the compact at the instigation of these malicious advisers, and only a few months elapsed before all Lombardy was again in a blaze.

It was in vain that the good Dominican made every effort to compose these new dissensions. In vain did he reason with the turbulent princes, and urge them to maintain the stipulations so solemnly agreed upon at the famous meeting. Finding everywhere a deaf ear turned to his remonstrances, and seeing all his attempts fruitless, he retired to his convent in Bologna to meditate upon the instability of human affairs. If the pious father, through human weakness, had allowed some little sentiment of self-complacency

to arise in his heart at the time of his great speech, and its wonderful effect upon the multitudes, he learned a lesson upon human nature, which must have been extremely useful to him in his after-life. It is unfortunate that he did not dictate in a form to be preserved, the oration which he had delivered to the Lombards, which must have been a rare specimen of popular eloquence, and his meditations upon the sequel of events that followed it, which would be probably no less instructive and entertaining.

The only document relative to those extraordinary circumstances, which has been handed down to posterity, is a letter of Pope Gregory IX. to Friar John, wherein he expresses his entire satisfaction with his praiseworthy exertions, and consoles him for their signal and utter failure to effect what they were intended for.

The quarrelsome Lombards paid dearly very soon after for violating promises so solemnly made; and the chief cause of the misfortunes which befell them, was the incorrigible Ezzelino. This turbulent spirit could find no pleasure in a peaceable state of things, so unlike that of his younger days. His first iniquitous act was to create a renewal of civil war in Verona. But not satisfied with so small a scheme of mischief, he engaged in a far more perilous and treacherous enterprise by writing to Frederic II. Emperor of Germany, exhorting him to pass the Alps, and enter into Lombardy, at the head of a powerful army. Frederic was not slow in following the advice of his faithful adherent.

He resolved to carry war into the very heart of the country, to urge on and encourage its progress by his presence on the spot, and to strike at once at the strongest bulwarks of the national party. Whatever advantages his cause might have obtained in Lombardy, the two important cities of Milan and Brescia were yet unconquered, and their resistance to all the former efforts of his faction rankled in the mind of the proud Emperor. By the advice of Ezzelino he determined, upon his arrival in Italy, to attempt first the capture of Brescia as the easier to overcome of the two obnoxious cities.

A florid army bearing the imperial standard entered Verona in 1238. Several cities of Italy had sent their forces to

strengthen the German ranks. A number of Saracens had likewise been enlisted in his pay. But those who seem to have attracted the greatest share of admiration were a band of English warriors, armed at all points and mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. They presented themselves to Frederic, offering him at the same time a large sum of money as a token of friendship from his kinsman Henry III. They were gallant fellows, these Island Knights, and would have liked better, although they said but little, to deal their blows on French mail, than to spend their lives in sacking and burning Italian hamlets, in the cause and quarrel of a foreign prince.

The imperial army, after having reduced the surrounding country to a howling desert, sat down before Brescia strong in number, and well provided in the different machines of siege then in use, the Emperor being firmly resolved not to withdraw from the place before having planted the German standard on the towers of its citadel.

He had, however, no easy bone to contend for. The Brescians were distinguished among their neighbors for enterprise and perseverance, and understanding well that from Frederic and Ezzelino they had no mercy to hope for, they determined to fight to the last for their beloved city, and at least sell their lives at a price not soon to be forgotten. While the hostile army was advancing, they had furnished the town with all the stores necessary to sustain a lengthened siege. It discouraged them in some measure, to think that they were totally deprived of the warlike machinery which rendered the beleaguering army doubly formidable. But they were fortunately delivered from this exigency by an occurrence which they considered as a special interposition of Providence in behalf of their just cause.

Some of their people, while foraging in the vicinity for provisions, had entrapped a Spaniard on his way from Germany towards the imperial camp, and brought him prisoner into Brescia. This traveller was discovered to be a man of great acquirements in various branches, but above all a thorough adept in the art of constructing all manner of engines of war offensive and defensive, and in the science of equipping and directing them, whatever their shape or calibre. His new entertainers were de-

lighted at discovering so much knowledge in their unwilling visitor, and to show their high esteem for his talents they proposed at once to his choice, either to serve the ancient city of Brescia according to his craft, or to be set up as a target for their cross-bows. The good Castilian did not stand to deliberate, but applied himself lustily to work for his new employers, and with such efficacy, that they were soon provided with wooden towers, battering-rams, *manganos*, *trabuccos*, and other destructive implements for demolishing parapets, and hurling stones, as well as their adversaries.

The siege had been going on for some days, when the detestable Frederic, irritated at the accuracy with which they aimed pieces of iron and heavy fragments of rock at his breast-works and machinery, which they broke and scattered, frequently killing the soldiers who managed them, had recourse to the expedient of bringing several Brescian prisoners from Cremona, and tying them to his engines, so that their friends and relatives might be obliged to desist from further attempts, or kill their unfortunate kinsmen in the act. It is not certain whether the besieged were driven by despair to continue their defence as before, or whether they desisted from battering the imperial works at so fearful a sight. But goaded on, and belabored so piteously by the unfeeling adversary, they retaliated on his cruel device, stringing up by the heels the numerous Germans they had in their possession, and exposing them all along the outside of the ramparts to the strokes of their brutal Emperor.

What irritated Frederic still more were the sorties which these shrewd and daring Italians effected at intervals on his troops, retiring into the gates of their stronghold almost before the heavy Germans knew where the blows came from. These sorties were of great damage to the imperial army.

It is recorded, especially, that on the night of October 9th, while the soldiers were sleeping away the fatigues of the day in the camp, the Brescians, led out by their chieftains, contrived to get near the place where Frederic lay, without being observed by the German guards. They roused the guards with terrific shouts, and,

rushing upon them simultaneously, opened their way towards the imperial tent, killing or disabling every one who opposed them. The Emperor, with great difficulty, escaped being taken prisoner on this occasion, to the no small regret of the Brescians.

He soon became disgusted with the siege. Every effort against the town proved unsuccessful, and seemed only to increase the daring of the citizens. It became unsafe even to walk at any distance from the camp. While the Emperor had collected all his forces in the design of overwhelming Brescia, the Milanese, seeing the country clear, spread their armed men over the neighborhood, giving a severe lesson to several of the towns where Frederic had been well received. They even bearded the Emperor in his own quarters. For, having learned from the scouts, whom they always kept on the alert, that a certain part of the imperial lines was rather negligently guarded, on account of the security afforded by its position, they equipped a band of the hardiest adventurers in their service, who, coming unexpectedly upon the vulnerable point, attacked it so desperately as to force it under the nose of the Emperor, and throw themselves into the town to reinforce its heroic garrison.

At length, seeing that all his endeavors to carry the place were fruitless, he set fire to his machines, and sullenly drew off his army, retreating towards Cremona. This event seriously injured the reputation of Frederic II., and increased the glory of the free city of Brescia, who celebrated his departure with becoming exultation.

Our hero, Ezzelino, never cared to work under a superior, however he might value his assistance or protection. Leaving, therefore, the Emperor at an early period to wear out the lives of his men and his own patience under the walls of Brescia, he had engaged in a scheme of his own, which had for its object the conquest of the rich and powerful city of Padua. Ezzelino effected its capture by an adroit use of the fear excited by the presence in Italy of Frederic and his powerful army, and by means of a treacherous correspondence which he kept up with the Ghibelline faction in the city. The city had no sooner fallen into the power of the imperial party, than Ezzelino made himself its

Governor. He inflicted a cruel revenge upon the inhabitants, for their constant adherence to the Guelphs, and the trouble they had formerly given him.

The indignities which he committed against the best and most noble citizens, procured a number of enemies for him and his party, so that a secret invitation was sent to the Marquis of Este, to come and deliver Padua from the tyrant and his German satellites. The brave Marquis accepted, perhaps too hastily, the invitation thus tendered to him, and moved rapidly towards Padua, in hopes that his friends would open one of its gates to him, as they had promised. But in place of this he came upon Ezzelino, who was in readiness for him, and who gave him a reception as warm as it was unexpected. This terrified his followers so much that, struck with a sudden panic, they deserted their ensigns almost to a man, and the Marquis owed the preservation of his life to his horse, that bore him nobly beyond the reach of danger. The Marquis resolved to be more cautious for the future, in his proceedings with the Ghibellines, a purpose which afterwards saved him more than once from their toils.

Ezzelino, as a reprisal, occupied the town of Este, whose garrison, a few days afterwards, was filled with Germans and Saracens. He also made an attempt to storm Montagnana, another feud, which he hoped to carry as easily as that of Este. But the people resisted him with great determination; and even set fire, in broad day-light, to a tower under which he was at the time, and from which he made a very narrow escape. He retired from before the town, and returned to Padua.

Ezzelino had the honor of giving a splendid reception there to Frederic and his suite, and of spending nearly two months with him and the Empress, in the monastery of Santa Justina. They passed their time in hunting, and in taking long walks over the surrounding country, which abounds in beautiful and romantic scenery. A venerable Italian chronicler tells us, with pardonable indignation, that "these two subjects, to wit, Emperor Frederic and Messer Ezzelino, were perhaps the two greatest Generals, and, without a doubt, the two greatest scoundrels of their day and life-time. For one was a beast of an

infidel, and the other was known to hold familiar intercourse with the devil." It would be interesting, perhaps, though not edifying, to have an outline of the conversations held by two worthies of this description, amidst some of the most charming tracts of the most beautiful country in the world. We are informed that their time was chiefly employed in devising plans for the destruction of Azzo, Marquis of Este, whom Ezzelino styled "the head of the serpent, against which the first strokes should be directed, in order to have an easy victory over the body." *Ferendus est serpens in capite, ut corpus facilius devincatur.* He alluded to the serpent in the coat of arms of the House of Este, and the Guelph party, of which the Marquis was the chief.

They soon began to work upon this principle, and their first step was to send a friendly invitation to the Marquis, to wait upon the Emperor in Padua. Although willing to take part in any proceedings which might tend to allay their animosities, the Marquis refused to move, unless a security were given to him in the Emperor's name, and signed by the imperial hand.

Having received this, he went to Padua, accompanied by several of his adherents. The bad faith of the Ghibellines soon began to show itself. The Emperor had the castle of the Marquis quietly surrounded by German outposts. Soon after, under some specious pretext, he secured the person of Rinaldo, son of the Marquis, and kept him as a hostage. The malicious Ezzelino placed numerous spies near his visitor during his stay in Padua, and was informed by them of the names and quality of the persons with whom he had intercourse, in order to punish them, as he afterwards did, by exile, imprisonment, or death. The wary Marquis was continually on the alert, and he soon had more than mere suspicion to mistrust the faith of his adversaries; for he learned that Frederic had resolved, and even given directions to have him taken out of the way. He foreboded the stroke by leaving Padua secretly, and without notice. Once out of the lion's den, he rallied his followers, and collecting all the forces he could, he marched boldly upon Este, and other towns occupied by the enemy, reducing them once more into his power. This rapid and fortunate

movement caused the death of every one in Padua, who was a friend of the Marquis, or whom Ezzelino chose to consider as such.

The cruelty of this chief increased as he became older. An unguarded word, a vague suspicion, a groundless accusation, was enough for him to cast his unhappy victims into the horrid dungeons, erected by his order in every town where he obtained command. The architect who served him was the first to die in one of these prisons, when its erection was completed. He burned the towers and palaces of the nobles who failed to obtain his favor; tormented and maimed in the most frightful manner their owners, frequently ordering their limbs to be cast into the fire before their eyes.

He made several attempts to establish his sway in several cities hostile to Frederic, among the rest, but without success, in Parma and Belluno. The lamentations of the unfortunate Paduans, lay and clerical, groaning under his iron yoke, became so loud that in 1248, Pope Innocent IV. excommunicated him, as he had done already with the profligate and ambitious Frederic. Ezzelino, in place of being humbled by the sentence, as the Pope expressly desired, became worse and worse. He continued his assassinations and imprisonments, strengthened his forces, and seeing the power of Frederic decline with his health, he formed the project of adding to the proud title of *Signor of Padua*, which he had assumed, the command over other cities, and domineering in his own name. He took and sacked the little city of Monselice, and forced its citadel, deemed impregnable, to capitulate. It is said that some of the machines which he employed on this occasion, heaved stones of twelve thousand pounds weight, a circumstance which may be deemed incredible.

Frederic II. died in 1250. After having afflicted the church like his grandfather Frederic Barbarossa, he came to a similarly unfortunate end, although he is believed to have previously repented of his misdeeds. We have only alluded to him, where his history comes in contact with that of Ezzelino, his friend and fellow-bandit.

Monte and Araldo, two nobles of Monselice, accused as traitors, having been

brought to Padua, and loudly protesting that they were not such, Ezzelino, who was at dinner, came out at the noise, and refused to listen to any explanation or defence. Monte, driven almost to insanity by his hopeless condition, rushed wildly at the tyrant, threw him to the ground, and being unarmed himself, searched Ezzelino's person for a dagger, but at the moment he too was unarmed. Monte having grappled him by the throat, was making a desperate effort to choke him. Both Monte and Araldo, however, were cut to pieces by the soldiers of Ezzelino, who narrowly escaped with his life, and was confined to his bed for several days in consequence of the wounds inflicted upon him by Monte's teeth and nails. Had he not been found unarmed, that would have been the last day of his life.

The complaints of the wretched Paduans, the remonstrances of the Marquis of Este, and the entreaties of the whole nation against this horrible man, became so loud, that Pope Alexander IV., as the common father, could no longer refuse his assistance towards delivering the country from so great an evil. Accordingly, he created Phillip, Archbishop elect of Ravenna, Legate Apostolic in the Marca Trevigiana, who published a crusade against Ezzelino, as an enemy of his religion and his country. He collected an army in Venice, composed partly of Paduan refugees; and notwithstanding the efforts of Ansedisio, nephew to Ezzelino, and Governor of Padua in his name, he took all the fortified places in the vicinity, and finally stormed a gate of the city itself. While the crusaders were battering the gate, the besieged poured down upon their machines such a large quantity of hot rosin, sulphur, pitch, and other combustibles, that the gate itself caught fire and was reduced to ashes, affording an easy entrance to the aggressors. They were soon in possession of the city, and threw open the gloomy dungeons of Ezzelino, thus giving freedom to an incredible number of victims of his cruelty, who could scarcely be recognized by their relatives, so haggard and spectre-like was their appearance.

Ezzelino, who was then marauding on the territory of Mantua, moved in the direction of Padua, at the news of its being besieged. At the ford of the Minc

man stood before him, covered with dust and sweat. "What news?" said the tyrant. "Bad! Padua is lost." Ezzelino ordered the messenger to be hanged instantly, and proceeded onward. Meeting another messenger, he asked the same question: "What news?" He answered that, by his good leave, he would wish to speak to him in private. This second man was more prudent than his forerunner, and departed unharmed. Ezzelino pressed forward without giving his weary soldiers a moment's rest. On arriving at Verona, a sudden suspicion crossed his mind regarding the faith of the Paduans who accompanied him. He instantly ordered them to be arrested, deprived of all they had, and inclosed in the famous amphitheatre of that city, where, with unexampled barbarity, the greater part of them were murdered on the spot. The others died of suffering and starvation, so that out of nearly twelve thousand, between nobles and plebeians, not more than two hundred ever found their way back to Padua.

The pontifical army had been reinforced by several commanders—among others, by the famous Friar John, at the head of a band of merry Bolognese, and by Alberico da Romano, who, though a most cruel and lawless bandit himself, was scarcely ever on peaceful terms with his brother Ezzelino. The latter was driven from before Padua, and retreated, burning with shame and rage, to Verona, where he consoled himself by torturing to death his nephew, Ansedisio, for having lost Padua. The Paduans passed a decree, which is still extant, ordering the happy liberation of their city from so cruel an oppressor to be solemnized every year by a general procession, accompanied with hymns of gratitude to the Almighty—a festival which, if report be true, is continued down to the present day. It would be long to narrate the intrigues through which Ezzelino succeeded in obtaining command of the noble city of Brescia. The events which led to it may be all reduced to one cause—the accursed discord of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, which rendered an easy prey to a domestic tyrant, the same town which had defied the whole imperial army, with the proud Frederic at its head. Philip, Archbishop of Ravenna, made every attempt in his power to prevent Ezzelino from enter-

ing Brescia, but he was defeated and taken prisoner himself. Having been brought into the presence of the tyrant, he was asked by Ezzelino how he expected to be treated. Phillip replied, in a calm and steady voice, "*With the honors usually given to a Legate of our Holy Father, the Pope*;" an answer which caused even the haughty Ezzelino to respect him during his confinement.

Brescia was doomed to suffer the tyranny of so cruel a master only for a short time. Buoso da Doara and the Marquis Oberto Pelavicino, who, from friends and allies of the tyrant, had become his most bitter foes on account of his treacherous attempts against them, were on the banks of the river Oglio with the forces of Cremona, as well as Azzo d'Este with those of Ferrara and Mantua. Ezzelino, having bribed and bought over several of the nobles of Milan, had attempted to carry that city, but was rebuffed by Martino della Torre. A similar attempt had been likewise made against Monza, which also failing, Ezzelino found himself in the midst of a hostile country, with deep and rapid rivers between him and Brescia; and he heard that his old enemy, the Marquis of Este, had fortified the bridge of Cassano, having scattered the detachment left there by Ezzelino. He resolved to make a desperate attempt to force this pass, and gain the opposite bank.

It is said that a devil had predicted to him that he would die at *Assano*. Now Ezzelino kept always a number of astrologers in his pay, and had great faith in devils and witches; but interpreting this for the city of Bassano, near which he was born, he had wisely resolved to keep away from it for the future. He trembled at the mention of Cassano. His onslaught upon the people of the Marquis was so violent, that his followers had all but carried the bridge, when an arrow, discharged at random by a Guelph crossbow-man, pierced deeply into his left foot. This accident spread a panic through his army, which he was compelled to draw back to Vimercato, where, having had his wound opened and the arrow extracted, he bravely mounted horse again, resolved to push forward towards the Adda, across a shallow part of which he conducted his men. He had already reached the opposite shore, but his foes had regulated their move-

ments so accurately that the forces of Cremona, under Buoso and Oberto, and those of Ferrara and Mantua, under the Marquis of Este, bore upon him simultaneously, and fairly brought him to a stand. Though hemmed in upon all sides, he did not lose his wonted ardor; but in the very moment of danger, the Brescians gave rein to their horses, and saved themselves by flight. In vain did he attempt to keep his men together, and effect a retreat in good order towards Bergamo. The allies attacked his disbanded troops, making a great number of prisoners.

Ezzelino, belabored on all sides, fought with the fury of a tiger, covered with blood, and in the midst of a circle of dead bodies; and at length, finding himself nearly alone, he furiously put spurs to his horse, and made a desperate effort to escape. He was, however, pursued and overtaken by a large number of horsemen, who made him prisoner. The same instant, a soldier, whose brother had been mutilated by order of Ezzelino, struck him on the head and wounded him thrice in revenge. Others say that he was thus wounded before his capture, in an encounter with Mazzoldo dei Lavelonghi, a Guelph nobleman of Brescia.

The day on which this memorable victory, which gladdened the heart of all Italy, took place, was the feast of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, September 27th, in the year of grace 1259. The people crowded upon the road by which he was conveyed to Soncino, all being desirous of seeing the man whom the stoutest soldier had never approached hitherto without trembling. To one of the many who, covering him with reproaches and insults, threatened moreover to finish him, he turned with eyes of fire, and a frown of his dark brow: "And wouldst thou have courage (he said) to lay thy hands upon Ezzelino?" The growl of the caged lion was sufficient to strike terror into the heart of the man, and of all the bystanders.

He soon reached Soncino, where he was protected from further injury by the noble Marquis of Este, who provided him with surgeons, and commanded that every attention and respect should be paid to him. His wounds, however, were so deep as to baffle the skill of his attendants. He refused to partake of any food, and

without giving any sign of repentance, he died some days after, in the seventieth year of his age, rejecting even the consolations of religion.

His brother Alberico was put to death the year after, together with all his sons, in force of a barbarous sentence suggested by the fear, that if even a scion remained of so evil a race, it would one day grow up to be the curse of the country.

So, to the unspeakable relief of all Italy, perished Ezzelino, *il Crudele*, or the Cruel, who, endowed with great military genius, might have been a hero, and chose to be the scourge of his country, and the detestation of posterity. His shrewdness was equal to his cruelty; for at a glance he read the deepest secrets of the heart, and was known to scrutinize and study every face upon which he turned his gaze. He was of athletic mould, and gifted with nerves like whip-thongs and sinews of iron. His hair and eye-brows were dark and bushy, his features pale but marked with extraordinary expression, and his eyes like those of the viper. There is a portrait of him in the Pitti Gallery at Florence, worthy the study of the traveller.

He was so wantonly cruel, that sometimes, on the capture of a town, he would order all the inhabitants to be deprived of their legs, or arms, or noses, or otherwise shamefully mutilated. Having heard that a quantity of blind and disabled persons, who went around begging through the Italian cities, asserted that they had been reduced to that state by Ezzelino, he issued a proclamation inviting those unhappy poor to present themselves to him, with the assurance that they would be nourished and provided for. Three thousand miserable wretches came to him, whom he inclosed in a large building, ordering it to be set on fire, so that the whole number perished in the flames.

He had great faith in magic and judicial astrology, an imposition very prevalent in those days, although its practices were forbidden under severe penalties. While he was moving against the city of Feltre, it is said that a magpie hovering around his banner, finally rested upon it. Whether that he considered the fact a good omen, or felt a kindred sympathy for that bird of prey, Ezzelino was delighted with the animal, which was so tame as to

allow itself to be caught, and ordered the friendly pie to be conveyed to Padua, and delicately nourished.

But it is time to close this sketch of the life of this famous chieftain—the most inhuman of those numerous Italian warriors of the middle ages, whose science and

valor might have made them a blessing to their beautiful country, but who plunged it deeper and deeper into those feuds which finally, by destroying the resources of its vitality, rendered it an easy prey to the grasping stranger.

THE SWISS REVOLUTION.

THE idea and sentiment of liberty must be very deep in human nature, or man would not still cling to it—seek it, as he does, after all that has transpired to make him abandon it. The mightiest empires have exerted and exhausted their mightiest efforts to stifle its breathings. Monarchs of every name have made it the one long scheme and purpose of their lives to cause it to perish in their dominions, and to root it out from the memories of their subjects; and, at death, they have left their partial successes therein as choice jewels for the inheritance of their houses, and have imposed the continuance of the tradition as one of the most solemn of duties. The talents of all the wily counsellors that bounties and patronage could win, have been concentrated in plotting its ruin. The ministers of religions, false and true, have been wheedled to betray it, or forced to become its executioners. Men, in the attempt to defend it, have poured out their blood like water; have desolated their best-loved hearths; have made their own wives widows, and their children orphans; have watered with their tears the captive's bread, and have felt through dreary years the dungeon mildew devouring their members and gnawing at their vitals. And as each old generation passes away, it perceives that the price of liberty is continual sacrifice and heroic suffering, and that, even thus, its rescue is but partial and soon declines; and yet the eye of the veteran kindles with that of the youth, and their voices unite in invoking that for which the one has suffered, and the other

is ready to suffer, and thus the struggle is continued and perpetuated. Liberty must be very dear to the human heart.

But the name of liberty has been assumed, and its privileges abused by monstrous broods, so numerous and odious, that memory refuses to rehearse their catalogue. When worthlessness would seek for distinction, or misrule for power, or cupidity for fortune, or hatred for vengeance, or voluptuousness for unbridled license, how often has each called itself the advocate of liberty! How often have they joined their forces to assault authority and good order! How often, especially in the days nearest our own, have they made the name of liberty the rallying cry of crime, and a sound portending calamity and woe to the citizens of quiet and peace! Thus have the powers of evil availed to bury the graceful form of liberty beneath hideous ruins, or to shroud it in lurid colorings, till the poet has described it, and the painter figured it, and a sentiment too common stamped it, even on a nation's currency, but as a zoneless bacchanal. Still men, and the lovers of man, have not ceased, from amid the cloudy terrors of evil fashionings, to invoke it with their voices, and to evoke it by their good deservings. Again, then, liberty must be something very dear to man, and, moreover, very noble in itself, that it is thus sought after and thus loved.

The sentiment of liberty is indeed something very noble, for by it God has distinguished man from the lower parts of creation, which are governed by necessary

laws ; and it is very dear to man's heart, because it is a necessary condition of his essential nature.

For, whether in aspiration or in act, liberty is the element that girdles round the throne of the mind. And, though itself be not reason, it yet, with equal step, accompanies all the operations of reason, and without it reason becomes unreason. And yet reason is not the seat of the liberty that so encompasses it, but that other faculty, which, in the triune spirit, is ordained the scholar and yet the mistress of reason—the scholar to be enlightened by it as to what is truth, and the mistress to force it, despite its lessons, into perverse windings, or to compel it to the just application of its teachings.

This faculty, need we say it, is the *will*, in naming which we have said *free* will, since these two are so knit that without freedom there is no will, and without will there is no freedom. *Ubi voluntas, ibi libertas*.

But in our first parents' fall, the human will was perverted, and two kinds of liberty were lost : liberty from sin, and liberty from misery. Liberty from *necessity* was preserved to man, as a ground of merit or demerit. This is what we understand by natural liberty ; and from all that we have said, we may gather why man so clings to seeking it, and has so abused it.

We have been meditating on the recent tragedies of Swiss revolution ; and whoever is acquainted with the long history of that romantic confederacy, and understands the guilty violence that has just now dishonored virginal freedom on the mountains of Uri and of Schwytz, will agree, with a burning heart, that all we have said of liberty, and more than we are sufficient to say, has been illustrated, has been embodied in their annals.

Pens of an authority, and tongues of an eloquence, far other than ours, have been pleading, in Europe, the cause of prostrate, outraged Switzerland. They cried in the ears of the great powers of Europe, while the great nations of Europe were yet powers, that the conspiracy of revolutionists in the city of Berne was not a local affair ; that the ruin of the Swiss constitution was not the end, but only the means of the conspirators ; that the flames of civil war, kindled in the homesteads of the

Alps, were intended but as torch-lights for the assassins of Europe, as firebrands for a continental conflagration, as signals for the overthrow, not of thrones, but of law—not of kings, but of nations and their most cherished institutions. Oppressors disregarded and have fallen ; and if any movement has indeed been made towards securing the true and reasonable rights of the people in parts of Europe, we may be sure that their late masters look with regret not more poignant on what they have lost, than do the jacobins centred in Switzerland on what they have thereby failed to gain. Switzerland, indeed, is a little country, but the questions that have shaken her concern all Europe. Wisdom must prevent their consequences, or time will show them yet further ; for the secret lodges of Berne have purposes not yet fulfilled.

But if Swiss affairs interest the adjoining nations of Europe by their actual tendencies, they may interest others in the way of solemn lessons. For us republicans, for us constitutional republicans, oh ! how many lessons might be drawn from the history, and at length from the calamities of an elder republic ; and how many arguments might be found in the causes of those calamities, for principles whose application our national interests are at this moment loudly demanding. These we cannot pretend to discuss at length, nor as their importance would warrant, in the present essay ; but we shall nevertheless have natural occasion to indicate some of them less or more pointedly, and shall thus leave them to the reflection or to the minuter examination of our readers.

The race which has rendered Switzerland famous in modern Europe, were emigrants from the remote North. Passing by their earliest struggles and sufferings amid the rugged Alps, the records of which are more or less uncertain, we find them, early in the ninth century, possessed of liberty and a formal constitution ; for Louis le Debonnaire, in extending to them the paternal protection of the Carolingian empire, expressly guarantied to them the preservation of these. The fundamental provisions of this constitution bear a most striking resemblance to the laws of the ancient Scandinavians, as they may be found detailed in the poetical legends that have come down to us from Olaus and Johannes

Magnus,* or as they have at a later date been collected and critically examined by the learned Messenius, in his "*Scandia Illustrata*." This constitutional correspondence in their social fabric between Switzerland and the extreme North, of itself proves the origin of the race, and is at the same time an illustration of the truth, that constitutions which show the vigor of permanence and vitality, which successfully resist encroachments from without, and bind firmly to one another their constituents from within, are not the handiwork of political forecast, nor are hewn out as a creation *de novo* by the statesmen of an incipient people; but that their foundation, on the contrary, is in the public synderesis of the primitive community, and their shapings are the gradual results of the practical needs and peculiar position of each nation as it grows towards maturity.

Switzerland, which, since the Congress of European powers at Vienna in 1815, has consisted of twenty-two cantons, takes its name from the canton of Schwytz, which was the first nucleus of the confederation, and has ever been the soul of its glory, and the noblest guardian of its liberties. Uri and Unterwalden, co-ordinate in race and origin with Schwytz, were always knit to it in feeling, and, from early in the twelfth century, formed with it a regular defensive league. These three cantons formed the Waldstaaten, or Woodland States. The customs and manners, and the complete sovereignty of each canton, by stipulation, remained inviolable; but the entire support of the three was pledged to resist any foreign interference. About the middle of the thirteenth century, they chose the celebrated Rodolph of Hapsburg to be the head and arbiter of their league. This was in evident obedience to the prevailing sentiment of Europe at that time, whose aspirations were for an emperor of all Christendom, to be elected, not less for his high personal worth, than for the extent of his material resources; and to whom, therefore, all disputes between nations might be referred for a rightful adjustment—a magnificent conception, but why has it proved so unsatisfactory in practice?

The same century had not passed away

till the people of the Waldstaaten found that this chieftainship of a stranger was likely to be abused to purposes of foreign aggression; and with the manly energy that they have ever displayed in coping with perils, they compelled the Count of Hapsburg, elevated though he now was to the position of emperor, to retrench himself within the faculties that had been conceded to him. A solemn renewal of the alliance between the three Waldstaaten was consequently made in the year 1291, and on the same occasion they re-enacted an ancient law, that no man who was of foreign birth, be his qualifications or his character what they might be, should ever exercise the office of a judge among them. They applied the same rule to their clergy with a few exceptions, and this identity of sympathy between the people and their pastors has been a powerful promoter of the union that has always existed in these countries, between their patriotism and their religion.

When Rodolph of Hapsburg died, his house began the base, degenerate course that has ended by rendering it, first the enemy, and now, at length, the laughing-stock of Christendom. At the very beginning of the fourteenth century, Albert, son of Rodolph, set about the task of wantonly injuring the Waldstaaten, that he might thence find occasion to reduce them beneath his iron yoke. What kind of success he had has become matter of story and of song wherever patriotism or political liberty is prized. He sent the notorious Gesler to administer justice in Schwytz and Uri, and Beringer in like capacity to Unterwalden. But these emissaries of oppression had scarcely had time for more than to commence their task, when Werner Von Stauffach, Arnold Anderhalden, and Walter Furst, meeting together by night at the great rock which marks the boundary between Uri and Unterwalden, on the Lake of Waldstaaten, plighted there their troth to one another that, God helping, they would set their country free. This was on the 17th of November, 1307. The day was fixed, upon which each of them, with a chosen band of patriots, was, in their respective cantons, to raise the cry of liberty, to which they well knew that every Swiss heart was ready to answer at the cost of its blood. But in the interval of the oath

* *Historia Gentium Septentrionalium*, Basilæ, 1567.

and its intended accomplishment, the son-in-law of Walter Furst, the heroic Tell of Burglen, rid Switzerland and the world of Gesler, and, as is well known, retrieved the fortunes of his country.

Eight years later Prince Leopold, brother of Frederic, came against the Waldstaaten to take an Austrian vengeance, with more than ten thousand men. These he had considered amply sufficient wherewith to chastise a handful of unruly mountaineers. Some thirteen hundred Swiss assembled and met them on the henceforth classic heights of the plain of Morgarten. Leopold escaped with the remnant of his shattered host. Hitherto the Swiss had lived together as a band of brothers; we have now no record of the slightest internal troubles having ever disturbed their repose. But as usual, prosperity brought them *friends*. Zug, Glarus, and Lucerne, sought admission to so valiant a confederacy. Why not admit them? The same greedy house of Hapsburg, with its double-faced eagle, was seeking their destruction, that had sought the ruin of the Waldstaaten. Besides, to have them for allies would be not only to increase the numerical strength of their fighting men, but to throw a friendly wall between the German empire and the original cantons. They were admitted. Then Zurich, and at length Berne, sought part in the league. The latter had domestic feuds to be thus appeased, as well as foreign enemies to be repelled. The principle of new accessions had been once acted upon—why should the action not be repeated? No reason was found, and anew the hand was extended to them also. With one partial and temporary exception, the Waldstaaten have always sufficed for themselves and their own defence, but how seldom have they sufficed for the fickle Lucernese, and the factious men of Zurich and of Berne.

Nevertheless, hitherto the admission of the latter cantons seemed almost acts of generosity, and it cannot be denied that for a while the new allies rendered important aid in the wars of the Swiss with the Austrians. But as their arms were always successful, new territories were from time to time falling into their hands, or were ceded to them by feudal powers. Among these were Baden, Bremgarten, and Mellingen. It was here that the evil

influence of the later confederate cantons became active. Lucerne, Zurich, and Berne were republican, not by fundamental constitution, but by the force of circumstances; they had never the sentiment of liberty at heart, and accordingly they were eager to seize on foreign possessions, not to free them from oppression, but to substitute themselves as new masters. After this evil example, the original cantons were drawn away, and they too would become suzerains. To this unhappy course Uri presented a glorious and a holy exception. It refused its share in the partition of the foreign possessions, professing that the wars they had undertaken were in obedience to their conscience and their country, and that they would not defile themselves by receiving any other recompense.

Schwytz pursued for a while another course, and was thereby led to quarrel and at length to fight with Zurich, in the maintenance of only probable rights. But Zurich, which had been a traitor from the beginning, forgetting her solemn covenant with the confederacy, and forgetting the special obligations that she owed to the elder cantons, called in the aid of Austria, and had France likewise to a certain extent engaged to assist her with troops.

The faith of treaties was guarded by the ancient Swiss with unparalleled fidelity. That their forefathers had given their word for such or such a thing, sufficed them for a reason to forego or to suffer, rather than to violate the legacy of their manly honor. The confederates, therefore, were stung to the quick by the turpitude of Zurich's conduct, and willingly espoused the cause of Schwytz. The armed forces that were assembling to attack them seemed certain to overwhelm them by their numbers, and were of noted valor. But a band of only sixteen hundred men, mostly from the Waldstaaten, burst upon them like an avalanche of their native Alps, and swept them from the country. Zurich, left to herself, soon felt the misery of her isolation, and begged to be received again into the confederacy. The professing penitent was forgiven by the good Swiss, and once more took her place in the league—soon again to give its members fresh trouble. The date of its reconciliation was A. D. 1460.

New wars followed, with Austria and

with Burgundy, and the successes of the Swiss arms and the possessions they thus acquired, were again the bane of their internal peace. Lucerne, Zurich, and Berne, the feeblest on the field of battle, wished to be stoutest in dividing the booty, on account of their numerous aristocracy and superior wealth already acquired. At the diet of Stantz their bitter contentions came to a head, and they were about to separate to engage in the bloodiest of their civil wars, when in a manner marvellous, (miraculous say the chronicles,) all passions were quelled by the sudden appearance in the diet of a gray-haired hermit named Nicholas Von Fluhe. This was one of those wonderful characters that we find from time to time in the pages of history, particularly during the middle ages, living in continual and utter solitude; but who at length, at some imminent national crisis, burst upon the theatre of events, the most foreign to their habits and thoughts, concentrating and expending in a few short days, or even hours, the intellectual energies of an entire and remarkable life, holding every eye, hushing every murmur, captivating every heart by the unearthly majesty of their mien, rebuking error, rectifying mistakes, denouncing judgments of terror upon disobedience, finally restoring order to the distracted state, setting the political vessel upon her true course, and then delivering up the helm to capable governors, and vanishing as suddenly as they had appeared, and leaving those they had delivered thankful for the benefit, but bewildered at the method.

Such an one was the venerable hermit of the Alps, Nicholas Von Fluhe, who appeared in this diet of Stantz in 1481, composed the disputes of the cantons, induced them to renew their federal league with each other, and moreover to admit the states of Friburg and Solothurn to the standing of confederate cantons, assuring them, on the faith of prophetic vision, that these two cantons would continue thankful for the favor, and would yet render signal services to the interests of the league. In the then actual state of the confederacy their admission was undoubtedly sound policy, both from the local position they occupied, and from the stable character of their population. They have, or at least Friburg has, verified also the promises of

Von Fluhe, by standing steadfast to their constitution, and suffering severely for its conservation.

In the second year of the sixteenth century, two other states, Schaffhausen and Bale, which had been dependencies, became confederates; and finally, in 1513, Appenzell was added to their number. This was the last addition till the dissolution of the confederacy by the French Revolution, and its restoration by the allied powers at the Congress of Vienna, A. D. 1815.

But the golden age of the Swiss republic seemed already past. Some cantons, indeed, more, and others less, and the ancient Waldstaaten least of all, yet all in their degree, were infected with the desire of the riches and aggrandizement with which they had been brought into contact. Thence began the disposition to sell their services to foreign princes, for the hope of greater gain; and in the pursuit of this they treasured up for themselves causes of deeper sorrow, or abandoned themselves to the evil courses of the nations with whom they mingled. And thus the sons of this virtuous and heroic republic, after that, like Samson, they had with their naked hands rent the jaws of the lion of imperial despotism that roared against them, returning after many days to the decaying carcase, drew forth indeed meat from the eater and sweetness from the strong; but in the end found something sweeter, to their corrupted taste, than honey, and something stronger than a lion,—and the Nazarite laid down his head in the lap of European vices, and was shorn of the locks of his glory.

To the dissensions and quarrels between the cantons, was now soon to be added the intensity of religious hatred; for we are arrived at the period of the great ecclesiastical revolutions of the sixteenth century. Zurich and Berne were predisposed to change, and were accordingly the first to embrace the new doctrines of Calvin and Zuingle. God knows they had need enough of a change, if it could but have inspired them with some sentiments of virtue or of honor. Zurich became the champion of the reformed creed, and exerted itself to the utmost in its propagation. As to the ancient Waldstaaten, such a revolution must have been impossible till the prime

elements of their nationality should be abolished. Outside the city of Rome, it would be difficult to find a place where patriotism and religion are so thoroughly identified, as in these three primitive cantons. Their greatest patriots have been those who for their virtues are honored in their sacred temples, and the patron saints of their race have been the preceptors of their political laws. Whoever, then, attacks their civil institutions, appears to them a profane person, and he that reviles their religion as one who plots against their political liberties. And how, in effect, could the chapel of Morgarten battle-field be stripped of its Catholic ornaments without destroying the monument of Schwytz's most classic ground? Or how could the vivid connection of the living race with the deeds of Tell and Werner Van Stauffach, be preserved if the pilgrimages to Burglen and Steinen, and to the other chapels erected to their memories, should be abolished? Schwytz in these new quarrels became the head of the cantons that remained Catholic, as Zurich did of the Protestant. This was the most fatal wound of all to the Swiss league. The cantons were no longer brethren. Henceforth they for a long time made war on one another, or patched up a hollow peace from a common fear of the surrounding powers.

No new principle was introduced, but only the old ones were left to work out their various effects, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, when the year 1798 saw the total subjugation of Switzerland by a French invasion, and the temporary abolition of the constitutional confederacy. Down to this period the independent sovereignty of each canton was one of the principles most urgently enforced, and most explicitly guaranteed. Indeed, it was a capital point of their cherished *liberties*. There were degrees in this sovereignty, however; for some of the smaller cantons, that had been admitted at a later date, were bound to obey the determination of the majority of the confederacy in matters of war or peace with all foreign powers. But in what related to the interior government of each canton, it was of the essence of a canton to be independent. Moreover, as regards the principal cantons, especially the old Waldstätten and Lucerne, Zurich and Berne, even

in case of foreign war, each canton could only be *invited* to take part, and had full liberty to refuse.

The great vice of their system, hitherto, was the admission to their confederacy of states foreign to themselves in sentiments and in fundamental constitution, and as unequal in natural virtue as they were unlike in national character. But they had committed another fault, which, from this time forth, was to work them still greater evil. This was the permitting within their borders a class of persons who were not to coalesce with the citizens and become one people, but under a foreign name to gather in parties, contradistinguished, isolated from the inhabitants proper of the country. The true policy of Switzerland was certainly to prevent immigration. The territory of their jurisdiction was narrow in extent, and limited in productiveness. Moreover, they were a people who sufficed for themselves, and were not likely to be truly benefited by a mixture of foreign ingredients. Their measures for discouraging the advent of foreigners were therefore, in the given circumstances, wise. But when the strangers were permitted to settle in the country, to marry and to propagate their offspring, the arrangements of their laws should have provided for the incorporation of the race.*

The Swiss cantons did not act on so discreet a principle. The foreigner that entered a canton, even if he were the citizen of another of the confederation, could never, nor his children from generation to generation, obtain the rights of an "inhabitant." He and his descendants still went by the name of the "homeless"—*Heimathlosen*—and posts of honor and even permanent possessions were denied them.

Had they imposed no laws for the protection of their nationality, it is certain their institutions would have been abused, and their ears stunned with the confused

*We here especially deprecate any captious misinterpretation of our honest sentiments. The principle enunciated in the text is, that when the true policy of a country is to encourage immigration, there thence arises a *two-fold* national duty: *First*, of extending in the speediest and most full manner possible, the rights, privileges, and affections of the nation to its new inhabitants, thus making them *at home*; and *then*, of discouraging and opposing all political organizations based upon foreign feelings, interests, or appellations.

quarrels of the German party, and the Italian party, and the French party ; who would each have imported into the confederation their own crude notions of republicanism, and then have fought among themselves as to their application, or the expected emoluments. Or, forsooth, some aspiring little demagogue of native birth would have duped a section of them to serve his own ends, and then have talked large about the rights and interests of "our adopted citizens." But the Swiss, unfortunately, in avoiding this, fell into the opposite error of oppression and extreme cruelty. Now that the events are passed, we might desire that they had guarded the virtuous mean, and while protecting like men their nationality, have extended the hand of kindness to the stranger, whenever it was wise to admit such on any terms to remain on their soil ; and especially to provide for the children that should be born in their territory the honor and advantages of citizenship. It was in the aristocratical cantons, such as Berne and Zurich, that this state of things was worst, and this particularly since the sixteenth century ; for since then illegitimate births, and changes in religion, with other similar grounds, have multiplied, and these are esteemed causes for outlawry in all its rigor. Only a few years ago a report made officially in the Swiss diet represented these unfortunates as wandering to the number of many thousands from place to place, in all the degradation and suffering of the Gipsy life. These by no means include the entire class of the Heimathlosen, but we see by it the degrading tendency of the system.

When the wild cry of the first French Revolution echoed through Europe, with its "declaration of the rights of man," it could not be heard with indifference by a people like the Swiss. Berne, Zurich, and the aristocratic cantons generally, were the most disquieted, and the Heimathlosen and the people of the provinces that they held as dependencies gave them good reason for alarm. When the intentions of France to invade Switzerland and to revolutionize their government became manifest, the ancient Waldstaaten, Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden, prepared themselves for the contest by removing every cause of discontentment from the people

subject to their jurisdiction. Schwytz, which possessed at this time several distinguished statesmen and patriots, was particularly active in urging the aristocratic cantons to a like course. She sent one of the greatest of her sons, Charles Reding, to Berne, to entreat that canton, which was the one first menaced by France, to listen to the reasonable demands of the people of Vaud, who had long claimed the right of sovereignty, but were still held in subjection to Berne. The Vaudois were now stimulated to insurrection by French emissaries, while the Republic of that nation was threatening and provoking Berne to give it an occasion of interfering. Berne acted like a cowardly miser, who hears a robber at the door, and instead of running to resist him on the threshold, crouches cravenly over his dear bags of gold, and suffers him to enter undisturbed. This canton had not the generosity to make the necessary sacrifices.

To display such a people against the hosts of the French Republic proved a useless waste of energy. And after some ineffectual fighting the troops of the Waldstaaten became convinced that the people of the aristocratic cantons had neither the courage nor the patriotism to defend their country with their lives ; and they therefore withdrew to the limits of their own cantons. We cannot stop to relate how much evil the national sentiment had suffered by this division of interest and want of union between the cantons. But the end of the tragedy is too affecting to be passed over in entire silence. The gallant Aloys Reding and about fifteen hundred men, nearly all of the canton of Schwytz, were awaiting the French on the already glorious Morgarten heights. The other cantons had all succumbed, but it was the desire of these heroes not to survive their liberties, but to pour out their blood as a sacrifice to their country, on this field of their ancient prowess. Their commander explained to them that a death almost certain awaited them, and gave free leave to those who desired, to withdraw, without a word of reproach from any one. The words of Reding have been preserved by one who was present on the field :—

"The only question for us is, to know if we have the virtue to follow the example that our

ancestors left us on this plain of Morgarten. . . Let us not deceive one another at an hour so solemn. I had rather have an hundred men prepared for every event, and upon whom I can rely, than five hundred who would spread confusion by their flight, and render vain the sacrifice of the brave men who would still resist. For me, my course is taken. I will not forsake you, nor the peril of our dear country. *Death on the field of Morgarten, and no retreat.* If any are not ready for this, let them depart; but if you all share my sentiments, let two step from the ranks, and in your name plight with me our faith."

The soldiers, melted in the tears that brave men know how to shed—tears of admiration and affection—with united voices affirmed their constant purpose of standing by their heroic commander, and gave him the required sign. This was on the first of May in the fatal year of '98. Should we record the events of the next four days and nights, as they are narrated by the trustworthy and brave old men of Schwytz who took part in them, and still survive, the story would seem incredible. Who, that knows not the Swiss, could believe through what distances, and over what craggy pathways in mountain passes, trembling old men, with women and little children, dragged heavy artillery across the country? Or with what speed the little bands of Schwytz, with a few from Uri and Zug, gathered on the final battlefield? Or how they fought and labored almost without rest for ninety-six hours, in presence of the vast army of France? Never were the French more reckless in their bravery; but men, like the men of Schwytz, could not be vanquished. They might be slain, but even in death they must be conquerors. So long as the fighting continued, and so often as the French showed themselves on the plain, they were driven from it as the snowflakes before the tempest. Time would be given but for a single well-directed fire, when the drum would sound the charging home, and with fixed bayonets they would rush furiously upon their enemies. The French had previously affected to despise them as undisciplined herdsmen; but when they saw them, in spite of their best directed fire, rush over a level of 3000 feet, without one of them shrinking, or falling into the slightest disarray, the very flower of the French army were palsied with terror, and

if they were too brave to fly, they only remained to present defenceless breasts to the plunge of the Swiss bayonets.

But at length the very depth of their patriotism inspired them with a wiser thought. As they saw the race of their canton being extinguished part by part, like their altar candles during the service of *Tenebræ*, the reflection grew urgent: Is then the canton of Schwytz to be wiped out from the face of the earth? Are the great deeds of our fathers to be forgotten, or to be rehearsed henceforth only by strangers? And in the breasts of some there sprang up a courage higher than that by which they had desired to die for their country. It was a great confidence in the vitality and force of their national constitution that made them willing to *live* for it—to live, and to submit, in the firm persuasion that thus they must at length regain their liberties. Yet this reasonable and heroic thought seemed too hard for many of them. At the rate of loss that they had hitherto sustained, two weeks would suffice for their entire destruction; and though the loss of the French was very much greater, it was evident that it affected them but little, as their supply of new men was without limit. Resistance was therefore hopeless; yet they found it sweet to die for their country, to pour out their hearts' blood into her bosom while she was yet unpolled by the foot of the conqueror. In a council of war, it required all the influence of the priesthood, and all the motives of their faith, to reconcile them to abandon the now fruitless contest. They yielded, however, at length, on the express stipulation that the French should respect their religion, their persons, and their property. This was promised by Schauenburg, the French General, and he kept his word; and struck with admiration at a heroism that had cost him fifteen of his best men for every one of the Swiss, he added, moreover, the most distinguished marks of a regard that did honor to his own sentiments.

In this rapid sketch of the written and unwritten history of Switzerland, and which we hope has not been without interest in itself, we have wished to develop the Swiss character and constitution, and thus prepare our readers for a better appreciation of the political question now

agitating that country. To the immediate consideration of this latter we now proceed.

II. The country of Vaud, which, previous to the French Revolution, had been a dependency of the canton of Berne, had complained of this unreasonable political inferiority, on the ground of its own importance in wealth and population, and its obligations to afford its full quota for the common defence of the confederation. Berne disregarded its appeal, and as one vicious extreme always brings on its opposite, the Vaudois, instead of persisting in their lawful demands, in which they were powerfully seconded by Schwytz and the other democratic cantons, gave way to secret and treasonable plots for subverting the entire Swiss constitution, and forming of the whole one consolidated government, in place of a confederacy of states.

The presiding genius of this wretched scheme was Cæsar de Laharpe, an inhabitant of Vaud, who formed of his fellow-citizens the first jacobin or revolutionary club within the borders of Switzerland, and scrupled nothing to invite the intervention of the French Republic to carry out his project by force of arms. In degree as the French advanced in gaining dominion over the country, the ancient name of Swiss, that the whole league had taken from the gallant canton of Schwytz, was changed to the artificial appellation of Helvetians,* and the new organization was called "The Helvetic Republic, One and Indivisible." Here, all simply, is the origin of that political revolution, that within the past year has a second time been violently forced upon Switzerland. And as the contest has been the same, so if the conservative cantons in 1847 had wished to remonstrate with the radicals, they could not have found better words or arguments wherewith to defend the freedom and sovereignty of their respective cantonal governments, than were used by the same cantons against the incursions of French jacobinism, in 1798. On this account we will quote some sentences from the memorial of the five democratic cantons, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug and Glaris, to the French

Directory, which is dated April 5th, of that year, and was therefore framed after the fall of the democratic cantons of Lucerne, Friburg, and Solothurn, along with their aristocratic allies, Berne and Zurich, and just one month before the prostration of Schwytz, which we have a little above recorded.

"The French Republic," they say, "in declaring that it is the friend and ally of the Swiss nation, and promising to protect its rights and sovereignty, professed first to wish only to assist the inhabitants of the aristocratical states in regaining the primitive liberty of which the democratic cantons have always been the source and exemplars.

" On the sudden we received from the provisional government of Solothurn, the plan of a new *Helvetic constitution*, with a pressing invitation to concur in it; and learned, at the same time, unofficially, that all the cantons of Switzerland would be *obliged* to submit to it.

"In vain should we attempt to describe to you the grief with which it fills our souls. We esteem no misfortune equal to the loss of the free constitution established by our ancestors, adapted to our wants and manners, and cemented during ages, by the enjoyment of all the comfort and happiness of which our peaceful valleys are susceptible.

"Permit us in the first place, to ask you plainly what you have found in our constitutions adverse to your principles? Where can you find a mode of government, whose exercise and sovereign rights are more entirely in the hands of the people, than in ours? where civil and political equality is more perfect? where every citizen enjoys a larger measure of liberty? Our chains are but the easy ones of religion and good morals; our yoke but the laws to which we have ourselves agreed. If in other states the people have much to desire, with us, at least, the children of William Tell; with us, who have maintained the constitution he left us, without any change, and for whose preservation we now appeal to you with all the energy that the consciousness of the most just cause inspires; with us, but one unanimous wish remains, and that is of remaining subject to the government which Providence and the courage of our ancestors have bequeathed to us.

"We, the people of these countries, whose sovereignty you have so often promised to respect, are ourselves the sovereigns of the cantons; we elect and displace our magistrates as we choose; our councils are elected by the several districts, and our representatives are in the truest manner the representatives of the people.

"Such, in the abstract, are the bases of our

* A brilliant political writer of European celebrity, has said: "No human institution can last . . . if it bears not a name taken from the national language, originating itself without anterior deliberation."—*De Maistre, Principe Generateur*.

constitutions. How, then, can you wish to destroy our happiness, by breaking up our political organization? What motives can you have for so doing, or how will it benefit you?"

And on the same day, to the same Directory, the people of Appenzell, St. Gall, Zuggenbourg, Rheinthal, and Sargans, protested:—

" Why is it wished to democratize us? Is not our constitution sufficiently democratical? Are not our people sole sovereign—are they not their own law-makers—do they not choose their own magistrates, and that according to a representative system so well contrived that a better is not easy to conceive of? These are facts which it is not possible to call in doubt."

But "la grande France," "la grande nation," and especially "les grands jacobins," like the empirics of our own day, must needs "*re-organize*" a society that desired it so little. Something *must* be wrong with it, or it would admire their medicine. *Ubi voluntas, ibi libertas*; and therefore, when the will of jacobins and radicals is to demolish existing institutions, to oppress and plunder their neighbors, and thus to make themselves rulers and great men, if aught opposes their will, they are greatly grieved at the violence done to *liberty*.

It was a matter of course that the moment the force of external pressure was removed from Switzerland, the *Republic one and indivisible* of Cæsar de Lafarge should fall amid popular execrations. Napoleon himself was obliged to confess, in opposition to his earlier conduct, that the more he became acquainted with that country, the more convinced he was that it could never continue under a single government. And in 1802, Lord Hawkesbury, in an official note from Downing street, declared, in the behalf of England, that the crown looked upon the exertions of the Swiss cantons "in no other light than as the lawful efforts of a brave and generous people to recover their ancient laws and government, and to procure the re-establishment of a system which experience has demonstrated to be favorable to the maintenance of their domestic happiness."

On the fall of Napoleon, one of the ear-

liest acts of the Congress of the European powers assembled first in Paris, was the recognition of the independence of Switzerland. Thereupon the ancient cantons of the confederation instantly reclaimed their separate sovereignty, and measures were taken at the earliest possible date, to revive the league, with no other difference than that the states which had before been dependencies of the ancient cantons were now either incorporated into one or another of them, or were themselves erected into sovereign confederates; so that in the new confederacy there should be twenty-two independent sovereign cantons. In the first movements of the cantons towards renewing the league, Schwytz gave a fresh proof of that profound political sagacity that has almost entitled her to the character of a prophetic oracle. Uniting in her sentiments a portion of Unterwalden and Appenzell, she refused to unite in the ancient pact, as desecrating within the other cantons a lawless and unfaithful principle, that would not scruple afterwards to abuse the tie of confederacy to the invasion of her cherished principles in politics and in religion. The diet of the other cantons, and none more loudly than Berne and Vaud, protested their good faith, and their attachment to the time-honored and cherished principle of the sovereign independence of each canton in all things whatever, relating to its internal affairs. Schwytz still declined concurrence, until by a separate assurance of the great European powers, which were now continuing the sittings of their Congress at Vienna in 1815, it had received the solemn endorsement of all Europe to the bond of the diet, that no change in this particular of cantonal freedom should be made, at least without the unanimous consent of every single canton. Upon this doubly guarantied provision Schwytz and its companions descended to enter into a league, some of the parties to which they could not profess to esteem trustworthy. But their motive was worthy of them: it was not only in compliance with the entreaties of some of the nearest cantons, with whom they sympathized in principles, but also, and chiefly, to be able to extend a protection greatly desirable to Friburg, which was like them democratic in politics and similar in religion, and yet geographically was in an isolated position,

being surrounded by cantons of a totally opposite character.

But the jacobins, by the restoration of good order, were thrown out of the high places to which French influence had raised them. With the return of freedom to the majority of the people, all who had been the partisans of the revolutionary association, or of the *republic one and indivisible*, fell into disgrace. But to them the memory of their former power was sweet, and this sweetness was communicated to the form of government that had afforded it to them. Forthwith those pests of social order, as of religious faith, the secret political clubs, were formed and ripened. Some of these bore names the most inoffensive in appearance, but all were in connection with one another, and all working towards one end. The same kind of societies at this time were continuing, in the monarchical countries of Europe, the propagation of the wild notions of the French revolutionary school, and the conservative papers of the time contain frequent reference to their dangerous proceedings. With all of these, sympathy of aim brought the clubs of Switzerland into intelligence. The worst of these societies were the *free-shooters*, from whom at length the *free-corps* grew out. In their secret meetings they called themselves the *godly marksmen*, (*göttliche schützen*.) and gave themselves the mission of bearing a gospel of radicalism, by means of their carabines, to the benighted people of all Europe. Thus the plottings of these secret political lodges, from being aimed solely at the subversion of the Swiss constitution, and the enslaving of the independent cantons, growing to more formidable proportions, proposed at length a propagandism of destruction to all the nations of Europe; and the Swiss troubles assumed the form, as we said in the outset of this essay, of an European question. Indeed, supposing that national faith and the sacredness of solemn treaties were terms that retained any meaning in modern diplomacy, it was clear to the Swiss radicals from the first, that in attacking the integrity of the conservative cantons, they were throwing a defiance in the face of all Europe. To prepare for the effects of this, they pushed the ramifications of their secret organizations into all the countries of the European alliance; and

how far their influence has penetrated into the very courts of kings, and into the ministerial cabinets of the great monarchies, can be conjectured only by the most deeply implicated of their own managers, and perhaps by the Catholic priests, who, bound beforehand by their official vows to an eternal silence, are from time to time called to visit such on their death-beds.*

At length the commotions of 1830 enabled these secret lodges to put forth and urge their proposition of abolishing the cantonal constitutions in favor of the old unitary scheme. But so deep was the attachment of the people in the much greater part of the cantons for their national government, and so utter their abhorrence of the centralizing demagogism, that the radicals found it necessary to change their tactics. They resolved first to produce revolutions in the governments of each conservative canton, the object of which was to place their own friends at the head of all the particular cantons.

Having now done as much as they were able in this way, and having drawn into Switzerland all the bad men, the political and moral bankrupts of France, Germany and Italy, as far as they could, they proceeded at length to propose in the diet of the confederation a revision of the national pact, *beginning with its first article*.

It was this first article that most expressly acknowledged the inviolable sovereignty of each canton, and limited the objects of the pact to defending the cantons from foreign aggression, *and* from efforts at home to interfere with the cantonal *independence*. Again, however, the diet rejected the proposition, and the declaration of the conservative cantons that such a change would, *ipso facto*, dissolve the league, and that they would

* The unmitigated horror with which the most intelligent and highest of the European clergy, whom we have met, invariably regard these secret societies, was at first the object of our amusement, or, to confess it frankly, of our ignorant derision; but further reflection, and especially further acquaintance with the workings of European radicalism led us to inquire whether the priesthood were not precisely in the position to be possessed of dreadful details, which they were not at liberty to make any use of in the way of proof. The desperate means that the lodges employ to keep their members from intercourse with the priests on their death-beds, must be the subject of familiar anecdote to every one who has resided in the Catholic kingdoms.

resist the proposed unitary government with their blood.

The radicals then attacked the national charter in another way. Its twelfth article guaranteed the inviolability of monasteries, convents, and capitulary foundations of the Catholic Church, throughout all the cantons of the league. In 1840 to 1841, Berne was the *vorort*,* or directing canton; and at its instigation the canton of Argow, on a charge of a Catholic conspiracy, directed by the monks of Muri, and which all parties have since acknowledged as a mere fabrication to give a momentary color to their already fixed determination, called in the aid of Berne, and by military force, after bombarding the Catholic villages, took possession of, plundered, and suppressed the ancient abbey of Muri, and all the convents that had sprung from it, and were established in the canton. A special convocation of the diet was instantly demanded by many of the conservative cantons. It assembled in April, 1841, and seventeen of the twenty-two cantons declared the suppression of the monasteries a violation of the charter, and namely of its twelfth article. Thereupon the diet requested Argow to withdraw the steps that had been taken, and restore the convents.

The grand council of Argow, in reply, affected a tone of great moderation. It averred that the diet could not have understood the motives of Argow in the action that canton had taken. It made a friendly (*freundnachberlich*) request to the confederates to forbear following up the decree of the diet, but professed its readiness to submit, if they should urge its execution. This seeming moderation deceived many who had at first taken sides against Argow. Moreover, it cost nothing, for, as Berne was this year the *vorort*, it belonged to it to take the initiative in carry-

ing out the decree of the diet. In place of doing this, Berne looked on, without a remonstrance, at the further acts of confiscation of property and expulsion of monks, in which Argow engaged when it saw the storm averted by its smooth words. When the regular meeting of the annual diet was held, the majority in favor of compelling the canton of Argow to retract its proceedings was not sufficient to carry it into effect.

It is an unfortunate fact, that the real principles at issue were not apprehended generally by the Swiss people at this juncture. The premeditated political schemes of the secret societies of Berne were not yet thoroughly penetrated, and hence it seemed impossible that some occasion had not been given by the Catholic parishes, or communes, for the extraordinary acts of Argow. Yet Switzerland was not without conservative journalists, Protestants as well as Catholics, who insisted that what was technically called *confessional separation*, i. e. the perfect right of the members of each religion to live free from the interference of others in matters of their belief, was a principle consecrated in Switzerland not only by the faith of treaties, but by the sanction of actual usage. To this end was cited the good understanding that had always existed between the Protestant cantons Zurich and Berne, and the Catholic districts of Baden and Freienœmter, which in 1712 were incorporated into them respectively, and so continued until the French Revolution. These Protestant governments had never meddled with the property or religion of their dependencies, nor yet with their hierarchical arrangements, though they were subject to a foreign Prelate, the Bishop of Constance.

And so the Protestant villages, that from of old were subject to the palatinates of the Bishops of St. Gall and of Bale, though at the reformation they had changed their religion, were never interfered with after the new treaty of peace by the bishops who were their sovereigns. Nay, they permitted to their subjects in matters religious, an ultimate appeal to the governments and consistories of the cantons of Zurich and Berne, as esteeming it reasonable that they might distrust the impartiality of a government hostile to their confession. The *Gazette Fédérale*, a Prot-

* According to compact the national diet is to assemble yearly and alternately at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne. During the year ensuing, the canton in which the diet has been held is considered the *vorort*, its president and council being the executive. This *vorort* has no original powers, it is merely to take the lead in executing what the diet has already decreed; nevertheless, persons acquainted with the detail of political intrigue will easily understand that this presidency gives it a great preponderance during the year, and enables it to carry many things into execution that would otherwise be impossible.

estant but conservative journal, in a very able article that was reproduced in full by the *Journal Historique et Littéraire* of Liege, in its number for October, 1841, after citing and arguing on similar facts, remarks it as a singular phenomenon "that Protestants living under Catholic governments should have enjoyed such a foreign protection, while, on the contrary, Catholics under Protestant governments have never anywhere found it." And with still more point, as applying to the affairs of Argow, the article concludes with saying that, "Since the adherents of the Protestant communion, as no one doubts, would energetically repulse all intervention of Catholics in their religious concerns, as irrational and highly wicked pretensions, must we not likewise acknowledge that the intervention of Protestants in the domain of the Catholic church which is wholly foreign to their jurisdiction, is a violation of eternal justice, of constitutional equality, and even of sane human reason?"

So far for the views of the conservative journals in Switzerland, which showed at least good feeling, though only an imperfect grasp of the real points which were at issue. Their remarks were aimed at those who were disposed to favor the radicals because they thought them opposed only to the Catholic religion and its institutions, and this was the ground on which they argued plausibly, if not always soundly, for universal toleration. But the hungry radicals cared nothing for Protestant or Catholic: their object was a political one; their desired good, like that of hungry radicals everywhere, was power and pelf. Could they have gained anything by it, they would have fawned on the Catholic priests, as the Italian radicals did on Pius IX. in the earlier stages of his reform; but the Swiss priesthood were predisposed to judge of political changes by the spirit of the first French Revolution, and thanks to Swiss radicalism, they had no opportunity to do otherwise. They were therefore conservative, as we think, to a faulty extreme—that is, in a wrong sense; they seem to us to have been conservative of political prejudices and customs, as well as of principles and methods. But it is a part of a true liberality to make wide allowances, in these matters, for times and circumstances; and, in details, to

sometimes even distrust the influence that these exert on ourselves. At any rate the radicals hated the priesthood, (it is to the honor of the latter,) and desired their destruction, not because of dogmas of faith but of the influence that they exerted socially upon the body of the people, and in behalf of the national constitution.

The grand object of the movements in Argow was to annul practically the Swiss constitution by attacking one of its fundamental provisions; and the radicals after this extended the plan of their operations. They succeeded in changing the cantonal constitution of Berne, and putting at the head of its new government the ringleaders of the free corps and their adherents. They also got the canton of Zurich into their hands. But on the other hand, they utterly lost Lucerne, where they had hitherto had a strong footing. The latter change was the result of a general religious revival throughout the canton; and on the head of this, so early as 1841, they made changes in the constitution of their canton in the sense contrary to radicalism; but we are not sufficiently well acquainted with their details to be able to judge of their propriety.

One consequence of the changes in Lucerne, was the calling into the canton some four or five Jesuits to take charge of the Theological Seminary. Owing to the want of a right separation of the church from the state in the cantons of Switzerland, it was necessary that this call should proceed from the civil government of the canton. Had it been, as it should have been, a simple act of the bishop of the diocese, so small an affair could never have given occasion to so much noise. As it is, such an undue importance has been attributed to the fact, on one side and the other, that it is worth while to discuss it in a few words.

We have never been able to tune our voices to the chorus of those commonplace romancers, or would-be remarkable people, Protestant as well as Catholic, who sing pæans to the Jesuits, as a race of heroes all, and worthy of the blood of Apollo. Still less have we ever found reason to believe that they are a band of dark, designing men, who cherish evil schemes against political order, or even political liberty. We were predisposed to

think, and have found in effect, that when men become Jesuits the laws of human nature are not abrogated in their behalf; and that therefore the members of that society continue in character, in intellect, or in learning, some very strong, and others very weak; but the greater part, as with other professional men, of a happy mediocrity; and if some have on occasion unhappily distinguished themselves by volubility of tongue, prominence of foibles, and exaltation of the imagination, we can remember that others have been remarkable for singular modesty, for the winning qualities of a mortified temper, and for the timely reticence that inspires confidence. And therefore, as we are not disposed to generalize what we find of admirable in individuals, so as to apply it to the whole society, reason compels us in like manner to excuse the society from the responsibility of individual imperfections.

But in our character as politician and man of the world, when the society of Jesuits is called in question, we judge it as we would the free corps of Berne, or any other society existing in the state. What things, we ask, are laid to their charge? Where is the proof? Are these things punishable? What, and how severe, is the punishment they merit? And on these principles we feel bound to condemn or to defend them with the whole power of the state.

The cantonal government of Lucerne was of opinion that good policy dictated the calling of the Jesuits to take charge of their theological seminary. It has seemed to us that the following were their motives: The radicals were determined to despise the federal constitution, and the sovereignty of the cantons; they were equally determined, as the event has proved, and as was clear from the first, to overthrow religion both Catholic and Protestant, in favor of the wildest rationalism. To this end the radicals, forthwith on accomplishing the substitution of their new constitution in Berne, called out of Germany, to preside in their theological seminary, Strauss, who had made himself so famous by the boldness of his attack on the historical truth of the New Testament. We can then sympathize with the course that Lucerne took, at once to vindicate the rights of cantonal sovereignty, and to express a

just indignation at the outrage that Berne had done to Christianity, by calling to their seminary the body whose members whether with reason or not, were popularly esteemed the boldest champions of Catholic doctrine, and the most hateful to radicalism.

Meantime, the old question of the suppression of the monasteries by Argow, after being discussed from session to session of the diet, without result, was finally eliminated from its further discussions in 1843. The plea was, the necessity of avoiding whatever should seem in the least to interfere with the sovereign independence of each canton, and the vague promises given by Argow, that justice should be done. This permission of the confiscation of church property was a plain violation of the pact. Of the twenty-two cantons, twelve voted for its elimination, and seven against it; the remaining three were divided, and therefore lost. The seven cantons who insisted on the diet carrying out its former resolution, and forcing Argow to restore the monasteries, hereupon felt that the confederation ceased to afford them the protection to which they had a right; and, without delay, they formed between themselves an alliance simply defensive, and hypotheated on the event of further encroachments on the part of the radical cantons. This alliance is what has since been known as the *Sonderbund*.

This particular alliance in no wise infringed on the rights of the general confederation; for in the first place, it was one of the reserved rights of each sovereign canton, in case of internal commotion or peril, to call in to its aid just which of the other cantons it should choose; and in the second place, this very same kind of an alliance had been then many years in existence between seven Protestant cantons, which had leagued together against certain movements of the Catholics; and between four of them, viz. Berne, Solothurn, Argow and Thurgow, the same agreement still subsisted till the year 1847, and the thought of suppressing it was never mentioned. Yet in the face of all these facts, the same cantons that themselves were engaged in a league against the Catholic interests, denounced the *Sonderbund* as treasonable, and in 1846, the diet was mainly occupied with the question of its forcible suppression. Though the object

of the Sonderbund was purely political, and extended no further than to the preservation of the constitution, and the independence of each canton, so it was that all the seven cantons composing it were of the Catholic religion, and this was likely to give it a religious complexion. But in the diet, the Protestant canton of Neuchâtel, from its conservative sympathies, took the part of the Sonderbund against the radicals.

For the rest, the Sonderbund was not formed sooner than it was needed, for in pursuance of the plan pre-arranged in the secret lodges of Berne, to change, or else overturn, the government of each individual canton, the radicals of Valais in 1844 rose in armed rebellion against the lawfully elected government of the canton. The canton asked the aid of its confederates, which was pledged in such a case by the treaty of alliance. But Berne and Vaud not only refused their aid, but openly threatened war against any other canton that should afford it. In this embarrassment, the canton of Valais, rather than convulse the confederation, relied on the patriotism and courage of the conservative part of its inhabitants, and, in effect, suppressed the rebellious faction. The radicals of Lucerne, with the aid of foreign desperadoes, made similar attempts on that canton, which the Lucerne government in like manner put down.

The radicals, who, scattered abroad on all sides through Switzerland, had yet the centre of their counsel and of their strength in Berne, saw now that it was hopeless to expect the triumph of revolution in the conservative cantons by the unaided struggles of the radical parties resident in those cantons. They therefore grew bolder, and the aid that they gave to the radical factions in Lucerne and elsewhere was no longer disguised. The radical cantons had hitherto violated their federal faith by refusing aid to put down domestic insurrection: they now proceeded to violate it, by directly attacking the cantonal sovereignty of Lucerne, Schwytz, Friburg and Valais. Twelve cantons had voted for eliminating the disputes in Argow, on a pretence of the supreme sovereignty of each canton over all affairs within its own territory, (which pretence was exaggerated and false, because *the federal league had guaranteed*

the liberty of Catholic worship;) and it was these same cantons that blushed not to demand the right of arranging the religion and private affairs of their sovereign equals; of prescribing who might and who might not teach in the seminaries of Catholic cantons, and amongst others, of that noble Schwytz, that, foreseeing their Punic faith, in 1815, had desired to decline forming part of the resuscitated league.

On the 30th March, 1845, the *free corps* of Berne, Solothurn, Argow and Country Bale, entered by night the canton of Lucerne, and, joined by the parricides of the latter, attempted to take its capital by surprise. But the generous old Waldstaaten, Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden, with Zug, the most ancient of their confederates, were on the alert, and warned by watchful sentinels of the gathering storm, they rushed to the defence of their ally. The *free corps*, though three times the number of the conservatives, did not venture within shot of the walls of Lucerne. They retired in a sort of panic, and no blood was shed.

But henceforth the outbreak of civil war became certain; on all sides the saddest exhibition of interminable faction became visible. The Catholic towns in Argow were already with arms in hand ready to take their part. The Protestant town of Morat, in the canton of Friburg, on the other hand, ranged itself with the radicals. City Bale foolishly refused to vote at all, because its religious sympathies were opposed to its political principles. As we are exceeding our proposed limits, we cannot stop to detail the various steps of ruinous events that followed on this wretched state interference in religious matters. When the diet met in 1846, the revision of the federal pact, the expulsion of the Jesuits from all the colleges and seminaries of the Catholic cantons, and the dissolution of the Sonderbund, were the questions agitated, but which could not obtain the majority necessary for their determination. For the first of these, indeed, a unanimous vote of all the cantons would have been necessary, since each had entered the league *individually*. And as to the other questions, we have abundantly seen that any action upon them by the general diet would have been unconstitutional. But the radicals were determined to accomplish their ends by some means, daa a

bare majority of twelve cantonal votes would have sufficed them for an excuse. In this diet the canton of St. Gall was equally divided, and so had no vote; before the diet of 1847 had assembled, the radicals had gained the power in this canton. There was then but one canton wanting to give them a majority, and it is instructive to read how it was gained. The aristocratical canton of Geneva was nearly equally divided between Catholics and Protestants; and again these were subdivided into radicals and conservatives. Several years before, the radicals were in power, and the conservative party, which in this canton was nearly coincident with the aristocratic, had regained their influence mainly by the zealous, though unorganized, adhesion of a larger number of the Catholics to their interest. But when this party had once more the reins of government in their hands, they interfered officially with the ecclesiastical appointments of the Catholics, especially in the appointment of their curate in the city of Geneva. The disaffection that this produced in the minds of the Catholics in Geneva towards the government was very great; and therefore when the radicals on the 8th October, 1846, raised the standard of revolt against the council of the canton, though the insurgents were inconsiderable in number, and confined to the faubourg St. Gervaise, the government was yet astonished to find itself without support, and was forced to abdicate. The next day the organ of the Catholics, after bitterly recounting the interferences of the late council with church matters, concluded by expressing an entire sympathy with any new state of affairs whatever, which would only establish liberty in religious matters. This sufficiently indicated the cause of the disaffection, and while we cannot esteem it a large-minded, or a wise policy, in such a position of the Swiss confederation, we must yet acknowledge that it was a result to be naturally expected. However, it threw Geneva into the hands of the radicals; and so by this passiveness of the Genevese Catholics, the radicals, in the diet of 1847, gained their long-sought majority of twelve cantons out of the twenty-two, for the forcible suppression of the Sonderbund.

The result is well known. Last year, after a short and stormy session, war was

declared by twelve canons against the seven of the Sonderbund, and the representatives of the latter withdrew from the diet, after pronouncing a long and very able manifesto, in which, after summing up their historical argument, they conclude:—

“The governments of the twelve states of Berne, Zurich, Glaris, Solothurn, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, the Grisons, Argow, Thurgow, Tessino, Vaud, and Geneva, have drawn the sword for an unjust war. The governments and inhabitants of the states of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, Friburg, and the Valais, will draw theirs in their legitimate defence. A sacred oath unites you to us—you, confederates of the states whose authorities lead you to a sanguinary war against us; you are sworn, as well as we, to faithfully and constantly maintain the confederated alliance, and to sacrifice for it, if necessary, your lives and your property.

“But your authorities tear up the alliance and make war upon the confederates and the founders of the confederation. You are called upon to shed your blood to execute their decree against the confederation. You are called upon to sacrifice your property to despoil that of your faithful confederates. You have taken with us a sacred oath to contribute to the prosperity of our common country, and to protect it against all calamity; yet your authorities are plunging the country into civil war, not to promote its prosperity, but to execute their decree against confederates. They are precipitating the confederation, which is the admiration of all nations, into the abyss where it must meet with destruction, and instead of watching over the prosperity of each particular state, they desire to destroy the liberty and sovereignty of the seven cantons. You have sworn to live with us as brothers in good and in bad fortune. Have we not always kept our oath? Have we not always rejoiced when you were happy? Have we not always shared your misfortunes? Have we ever shackled your independence and your rights? Your authorities, however, in the midst of peace, have destroyed our Catholic institutions, and it was from your territory that came the attacks of the free corps against one of our cantons, which they plunged in distress. Your authorities have kept up these bands, and wish now by civil war to carry out to the highest point the offences of which they were guilty. You have sworn, as well as we, to do all that honor and duty impose on faithful confederates. Mention to us a duty which we have not fulfilled towards you. Your authorities substitute arbitrary commands for the duties they owe us; they support traitors and assassins; they grant no protection to our innocent fellow-citizens, destroy our commerce, carry off our property, invest our frontiers, and declare war against us

in your name. You have taken the oath to us solemnly in the name of the Almighty, adding, *so help us God*. Think of this. The confederation has existed 500 years with the aid of God; this all-powerful God, in His Holy Trinity, protects right and punishes perjury. We offer resistance, strong in our rights; and you attack us with a conviction of error. In our affliction we put our trust in God, and to His will we submit ourselves."

As was anticipated, the first attack of the free corps and their auxiliaries was directed upon Friburg, which was isolated from its allies, and exposed in its situation. The number of the radical troops was over 30,000 men; the army of Friburg, including boys of fourteen years, who bore the fatigues of the campaign with the valor of men, did not exceed the third of the number; yet, singular to say, the opinion among the private soldiers on each side was the same, namely, that the invaders would be defeated. The Friburgers united the impetuosity of religious enthusiasm to the obedient discipline of German coolness. Whilst preparing for the attack, after laboring all day long in a cold rain in throwing up redoubts, when the different companies had returned to their quarters, they did not lie down for the repose of the night, till old and young, with their officers as leaders of their devotions, had with many prayers invoked the blessings and protection of God on themselves and on their country. The superior of a religious community in Friburg happening to behold a company of them so engaged, assembled the members of his convent and took them to the spot, to learn there a lesson of fortitude and faith. And when, at length, the enemy were in sight, and the moment of combat imminent, their martial music, which was attuned to religious hymns, in which the entire army joined, would cease, only to give place to shouts of joyful defiance, and unbounded confidence.

On the side of the invaders, according to their own after-account, the case was precisely contrary. One would say: It is in vain to attack Friburg,—every man of them is anxious to die in its defence. And another would answer: The Friburgers have right on their side; we ought not to attack them nor to succeed. And many expressed their firm resolution of firing over the heads of their Friburg brethren.

It is therefore not strange that as they approached the town, the whole army was panic-struck and looked on a defeat as certain. How then came the result to be so different?

Since commencing this article, we have found opportunity to converse with an Italian gentleman, who happened to be in Friburg during the whole affair; and his report fully confirms the idea that we had already formed, and which was openly advanced in *l'Univers*, *l'Union Monarchique*, and some other papers. It is impossible to doubt that the Friburgers were betrayed, and the past history of *Maillardoz*, who on account of his superior rank was put at the head of their army, gives full reason for believing that he was the wretched traitor. No amount of cowardice seems capable of otherwise explaining his conduct. The officers next in command desired to have met the invaders on the confines of the canton, and were sure of chasing them at all points. He kept them in inaction around the walls of the city. The dispositions that he made relatively to the defence of the outworks, show that he was in communication with the enemy, and meant them to take these by surprise. And the brilliant action which prevented this, by the valor of the merest handful of Friburgers, was commenced by a private soldier, *contrary to his orders*, firing a piece of artillery from one of the redoubts on the advancing column of the enemy, because common sense told the man that treason alone could permit them to march thus into their encampment unopposed. And when *Maillardoz* came from his quarters at the sound of the skirmish, his first order was to withdraw his troops from following up an advantage, which would otherwise have put to the rout the whole body of the invaders.

Persons in the radical ranks afterwards told our informant that the slightest show of resistance would have checked and defeated them, for that they had no confidence in their cause or in their men. But *Maillardoz* sent to them demanding a truce, and to treat of a capitulation. He then summoned a council of war, declared his despair of resistance, and resigned his commission. There were others, either corrupted or weak-minded, who were struck with alarm. Discord appeared in the

council; they had no leader, and so they fell without resistance. When the troops of Friburg saw themselves thus betrayed, their mortification was intense. Some of them refused to lay down their arms; others broke their guns to pieces and tore off their military dress, as a disgraced badge.

The fall of Friburg inexplicably dismayed the other cantons of the Sonderbund. The radicals marched unopposed into them, one after another; and in each one, they have outlawed those who have been engaged in the defence of cantonal sovereignty, that is, the inhabitants proper of these cantons; they have constituted the army of radical occupation as the recognized voters, and proceeding thus from one canton to another, they have forced a new government on nearly all of the conservatives.

Such has been Swiss *liberalism*! Such has been its *radical reform*! The horrors it has committed against religion and humanity are fresh in the minds of all. Our intention has been to give not a narration of these, but a view of the principles and party from which they have sprung: that they are not accidental excesses, but the *substantial reforms* of the progressive democracy of Switzerland. And we cannot close without again respectfully commending a deep study of the entire history of Switzerland to republican statesmen and politicians. Too little attention has been paid to it in our country, and indeed, to the extent of our own knowledge, no able and true history of it has anywhere been written. The view we have taken, we are persuaded, will commend itself the most to men who are best acquainted with the subject; and if it tend to fix in any minds a deeper conviction that liberty is never lawlessness, and change never progress, nor always its necessary antecedent, we shall be contented with our task.

As respects Switzerland herself, we have the profoundest conviction that the days of her glory are not all passed. By refugees from the radical despotism that oppresses her we have heard of her desolation and her tears. But we have heard also of the heroic fortitude by which she despairs not of a regeneration. We have heard that now, as before the conflict, her people, whether gathered before their altars, or uniting around their humble hearths, pray with hearts greater than

their grief, to the God of their fathers. We know that people who pray never despair, and moreover, we believe as they do, that there is a God who hears them, and who will yet vindicate his justice. Switzerland, which afforded the brightest example of liberty, by preserving always her original constitution, while during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all around her, France, Germany and Northern Italy, suffered theirs to be swallowed up in monarchical despotism, will not now be lost.

Before radical fury had desecrated the hospitable valley of Einsiedlen, a traveller stopped one day at "Our Lady of Hermits." The heat of summer was now passed, and the richness of the fields was already touched by the finger of the decaying year. An Alpine mist was settling over all the valley. The next day the traveller walked hither and thither among the granges, and saw in the landscape nothing but obscure and watery clouds. But on the third day, as he walked on the top of a neighboring hill, the sun came forth above, and favorable winds assisted to dispel the cloudy vapors, and as he rested there for a little while, the vision of the valley became clear. And as far as his eye could reach flocks were peacefully feeding on the sides of the mountains, and rich orchards dropping with mellow fruit spread continuously through all the valley. And the traveller noticed that the mist had refreshed the valley, though the ravages of the year and the autumn spots were still visible.

Einsiedlen is given to the spoiler, and the peaceful cloisters that gave the traveller welcome are now the haunt of the robber and the debauchee. But these clouds of moral darkness cannot long rest upon Switzerland. They may leave mournful memories and ruined glories behind them, but at the same time the pulses of life that still remain will be quickened, and the assailments of their political wayside, in other days, will be washed away.

NOTE.—For such facts made use of in the above, as are of later date than the French Revolution, we can refer our readers only to the newspapers and political periodicals of the last thirty years. The facts of an earlier date are stated, we believe, less or more clearly in most of the professed histories of Switzerland. In the above sketch, however, we have not made use of these, except very incidentally, and therefore we cannot refer to them in particular—it has been our fortune to have access to more living sources.

T W E N T Y S O N N E T S ;

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES.

THE PREFACE.

THE want of a sufficient number of sonnets, local in their imagery and national in their thought and melody, has long been a source of serious inconvenience to a large portion of our productive poetic population. Of pieces in this form in the writings of all our poets, the number has been seen to be comparatively small, and very few even of these have those marked characteristics which stamp them of genuine native growth—the pure legitimate offspring of Man in the Republic.

Various of our younger Bards have accordingly from time to time laudably essayed to supply this deficiency, but hitherto with a success by no means commensurate with the intrepid perseverance which has in many instances distinguished their endeavors. The aid of the Muse has been, and still is, frequently importuned through the columns of newspapers and the pages of magazines and yellow-covered duodecimos, with but little apparent effect, though in terms which would seem sufficiently powerful to draw tears of pity from a heart of stone, and propitiate or at least exasperate the inexorable daughters of Nox and Erebus.* The proportion of sonnets has, in consequence, increased very considerably, it is true; but in respect of quality the recently manufactured article has manifested no superiority over late importations,—a circumstance particularly depressing, when it is remembered how lamentably, since the retirement of Wordsworth and Company, the English sonnet has deteriorated. Notwithstanding the increase in quantity, therefore, the conviction still painfully forces itself upon the intelligent observer, that the American continent has not yet in this important re-

spect assumed that attitude of defiance towards the rest of the world, which is becoming in a country enjoying so many advantages over every other. Our poets have not yet produced sonnets to which a citizen of the United States in a foreign land, might proudly turn when taunted with the names of Plutarch and Laura. In sculpture and painting, if we may believe our newspapers, our artists have in a few years surpassed Pericles and Zeuxis, and all their successors; but where is the American SONNETTEER? Echo only repeats the indignant query.

To fill this aching void in our poetic literature, while it must be admitted to be a praiseworthy undertaking, by no means holds out for those who enter upon it the encouragement of sanguine hopes. The repeated failures in it remind new aspirants very forcibly of the fine exclamation:—

“How hard it is to climb the steeple of Fame’s proud temple!”

It would be exceedingly presumptuous, therefore, in the writer of these ensuing sonnets, to hope that his labors have completely supplied the desideratum. Nevertheless, he has the vanity to flatter himself, feeble as his efforts may have been, that though he may have made but little improvement on the attempts of his predecessors and cotemporaries, he has, at all events, avoided some of their most serious errors. He has at least been intelligible. Some of our writers appear to have read the old close-packed sonnets of the great poets, without understanding them, and to have imitated them *from that point of observation*; thereby, consequently, rendering their productions incomprehensible to readers not in the same opacous condition with themselves. Others have depicted them-

* Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

selves in lukewarm states of feeling, which it requires a severe effort of charity on the part of intelligent readers to believe unaffected.

Both these faults the present writer hopes he has avoided. That he has fallen into no others, however, he would be far from being understood as asserting. In spite of his efforts to the contrary, he is greatly apprehensive lest many of his

things shall be found deficient in point of gravity. But the intense seriousness of others may, possibly, counterbalance this defect and restore the whole to an agreeable equilibrium.

With these remarks, he ventures to submit his works to the judgment of a discerning public, deprecating deliberate depreciation, but courting candid criticism.

THE SONNETS.

"Souning in moral vertue was his speche
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."—CHAUCER.

"To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air:
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."—MILTON.

"Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature."—BACON.

"Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come;—"—HAMLET.

I.

As timid boys that walk through woods at night,

A lonesome road, when all is dark and still,
Except the humming sound of distant mill,
Grow deadly wide awake and quick of sight,
And faint with dread of meeting ghostly sprite,
To keep their spirits up and other spirits off,
Do whistle, aye, not stopping save to cough,
Strange tunes unnatural, with all their might;
E'en so doth he, that boy of larger size,

The locomotive, who with lungs of iron,
And breathing vapor hot, the rail goes by
on—

He fills the darkened air with hideous cries,
As through the far-off hills, for many a league,
He speeds away and never feels fatigue.

The writer's idea in this sonnet has been, it will be perceived, to bring forward and develop a single feature in the imagery of our age and country—the locomotive. Remembering that the triumphs of the steam engine had called forth the eloquence of a Jeffery, he saw no reason why this most picturesque form of that wonder-working, though still infantile Power, should not be deemed a topic suited to the requirements of verse. The number of railroads in the United States also, the vast

length of many of them, and the amount of productive capital invested in this species of property, all conspire to render the subject one in which large numbers of intelligent readers may be supposed to have a personal interest; though the poet himself must confess he has only looked upon it in the light of an occasional passenger.

Precisely similar are the facts in relation to the subject of the following:—

II.

My love she has blue eyes and auburn hair,
And like the light of Heaven are her eyes,
The clear, calm radiance of unclouded skies;
And her rich ringlets blowing everywhere
Round her white neck, when oft with footfall
light

She hurriedly o'ertrips the windy mall,
They seem like banners at a festival—
Like golden banners fluttering in the sight
Of setting sunbeams. For they kindle still
Within my heart the fire of old romance,
As banners did my boyish soul entrance
With dreams heroic. Blow, sweet curls! ye
fill

With frolic youth the winds that with ye play,
And make them seem to keep love's holiday.

All the occurrences of daily life are sus-

ceptible of being viewed through a poetic medium. If in the following a less attractive topic than the preceding has been selected, it should be remembered that it portrays a natural meteorological phenomenon, by no means infrequent during the warm season, and often attended by singularly striking accompaniments. What is more grateful and reviving than a copious rain on a sultry day in summer!

III.

The noonday shower, that scarce three hours ago

Drenched the dry streets, is dying now away;
Its angry gust no more, in airy play,
Flapping the dripping awnings to and fro;
Its thunder, that so loudly broke o'erhead,

Now faintly heard from out the leeward sky
Where distant lightning-flashes trembling die
On dark-piled clouds now tinged with sunset red.

How freshly now the trees and flowers smell!

The air, how golden-misted, pure and loving—

Yon far off glistening steeple-vanes just moving—

O beautiful! O could we but foretell,
And in this day the hopeful presage read,
That Age's eve should so Youth's morn succeed!

The appearances presented by the changes of the visible heavens after such a shower as is here attempted to be depicted, frequently form views of the most magnificent character conceivable; and, combining with the refreshing influences of the purified atmosphere, they are capable of imparting an elevation to the spirits, as well as vigor and elasticity to the animal frame. It is perhaps to be regretted that these influences are not often resorted to than they usually are, by the class of persons who may be supposed best able to appreciate the following:—

IV.

As on an omnibus's top through street

I ride, I get high views of things denied
To humbler passengers. Small parlors neat,
And chambers—O the chambers I've espied!
Those cleanly papered walls, with pictures hung—

That goodly couch, so smooth, so round, so white—

And there a damsel, fresh complexioned, young,
With arms more white, more round, more smooth! A sight

Which, when the east wind sees, he chops about,

And blows more warmly from the south, to gain

Admittance there, and be no more barred out

By envious window's air-obstructing pane;

Whilst I—O hang my fate, O fie upon't—

The 'bus I'm on is not the buss I want!

The indignation of the poet on finding his reverie broken by the sudden discovery that he has taken the wrong 'bus, is finely expressed by the abrupt interruption of the last sentence. Nothing is more vexatious, especially in the night-time, than to neglect the precaution of reading the route usually painted on the outside of these public carriages above the windows, and thereby, after a tedious ride, to find oneself a mile or two further from the point proposed than when the journey began. "O for a retreat in some rural solitude, where there should be no necessity for other means of locomotion than those furnished by the bounty of nature!" has often been the exclamation of individuals, when disquieted by this and kindred annoyances incident to an urban residence.

V.

O never let my free immortal mind

Succumb to care, and take the hue of earth,

Forgetting it must leave its place of birth

And live hereafter. Never let me find

My inner consciousness deserting me,

Life's fever ending in delirium.

Anguish may mark my face, misfortune come

And darken it; but never may I be

Like that blind boy I saw this evening stand

On famed South Boston Hill. The wind was blowing

Freshly and clear, and far the sunset glowing

Lit up with glory distant sea and land:—

What was it all to him? Black emptiness;

A wide, cold void, dark, drear, and comfortless.

Dorchester Heights, of which the hill alluded to in this sonnet is the principal, is where the continental troops, under Washington, threw up a redoubt overlooking Boston, then occupied by the British forces, in a single night. Hence the propriety of the epithet "famed," as applied to this hill; it being annually visited by large numbers of persons who come to see the old fort. It is quite high and airy, and commands an extensive and beautiful

prospect, including the city and the harbor, with its picturesque islands—for which reason it has been appropriated to the Asylum for the Blind. This makes it credible that a “blind boy” might have been seen in that particular locality.

VI.

This world is all a stage, and all the men
And women merely players. So says Jaques;

Or rather, so great Willy Shakspeare makes
Jaques say. “’Tis partly true, I grant. But then”—

I seem to hear th’ objector speak—“if all
The human race, Caucasian, Tartar, Moor,
Jew, Dutchman, Esquimaux, Caffrarian
Boor,

That do inhabit this our earthly ball,
Are actors, where’s your audience, may I ask?”

“My good friend,” thus to th’ objector I reply,

“I fear you lack the true poetic eye;
A metaphor of Shakspeare’s is no task
For ciphering heads or arguing debaters—
Has not the world, this year at least, SPECKT
TATERS?”

This is a mere quibble upon words, that does not answer the real point of the objection. But has not the poet also laid himself open to the imputation of fabricating an objection on purpose to answer it with a quibble? *Prima facie*, the evidence that he has done so, with most readers, will probably be so strong that a denial would only operate against him. But even admitting that fact as proved by confession, and still the poet is not left altogether inexcusable. For supposing it granted that the objector is a mere man of straw, advancing an idea which could never be seriously entertained by a sane mind, on purpose to have it refuted, he is, we contend, only acting the character in which he usually appears in doctrinal discourses from the pulpit, where he frequently puts forth cavils much more absurd than the one urged in the present instance. It were a pity that poets should not be allowed immunities which are accorded to theologians.

VII.

There are frail vessels on life’s troubled ocean,
Light-winged barks, that feel the gentlest
breeze

The summer sends, and over tranquil seas
Skim swiftly with a joyous dancing motion;
But when rough weather comes, and winds
blow high,

And billows blacken, they careen so low
They make no headway and to leeward go,
While fleets of sluggish sailers pass them by.
“Luff, now, my hearties,” is the Captain’s
word,

“And keep her to the wind. Pass round the
can

And wait for calmer weather; let the gale
Blow out its worst, we’ll ride it like a bird;

We’ve many a heavier storm than this out-
ran,

And can lie to when naught will else
avail.”

The advice here given to “pass round the can,” is, of course, not intended to be understood in a literal sense, but was designed simply as a poetic figure, to be interpreted by the context. Perhaps the whole thought of the piece might be quite as well, if not better expressed in plain prose, without the introduction of a labored comparison creating a necessity for the phrases of maritime life. It is simply an exhortation to be patient under adversity, and when the mind is oppressed by a weight of calamity, to resolutely feign cheerfulness and turn unwelcome thoughts out of doors. Alas! this sublunary state is full of trouble. Too often does every one find it necessary to reduce these suggestions to practice!

VIII.

Before that pious tavern where, they say.

Poor-preaching parsons put the baked beans
down

And live one week o’ the year, when into
town

They come to “blow,” like dandelions, in May,
One luckless day last week the poet met

A maid of such perfection, such a face,
Such form, such limbs, such more than mortal
grace,

Such dark, expressive eyes, such curls of jet,
Arched brows, straight nose, round chin, and
lips a prince

Might sue to kiss—in brief, so many beau-
ties,

Such hands, such waist, such ankles—O
such tooties!

He really has not been his own man since:
Rumpunch will not restore his appetite,
Nor rarebits even make him sleep at night!

It seems that “passing round the can,”

in a literal sense, is an ineffectual relief for at least one species of mental anguish. Rum-punch, which is usually compounded of Jamaica spirits and hot water in nearly equal proportions, and rarebits, (*vulg.* Welch rabbits,) which are slices of bread thickly covered with melted cheese, and eaten with large quantities of mustard, one would suppose a sufficient *quietus* for the heartache, or any of the thousand shattering knocks that flesh is heir to. But though they are frequently recommended among young gentlemen as anodynes, the writer believes that if proper inquiries were instituted, a sufficient Body of evidence might be procured utterly to disprove the existence of their alleged nepenthean qualities.

The "pious tavern" alluded to in the first line is probably the Marlbro' Hotel in Boston. The epithet is by no means used as a term of reproach, but simply by that figure of rhetoric which places the container in lieu of the contained; i. e., the tavern is called pious because it is filled with pious people. Or may we not, without a figure, style that a pious tavern in whose office a large copy of the Lord's Prayer is made to serve as a specimen of chirography, and whose parlors are pervaded with a smell of ancient black broadcloth—the true odor of sanctity? This hotel, the writer is informed, is one of the neatest and best kept in New England. Baked beans (*vulg.* pork and beans) are administered at all our principal hotels every Sunday, and form, with Indian pudding, the national Yankee repast.

"Poor-preaching" must not be taken as a slur upon country clergymen who come into the city to spend the anniversary week every May. That they preach any more poorly than their city brethren is not likely, 1st, because of the absence of affirmative circumstances, and 2dly, because, *a priori*, it does not appear possible. But they are *poor*, and they *preach*; therefore they are properly styled poor-preaching.

But why introduce them at all into this sonnet? Why mention that particular house, or any house? The poet can only answer that this was written at a very immature age, and he desires it may be considered only the caracoling of youthful genius, before falling into the regular jog-trot on the road to excellence.

How different is the following:—

IX.

I've read of armies vast that toiled o'er
Countries depopulate, and strewed their way
With famished dead; yet, while their bands
could play,
Hunger, fatigue, or wounds they felt no more,
And faltering ranks moved on with vigor new.
So, when, oftentimes, in this forced march of
life,
I, a poor conscript, worn with care and strife,
(Like thousand others cheered with hopes but
few.)
Thy strains, BEETHOVEN, hear again, I still,
As Milton proudly boasts, "bear up and
steer
Right onward," caring naught for hope or
fear,
Through sympathy with thine all-conquering
will.
Courage, my comrades! with such minstrels
brave,
We'll march, a noble army, to the grave.

How infinitely more exalting is the strain of noble resolution in which this is conceived, than the irreverent recklessness which pervades the preceding one! But it is the peculiarity of "this foolish compounded Clay man," that his brain is omniform and omnific. In poetry, he can pass from Blair's Grave to the fables of Gay, and from what is lively to what is severe. Thus do various extremes unite in single individuals; and they who are most sensitive to what is ludicrous, are often the readiest to echo the voice of lamentation.

X.

FREMONT, when I thy narrative peruse,
Wherein it is thy hint to speak at length
Of prairies, rocks, great streams that waste
their strength
On deserts void, hills, timber land, and views
Far stretching o'er illimitable plains,
Patched here and there with groves, and
mighty swarms
Of buffalo that sound afar like storms
And cloud the air; of heats and grateful rains,
And last, of that great lake thou first did see;
So much thy pictures charm my fancy's eye,
I almost think I should have liked to try
The chances of exploring life with thee.
But then those Indians every night so near—
On th' whole I guess I'm just as well off here.

The bold inspiration with which this exquisite lyric commences is admirably subdued by the suggestion of awakening re-

flection. Many an adventurer, now wandering under sickly skies in remote parts of the habitable globe, would give worlds had he only taken the view of his original circumstances indicated in the fine concluding line—

“On th’ whole I guess I’m just as well off here.”

XI.

How much that passes current by the name
Of virtue, is th’ effect of chance,
And owes its lustre all to circumstance,
As glass mocks diamond set in gold the same.
Yon damsel pacing on in gay attire,
Braving men’s pity and her sex’s scorn,
With reckless front without, within forlorn,
Judge not too harshly. Dress she may admire
Whose trade it was to make it; for the rest,
Thou seest she still is young, and has been
fair,
Though all is faded but her raven hair—
The story of her shame is easy guessed:
Young hopeful heart, with hopeless toil con-
tending,
Was the beginning of this wretched ending.

Oh, what a heaven upon earth this mortal state will be when the whole human race shall have settled down into one vast Fourierite phalanx! When the curse of labor shall have been avoided by the invention of man, and all intelligent existences shall vie with each other in acts of goodness and benevolence! When there shall be no sin—no temptation! Glorious—GLORIOUS! But in the mean time we must eat—a little somewhat every day; and it is very hard for a man even to be copperless and alone in a great city. Truly it is wonderful that the world takes care of itself so well as it does.

XII.

All honor to the great brave bards of yore,
Who wrote what they had thought and felt—
not sham;

What manly pride old Ford had known—“I
am

A gentleman free born, I never wore
The rags of any great men’s looks, nor fed
Upon their aftermeals!” Impetuous fire
So burns in lines like these, that they inspire
A sympathetic rapture, as ’tis said
Their faces glow who talk with angels. Yet
’Tis fire that flows through words of melody,
A spoken song, of which the mastery
They only who toil patiently can get.
Thus Labor’s gain helps Genius win the day,
And they may dare most who can best obey.

There is a fine vein of philosophy touched upon in this last couplet, which is eminently calculated to promote habits of carefulness and study in young writers. The late Dr. Aiken, or some other distinguished critic, name not known, has very justly observed that “excellence is very rarely obtained in any department of human labor without much persevering study,” a maxim which cannot be too frequently or too impressively inculcated upon those who feel a desire to distinguish themselves in the pursuits of literature.

The same contemplative spirit which appears in the above will be found to characterize the following little *morceau*, and perhaps, if the expression may be pardoned, a little *more so* :—

XIII.

How solemn, yet how beautiful a night!

Above, the broken clouds move o’er the sky,
In thickest ranks across the gentle light

Of evening’s empress throned still and high—
Urged northward by this steady sou’-west
breeze,

Which blows, O Jersey, from thy wood-capped hills

Across the Park and through these moaning
trees,

That swing and bend, like feeble daffodils.
I’d no idea ’twould clear before to-morrow,

The morning was so stormy. From a friend
This old umbrella ’twas my fate to borrow,—

A green one ’tis, of him that did it lend
An emblem apt. It shall with me remain
A souvenir. Perhaps ’twill rain again.

The reader will not fail to observe the remarkable degree of similarity which obtains between this and the one commencing “Fremont, when I,” &c., indicating it to be the production of the same hand. The peculiar turn of mind, an ardent imagination checked rather abruptly by a solid fabric of good sense, is identical in both examples.

XIV.

When shops are shut, and streets are thronged
no more,

The poor man moves his household stuff.
The cart

That holds it all, he pushes slow before—

His wife, with baby wrapped up at her heart
And leading by the hand their three years’
child,

Walks on, not far behind. They do not ask

Compassion. Fortune on them never smiled;
 Their life has been a soul-engrossing task.
 Perchance that man rose not, because his
 nerves

Could never bear the irksome press of care,
 And Hope, that often meanest cowards serves,
 Ne'er built for him fine houses in the air.
 While still, with such, so hard the world doth
 go,
 No fear that I shall old and merry grow !

But while contemplating these melancholy scenes, we should remember not to sorrow as those without hope. For all the evils attendant upon social inequality, there is balm in Gilead—consolation in Fourier! a “good time” is on its way hither, and when it comes we shall have one. The reader’s respectful attention is requested, in view of these things, to the quotation which will be found appended to the remarks upon the sonnet next succeeding. Unless the present writer be mistaken in his opinion, this quotation, especially its last sentence, enunciates eternal truth, and is as applicable now as when originally committed to paper.

XV.

I hate French novels; and it makes me sad
 To think how many Anglo-Saxon youth,
 Heirs to a rich estate of strength and truth,
 The noblest blood our modern world has had,
 Still blind their eyes with Sand, and cram their
 brains

With heated messes; haunt the cheap book
 auction;

Shun neither Sue’s decoctions nor De Kock
 shun.

Let me advise that parents take more pains
 With their young Presidents, to have them read
 Some verses in their Shakspeare every day,
 Or stout Sir Walter’s stories; ’tis the way
 Good fruit is raised, by sowing such good seed—
 Pure fancies, ornamenting all the ground,
 And manly thoughts, deep growing, strong and
 sound.

The sentiment expressed in the foregoing can hardly claim the merit of novelty, though the author has been the first, so far as he is aware, to present it in this particular form. In the hundred and eighth paper of the *Tatler*, an English periodical which had an extensive circulation in London about a hundred and forty years ago, we find much the same thought very well expressed in prose. The paper alluded to appeared at the time under the

name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., the responsible editor, but has since been generally attributed to Joseph Addison, a gentleman employed in his office:—

“I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humor with myself and everything about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavor to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes.”

XVI.

When daylight sinks beneath the western sky,
 And the harsh din of noisy streets grows
 still,

Then, leaning on my attic window sill,
 While brightly shines the moon and soft airs
 sigh,

I have my deepest thoughts. O, awful deep
 Sometimes they are—as deep as Idria’s
 mines,

Or deeper than the deepest dipsey lines
 Or wells Artesian. Yet I hold them cheap,
 Because I know that I can fish up more.

Here’s one, an eighty fathom thought at
 least,

I’ll sell, or give ’t away, no matter which;
 As thus: “I think (what ne’er was thought
 before)

My happiness in life would be increased
 If I could be a little grain more rich !”

The idea that the accession of wealth to an individual, by affording him the means of supplying his physical necessities and surrounding himself with the ordinary comforts of existence, may increase his happiness, is far from being the novelty here apparently supposed. The rudest savage, as he roams the uninhabited wilds of his native deserts, feels more secure in proportion as his quiver is filled with serviceable arrows; for he can then as he wanders

“On Torno’s cliffs or Pambamarca’s side,”

or by the banks of “wild Oswego,” hear without intimidation the

“Wolf’s long howl on Oonalaska’s shore !”

Such are some of the advantages attendant upon affluence in the earliest states of society. As we look through the history

of the gradual development of mankind, and contemplate the race in all its stages of improvement, the same advantages, modified by the peculiar circumstances of each condition, will be perceived to present themselves to the consideration of humanity under every conceivable phase of Progress. It would be pleasant to trace the history of the species through the various gradations, and thus to demonstrate the necessity of property, and the desirableness of accumulated products; but we must decline entering upon the subject at present, owing to a want of time and the pressure of conflicting engagements.

XVII.

O happy month! O month of all the year
The most auspicious. Now I'm certain sure
Whatever I may do or what endure,
This month, will turn out well. I need not fear
The pangs of love despised, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit takes. Coughs, colds, or
burns,
Heartaches or fevers, need not me dismay,
Nor all the natural shocks that flesh inherits.
I may both happier, wiser, richer grow—
I cannot tell. This much I only know—
Success, at last, will crown my modest merits.
For why? I saw—I am not two days older
Since then—the new moon over my right
shoulder!

Paring the nails of the left hand on
Fridays is said to be a certain preventive of
the toothache; of this, however, the writer
is not fully convinced, never having been
able to satisfy himself with regard to the
nature of the connection between an isolated
act performed at a particular time, and the
dental nerves of sensation. But that the
omen here alluded to is to be relied upon,
repeated personal observation leaves no
shadow of doubt; though to the inexperienced
it will probably appear mere moon-
shine. Wordsworth, the poet, has some-
where observed that for his part he would
rather be "a pagan suckled in a creed out-
worn" (that, if the writer's memory serve,
is the expression) than to be incapable of
fancying the existence of supernatural in-
fluences.

XVIII.

When storms have raged like spirits wild with
wrath,
And weary hours the dismal rain hath poured,

The tall trees waved their arms, the ocean
roared,
Then, suddenly, the sun, from his bright path,
Lifts high the cloudy veil and stoops to kiss
The earth's cold cheek, whereat she wakes
and smiles;
And quick succeeding blushes glancing
miles
O'er fields and dropping woods, reveal her bliss.
So, when, in our life's briefly passing day,
Dark clouds of care o'erhang the rising
noon—
Hiding the radiant sky above—how soon
The sun of Hope can scatter them away,
And cheer the soul with heavenly pictures rare
Of joys beyond us, castles in the air.

In this sonnet the picture presented to
the eye resembles that in the one commencing
"The noonday shower, &c.;" but this
has reference to a longer succession of un-
pleasant weather, and its final breaking up,
not as seen in the confined streets of a city,
but over a wide extent of surface, in an
agricultural district. The comparison of
the warm bursts of sunshine to blushes,
betokens a spirit not insensible to one of
the most attractive charms of the Fair Sex.

One would hardly expect to find such
delicacy of perception conjoined with a
taste so gross and homely as is indicated
by the following:—

XIX.

Fried onions! Astor Place! Delightful whiff—
Though unexpected, grateful yet no less
To me the perfume of that sav'ry mess,
Which, when I smell, I almost question if
I'm not translated. No Arabian gale
Whose spicy odors make old ocean smile,
Did ever so the weary hearts beguile
Of marineres who Indward do sail,
Beyond the Cape of Hope, as that does mine.
For still its faintest breath recalls to me
The story of the Cid Benengeli—
Thy health, Sir Knight; bold Sancho Panza,
thine—
I seem to taste the antique flavored wine,
And, in imagination, with ye dine.

From this it would appear that the fra-
grance of the article of diet of which men-
tion is made had been detected at the
Italian opera. If so, it probably came
from the stage or the orchestra, and was
in reality occasioned by garlic, a seasoning
which the medium classes of the Euro-
pean continent are much in the habit of
using.

The writer must confess to a slight disregard of the unities, in transporting the reader from place to place and city to city. The opera house is in New York ; but Long wharf, which is now to be addressed, is in Boston—quite a difference in distance as well as in quality.

XX.

Long wharf, 'tis pleasant on clear bracing
days,

When winds are light, and sky all cloudless
fair,

Along thy sunny side to breathe the air,
Threading one's way amidst a crowded maze
Of busy men, and idly resting shipping—

Of barrels, bales, and boxes, Russia ducks,
Chain cables, anchors, horses, heavy trucks,
And truckmen truculent. Perchance now dipping

With wistful heed, and seeming unaware,

A tiny straw in huge molasses cask,

And walking quick away, lest one might
ask,

"Hollo, my friend; who said you might go
there?"

O how much more doth sweetness sweeter seem
When stol'n—light more light in sudden
gleam!

With this, which will remind many, by reason of a similarity in the last couplet, of one of Shakspeare's sonnets, the writer will for the present conclude. How far his feeble efforts may have been successful in supplying the desideratum which has long been severely felt by our youthful poets, he leaves to the unbiassed judgment of a discriminating public. Should he however be found to have contributed to the rational enjoyment of his readers, it is not impossible but that he may be encouraged to further efforts hereafter. Under this half promise he now takes leave, feeling that the less is said on the subject the better. For what observes the learned Don Adriano de Armado?—

"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way."

G. W. P.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Having been waited on, since the conclusion of the foregoing, by a diabolical messenger from the superintendent of the typographical department of this periodical, requesting the immediate furnishing of an amount of similar material sufficient to occupy the remaining space on the present page, the writer finds himself constrained to subjoin the following very pathetic ballad. Lest it should prove too affecting for his fair readers, he will inform them that the incident described is purely imaginary, and without the slightest foundation in actual fact. The youth, whose fate is here recorded, left no afflicted relatives to mourn his untimely decease. Still, his case is not an impossible one, and the well regulated mind, in considering the circumstances, may derive an instructive lesson from his example. In all stations of life, how necessary to security is constant circumspection!

THE DANGERS OF EARLY RISING.

A lad stood on a ladder tall,

A painting of a sign—

A new short sign; and 'Lang Syne Auld'

He whistled: the sun did shine.

And tune or sun moved snow on roof,

Unused to melting mood;

It slid and peeped o'er eaves above,

Eaves-dropping where he stood.

He, gazing down on Miss beneath,

Dreamed not mischance was near,

But held his bucket in his hand,

And brushed a silent T R.

He was a painter's 'prentice boy,

I need not print his name;

He came of high descent indeed,

But now 'tis all the same.

For ah! the snow, too soon it fell,

As if with fell design;

He kicked the bucket, down he dropped;

He died and made no sign!

FRENCH REVOLUTION: M. LOUIS BLANC.*

THERE is much information to be derived from M. Louis Blanc's work. It is not, as its name would seem to import, a History, for there is not even an attempt at impartiality. The reader will not have perused many pages, without finding a necessity of exercising the utmost caution, even as to facts; while there is no mistaking the conclusions and observations being those of a reckless and unscrupulous partisan. It is evident his principal object in writing was not to portray past events, but to stimulate the discontent existing in France at the time of its publication, and to impart strength and confidence to the republican party, which was then increasing, and being matured into a regularly and systematically organized movement. Nevertheless, at the present moment, the work is valuable, for the facts it embodies, and the light which it reflects on the conduct and objects of the French republicans; and the position lately occupied by M. Blanc in the Provisional Government, as well as his close political connection with, at least, one member of the Executive Committee appointed by the present National Assembly, give an authority to his statements bearing on the late revolution, which induces us to quote somewhat largely from his work.

It is true that recent events appear to have separated him from the party now in power, and that he is at present looked upon as one of the leaders of a proscribed section of the republican body; but we are inclined to believe this has arisen more from the mode he seemed disposed to adopt for the enforcement of his views, and possibly from the extent to which he desired to urge them, than from any real opposition to their principles and tendency; for from the fact of his having been for several years an influential and leading member of that party, and more particular-

ly from his writings, his views on social questions, at the time he was placed at the head of the commission for the "organization of labor," must have been well known to his colleagues in the government, and to the whole community of France.

The late revolution took the world by surprise, only as to the time of its occurrence. Louis Philippe had been for some time engaged in a political conflict of more than ordinary violence; but the tact and sagacity he had displayed on previous occasions, and under similar circumstances, induced a belief that he would have maintained his position by some exertion of power, or, by concession, have devised means to evade the pressure, trusting to future efforts to recover the ground lost to his authority. Such was the personal skill in the art of governing, for which he had acquired credit, that France was considered safe from revolution during his life; but the opinion has long prevailed, that the throne of the barricades was limited to that period. Independent of the actual difficulties with which it was surrounded at the outset, it lacked the *prestige* which results from historical recollections, and by which alone the sentiment of true loyalty is engendered and nurtured; for whether it be a Republican Constitution or a Monarchy, or any other form of government, that which is the offspring of to-day may be the victim of to-morrow, without exciting the feelings of pain and regret which attend the rupture of old and cherished associations.

That a revolution of only three days' duration sufficed to place Louis Philippe on the throne, was no proof of the unanimity of the French nation; nor was the state of parties at his accession such as to warrant a belief in the stability of his government. He was indebted for his elevation to the trading and middle classes,

* The History of Ten Years, 1830—1840; or, France under Louis Philippe. By LOUIS BLANC. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1848.

which comprised men of all political parties, to whose prosperity internal tranquillity is indispensable, from whose pockets are principally extracted the expenses of war, and to whom revolution is almost certain ruin. Their selection appears to have been influenced by the necessity they felt in providing a government for France, before its internal tranquillity and prosperity had been sacrificed by an interregnum, or its borders menaced with foreign invasion, rather than by any personal regard for their new sovereign. It was in fact a political bargain: the French nation agreed to take him as a King, with powers limited by a Charter, and he accepted the throne on those terms; but to a large portion of the people the arrangement was unsatisfactory.

The establishment of a republic was not then practicable. Scarcely fifteen years had elapsed since the fall of the despotism which raised itself on the ruins of the former republic; the remembrance of former sufferings was not sufficiently effaced to prevent a dread of their recurrence; a state of unnatural exertion had been succeeded by repose; new interests had arisen from a continuance of peace, and political strife had not then a sufficient degree of intensity to organize a party powerful enough to effect a change in the form of government. The new dynasty was installed with but little opposition: the only real difficulty arose from the republicans, who, although violent and enthusiastic, were not sufficiently numerous to render themselves formidable, and were actually powerless for want of organization.

"Assembled at the house of one Lointier, the restaurateur, they deliberated with arms in their hands. Political science, knowledge of business, position, reputation, great fortunes—all these things they wanted; this was their weakness, but it was also their strength. Inasmuch as they could brave everything, they could obtain everything. Their convictions were intractable, because men must have studied much, and have much political experience, to arrive at doubt; they felt the less hesitation, as they took but little account of obstacles, and prepared as they were for death, they were thereby prepared for command."

This is M. Blanc's account of the republicans of 1830, and the paradoxical assertions and inconclusive results plainly

point out the object and purpose of his work. Their demands were embodied in a proclamation of which the following is the substance:—

"That the State religion should be abolished; that a President should be substituted for a King; that universal suffrage in one degree, or in two degrees, should be established. This was the whole extent of the changes then contemplated by the most daring innovators." "This proclamation fixes very precisely the limit at which the most adventurous spirits stopped in 1830, excepting, however, some few disciples of St. Simon."

The latter at this period were contemptible in point of numbers, and the whole might have been comfortably lodged in a moderate-sized Penitentiary or Lunatic Asylum; for it was not until a later period that they mustered in sufficient force to form a society under *père* Enfantin, which was soon broken up on his being consigned to jail as a licentious impostor. Even the more dangerous, because more speciously disguised, theories of Fourier, and the Socialists, were not then in vogue. The intelligence of 1830 had not arrived at that point.

The demands of the republicans of that day by no means came up to M. Louis Blanc's views, for speaking of them he says:—

"But would society be more happy when the right of morally directing it should have been wrested from the State? Would the overthrow of royalty suffice to hinder thenceforth the existence of tyranny in the civil relations between the capitalist and the laborer? Whether was universal suffrage to be proclaimed as a recognition of a metaphysical right, or as a certain means of arriving at a change in the whole system of social order? Such questions were too profound for the times, and more than one tempest was destined to break forth before any one should think of solving them. In 1830, no one even thought of propounding them."

No imperial party existed at that time. "Whilst every one was seeking to realize his wishes or his belief in this party arena, hardly were a few voices heard uttering the name of the Emperor, in a city which had so long echoed to that sound." There remained then the aristocracy. Suspected and jealously watched, they possessed at that moment no power whatever; indeed

they were scarcely looked upon as an integral part of the political system, or consulted on the proposed arrangements. The great body of them were attached by ties of personal regard as well as interest to the fallen dynasty: those whose position was owing to hereditary descent, were naturally averse to a change, the principles of which might be expected to extend, and probably become fatal to their own privileges; and the same feeling would be entertained by others, in whom the pride of recent elevation was gratified by the thought that their honors would be the inheritance of their posterity.

The prevailing party, consisting of men of various shades of political opinion, were not agreed on the principles or details of the constitution to be adopted. Some looked more to the durability and strength of the government, and others to the predominance of their class, views and predilections. These dissensions led the republicans to hope they might be able to make a successful effort, and with this view they endeavored to obtain the concurrence of Lafayette; but they were disappointed, and the projected attempt was given up. A constitution, formed by the Chamber of Deputies, and acceded to by the peerage, was completed early in the month of August, and Louis Philippe exchanged the title of Lieutenant-general for that of King, and henceforth began his stormy reign.

The state of Europe was at this time critical. A revolution had broken out in the neighboring kingdom of Belgium, and the French people panted for its "*re-annexation*." Our space will not afford a detail sufficiently explanatory of the state of other countries; we will therefore give an extract from M. Louis Blanc, from which sufficient for the present purpose can be gathered, as also the views of the ultra democrats in France, on the subject of foreign policy:—

"Thus, then, to recapitulate. Russia engaged in projects too vast for its resources; Prussia at variance with the Rhenish provinces; Austria threatened by the spirit of liberty in Germany, and by the spirit of independence in Italy; England irresolute, uneasy and impotent; Portugal and Spain, each on the eve of a war of succession; Italy, Belgium and Poland, execrating the treaties of 1815, and ready to

rise at the first signal. Such was the state of Europe when it was startled and dazzled by the revolution of July.

"Data like these afforded Frenchmen just grounds for a boundless ambition, and any power worthy of governing them had evidently the means in its hands of governing the world through them. Events called on them to assume the patronage of Constantinople, and gave France, with the re-establishment of the Sultan, the means of saving Poland. The uniforms of the French officers glittering on the summits of the Alps were enough for the independence of Italy. To the Belgians, France could offer, as the price of a fraternal union, the substitution of the tri-color flag for the odious flag of the House of Orange, and her markets not less opulent than those of the Dutch colonies. By declaring strongly for Don Pedro, France would have forced the English to contract an execrable alliance with Don Miguel, and would have sapped their dishonored dominion in Lisbon. It was easy for France to obtain a *moral* hold over Spain, for all she had to do was to set on against two monarchical factions, eager for mutual extinction, the Spanish refugees, invoking the magic remembrance of the Cortes of 1820.

"It was assuredly a marvellous combination of circumstances which made the salvation of all the oppressed nations depend to such a degree on the aggrandizement of France! The *moral grandeur* and the *material importance* of the result, were here blended together; and all wish to reassure the Kings of Europe, all idea of fearing them, showed not only egotism, but puerility, pettiness of views, and feebleness of mind."

The reasons which rendered it advisable for France to extend "*fraternity*," to these oppressed nations, and to obtain that sublime height of "*moral grandeur*," are so pure and disinterested, according to M. Louis Blanc, that we cannot help extracting them:—

"And then nothing was ready in the interior for large reforms and lofty enterprises: it was therefore necessary to find some outlet abroad for that exuberance of life which the revolution had just created in French society. To bar, against so many unoccupied passions, the useful and glorious career opened to them by destiny, was to force them to expend their energies in plots and agitations. None but men of hopeless mediocrity could fail to see that to shun foreign war at any price, was to prepare the elements for civil war. The sceptre was offered to France, and to refuse it might cause much more than to seize it."

This is the very sublime of cold, self-

ish and calculating atrocity, regarding which comment would be superfluous; and in the difficulties he starts to this "moral" project, it will be observed that not even a thought is bestowed on the "oppressed nations:"—

"But (only) three things stood in the way to prevent the adoption of a vigorous policy,—the form of the new government, the personal character of the King, and the instincts and interests of the dominant class," in France.

"That a government may act powerfully without, its action must be unshackled within. It is granted only to firmly-seated aristocracies, like that of England, or to absolute kings, like Louis XIV., or to vigorously constituted democracies, like that of the Convention, to conceive great enterprises, and follow them out to the end. The representative monarchy, such as it had come forth from the revolution, left two rival powers at the summit of society, whose mutual hostility left them without force, except for their mutual destruction. Hence arose a tendency to oscillation incompatible with the spirit of consistency and systematic inflexibility, essential to the accomplishment of vast designs. By limiting the royal power, by subjecting all the details of its existence to rigorous control, by giving it a turbulent assembly to submit to, to combat, or to corrupt, the constitutional form placed the head of the state in a difficult position; it forced him to sacrifice everything to the desire of preserving his crown. A prince who holds the sceptre in reserve for his son, cannot have a due degree of self-denial and daring: even though he be not selfish as a man, he will be as a father: such is the vice of hereditary governments. But how much more serious is this inconvenience, when the throne is, so to speak, cast into the midst of a perpetual tempest."

The position of Louis Philippe, and the course he ought to have pursued, are thus described:—

"So, then, Louis Philippe was by character, and by position, but the first bourgeois in his kingdom. Now, the bourgeoisie was in no way tempted by the lustre of heroic adventures. Composed in part of bankers, shop-keepers, manufacturers, stockholders and proprietors, men of peace and ready to conceive alarm, it was nervously alive to the fear of unforeseen contingencies. The greatness of France was for it another name for war; and in war it beheld only the interruption of commercial relations, the fall of this or that branch of trade, the loss of markets, failures and bankruptcies. No change had they known, these men, who in 1814, and again in 1815, had shouted, *Down*

with Napoleon! whilst the enemy was knocking at the gates of the capital.

"The obstacles, therefore, to the adoption of a French, and a thoroughly revolutionary policy, did not exist in Europe, they existed in France.

"Nevertheless, even without stepping out of the narrow sphere to which a constitutional monarchy confined the revolution of July, the new dynasty might have carved out for itself an independent and original course in Europe, had it been happily inspired. Louis Philippe might have said to the powers, 'In the name of the French bourgeoisie, of which I am the representative, I adhere to the territorial arrangements stipulated by the treaties of 1815, and I repudiate every idea of conquest. I pledge myself, moreover, to set up a permanent barrier against the torrent of revolution. But in order that I may fulfil this twofold mission, it is essential that the principles by virtue of which I am King, shall acquire force and authority in Europe. I cannot bridle democratic and conquering France, without the help of constitutional Europe. My cause being identical with that of the bourgeoisie, I cannot long count on its sympathies at home, unless I make its doctrines and its interests triumphant abroad. In proclaiming that all governments were responsible to and for each other, the Holy Alliance laid down a just principle, of which it only remains to make an application, conformable to the course of events and ideas. The constitutional principle exists in England; it has just obtained the upper hand in France; it may easily be introduced into Spain, Portugal, Italy and Belgium; it aspires to be perfected in Germany. Well, then, in the name of bourgeois France, which has placed the crown on my head, I offer my support to the bourgeoisie in all the countries of Europe, and I offer the alliance of France, and the peace of the world, as the price of the adoption of the constitutional principle."

So then France, which since 1789 had gone through all degrees, from the lowest depths of anarchy to the most absolute despotism; whose attempts at the establishment of her own liberties had been productive of scenes which cannot be called to remembrance without a shudder, and which had so terribly recoiled upon herself, was to be the sovereign arbitress of the destinies of Europe, whose countries she had devastated, and whose population she had wasted with fire and sword, at the uncontrolled will of the man who had put down her own attempts at freedom! The adoption of French principles was to be the price of the peace of the world! But even this would not suffice.

"This language certainly would not have

been the adequate expression of all the *noble passions*, or of all the *legitimate interests* of France; but it was the only language that could have been held becomingly and judiciously, in a monarchical and bourgeois point of view. Had war broken out in this case, royalty would have found support within and without; it would have engaged in its favor the popularity acquired by a show of energy; and *far from exposing itself to the assaults of the democratic spirit, it would have turned its own weapons against it.*"

These, however, were not the views of the successful parties to the revolution of 1830, nor of the government that arose from it, which for more than seventeen years preserved peace in Europe, although at times hardly pressed by a party clamorous for war.

No sooner had the King become seated on the throne, and the confusion incident to the short struggle ceased, than political clubs were organized in considerable numbers, among which the republicans were the most prominent. Insubordination and political prosecutions commenced with the reign. The Chamber of Peers was made a tribunal for the trial of political offenders, which gave to it an unfortunate degree of unpopularity; for hereditary descent having been abolished, the peers were looked upon as mere instruments of the crown; and the accused were thought, by their partisans, not so much brought to trial, as delivered over to their enemies for the purpose of punishment. The republicans soon began to increase in numbers and boldness, and their plans to be laid for an early outbreak. By the month of December following the revolution, they had become formidable, although their leaders as yet wanted experience. They had contrived to effect for themselves a strong position in the National Guard, and fully aware that their strength would suffer from a dispersion, they confined themselves principally to the artillery of that body, distinct portions of which were said to be under their control. The disaffection of a part of that force was manifest at the trial of the ministers of Charles X., when the populace, indignant at the leniency of the sentence, seemed resolved on an *émeute*; but the firmness of a majority and the presence of the troops of the line, brought the disaffected to prudence, and the intended rising was thus prevented.

At a subsequent period they obtained a

footing among the regular soldiery, and their clubs, which at first had been unconnected, became in regular and constant communication; and from the headquarters at Paris, delegates were sent to various provincial towns, particularly to Lyons, a place where the elements of revolt appear to exist in an eminent degree. On the 2d of January, 1832, Armand Carrel, in the *National*, pronounced openly for a republic, and a few days after Garnier Pages entered the Chamber of Deputies as an avowed advocate of those principles; and from this time, although considerable irresolution was manifest in their actions, perhaps the result of prudence, they were no longer without leaders of reputation.

We have thus attempted an account of the rise of the party which has lately assumed the direction of affairs in France, but our limits will not afford space to trace them through their numerous risings and the prosecutions which followed; nor can we pursue the policy of the other parties in the state up to the time of the late change; but must be content with stating that in the early period of his reign, Louis Philippe appeared to act on the principle of attempting to conciliate the various existing parties; which policy was changed for one more vigorous, and by which internal commotions were thought to have been put down by force. During these two periods the throne had the support of the party by whom it was established, but this apparent union vanished on the restoration of tranquillity, and the difference of views and opinions entertained by its various sections, led to its disorganization, and to parliamentary and wordy conflicts which increased in bitterness and exasperation until at last they brought about the recent revolution.

For a considerable period prior to February last, the opposition or liberal party had been engaged in a grand movement for the extension of the electoral franchise. Meetings had been held in various parts of the country, under the name of Reform banquets, and great demonstrations were made for the purpose of effecting the proposed change. The King and the government, however, were firm in their resistance, and they were supported by a majority in the Chambers. To overcome this resistance, and to awe the government into com-

pliance with the popular will, a "Monster Banquet" was advertised to take place in Paris, by parties at whose head was M. Odillon Barrot. This the government decided not to permit, and at the same time gave public intimation of their intention to test its legality, by prosecuting the leaders. A correspondence ensued, which ended in a sort of agreement by which the banquet was to take place nominally, for the purpose of having the question settled by the legal tribunals. After this a programme was issued by which it appeared a procession was to be formed lined on each side by National Guards, ranged in military divisions, but without arms; upon which the government peremptorily forbid the banquet, and prepared to enforce their determination by military power. The greatest excitement was caused by these measures; scenes of disorder and tumult succeeded; Paris became in a state of revolt; the National Guard were indisposed to act against the people, and soon openly "fraternised" with the rioters, and the troops of the line refused to be brought into collision with the National Guard. Thus deserted by the power on which he had relied for support, Louis Philippe was placed at the mercy of the Parisians.

It is certain that Odillon Barrot, who was the head and front of the reform movement, had not the remotest idea of overturning the throne; indeed, he did not belong to the Republican party. His desires, and those of the men who acted with him, were limited to the downfall of the existing ministry, and the formation of one which would pass a large measure of Parliamentary Reform. So soon as the pressure had compelled the King to dismiss the Guizot ministry, and charge MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot with the formation of a cabinet, they rode through the streets of Paris, entreating the populace to disperse, and lay down their arms, as the reason for the outbreak was at an end; but they had now another enemy to encounter, and for whom they were evidently unprepared. The Republicans, who, as we have seen, from their small beginning in 1830, had been gradually extending their numbers and effecting their organization, had long been waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize upon the government. They had joined in the *émeute*, as

they would have done in any other outbreak against the existing order of affairs; and, seeing the King and his advisers completely powerless before the popular demonstration, they threw themselves with energy and boldness into the movement, and their superior audacity and decision soon insured them the victory. The King, finding his authority had passed away, submitted to abdicate; and his resignation in favor of the next heir to the throne, was borne by Odillon Barrot to the Chamber of Deputies. But the power and influence of that body was likewise at an end: an armed mob of citizens and National Guards, headed by Lamartine, Garnier Pagès, and other leaders of the Republicans, drove the Deputies from the chamber, and, assuming to act for the people, declared the dismissal of Louis Philippe and his race. This tumultuous assemblage, possessing no authority except such as was derived from their own will, denounced the proposed regency, as being without legal sanction or warrant, and then forthwith themselves nominated a Provisional Government.

The persons who composed the government thus provisionally established, entertained at first a moderate and just view of the powers which they had assumed. On the day following their installation, they issued a decree, stating:—"The Provisional Government desires a Republic, pending the ratification of the French people, who are to be immediately consulted. Neither the people of Paris, nor the Provisional Government, desire to substitute their opinion for the opinions of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim." Of course, after this it would be naturally supposed, that until some expression of the will of France had become known, the duties of the Provisional Government, and its action, would be restricted to such temporary measures as were necessary for the safety and welfare of the nation; and that all changes of a permanent nature, either in its foreign relations or domestic concerns, and more particularly the form of government to be adopted, would be left to the decision of the citizens at large, through their elected representatives. But such was not the policy of those who held the reins of power.

It was soon determined that, by an act of boldness, the country should be committed, for revolutions are not of every day occurrence, and success is oftener attained by temerity than moderation; consequently, on the same day it was decreed, "Royalty is abolished. The Republic is proclaimed!" On the succeeding day, to reconcile what by some might be deemed an inconsistency between the two, a third decree appeared from the same source, by which "The sovereign people" are made to "Declare, that the government having betrayed its trust, is *de facto and de jure* dissolved! Consequently, the people resume the full exercise of their sovereignty," &c.; and on the day following, a fourth decree made known, that "Royalty, under whatever form it assumes, is abolished. No more legitimacy—no more Bonapartism—no regency. The Republic is proclaimed! The people are united!" If, after this, any doubt could be entertained that those who had thus seized upon the government had determined the form it should permanently assume, and that the representatives of the people were to be restricted to a confirmation of the edict of the Provisional Government; such doubt is dispelled on reading the somewhat theatrical programme of the ceremonies, by which the installation of that body was to be celebrated, as laid down by the Provisional Government, who, "considering that the principle of equality implies a uniformity of costume for citizens appointed to perform the same functions, decrees:—The representatives of the people shall wear a black coat, a white waistcoat with lappels, black colored pantaloons, and a tri-colored silk scarf, ornamented with gold fringe. They shall attach to the button-hole on the left side of their coats, a red ribbon, on which shall be embroidered the fasces of the Republic;" and after directing the mode of proceeding to be adopted at the first meeting, so soon as the officers of the Assembly should have been appointed, it decreed, that "The President" (of the Assembly) "will then rise and say, 'Representatives of the people, in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, the National Assembly is definitively constituted. *Vive la République!*'"

Thus the representatives of the nation

found a form of government ready made to their hands. M. Lamartine stated to them, that "the government had not proclaimed the Republic, it had merely ratified the choice of that form of government by the people." But this statement is utterly inconsistent with the fact; for, as we have seen, the decree declaring the establishment of a Republic, was promulgated on the first day of the existence of the Provisional Government, and when no expression of the people's will had been made. The tumultuous assembly which filled the Chamber of Deputies was not so much an expression of the national will, as the late demonstration under Barbès and Blanqui, against the National Assembly, as the latter had greatly the advantage in point of numbers, and their intention was so well known that the public were not taken by surprise.

Those who raised Louis Philippe to the throne are described as "Men who had received their warrant from themselves alone, installed themselves at the Hotel de Ville, as representatives of the Provisional Government; and, in that capacity, they parodied the majesty of command, signed orders, distributed employments, and conferred dignities." These had, indeed, some show of authority, for they had been elected members of the Chamber of Deputies: with how much more force, then, do these remarks apply to those who by the assistance of a few armed followers, selected from a population in a state of anarchy and confusion, without even the form or shadow of election, had elevated themselves to the supreme command. The fact is, that after the outbreak had extended to a revolution, and for some days following, there was no real expression of public opinion, even in Paris; the armed insurgents were urged not to quit their weapons—to maintain their revolutionary attitude; the fear of reaction was constantly held out to stimulate their activity, and new military forces were organized, exclusively from the lower classes, to hold in check the National Guard, and the middle and the higher classes, whose approval of the Republic was doubted. By these means opposition was effectually prevented, and the discontented awed into silence. The influence of the National Guard, which then amounted to over forty thousand,

was soon destroyed by adding to its ranks double that number of men, who were out of employ, and depended on the government for daily support; while upwards of a hundred thousand workmen employed, or rather supported in idleness, in the *ateliers nationaux*, were at the service of the men in power.

We think a sufficient proof of the upper, the middle and the trading classes in France not being then in favor of a Republic, may be deduced from the declaration which was assiduously put forth, that the revolution of 1830 was the work of the bourgeoisie, who alone were benefited by it, whilst the recent change being brought about by the people, to them belonged the fruits of victory. The immediate appointment of M. Louis Blanc, and M. Albert, ostentatiously styled '*ouvrier*,' as the heads of a board for the organization of labor, together with the significant hints about the unequal distribution of property, and the direct attacks made against it, point to the same intention. The distinction between the bourgeoisie and the people has ever since been industriously kept alive, and to M. Blanc we are indebted for a definition of these two classes:—"By *bourgeoisie*, I mean the whole body of citizens, who, possessing implements of labor or capital, work with means of their own, and are not dependent on others except to a certain extent. The *people* is the whole body of citizens, who, not possessing capital, depend completely on others, and that in what regards the prime necessities of life."

Nevertheless it is our firm conviction, that the great majority of the French nation acquiesced in the Republic, and have no desire for a further change; but the circumstances attending its establishment are of very material importance, in attempting to form a just opinion as to its stability and continuance. To have attempted, at that juncture, to form any other government, would have led to the most disastrous scenes of civil war, rapine and bloodshed; and the greatest credit is due to the Provisional Government for the wonderful manner in which internal order has been preserved, while at the same time amicable relations were established and peace preserved with foreign nations, at a period when those results appeared impossible. Nor must we forget the peo-

ple, who, with arms in their hands, and without any control, exhibited a respect for private property, that will ever be a just source of pride to every Frenchman, and which, under the circumstances, is without parallel in history. But notwithstanding the ability of its rulers, and the just sentiments of the people, the success of the Republic depends entirely upon the principles upon which it is to be embodied and conducted. By these alone will its stability or its downfall be insured; and it is with regret we perceive its existence at present threatened by two immense evils.

The revolution is equally social and political; indeed, with regard to its internal affairs, the reconstruction of society appears to have been the end, and the political change the means by which it was to be brought about. Capital (that is, property) and labor were set up as being naturally antagonistic and enemies of each other. The term bourgeois, signifying the possessor of property, large or small in amount, was used as a term of reproach. Louis Blanc, an ultra radical and destructive of the most dangerous character, was charged by the government with the task of arranging the relations of laborer and employer. While trade was in a state of utter and hopeless stagnation, wages were raised by decree, and multitudes were taken into public pay, nominally as workmen, and were supported without labor, or performed just so much work as they chose, upon objects almost useless or entirely unprofitable. This was undoubtedly unavoidable, at the moment, but among the working classes, whose expectations of immediate benefit have been raised to an extravagant height by "social reformers," it will create an invidious and false idea of the relative remuneration to be obtained from employment being dependent on the government alone, or obtainable from private individuals.

An *employé*, to whom a company of laborers from the national workshops had been sent, for the purpose of cutting wood in one of the forests of the State, reports: "In twenty days their wages amounted to 10,000 francs. I was curious to ascertain exactly the value of the work. It was 302 francs." And a manufacturer, who was so fortunate as to procure a large order for

hats, applied at the same workshops for laborers, but the men refused to quit their comfortable stations except at wages which no employer could afford to pay, and the manufacturer had to send the order to England to be filled. The working classes who have been suffering from the aggravated evils, with which the laborers in European manufacturing districts are afflicted, have been led to expect by the revolution a financial millennium; the "equality" preached to them has been that of property, in which the employer, held up as a merciless tyrant, and the rich man as the possessor of plunder, were to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, and share their possessions with their less fortunate fellow-mortals.

We do not mean to state that all the members of the Provisional Government entertained these views, or that they are held by the National Assembly: but the former are responsible for the effects which may arise from their having placed Louis Blanc, whose doctrines were well known to them, in the important station assigned to him; and they are the more worthy of blame, if they dissented from his theories. By their own acts, however, the inviolability of private property has been sacrificed; the seizing funds of private individuals deposited in banks throughout France, and even money in private hands, and the compulsory and immediate emancipation of slaves in the French colonies, leaving to the owners only the chance of obtaining a future and uncertain remuneration, are acts of direct and inexcusable spoliation. They were also arranging a more extensive and not less culpable act of injustice, namely, the arbitrary seizure of all the French railroads, giving the proprietors in exchange for actual and valuable property, national stock or bonds, at a time when the income of the state was so much below its expenses, that even payment of interest would have been doubtful, and the principal of which would have been equally insecure, as they had neither the right nor the power to bind their successors in the government. These two latter acts, besides a prospective alteration of duties on salt, to take effect on the 1st of January next, and the repudiation of the treaties of 1815, have the additional vice of being matters entirely without the control

of any but a permanently established government; and are, in any view of the case, direct and unauthorized usurpations.

But, it will be said, it is not by the past acts of the Provisional Government that the destinies of the Republic are to be decided; the National Assembly has already met, and by its patriotism and wisdom the safety of the state will be guaranteed. From their acts with which we are at present acquainted, we entertain for the majority of that body the greatest confidence in both of those respects. The practical rebuke administered to M. Lamartine for the sympathy he showed with the views of Ledru Rollin, or the fear he evinced for his turbulence and influence, as well as the wise decision not to intrust their means of safety to any but themselves, show their intention to pursue an independent course of action. But unfortunately unanimity does not prevail in France, and a French minority have no idea of putting up with defeat. With leaders, factious and unprincipled, skilled in the practice of *émeutes* and revolutions, the ultra-democracy of France will yield to nothing but sheer force. The late demonstration against the National Assembly shows their power and organization in Paris, and the station of persons implicated in the conspiracy proves they are not without leaders of influence and intelligence. Albert, one of the late government, Barbès, a member of the Assembly, and Gen. Courtais, Commander of the National Guard, are in prison, while Louis Blanc, a member of the Provisional Government, and M. Causidière, Prefect of Police, are more than suspected to have shared in the plot. The extent of this party is such that it is said to have over two hundred representatives in the National Assembly.

The doctrines of Communism, Fourierism, and Socialism, which set at naught alike the ordinances of God and the experience of mankind, received an impulse from the revolution of 1830, which has caused them to spread wide and take deep root in France. With them "Religion still remains to be founded." They proclaim the "necessity of a social religion," and "demand the organization of industry and the association of interests," and "universal association based upon love."—Leaving altogether out of view the *religious*! part of the subject, there is at present a

large party in France, who are bent upon trying the "organization" and "association" principles upon a grand scale. Competition is to be put down by law. The state, according to their views, is to be the universal owner of all property, and director-general of all industry; and these are to be under the control of a government elected by universal suffrage. Now, a more gigantic scheme of despotism it never entered into the mind of man to conceive. It matters not how a government may be elected or appointed, on whose decision in Paris the inhabitants of the utmost corners of France would be dependent for their daily bread; notwithstanding all the twaddle about "organization of labor" and "association based upon love," men, women, and children, under such a system, would be serfs and slaves. We grant this to be an extreme view of the case, and that it is scarcely conceivable men could be so mad as to attempt it to this extent; but the principle is capable of being carried thus far, and while the principle is acted on, a relaxation of its stringency only amounts to a diminution of the evil.

This is one of the favorite doctrines of the ultra-democracy of France, with whom competition is the great social vice, organization the "universal panacea" and "magical pain extractor." It is much to be regretted that these views are also shared by many amiable and enthusiastic philanthropists, who, deploring existing evils for which they perceive no remedy in detail, have thence drawn the conclusion that they are easily cured *en masse*. Relying on such teachings, the suffering population, especially in large and manufacturing towns where poverty is always most rife, have been led to expect from the establishment of a republic an instant cessation of all their woes, provided the republic is of a socialist character, but not otherwise. These parties have long been banded together under the control of republican leaders, and on them the success of that cause depended, in a great measure, for physical support. They have been the nerve and sinew of the numerous insurrections which have taken place since 1830, in which they have not shrunk from opposing their unarmed or but badly equipped masses against regular bodies of

disciplined military; and in several of such conflicts they have been victorious. Since the breaking out of the revolution, a vast number of these men have been armed by the Provisional Government, and drilled in military manœuvres. Can they, in this improved situation for manifesting their power, be induced voluntarily to forego the pleasing but delusive visions of ease and plenty which have been held out to them as the result of the late change? We fear that is beyond belief; and it is impossible that these visionary hopes can be realized. By the mode in which the Provisional Government have given prominence to this subject, by the reiteration that the revolution was for "the people," they have made the success of the republic to hinge chiefly on this question, and hence the difficulties of the National Assembly are made infinitely greater than necessary. They have received a republic in a state of chaos, and clogged with a condition which appears insurmountable. To adopt the principle is to court national ruin, and to attempt to evade it seems to be giving the signal for civil war.

To the reckless politicians of the Louis Blanc school, these difficulties would have been welcome. He declares war to the knife against "bankers, shopkeepers, manufacturers, stockholders, and proprietors—men of peace, who behold only in war an interruption of commercial relations, loss of markets, failures, and bankruptcies;"—trifles to philosophers of his calibre, but matters of life and death to millions. Besides, should civil war be threatened, the whole continent of Europe affords him "an outlet abroad for that exuberance of life which the revolution has just created in French society." To bar against so many unoccupied passions, the useful and glorious career opened by *destiny*, would be "to force them to expend their energies in plots and agitations." These insane views, although denounced and repudiated by the French nation, are still entertained by a party sufficiently numerous, daring, and reckless, to make them dangerous. The remembrance of the victories of the republic and the empire excite a military enthusiasm in the breasts of Frenchmen, which is easily aroused and difficult to allay; consequently the temptation to rulers beset with domestic troubles, to engage in foreign

war, is manifestly great. Undoubtedly, whatever disasters such a course would ultimately entail upon France, its first effect would be to consolidate the powers of the government at home; and should its destinies unhappily be committed to men wicked enough to adopt such a course from policy, or weak and short-sighted enough not to penetrate beyond present difficulties, the result would be inevitable.

If we are to credit M. Lamartine as a true expositor of the foreign policy of the Republic, the dangers of foreign war are very considerable. It is true that his breaking up the bodies of Germans who gathered upon the frontier, and his cold reply to the Irish deputation, evidence a desire to avoid implicating France in the difficulties of those nations. But why, with an exhausted treasury, has the large military force of the monarchy been augmented, till it reaches the enormous number of 500,000 men, when not a finger has been raised in Europe to threaten the peace of France, and the state of the entire continent renders her secure against foreign aggression? Perhaps his own declarations may afford some elucidation. In the debate of the National Assembly on the subject of Poland, he stated that "the French Republic had not to deplore a single day of egotism since its commencement. No sooner had the government been installed at the Hotel de Ville, than it decreed the formation of a Polish legion. In a few days it made known its principles towards foreign powers, and he was certain they were conformable to the real spirit of the French nation. * * * It declared the treaties of 1815 had ceased to exist. * * * Should Italy be too weak to assert her freedom, France had an army of 60,000 men," ready to pass the Alps. To justify the non-intervention of the Provisional Government in the latter country, he read letters from Milan, Venice, &c., to prove that not only had the interference of France not been demanded by the insurgent governments, but that it would have been resisted by them; and he declared that in no case should Italy fall again under the yoke she had so gloriously shaken off. He said he considered the Polish question to be the greatest difficulty

of the policy of France and Europe, and that until it was solved, France could never be at peace, nor maintain friendly relations with the Northern Powers. And the National Assembly approved of this policy by a unanimous declaration, inviting "the committee of the Executive Power to continue to follow, as the rule of its conduct, the unanimous wishes of the National Assembly, summed up in these words: 'A fraternal compact with Germany; the re-constitution of an independent and free Poland; and the emancipation of Italy.'"

Now, from this statement, it must be evident to every one that the danger of foreign war is imminent. Already does Republican France seem to point distinctly to that object. With a government not yet established; with internal resources in a state of the utmost exhaustion and confusion, and a country divided by factions; her rulers, dazzled by glory in perspective, are preparing for a course of aggression, the limits of which no human mind can perceive. A country which has not yet framed a constitution for itself, is to teach the art of government to the world! While such are the views deliberately put forth, and with her past history before our eyes, we cannot help fearing for the French Republic. Much as we desire to witness a Republican government established in France, our wishes are confined to such a system as would secure the happiness and security of her own people, and by the influence of example operate upon the surrounding nations. The same form of government is not adapted for the entire world; it should be borne in mind that even within our own borders there are limitations on human freedom. We do not think that, at the present moment, there is a country in Europe, except France, in which it would be prudent to plant the Republican standard. The principles of liberty are too sacred to be lightly put in danger, and the experience of history has incontestably proved, that political regeneration, to be permanent, must be gradually adapted to the expanding sense of its inestimable value and dignity. We need only look at Mexico and the South American Republics to be convinced of this truth.

HON. JOSEPH REED INGERSOLL.

HON. JOSEPH REED INGERSOLL is a son of Jared Ingersoll, who was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution, and who, for many years, was a distinguished lawyer of the Philadelphia bar, District Attorney, and for a considerable time, Attorney General of Pennsylvania. The son graduated at Princeton, where he took the first honors at the head of a numerous class, of which several of our eminent public men were members.

After graduating, Mr. Ingersoll pursued his studies, and was admitted to the bar in his native city, where he entered upon an active practice. He did not, however, as is too commonly the case with successful lawyers, devote himself wholly to his practice, but frequently engaged in literary exercises on subjects connected with his profession. An early effort of his was a translation from the Latin of the treatise of Roccus on ships and freight, etc., of which the distinguished scholar and jurist, M. Duponceau, thus speaks in his learned translation of Bynckershoeck's Treatise on the Law of War:—

"An excellent English translation of this well-known work," (*de Navibus et Nanto, item de Assecurationibus*.) "the original of which is very scarce, has been lately published with valuable notes," by Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. This translation is executed with great judgment and accuracy, and may, in our opinion, well supply the place of the original."

In the midst of an extensive connection at the bar, Mr. Ingersoll continued to mingle literary with professional labors, by delivering discourses at the invitation of universities in every part of the country. The last of these occasions was last summer, Aug. 5th, 1847, when he addressed the literary societies of the University of Georgia, at Athens in that State. These discourses have been published by the various institutions for whom they were prepared. Mr. Ingersoll has also delivered, at various times, many addresses of a political character, which have likewise been

published. Many of the public institutions and munificent charities of his native city have gone into operation with an opening address from him. Among these are the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the House of Refuge, the Wills' Hospital, Athenian Institute, and Mercantile Library.

The degree of LL.D. has been twice conferred upon him: by La Fayette College, Pennsylvania, and afterwards by Bowdoin College, in Maine.

Among his many public employments, aside from his professional and political life, he has been for a considerable time a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, a delegate to the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, and recently a delegate to the General Convention at New York. He is also a director of several of the charitable associations of Philadelphia, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and the Pennsylvania Colonization Society.

The history of Mr. Ingersoll's political life is no less brief than honorable. Having been for a short time a member of Congress in 1836-7, and then having declined a re-election, he was again urged, and finally induced to accept a nomination in the autumn of 1841-2. The election resulted in his choice, by a large majority, for the residue of the Twenty-seventh Congress, and he has since been continually re-elected by increasing majorities.

He was an active supporter of the tariff of 1842, and made, in July of that year, an elaborate speech in its favor. He was also among the few at first, who sustained uniformly the tariff policy, and the propriety and necessity of giving it immediate effect by protective legislation, even without necessarily connecting it with a continued distribution of the proceeds of the public lands. In this, they encountered the veto and opposition of Mr. Tyler.

Mr. Ingersoll was the author of the majority report of the Committee of Ways and Means, of the same Congress, against

numerous posts—some of them strong and extensive—are not harmless by consent, as establishments contemplated by the treaty, they are settlements of defiance and opposition, which may have derived strength from time and independent existence. They may create new elements of trouble, which the provisions of joint occupancy are calculated effectually to prevent. Mr. Gallatin uniformly thus denominated it; so does Mr. Buchanan. It was offered, protocolled, accepted, acted on, and has always been treated as such. Its language admits of no other interpretation. Good faith would forbid a departure now from its long-understood nature and name, even if policy suggested (as it clearly does not) a change. Notice of the termination of this agreement is urged—uncompromising one-sided notice—with no consultation of the convenience of the other party, with no deference for the ordinary rules of courtesy, merely because the treaty provides for it as a *dernier resort*, in the possible failure of other means, as furnishing in any event a reserved right, to a certain extent, in either party, if other opportunities should be foreclosed. Between individuals, what is the course of conduct on occasions of strict analogy? The law gives a right to distrain when rent is in arrear: does a landlord, therefore, seize at once the household goods of a thriving tenant? Does the lender of a sum of money, for an indefinite period, to a friend, send the sheriff to arrest him within four and twenty hours of the time of loan? These are rights—perfect rights; but they would not be exercised in a community that is fit to live in. Notice is of the same character. No principle of law is better established than this: '*Summum jus summa injuria.*'"

"What is the purport of the present bill? It extends Iowa jurisdiction over the whole territory which is in dispute, and it reserves to the subjects of Great Britain the rights and privileges secured by the third article of the treaty of 1818 and that of 1827, only 'until said treaty stipulation shall cease, by virtue of the notice provided for in the second article,' and no longer. It thus assumes Oregon for our own; enforces at once, by threat of arms, and after a brief period of a few short months, in rigorous exercise, at the point of the bayonet, the laws of the Republic over every inch of land and every living soul; proposes grants, with unsparing spirit, by hundreds of fair acres, as temptations to settlers; assumes absolute control over trade and intercourse with all the Indian tribes; organizes and equips a military force; and lays down a mail route from St. Joseph's, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia river. It extirpates from the face of the Oregon earth the British race and name, and it plants the standard of liberty and the Union, in proud and uncompromising supremacy, on every rocky eminence.

"Our question is not whether Great Britain ought to acquiesce in this high-handed course, but whether, in the fair estimate of probabilities, she *will*. Remember, you have already offered her one-half, and she has refused it with disdain. Do you seriously believe that she will content herself with none? Will her desires, which even six belts of latitude cannot satisfy, be satiated with less than the measure of a grave? The leaves of the sybil acquired new value in the eye of the possessor, as they were reduced in number. You have by your own act persuaded England to believe that she ought to indulge some hopes—that she has more than the shadow of a shade. You have repeatedly, in times past and present, proposed to give her barely less than she was willing to receive. By what scale of reason or philosophy is her expected satisfaction in the future to be measured? She asked you for bread; you offered to share with her your loaf, and she has cast it in an angry spirit away. She again asks you for bread; you give her a stone, and you believe she will receive it, if not with gratitude, at least without a frown! It is gravely argued on this floor that your notice shall be given, and that, at the expiration of the term assigned by it, forcible possession shall be taken of every inch of the disputed ground; and yet there will be no war! A powerful nation, armed to the teeth, her banners fanned for ages by conquest's crimson wing, not distinguished for the patience of her temper or her tender love for these United States, will stand tamely by and patiently behold her cherished settlements assailed and scattered; her time-honored charters violated and trampled in the dust; her subjects dragged before foreign magistrates and condemned by foreign laws; their property confiscated, their persons imprisoned, their lives perhaps sacrificed! If, in the wide-reaching and sagacious policy of that deep-seated throne, there be one circumstance to which it clings with more tenacity than all the rest, it is the tender, ardent zeal, the maternal affection, with which it watches over, protects, and cherishes the children of the realm in every corner and quarter of the globe. This never-ceasing care is the incentive to patriotism and the reward of loyalty. Time cannot enfeeble it, or distance diminish its freshness or its fervor, or circumstances rob it of a particle of its reciprocal attractiveness and charms. It warms the liege bosom in the frozen regions of Labrador, and it gives new vigor to the sinews under the burning sun of either India, as well as in the giant metropolis of the insular domain. 'I am a Roman citizen!' was a cry, the neglect of which brought on the ruin of a powerful Sicilian prætor, and drove him into perpetual exile. 'I am a Roman citizen!' was an exclamation which ascended with the loftiest flights of the eloquence of Cicero. A similar appeal from the liegemen of England is not inaudible, if

uttered at the extremity of the diameter of the earth: it would thrill and vibrate in every pulse and nerve of the vast body politic; it would be heard and responded to, from the shores of the Pacific, at the heart and centre of the empire; and all that accumulated wealth which is the wonder of the world, and all those burnished arms which have never failed to glitter whenever the pride of the nation has bidden their approach, for disaster, for victory, or for defeat, in the fens of Walcheren, or on the field of Waterloo, or on the banks of the Mississippi, or the frozen hills of India, would be put in requisition for the rescue. The colonial policy of England, her vital prosperity, her existence as a nation, are involved in the issue, and it would be madness to suppose that these essential purposes would now, for the first time, be overlooked or forgotten. You are leading off blindfold a torch-dance in the midst of combustibles, and trusting to the accident that they will not take fire, when you act and argue as is proposed."

"Refuge at last is taken in the alleged discovery of the Columbia river by Captain Gray. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, all that is claimed in point of fact for this nautical exploit, its priority, nationality, and design, the great obstacle remains—what is its *extent*? The answer is familiarly given. A discovery of the mouth of a river, we are constantly and confidently told, extends the right which that circumstance confers to the territory drained by its waters. A principle like this might possibly suit some of the rivers, as they are called, of the fine estuary which receives the waters of the Susquehanna. They are broad inlets, half a dozen miles in length, and are merely borrowed from the bay. Possibly you might have found an inclination towards such a principle in some Dutch legend or Italian romance, where a greater prolongation is given by nature to the lazy Scheld or wandering Po. But to ascribe to a momentary looker-on of the inhospitable debouche of the Mississippi, or even the capacious gulf which distinguishes the entrance of the Amazon, such extensive results would be near akin to positive absurdity. It would only fall short of that papal bull which '*de nostra mera libertate*,' drew a line from pole to pole in favor of their most Catholic Majesties. Where would such indefinite extension end? From the main river you would ascend all its tributary streams, thence gaze with gloating appetite upon every mountain rill; and if, through the bases of the Stony Mountains, some dark cavern sheds a modest drop from its obscure and benighted bed on the eastern side of the girdle of the Great West, which finds its way to Oregon, this will embrace, by the same vague hypothesis, the *land* of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and all the rivers of the continent. Lawyer after lawyer has built his argument upon this bold assumption."

"If," says the Secretary of State to the country and the world, 'the discovery of the mouth of a river, followed up within reasonable time by the first exploration both of its main channels and its branches, and appropriated by the first settlements on its banks, do not constitute a title to the territory drained by its waters in the nations performing these acts, then the principles consecrated by the practice of civilized nations ever since the discovery of the New World must have lost their force. These principles were necessary to preserve the peace of the world.'

"I will not repeat the facts already stated, or ask for an interpretation of 'reasonable time,' 'first exploration,' and 'first settlements,' or submit to you the dilemma of *draining* by Frazer's river about the same time, in seeking to support what are called principles consecrated ever since the discovery of the New World. If there exist for particular objects, and between particular powers, occasional *treaties* with new clauses in them, these are voluntary acts, the influence of which begins and ends with the high contracting parties who made them. If there be such a *principle*—a SACRED principle, necessary for the peace of nations, time-honored by the lapse of three hundred and fifty-four years, according to the minute computation of the Secretary, why has it escaped an authentic place in the records of a science which had no existence until after the discovery of the New World, towards the close of the fifteenth century? Grotius, the father of the law of nations, wrote and died in the seventeenth century. Puffendorf was born in the year 1631. Barbeyrac lived and died in the eighteenth century, and Vattel's first edition was published within less than ninety years from the present day, and the last in the year 1844. His work is deservedly held in the highest esteem. It exhibits, however, no trace of the doctrine assumed by you. On the contrary, such a pretension, by which a nation would engross, as I maintain, a wilderness, or, as Vattel says, a much greater extent of territory than it is able to people or cultivate, would be '*an absolute infringement of the natural rights of men, and repugnant to the views of Nature.*' Remember how extensive are the fields over which your aspiring claims would run. The bull's hide which was made to cover the circumference of Carthage would be a pigmy illustration. A difficult and dangerous entrance, almost imperceptible to the eye, and almost inaccessible to the boldest keel, gives, it is said, initiate rights to a 'region,' 'territory,' an 'entire region,'—in other words, to a country and a world. Will not such extravagant attempts expose us to just complaints for an overweening ambition, and tend to give support to charges which have been already brought against us?"

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE British ministry has brought forward a measure for the repeal of the Navigation Laws. The effect of the proposal would be to throw open to all countries the carrying trade with Great Britain and the colonies, excepting the coasting trade and the fisheries; the Queen in council having power to impose countervailing duties on any foreign nation, which should treat English shipping with injustice, or not meet the concession on equal terms. It is proposed that each colony shall have the power of throwing open its coasting trade, if it shall think fit. The measure met with considerable resistance on its introduction to the House of Commons. The bill for the removal of the Jewish disabilities has been rejected by the House of Lords. By printed returns, it appears that in the year ending 5th Jan. last 1,955,023 lbs. of silitated soap were made in Great Britain; 160,065,641 lbs. of other hard soap, and 14,279,425 lbs. of soft soap. In the same period there was imported into Great Britain, from Ireland, 170,249 lbs. of hard, and 2,560 lbs. of soft soap. The amount of duty was £1,128 9s. 2d. There were licenses granted to soapmakers—147 in England, 19 in Scotland, and 150 in Ireland. Alexander Baring, Lord Ashburton, died on the 12th of May, in his 74th year. He was born 27th Oct., 1774, and on the 23d August, 1798, married Anne Louisa, eldest daughter of William Bingham, Esq., of Philadelphia, a Senator of the United States. He entered political life as member for Taunton, in 1806. In 1834, he was President of the Board of Trade, under Sir Robert Peel, and in the following year was raised to the peerage, when he assumed the title formerly borne by his first cousin, the celebrated lawyer, John Dunning. The last occasion in which he was engaged in the service of the crown, was the embassy to the United States in 1842, which resulted in a settlement of the long vexed question of the north-eastern boundary. He was the eldest son of Sir Francis Baring, Bart., and long at the head of the mercantile house of Baring, Brothers & Co.

On the 30th of April, a *soirée* was given at Limerick to Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchell. In consequence of the disrespectful allusions towards Daniel O'Connell, which these gentlemen had indulged in, a large mob, collected round the building, burnt Mr. Mitchell in effigy, and made an attack on the party; and this assemblage, met for the purpose of advocating physical force, was indebted for its safety to the police and military. Some fighting occurred, in which Smith O'Brien got severely treated; and at the breaking up of the *soirée*, Mr. Mitchell had to be secreted in

a butcher's shop. Several arrests and convictions, under the Arms and Drilling Act, have taken place. O'Brien and Meagher were brought to trial on the information against them for sedition, but escaped conviction, one jurymen in each case being for an acquittal. It is said they will again be brought to trial. Mitchell has been arrested, tried and convicted for felony, under the late act. His trial took place on the 30th May, and on the following day he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation at Bermuda, and in the afternoon was conveyed from the prison to a government vessel bound for Cork, to be placed on board the ship which is to convey him to his destination. Several of the Dublin clubs had announced their determination to rescue him, in case of his conviction, but no attempt was made, although a considerable crowd collected to witness his embarkation. Under the sequestration of his property, consequent on his conviction, the effects of "*The United Irishman*" newspaper have been seized, and its publication is at an end. But Messrs. Reilly & Martin have issued a prospectus of a succession to be called "*The Irish Felon*."

The returns of the Paris election for members of the French National Assembly, show Lamartine at the head of the list: Dupont, (de l'Eure,) Arago, Garnier, Pagès, Marrast, Marie, and Cremieux, members of the Provisional Government, follow. Albert (ouvrier) stands No. 21, Ledru Rollin, 24; Ferdinand Flocon, 26; and Louis Blanc, 27; the total number being 34. The Assembly met on the 4th of May. M. Buchez was elected President. The members of the late government gave in their statements. Garnier Pagès, the Minister of Finance, stated the receipts for 1848 at 1,546,000,000, and the expenses 1,500,000,000 francs. Arago, Minister of War, stated the Department had issued in two months 446,000 muskets to arm the National Guards of France; 150,000 of which were distributed in Paris alone. In the event of war, France would be able to bring into the field 500,000 infantry, and 85,000 horses. On the 9th of May, after a stormy discussion, the Assembly decided that for the present the Executive Department should be intrusted to a committee of five, and the following are the numbers of votes by which they were elected:

Arago,	725
Garnier Pagès,	715
Marie,	702
Lamartine,	613
Ledru Rollin,	638

The position of Lamartine in this list, was

owing to the strenuous efforts he made to insure the appointment of Rollin, and the consequent suspicion of the moderate party. His popularity has, from this conduct, considerably declined, as he is believed to fear the influence of that turbulent demagogue, or to have too much sympathy with his principles.

The affairs of Poland were made by the ultra democrats of Paris, a pretence for an attack on the Assembly, which for some time threatened the destruction of the Government. While the Assembly was engaged in discussing the affairs of Italy, an immense body of men in *blouses*, headed by Barbès, Blanqui, and others, approached the hall to demand in the name of the people, immediate interference in behalf of Poland. This demonstration was not unexpected by the Government, but from treachery in that body, as is suspected, the orders given to meet the exigency were not put in force. Bodies of the National Guard and Guard Mobile, placed to stop the procession, allowed it to pass unopposed, and hardly any opposition was offered outside the hall, which was speedily taken possession of by the mob, and the members of the Assembly compelled to retire. The scene was worthy of the old Jacobins. The hall was literally stormed; flags were waving, and cries of *Vive la Pologne! Vive Louis Blanc! A bas les Aristocrates!* were shouted and distinctly heard above the uproar. Barbès, and a crowd of others, rushed to the Tribune and attempted to make themselves heard. Up to this time all the members had retained their seats except Barbès, Louis Blanc, and a few others, who mixed freely with the crowd. Ledru Rollin attempted to speak, but without success. At length Barbès obtained a hearing, and moved the Assembly should declare that the people of Paris had deserved well of their country. Blanqui followed. After this scene had lasted about two hours, Barbès again spoke and demanded that a tax of one milliard, about two hundred millions of dollars, should be levied on the rich, and that whoever should order the *rappel* to be beaten for the National Guard, should be declared a traitor, which was carried by acclamation. He concluded his proposals for extricating the nation from embarrassment by exclaiming, "We must re-establish the guillotine!" Louis Blanc, placed on a table, was paraded round the room. Shortly afterwards, from the end of a pole, a paper was exhibited, with the words, "The Chamber is dissolved," which was echoed from all sides. A delegate of one of the clubs mounted the tribune, and declared the National Assembly dissolved, whereupon the President was driven from his chair, over which a red flag surmounted by a cap of liberty was raised, and the deputies were driven from their seats, which were speedily filled by the mob.

Fearing an attack from the National Guard,

the ruffians and their leaders, then left the chamber and proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, where several members of the clubs named as a Provisional Government, Louis Blanc, Barbès, Albert, Blanqui, Raspail, Huber, Sobrier, Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, and Cabet. About five o'clock, Gen. Courtais, Barbès, Blanqui and others were arrested, and the riot suppressed, but the guard remained under arms all night. Several of the clubs have since been entirely suppressed, and upwards of 200 arrests have been made. Leave has been asked of the chamber to permit the prosecution of Louis Blanc. No further disturbances have occurred, but the Assembly has since been protected during its sittings by an immense military force; 40,000 troops of the line have been recalled to Paris, and the command of the National Guard transferred to Col. Clement Thomas. Considerable quantities of warlike stores have been seized, and the Prefect of Police, M. Causidière, was so much implicated that he found it necessary to resign.

The grand national fête went off without disturbance. The 45 per cent. added by the Provisional Government to the direct taxes, produced 34,558,974 francs to the 10th May. A million of francs was voted on the 22d May for the national workshops, from which 115,000 (in Paris) are receiving pay, and performing little, if any, labor: the Assembly have declared their intention of breaking up these establishments. Should the present national expenditure continue for twelve months, it will leave a deficit of about 185 millions of dollars. The receipts for the first four months of 1848, as compared with the same period of 1847, show a diminution of 33,333,000 fr., of which 16,310,000 is for the first three months, and 17,023,000 for April alone. The import duties for the like period in 1848 produced 26,786,968 francs, against 43,720,267 in 1847. In April, 1847, they amounted to 10,750,672, and in the same month in 1848, only 3,764,590 fr. The Committee on the Constitution have adopted two resolutions, viz., that there shall be a single President and a single Chamber, elected by universal suffrage. The report of the Committee is not expected till the end of June. A serious difficulty between the Assembly and the Executive Committee arose, which caused Lamartine and Ledru Rollin to threaten to retire. The Committee claimed to have entire control of the measures for the protection of the Assembly, and to an exemption from attendance at its sittings. The difficulty, which appeared serious, was compromised by the exemption being allowed except at the call of 40 members for explanations or statements, and by leaving the protectionary arrangements with the Committee, with a controlling power in the President of the Assembly.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Diplomatic and Official Papers of Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State. New York : Harper & Brothers, 1848.

This volume contains the papers comprising the history of the North-eastern Boundary Treaty of 1842; correspondence with Lord Ashburton, relative to Maritime Rights, Impressment, Inviolability of National Territory, case of the *Caroline*, etc.; the case of McLeod; letters with Mr. Everett and Lord Aberdeen relative to the Right of Search; correspondence with Mr. Cass previous and subsequent to his retirement from France; the Boundary Treaty and Mr. Webster's great speech in defence thereof; papers concerning our relations with Mexico, Spain, etc. etc.—the whole being pre-faced by an Introduction giving a full account of the settlement of the Treaty.

At the conclusion of the introduction, it is very justly remarked, that "although the papers contained in the present volume probably form but a small portion of the official correspondence of the Department of State for the period during which it was filled by Mr. Webster, they constitute, nevertheless, the most important part of the documentary record of a period of official service, brief, indeed, but as beneficial to the country as any of which the memory is preserved in her annals." Respecting the settlement of the boundary Treaty, to which the most important papers in the volume chiefly refer, the writer also adds: "Much is due to the wise and amiable negotiator who was dispatched on the holy errand of peace; much to the patriotism of the Senate of the United States, who confirmed the treaty by a larger majority than ever before sustained a measure of this kind which divided public opinion; but the first meed of praise is unquestionably due to the negotiator. Let the just measure of that praise be estimated by reflecting what would be our condition at the present day, if instead of or in addition to the war with Mexico, we were involved in a war with Great Britain."

One of the most interesting documents in the collection is the elaborate and severe, yet well merited rebuke of Mr. Cass, for writing from Paris a letter expressing dissatisfaction with the Treaty, after it had been concluded, and after he had demanded his recall. Mr. Cass took the liberty of informing the Department of State that no one rejoiced "more sincerely than he at the termination of our difficulties with Great Britain, so far as they were

terminated."—But—"Our past history, however, will be unprofitable if it do not teach us that unjust pretensions, affecting our rights and honor, are best met by being promptly repelled when first urged, and by being received in a spirit of resistance worthy the character of our people and of the great trust confided to us as the depositories of the freest system of government which the world has yet witnessed." He then goes into his view of the question of the Right of Search, and concludes by stating in substance his reason for having demanded his recall:—"I now find a treaty has been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, which provides for the co-operation of the latter in efforts to abolish the slave trade, but which contains no renunciation by the former of the extraordinary pretension, resulting, as she said, from the exigencies of these very efforts; and which pretension I felt it my duty to denounce to the French Government." From this it is very clear that had Mr. Cass officiated at that time as negotiator, the "pretensions" of Great Britain would have been met by "*a spirit of resistance worthy, etc.*;" and that we should before this time have been, very possibly, involved in a war considerably more expensive and perhaps less glorious than our recent struggle to protect the national honor from the insults of the haughty Mexicans!

But Mr. Cass was not aware that the whole question of the right of visit and of search had been gone over in a letter from Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, and discussed in so masterly a manner that nothing of what Mr. C. is pleased to style "pretension" has been heard of from that time to this or ever will be again, it is probable, so long as the world shall endure. The silence of Lord Aberdeen, in reference to that dispatch, is an admission of the legality of Mr. Webster's views, which are, that unless by express treaty, no such thing as a right of visit, or search, exists between nations in time of peace; that such visit is therefore *trespass*; but yet that no flag can shield pirates—thus firmly declaring the ocean to be in law what it is often styled by a figure—the great highway of nations—where all have free right of passage without let or molestation except those of whom it must be presumed that the party interfering with them has perfect knowledge that they are felons or outlaws. That these must be regarded as now settled principles of international intercourse, the agreement of the two governments after so many years in which the subject has been pending,—the fact that four

years have elapsed since they were laid before the British Ministry from our Department of State, and that during this time they have been suffered to remain, although presented in the course of a correspondence having special reference to the subject, without confutation, must be deemed conclusive evidence. Surely the spirit in which Mr. Webster so well laid down the law has proved more happy in its results than that which Mr. Cass would have had our government manifest on the occasion. Discussion and concession—a desire, to use a homely phrase, “to do what is right,” are much better calculated to promote those amicable relations on which depend the welfare of nations, than that “spirit of resistance” which Mr. Cass deems “worthy the character of our people.”

The contrast between Mr. Cass's policy and the course of Mr. Webster is placed in strong lights in the course of the correspondence here published. Mr. Cass writes from an impetuous and choleric temper, that does not permit him to see how often he commits himself. Under Mr. Webster's clear examination, all he advances resolves itself into mere presumptuous wrongheadedness. Thus, for example, in the reply to the letter from which we have above quoted, Mr. Webster says:—

“Your letter appears to be intended as a sort of protest, a remonstrance, in the form of an official dispatch, against a transaction of the government to which you were not a party, in which you had no agency whatever, and for the results of which you were no way answerable. This would seem an unusual and extraordinary proceeding. In common with every other citizen of the republic, you have an unquestionable right to form opinions upon public transactions, and the conduct of public men; but it will hardly be thought to be among either the duties or the privileges of a minister abroad to make formal remonstrances and protests against proceedings of the various branches of the government at home, upon subjects in relation to which he himself has not been charged with any duty or partaken any responsibility.” P. 195.

Mr. Cass, in reply, says that his letter is not “a protest or remonstrance,” and defends himself as follows:—

“Is it the duty of a diplomatic agent to receive all the communications of his government, and to carry into effect their instructions *sub silentio*, whatever may be his own sentiments in relation to them? Or, is he not bound, as a faithful representative, to communicate freely, but respectfully, his own views, that these may be considered and receive their due weight in that particular case, or in other circumstances involving similar considerations? It seems to me that the bare enunciation of the principle is all that is necessary for my justification.” P. 106. * * * “And I may express the conviction that there is no government—certainly none this side of Constanti-

nople—which would not encourage, rather than rebuke, the free expression of the views of their representatives in foreign countries.” P. 207.

To which Mr. Webster strikingly and conclusively answers:—

“What other construction (than as a protest or remonstrance) your letter will bear, I cannot perceive. The transaction was *finished*. No letter or remarks of yourself, or any one else, could undo it, if desirable. Your opinions were unsolicited. If given as a citizen, then it was altogether unusual to address them to this Department in an official dispatch; if as a public functionary, the whole subject-matter was quite aside from the duties of your particular station. In your letter you did not propose anything *to be done*, but objected to what had been done.” P. 214.

“* * * Like all citizens of the republic, you are quite at liberty to exercise your own judgment upon that as upon other transactions. But neither your observations nor this concession cover the case. They do not show that, as a public minister abroad, it is a part of your official functions, in a public dispatch, to remonstrate against the conduct of the government at home in relation to a transaction in which you bore no part, and for which you were in no way answerable. The President and Senate must be permitted to judge for themselves in a matter solely within their control. Nor do I know that, in complaining of your protest against their proceedings in a case of this kind, anything has been done to warrant, on your part, an invidious and unjust reference to Constantinople.” P. 216.

In reading this passage, one cannot but be struck with the extreme propriety and elegance of Mr. Webster's diplomatic style. His mind seems to select from a hundred points of view the precise one which best illustrates a subject, and he gives it in language which, though careful, grave, and dignified, is yet natural. For this quality we admire these letters more than his early orations.

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Angela. A Novel. By the Author of “Emilia Wyndham,” “Two Old Men’s Tales,” etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

In moral bearing, and so far as we have been able to examine it, in the conduct of the story, this tale is unexceptionable. But the characters are elaborated with a minuteness that is not sustained by depth of thought, and in a style not poetic and elevating, but too intense, and too close an imitation of the language of real life. The tale is probably intended, and will be generally recommended for young lady readers. But we dislike to believe, either that it will be very popular with them, or that we have grown so old and wise as to be no longer able to judge of what interests them.

In the first chapter we have a description of a young man reposing under “that wild,

straggling hawthorn, where the huge twisted branches, hoary with age, have assumed almost the character of those of a forest tree." This is interrupted by an apostrophe to the "teens," from which we extract the following:—

"The teens! Oh what a *gush* of promise is there in that first burst of fervent life into flower! But the wind of the desert has passed over the blossoms, and where are they?

"What is the summer to this spring?

"Alas! alas!

"Most deeply, *deeply* pathetic sight!

"He was like the rest of them, dear, *earnest*, delightful young creatures"—

How much of such writing must a critic read in order to form a respectable opinion upon it? If twenty pages, there is one that must resign the profession.

On turning over the leaves we find that the whole book is paragraphed as in the extract above.

Whence has arisen this fashion of making each separate sentence stand by itself?

From imitating Tupper, cockney philosopher? We do not know.

Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights are printed in this fashion also.

Was it invented by printers to save labor in the correcting of proof? They have lately taken in hand our orthography. A boy who, at school, should persist in spelling theatre "*theater*," as the Messrs. Harpers do now in their books, should be reprimanded, and if that did not suffice, chastised, until he amended.

Possibly this overmuch paragraphing was invented by the printers; but very plainly, however it came into use, it is only a new device of the enemy of souls, who wills not that men should love what is beautiful, but delights to have them running into all manner of foolishness.

Behold how easy it is to follow his suggestions!

But let all *earnest*, delightful young gentlemen and ladies be watchful not to fall into vulgar and degrading affectation. It is the peculiar literary vice of our time. Often, when we consider how it infects and spoils our whole literature, we fancy that we have fallen upon dry days—days when the truly poetic is no longer sought for or felt when found.

One more paragraph has caught our eye, which is so nice it must be given:—

"He was a tall, *fine* young man—not very tall, neither, for he was beautifully proportioned—a very *model*—the very ideal of the *English* youth. His eye so sweet, so ingenuous, so *almost* child-like in its truth and innocence, yet so deep, so thoughtful, so full of *indistinct meaning* and *hidden melancholy* (bad grammar); his mouth was rather full, and the soft, *silken moustache* just gave character to the upper lip."

What a *love* of an animal! How *delightful*! But not half so poetic as Amanda Fitzalan in the Children of the Abbey.

"He lay—loured, I should say—under this old, twisted hawthorn tree, upon a bank covered with that green branching moss which is so soft and so beautiful; and the harebell and the lichens, and the little white starwort were growing, with a few lingering primroses and violets in the *shaw* (how intensely Saxon!) which stretched behind and beside him. This hawthorn tree stood out by itself a little in front of the *shaw* (O *pshaw*!) which stretched along the field upon that side in front of a very high and thick hedge of hawthorn and maple, traveller's joy (new plant) and brambles, honeysuckles and eglantine, such as our youth loved in his heart."

The London Critic ranks this authoress "at the head of female novelists;" the London Spectator thinks her "*Norman's Bridge* surpasses everything" this writer or perhaps *any other writer* has done, if we except Godwin's chef d'œuvre; the John Bull thinks her humor approaches that of Molière and Addison.

The American Review begs to be excused from perusing this, her last work, and is reluctantly compelled to admit that the above specimens of puffing, bad as they are, cannot make it think more lightly of the opinion of the London press than it did already. The novel is well enough, perhaps, as a *softly* book—God forbid we should be thought angry with it—but it is not to be compared with any of Mrs. Austen's or a hundred others.

The Seat of Government of the United States.
By JOSEPH B. VARNUM, Jr. New York:
Press of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine. 1848.

This is a full history of the City of Washington, and view of its present condition. It contains a review of the discussions in Congress and elsewhere on its site, and plans and minute descriptions of its public works, &c., including a particular notice of the Smithsonian Institution, with a map. It is published in a pamphlet form, and must necessarily, from the interest of the subject and the industry and good sense which is manifest in the work, command a very extensive sale.

ERRATA.

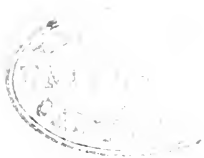
In the article on the "Adventures and Conquests of the Normans in Italy, during the Middle Ages," in the June number, the following errors occurred, in consequence of inability to send a proof to the author:—

On p. 619, for *Mons Fovis* read *Mons Jovis*.

On p. 622, et seq., for *Malfi* read *Melfi*.

On p. 627, for *Palermo* read *Paterno*.

On pp. 629, 630, for *Barajgoi* read *Βαράγγοι*.





Samuel F. Vinton

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for August.

THE OREGON BILL,	111
THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF DANTE ALIGHIERI,	125
STANZAS. Imitated from Sappho,	141
COLTON'S PUBLIC ECONOMY,	142
AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK. By Professor Adolphus L. Koeppen,	157
THE PEACE OF YEARS,	173
ARNELL'S POEMS,	174
SONNET,	178
A FANTASY PIECE. By G. W. P.,	179
FREE SOIL POLICY,	193
LACONICS,	200
THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA,	204
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	213
CRITICAL NOTICES,	218

A full Memoir of the Hon. Samuel R. Vinton should have accompanied the portrait, but could not be had in time. It is promised for the next month.

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NO. II.

THE OREGON BILL.

REMARKS ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE IN REGARD TO TERRITORY.

It will be our endeavor in the following pages, to consider the question that is now injuriously dividing the national opinion, in a mood more philosophical, and if possible more conclusive, than that of sectional or partisan feeling; and, at the same time, to discuss some dangerous doctrines, that have passed unnoticed, or at least unconfuted, during its recent agitation in the Senate and in the House.

"In the Senate of the United States, July 18th, Mr. Clayton of Delaware, chairman of the select committee on the territories of Oregon, California, and New Mexico, reported a bill for the organization of territorial government in each of them."*

It is proposed in this bill, to allow the will of the citizens of Oregon, expressed in the temporary system of laws which they have adopted, to prevail against the introduction of slaves in their territory, and in regard to other regions, to refer the whole matter to the Supreme Court, to be decided in private controversy.

If the Court decides, in the first controversy that may arise and be referred to it, that slaves cannot be held in the territories, the Wilmot Proviso principle takes effect, and slavery is forbidden in the territories of the United States.

If it decides that they *can* be held, then the Calhoun principle takes effect, and slavery is fixed upon *all* territories not protected by the ordinance of 1787, the Missouri Compromise, or the concession to the citizens of Oregon.

Thus it appears that the Supreme Court will have to bear up against the whole South or the whole North. It must decide *in toto* for the whole territory in question.

The clauses in the Constitution upon which the Court will be obliged to ground its opinion, in regard to the existing law, and touching the power of Congress to make laws, should that be agitated, are the following:

"1. No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of

* National Intelligencer, July 19th, 1848. The committee consisted of four from the North and four from the South.

the party to whom such service or labor is due."

The question may arise, whether the law applies to slaves held in the territories of the United States.

"2. Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful *rules and regulations* respecting the territory, or other property, belonging to the United States, and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular State."

The question may arise, whether a law of Congress forbidding slaves to be held in the territories in question, does not prejudice the claims of some particular States. And if any State shall object to such law, on the strength of this clause, in defence of some one of its citizens, then,—whether the claim of a citizen to hold slaves is the claim also of his State; in a word, whether any *State* can appear in the business, either as plaintiff or defendant.

Whether the words "rules and regulations" confer the power of making laws against the introduction of any species of property, or declaring any kind of property contraband in territories of the United States.

By the 14th clause, section viii., of the Constitution, Congress has power "to make *rules* for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

It appears that a "rule" may be made for "government;" and if of army and navy, does it apply also to territory?

"3. Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation, in *all cases whatsoever*, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings."

The question may arise whether the phrase, "in all cases whatsoever," confers the power of legislating on the subject of *slavery*, in such district, or ceded space, and whether, by construction *a fortiori*, the power extends to territory.

4. "The *migration, or importation*, of such persons as any of the States shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation not exceeding ten dollars for each person."

As this clause confers the extraordinary power of prohibiting the introduction of slaves, after the year 1808, into States existing at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the question arises, whether it does not confer the same power in regard to the new States, and, *a fortiori*, in regard to territory.

Respect for the august tribunal of the nation forbids our attempting, in the present posture of affairs, to elicit the true intent of the Constitution. We mean to enter only upon the general question of policy, and of the idea of the Constitution, in order to an examination of certain doctrines put forth by Mr. Calhoun in his speech upon the Oregon bill.

If we admit the opinion of Mr. Calhoun, that there is a *joint ownership* of the territories in the States, each State maintaining its right over them, the most natural course would seem to be a *division* of the territories, according to the common rules and methods for the division of property held by several owners. A property line dividing the portion claimed by the North from that claimed by the South, seems in *that case* to be the obvious, and only just, remedy for discontent; a remedy which the parties might demand; but we hold the notion of a joint ownership to be grounded upon a false view of the nature of the property.

The Committee did not, however, adopt this view, at least in express terms. They only urge, that slavery has its natural boundaries, and would not probably penetrate north of the latitude of 36° 40'. Mr. Calhoun urged the same argument against the proposition of those * * * * * who wished to fix a geographical line, beyond which slavery should not be lawful. As slavery continues to exist at this day in Kentucky, and formerly existed in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and will easily extend and maintain itself on rich prairie and bottom lands, in temperate climates, even when slaveholders themselves are averse to its extension, the arguments of the committee pass but as

suggestions, of value to those only who feel satisfied from a general view, that slavery will not overrun the whole of the new territories. Hence it is probable that the anxiety of the North will not be wholly abated by the adoption of the bill.

On the other hand, it was agreed by the majority of the committee, that some regions *require* slave labor: which seems to be an additional argument against referring the matter to the Supreme Court. For if the Court decides against the legality of slavery, those regions which *require* slave labor will be injured by the decision. Had a committee been appointed to investigate the nature and present condition of the new territories, with a view to set their economical arguments in a clearer light, the idea of a geographical line would not have so much excited the animosity of parties: for the committee could have marked out upon the map those countries upon which slavery would be injurious and unprofitable; and, after that, no man would object to an act of Congress "to prevent an injurious and unprofitable extension of slavery" beyond what Mr. Calhoun and the committee regard as its "natural limits."

The North, it is feared, will be disturbed by a decision of the Supreme Court, which excludes them from all influence over the territory to which they claim an equal right, and over which an equal right is conceded them by the South; nor does it seem to be good policy to throw the burden of so dreadful a question upon the court, to the injury, in any event, of its authority and popularity. We would once more call attention to the fact, that the decision, either way, will affect *all* the territories except Oregon, and will of course be a signal for the most furious opposition. Whatever, therefore, be the difficulties and dangers of the policy of a geographical line—an extension of the Compromise supported by Mr. Clay in 1820—the plan offered by the Committee does not seem to involve fewer, or less alarming, consequences.

The retaliation movement against the compromise policy, led by Mr. Calhoun and supported by all the power of his eloquence, should it prevail *through his arguments*, and not for other reasons more politic, will be a fatal triumph over the Whig Party.

The arguments employed by Mr. Calhoun are directed against the total fabric of the Constitution, nay, against the very idea of liberty itself. He treats the principles of the Declaration with a contemptuous ridicule; he strikes at the very heart of Democracy.

He condemns and derides the Declaration of our fathers, that "all men are created equal." Against the opinions expressed by the Senator, it seems proper to protest at the outset, though in the order of his argument they should be mentioned last.

The Republic was established by its founders, on the idea of MAN as he should be.

If, then, it falls, it falls by the elevation of its principles. "All men," says Jefferson, in the Declaration, "*are* created equal:" declaring that men, as they are gradually moulded by the creative hand, and arrive by nature and Providence at adult perfection, attain to the glorious equality of freedom.

We say of young oaks and elms that they are created to be the monarchs of the forest, just as we say that man is created for freedom. Of a million acorns only one comes to be an oak, and of a thousand oaks only one becomes one of the equal sons of the forest; and so of men.

This idea of human destiny, so far from being a dogma of philosophy, is the first idea of the common law; the law deals with all equally: even in the infant, it presupposes the adult, and protects the hope of a perfect man in the mere embryo.

Within and above every written constitution or body of laws, there stands a system of principles, more profound in their origin, and of greater force, than either. This system receives its *life*, its substantial force, from the idea of the destiny of man; be that a base, or a free, destiny.

The *form* of this system, on the other hand, varies with time and circumstance; it changes, or seems to change, while the substance remains unchangeable. The idea of a free and perfect human being, is the eidolon and the palladium, the image of Deity in man, which symbolizes and measures both law and liberty, in this land. Its place is in the inmost recess of the heart of a freeman. From thence it will not be removed by force; the arts

neither of policy nor of superstition can remove it :

"It fears not policy, that heretic,
That works on leases of short numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic."—*Shak.*

Hence the stern countenance and the aspect of terror and of threat, which men wear when this sacred topic is invaded. It is a fearful topic : the idea of it overwhelms and terrifies. Only the severe and serious mind can approach it ; it involves the history of man ; it touches the liberty of thought ; it repels all control ; the differences it creates are inexplicable, irremediable ; the fear of Death has no power over it : to comprehend it is to comprehend all law and government : it is to know right and wrong, to have been familiar with fear, and resistance, and suffering.

The full accomplished liberty of man is indeed a hope so dignified, that the gravest may entertain it with enthusiasm ; all the great and solemn wisdom of legislators in the old republics, sprang from this idea ; our ancestors entertained it ; theology has seized upon it ; literature lives by it ; the laws of free States are its defence ; wherever it exists in a sufficient number of minds, and with a sufficient distinctness, laws and privileges are created to nurture, strengthen, and maintain it, in all its degrees. In feudalism, in constitutional monarchy, and in the Republic, we have its grand embodiments. Being the mark, and crown, of humanity arrived at maturity, it is the first feature in the idea of man in the Republic ; and we say of the freeman, that he and his fellows are created *free* and *equal*, the Republic knows no other men ; if there be slaves and criminals in it, they do not belong to it ; they are classed among its accidents and its imperfections.

The vast machinery of State, the Executive, the cabinet, Congress, the courts of law, the army and navy, the fiscal officers, the polls, all have but one purpose, to maintain and protect liberty.

To say, however, that liberty is a creation of the law, is to say too much, for no law or constitution can, of course, more than protect it in its privileges. But we know it is not proper to man in his lawless, infantile or ignorant state ; nor have all men, or races of men, exhibited the ca-

capacity for its exercise : a few nations, only, have realized it, and always imperfectly.

Political liberty, imaging the mind of a bold, enterprising and intelligent nation, numerous, able in war, skillful in arts, possessing a history, a statute book, and a body of law and custom ; such liberty is rather the fruit of the greatest virtue and suffering, possible only after a long probation and discipline, and is so far from being common or equal, great numbers, indeed, even in free States, are ignorant of its nature and value, while they live protected by it. As the state of liberty in the mind is one with the state of law, those only can enjoy it to the full, who have the principles of law within them ; persons devoid of truth, of spirit and of virtue, can of course have no appreciation of it. Natural liberty, or rather natural virtue, being extremely rare in its perfection, those who possess it have always constituted a superior order, either as nations, tribes, classes, or individuals. Men of free, elevated character, may, however, be so numerous in a nation as to shape its institutions ; and these institutions may so train and educate the many, as to constitute a nation of freemen.

But no free people who have preserved their institutions have granted political liberty to all promiscuously. For the exercise of its first function—the franchise—a part only are selected, fitted by age, circumstances and patriotic sympathy, for its right employment. It is an error to suppose that liberty is best protected by conferring unlimited privileges upon all. It is necessary that those, only, should exercise a function who can use it with discretion and freedom. The appointing power lodged in the people, cannot be properly exercised by persons devoid of natural or educated freedom.

Liberty does not consist in every man's having a hand in the government ; franchise is a regular function of government, and we might as well make all men justices, or governors, as make all voters.

Nor will it strengthen liberty to make sacrifices to abstract principles. As it has been established by a gradual process, it can be conferred only by one as gradual : if the slave is to be made free, he must be emancipated in such a manner as that he shall not fall back into his original barbarism, deprived of the superior influence

of the white man, by whom he is raised from a horrid and cannibal freedom, to a useful and important servitude. He has been taught the arts of life, but he has not been taught to live in organized community. His future amelioration must necessarily be by a slow progress, and more by the gradual effect of circumstances than by any sudden or violent efforts, which would end only in his extinction.

Though, therefore, we regard the extinction of slavery, (not of the slave,) as one of the great and desirable ends of statesmanship in this age, as it has been in all past ages, we admit no violent methods, no unconstitutional interference, no ferocious denunciations; the work must be done by those whom nature and the laws appoint to do it, and they must be allowed their own time: liberty in this particular is so absolutely theirs, any attempt to infringe upon it is a declaration of war against our institutions.

* * * * *

On the morning of June 27th, when the bill for an establishment of a territorial government in Oregon came up, "Mr. Bright, of Indiana, gave notice that he would move the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, as an amendment to the bill, at a proper time in its progress." Mr. Calhoun then rose, and in a speech of moderate length, as is usual with him, but full of matter for reflection, set forth the position and opinion of the extreme Southern party as he represents it.

"There is a very striking difference between the position in which the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States stand in reference to the subject under consideration. The former desire no action of the Government. * * * On the contrary, the non-slaveholding States, instead of being willing to leave it on this broad and equal foundation, demand the interposition of the Government, and the passage of an act to exclude the slaveholding States from emigrating with their property into the territory, in order to give their citizens, and those they may permit, the exclusive right of settling it, while it remains in that condition, preparatory to subjecting it to like restrictions and conditions when it becomes a State. The 12th section of this bill in reality adopts what is called the Wilcox proviso, not only for Oregon, but, as the bill now stands, for New Mexico and California. The amendment, on the contrary, moved by the Senator from Mississippi, near me, (Mr. DAVIS,) is intended to assert and maintain the

position of the slaveholding States. It leaves the territory free and open to all the citizens of the United States, and would overrule, if adopted, the act of the self-constituted Territory of Oregon, and the 12th section, as far as it relates to the subject under consideration. We have thus fairly presented the grounds taken by the non-slaveholding and the slaveholding States, or, as I shall call them for the sake of brevity, the Northern and Southern States, in their whole extent, for discussion."

This statement lays the subject of the controversy between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States; whereas it lies properly not between the States, which are merely governments, and have only an interest of guardianship in the matter, but between slaveholders and non-slaveholders generally, in all parts of the Union. Mr. Calhoun and his friends have succeeded in giving it a sectional aspect, but a slight examination of the grounds of this controversy shows that it is a contest between the possessors of a certain kind of property, who are a small minority of the citizens, and non-possessors of the same, who are a vast majority. Were the favorite principle of Democracy to be called in aid of a decision, the question would be abruptly settled; but the South appeals to the constitutional principle, that the rights of each and of all shall be equally respected.

Non-slaveholders in all parts of the nation who wish to emigrate into the new territory, claim that this peculiar kind of property shall be declared contraband by Congress, and its importation forbidden. The citizens of Oregon, who, in the absence of a protecting power, very properly established a government for themselves, until such time as one should be granted them by the people of the United States, have declared their wish in this respect by laws against the introduction of slaves. Here, in the territories of Oregon, the free laborers, who feared they might be driven from their homes by the introduction of slaves, have protested against their introduction, and this protest every citizen, be he slaveholder or not, is bound in honor to respect. The free emigrants do not certainly wish to injure slaveholders, or, as Mr. Calhoun says, to exclude citizens with their property: with their property in any other shape, citizens would be welcome—nay, joyfully received into the new terri-

tory: it is merely against the *form* of the property, as being of a kind that will destroy the value of their free labor, that the emigrants protest. In such a view of the case, it is evident the necessity for the establishment of a free territory for the emigrants is an imperative duty, enjoined by humanity and honor upon Congress, and our confidence in the integrity and justice of Southern Senators will not permit us to believe that they are not fully sensible of the propriety of such a policy.

That a policy of non-interference in this matter would leave slaveholders and free emigrants upon "a broad and equal foundation," as the Senator claims it would, is obviously not correct. Were the new territories left free to all kinds of property, the slaveholder, with his band of negroes, has a great advantage over the free laborer. Slaveholders, therefore, having certain immunities and privileges, in which they are protected by the military and civil force of the United States, all that the non-slaveholders require, is to be defended against the injurious effects of these upon themselves.

The question at issue, and which is at this moment proceeding to a decision, is whether the peculiar privileges and immunities of the slaveholder shall be permitted to deter and prevent the emigration of free laborers from all parts of the Union into the new territories. If any person can discover injustice or monopoly in this claim of the laboring citizen to be protected by a declaration of contraband against a certain kind of property, we concede him a more penetrating moral vision than our own. Slaveholders must maintain their privileges, and make good their independent rights, but let this charge of a spirit of grasping and monopoly be repelled from the non-slaveholding citizen, and let his fair share, at least, of free territory be reserved to him by the power of the Nation.

And this brings us to another charge, directed against the secret intentions of those who urge the rights of the emigrant to a free territory:—

"The non-slaveholding States," says the Senator, * * * "demand the interposition of government, * * * preparatory to subjecting it to like restrictions when it becomes a State."

As far as well-informed citizens, who

understand the Constitution and their own rights, are concerned, no such design is entertained, nor will it be thought possible in future to grant constitutions to States, endowed with any other than a sovereign power.

The Senator then proceeds:—

"The first question which offers itself for consideration is: Have the Northern States the power which they claim, to exclude the Southern from emigrating freely, *with their property*, into territories belonging to the United States, and to monopolize them for their exclusive benefit?"

But the question, we repeat it, is not of "States;" States are not to emigrate. South Carolina is not, surely, about to move bodily into the new territory! It is between citizens only. But does the Senator answer the question as it really stands, namely, whether this Government has power to declare *any* species of property contraband in the new territory?

"Has the North the power which it claims under the twelfth section of this bill?" he continues. Is not this a question which involves a wrong supposition? It is not the power of the "North," but of Congress, which is now to be considered. We are to inquire whether Congress has power to declare contraband *any* species of property in the territories; but, as before, giving in to the usual loose and partisan form of statement, he continues: "Not certainly in the relation in which the Northern and Southern States stand to each other. They are the constituent parts, or members, of a common federal Union; and as such are equals in all respects, both in dignity and rights."

True; but this statement, like the others, leaves so many points uncertain, and loose, it falls almost without effect.

The States, it is said, are equal in authority, and weight. How is it then that the vote of New York, in the House, is so much more powerful than that of Delaware or Rhode Island? Indeed, except as sectional opinion points them out, the States do not appear at all in the House: only the people—the nation—appears there. Neither do the States appear in the Executive—not a shade of State sovereignty appears in the Executive. The House and the Executive standing for the nation, and the

Senate alone standing for the State Governments, together constitute the Supreme Authority. This declaration of the equality and independence of the State Governments, is quite unnecessary, therefore, and has no weight in the argument.

It is not necessary to remind any person at all read in political affairs, that a power derived, like that of the House of Representatives, by an apportioned representation from all the citizens of the Union, is greater in degree, and in kind, than one established by perhaps a thirtieth part of the same, met upon a sectional council for the discussion of provincial business. This power is greater in *degree*, because it represents a greater territory and vaster population; it is greater in *kind*, because its functions are imperial, and that it meddles not with domestic or local matters. It is *national*, being derived, by an equal representation, from the vote of each independent citizen. By his electoral vote the choice for all officers, of nation, state, municipality, county, town, district, village, hamlet, proceeds from the individual citizen; from him as the independent *nucleus*—the vital point of power—is derived this ray of choice, or of representation.

Upon this ground of individual freedom and power, as on a truly equal basis, making all men peers, stands the power of the House; and because it does so stand, it is purely and absolutely national.

The superior legislative authority of this National House, in its proper sphere, over that of any one House, of a particular State, is secured, not so much by the Constitution, as by the nature of things. The power which establishes it is the same with that which sustains the Constitution,* and of which a part, or section only, gives origin to the House of each Legislative State.

Let us consider next, though not in order, the National Executive, both as to its origin, and the powers especially given by that origin; for it is true of every Constitutional authority, that not constitution, but *derivation*, both establishes and limits it.

The Executive power of the Republic is derived, first, from the necessity recognized by each citizen, for a commissioned and

lawful Will, to put the laws in execution. This necessity recognized, is the *natural* basis of Presidential Authority.

His election, like that of a Representative, is popular, but with some modifications. For convenience, electors are first chosen, who accurately represent the people; the joint majorities of the citizens of each State, gives a majority of all the citizens of the Nation; and in case a majority is not had, then the choice is thrown upon the national representation in the House. But here the nature of the election is modified; the House voting not by members, but by States, and the election ceasing to be strictly popular. There is recognized, therefore, in the Executive Power, a State, as well as a National element; and this necessarily; for the President is not only a defender of the National, but of the State sovereignties, and must support the authority and the rights of States.

Thus far we have considered the nature and derivation of the Central Power, as it proceeds from the people in mass—from the Nation. It remains now to look at that of the States, or of the Senate.

It is a fundamental necessity for a government based on representation, that every great political power shall be represented in it.

A government, whatever be its name or power, being a body of men deputed to execute the laws, and to maintain order in society, is distinct from society. It is a power distinct from that of the people. It affects them, is feared and respected by them; it is affected by them, is swayed by and sways them: no state can be said to exist, in which a distinct body as government, either elective or hereditary, is not recognized and maintained.

At the founding of the Constitution, the two great powers recognized in this republic, namely, that of the equal Citizen, and that of the equal State, were distinctly recognized.

The founders supposed, that if the powers of the citizen alone were recognized, and should predominate, the nation would fall together into a centralized Democracy, and end in despotism. The State Governments, on the other hand, would have then become disturbing and disorganizing powers, warring against, and embarrassing,

* The Constitution expresses only that which is permanently and continually necessary for the liberty of the Nation.

a government in which they were not represented, and which would become their natural enemy. Had there been a powerful aristocracy,—had there been many free commercial cities,—had there been a great national church, holding political power;—it would have been necessary to the peace of the nation, that these powers be represented in Congress. But, as it happened, there was no aristocracy, there was no powerful church, there were no independent cities,—there were only two recognized powers, *first*, the body of the nation, peers—speaking one language, and forming that equal band of freemen who fought the battle of the revolution,—and, *second*, the governing bodies of the States. These latter demanded representation, and received it in the SENATE.

In a government composed in this manner of all the elements of national power, an authority less than imperial cannot be supposed to exist, nor would it require a labored argument to show, that the authority thus constituted is as great as the nation can require, in any exigent of peace or war.

Containing, in the House, the authority derived from the consent of all the citizens; in the Senate, that which is derived from the governing bodies of the States; and in the Executive, an union of both;—and all limited, and strictly subordinated, by a Constitution, anterior and superior to it, this government stands superior in rank and in kind, to that of any one of the States.

After such a view, the old idea of the federation, that Congress is the creature and tool of the State Governments, falls quite to the ground.

Though it be unquestionably true, then, as the Senator declares, "that the States are constituent parts of the common federal government of the Union, and as such are equals in all respects both in dignity and rights," "this relation in which they stand to each other furnishes a strong presumption," not only that they have no combined or separate authority over the territory which extends to the prohibition of slave property; but farther, that the States, separately or in combination, *have no power whatever over the territories*; since this power lodges properly in Congress and the Executive; and only by their

votes in the Senate have the States any influence in the matter. Senators, in the performance of their duty, defend the rights of their several State governments, but it may well be asked, what good they hope to effect by using a language that implies for the representation of States, in the Senate, a power which belongs to them only in conjunction with the House and the Executive?

And here, in the midst of other matter for question, we stumble upon a new doctrine offered by Mr. Calhoun,—that slave property, "the only species of property recognized," says he, "by the Constitution, (!)—was also "the only one that entered into its formation as a political power," (!)—"and this is the only one that is put under the express guarantee of the Constitution," he adds. And this is offered as a member of an argument limiting the power of Congress over slavery in the territory!

To this the reply is simple,—first, that the word 'slave' is not used in the Constitution at all, and that it is not literally true that the Constitution recognizes slave property. The Constitution assumed no power over slavery in the States, and would neither recognize, nor not recognize, it. But when it came to apportion representation by *population*, it was obliged to reckon in all descriptions of persons, without naming them. Democracy professes to believe that a property representation is a false and unjust representation. It is, therefore, necessary for Democracy to explain this slave representation by another theory; and to say that not property, but the life and safety of the slave and his master, taken together as one family, or system, was looked to in the apportionment.

After touching upon the foregoing, Mr. Calhoun then repeats the question. "But if it cannot be found in either—if it exists at all, the power must be looked for in the compact which binds these States together in a federal Union. Does that instrument contain any provision which gives the North the power to exclude the South from a free admission into the territories of the United States with its peculiar property, and to monopolize them for its own exclusive use?" To which we reply as before, that the Constitution does not know of

any such power as the North, or the South, or the East, or the West. These are very loose terms, and mean much or little according to the mood we are in. It is, therefore, necessary to substitute for the above question, the following :—

Has the Government of the United States the power to declare the importation of slave property contraband in its own territory?

Mr. Calhoun several times repeats the question, “where is this absolute power of the North to exclude the South to be found?” To which we reply again, nowhere, and repeat, as before, that North and South are not recognized powers in the government or in the nation. Again, he argues on the passage concerning “rules and regulations :”

“Now, I undertake to affirm, and maintain beyond the possibility of doubt, that, so far from conferring absolute power to govern the territories, it confers no governmental power whatever; no, not a particle. It refers exclusively to territory regarded simply as public lands. Every word relates to it in that character, and is wholly inapplicable to it, considered in any other character but as property. Take the expression ‘dispose of,’ with which it begins. It is easily understood what it means when applied to lands, and is the proper and natural expression regarding the territory in that character when the object is to confer the right to sell or make other disposition of it. But who ever heard the expression applied to government, and what possible meaning can it have when so applied? Take the next expression, ‘to make all needful rules and regulations.’ These regarded separately might indeed be applicable to government in a loose sense; but they are never so applied in the constitution. In every case where they are used in it they refer to property, to things, or some process, such as the rules of the court, or of the House of Congress, for the government of their proceedings, but never to government, which implies persons* to be governed. But, if there should be any doubt in this case, the words immediately following, which restrict them to making ‘rules and regulations’ respecting the territory and other property of the United States,* must effectually expel it. They restrict their meaning beyond the possibility of doubt to territory regarded as property.”

The lands which pass under the general title of “Territories belonging to the United States,” belonged originally, by virtue

of royal charters, to the independent colonies, or to the powers of Europe. They became the property of the nation, after the Revolution, by acts of cession on the part of Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, New York, and other States, and by purchase from France and Spain. The charters of the lands of several of the States extended indefinitely westward, and the lines of these lands crossed each other, so that it had become impossible to make a fair adjustment of the separate claims. Those States that possessed no territory, having made common cause in a war which secured their sister sovereignties in quiet possession, thought it unjust that they themselves should have no share. The controversies on this subject were finally set at rest by acts of cession on the part of several States, by which their private and separate claims to property and jurisdiction were vested in the nation. New York was the first to set the example of moderation, and other States followed it at intervals. Out of the territory thus acquired by the people of the United States, were formed the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and others, and the territory west of these. North Carolina ceded the territory that is now the State of Tennessee. The cession of her own territory by Georgia, in 1802, concluded this difficult series of transactions, by which, more than by any other acts of the States, the nationality of all was settled and confirmed forever.

While the territories remain uninhabited, or are in process of occupation by emigrants, the people of the United States, as a nation, possess a *three-fold* interest and right in them.

1. First, as the imperial control over all national affairs has been acquired by the act of union or nationalization, which confers upon the general government the powers enumerated and implied by the Constitution.

2. As particular States or foreign sovereigns have ceded their chartered or legitimate sovereignty over their several territories. By these acts of cession, all the powers of a king or a sovereign state over its territory were necessarily transferred to the people or nation of the United States.

3. As owners of the soil, so far

* See page 112 (2).

as it has not become the property of individuals, the people, by their Congress, exercise certain rights, limited only by the common rules of ownership, and of purchase and sale.

It appears by this examination, that the authority of the government of this nation is perfect, over the territory which they have acquired, within the guarantees of the Constitution; for it includes the *three-fold* power of imperial control, of state sovereignty, and of ownership.

These three powers of imperial control, of state sovereignty, and of ownership, as they were vested in the nation by a process of law, and are made good by the principles that lie at the foundation of all governments, may, by the same principles, be transferred to other powers; the principles of law and the rule of *salutis populi* presiding over such transactions in as strict, though in a nobler sense, than over those of individuals.

Thus, if the Congress see fit by treaty to cede the imperial control over any portion of their unoccupied territory to another republic, they can do so; for as they acquired, so they may dispose of the right.

Or if government think best to sell the territory which they have in trust for the nation, they can do so without diminution of their imperial and state rights.

And when a certain portion of the national territory is settled by emigrants, able to constitute a government, they can recognize in such persons, and acknowledge by charter or by grant of a constitution, certain rights of franchise and jurisdiction constituting a territorial government, with or without representation in Congress, and limited in such a manner as may seem best; but never with such conditions or limitations affixed, as shall violate rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

Finally, if it be shown to Congress that those in whom they did recognize certain rights by granting them franchise and jurisdiction, have so organized their society as to be fully able to protect the inherent liberty of individuals among themselves, to maintain public and private credit, and to administer justice with the requisite authority, Congress may then cede to them in full, that sovereignty which was formerly ceded to the nation, and so constitute them, in every sense of the word, a STATE.

But the peace of society, and the liberty and prosperity of citizens, which governments are intended to maintain, is not established by the sole power of isolated and independent States. Single States, whether free or despotic, standing alone, exist only in a condition of perpetual war, or perpetual alarm.

For the same reason, therefore, that it is necessary for individuals to combine and form States, it is necessary for States to combine and form EMPIRES. The perfection of any empire, or imperial government, is when the separate free States or kingdoms maintain their liberties, without detriment to the Constitution under which they live, be that a free or a despotic Constitution. The lives of the great lawgivers have been spent in efforts to devise the most perfect systems of union, for groups of independent states or kingdoms.

So far, the form of empires and of state unions is one and the same, be the systems of their government monarchical or free. But in their internal organizations we find them affected by various and opposite principles.

In monarchical empires, as in that of the East under Justinian, founded originally upon force, all power was supposed to flow from the monarch, and his will, under the form of a decree, became and constituted the law.

The reason of this derivation is not hard to find; for in the formation of despotic states we observe that the law of *conquest* lies at the root of the Constitution; rights and franchises are but allowed, and can be resumed, at the pleasure of the imperial will.

In free empires, on the contrary, or as they are usually styled, United Provinces, States, or Leagues, the rights of each State are supposed to be inherent and inviolable. In our own system, beginning with the individual, we concede to all citizens a necessary and inherent liberty; just as in other Leagues and Unions, or constituted Empires, an inherent and inviolable sovereignty and liberty has been conceded to the separate States or members of the league.

The imperial system of the Union was established on a singular, and hitherto unknown principle; namely, the inherent liberty of the individual, and his inviola-

bility by any power not flowing out of the direct necessity for preserving and maintaining rights and liberties in all.—Every law, under this system, restraining the liberty of any person, is supposed to be necessary to the safety of all. Thus, if it be shown that the unconstitutional freedom of any person endangers the lives, properties, and liberties of citizens, the spirit of our system requires that such person be not allowed his liberty. And if a territory petition to become a free sovereignty, and it be shown, that the petitioners are not powerful or numerous enough, or sufficiently trained and organized, to maintain credit and justice, a Constitution cannot justly be granted them; for the power of the Union was established for the maintenance of order and liberty, and it cannot resign or cede its power into incompetent hands.

For, while the Declaration and the Constitution are founded on the general idea of an inherent right to liberty in *every* individual, and of an inherent right to sovereignty in *every* freely organized body of citizens, living under a regular form of law; necessity, and the nature of things—necessity for maintaining liberty and justice in the whole, and the imperfect nature of man, which often disables him from using and enjoying his equal and inherent rights as *man*—require that great caution and reserve be used, in *recognizing* these ideal rights; and that in no case they be admitted in practice, until their reality and capability appears in fact; for by acknowledging rights merely ideal, we do but force nature, and destroy that necessary order and gradation by which society is maintained.

No territory, therefore, can be made a sovereignty until it be proved capable, and notwithstanding all demonstration of inherent rights, no liberties can be conceded; for, indeed, the inherent rights of *all* are to be considered, and the greater necessity extinguishes the less, according to a maxim—*Salus, et libertas, Populi suprema lex*.

Whether, therefore, the Constitution specify or not that the nation shall have power over its own territory, is a question of subordinate interest. Such power is inherent in the nature of all government, and, in this particular instance, there is no limit imposed upon it by the Constitution.

In conclusion, we are obliged distinctly to disallow what Mr. Calhoun contends, that the system and spirit of this Government limits its power over its territory in the instance before us.

Mr. Calhoun asserts that the North are in error in supposing that slave territory will be closed to the white labor of the South; that "there is no part of the world where agricultural, mechanical, and other descriptions of labor, are more respected than in the South, with the exception of two descriptions of employment—that of menial and body servants." To this we reply, that it does not affect the question. The facts are that freemen will not work on farms, or any employment, in company with slaves. And that is the reason why it is necessary that territories adapted to free labor be guarded. If slavery will not naturally extend itself above 36° 40', then the South will be no loser by that exclusion; but as it has extended itself much farther, and might, for aught that is known to the contrary, take strong root in regions farther north to the ruin of territories unfitted by nature (like Kentucky) for its existence, it was a measure of safeguard to propose a line of division. As this question can never be "*settled*," but by the greatest forbearance on both sides,—and, as Mr. Calhoun argues, that if it be not settled once for all, ruin must ensue; let us then, in some equitable way, make a good ending of the business, and leave each side to work out its own destiny undisturbed by jealousy of the other.

Mr. Calhoun's next argument in order is derived from the clause granting "exclusive legislation" to Congress over the dockyards, arsenals, &c., and "other property belonging to the United States;" which clause he says does not confer what he calls "governmental powers"—a new phrase, and here used in a peculiar sense, in fact, starting a new distinction of powers. "Congress," says the Constitution, "shall exercise exclusive legislation, in *all cases whatsoever*, over the District, &c., and over all places purchased, &c." But says the Senator, Congress may not exercise "governmental powers" over places so purchased or ceded. Now of the powers of government there are three kinds, legislative, executive, judicial; they are neces-

sarily exercised together: for the legislative is the first and necessitates the others; but of any class of powers called governmental we find no record or description.

In regard to the District of Columbia, some doubt still rests in the minds of conscientious legislators whether Congress has full power over it. "But the case is very different in reference to territories," says Mr. C., "lying as they do beyond the limits and jurisdiction of all the States. The United States possess not simply the right of ownership over them, but that of exclusive dominion and sovereignty." A fearful admission! but then on a sudden the Senator recovers his former ground, and starts a new distinction. "It may be proper to remark," says he, "in this connection, that the power of exclusive legislation conferred in these cases must not be confounded with the power of absolute legislation. Absolute power of legislation is always, indeed, exclusive, but it does not follow that exclusive legislation is always absolute. Congress has exclusive power of legislation as far as this government is concerned, and the State legislatures as far as their respective governments are concerned, but we all know that both are subject to many and important restrictions and conditions, which the nature of absolute power excludes." Which places the governments of the States and of the Union upon the same footing, as far as "absolute" power is concerned; the idea of absolute power being thus very justly excluded from that of republican government in any shape; but this does not touch the question whether the nation may not abolish slavery from its territory. On the contrary, if the States have this power in their dominions, though they be not "absolute," much more should the general government, which, though not absolute in any case, being, like the State governments, under the Constitution, is yet vested with the twofold power of State sovereignty and of imperial control over its territory; and in such a view of the matter, Mr. Calhoun's third distinction, like his first and second, falls useless to the ground. He has not yet proved that the Constitution, either directly or by close construction, forbids the general government to exercise those powers which it has acquired over its territory, both by

the nature of things, and the nature of all *honestly* acquired power; and in this argument we set aside as useless and exploded, the ancient doctrine of "right acquired by conquest;" though if we chose to resort to that doctrine, it would reduce the question to a point that the narrowest understanding might grasp at once.

We now come to the very heart of this subject, to the very policy against which the Senator from South Carolina has opposed this broken chain of suggestion, which he is pleased to regard as a demonstration. By an ordinance of the Confederation in 1787, slavery was excluded from the territory ceded by Virginia. The ordinance, said Mr. Madison, had no constitutional authority; it serves, therefore, only as a landmark to show the opinion of the Congress at that time. It established a precedent for policy only, and not for legal decisions. We regard it only as the first step in the line of a particular policy. By that first step, slavery was excluded from the temperate climates of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and the territory north-west. That exclusion was the result of the first step of a certain line of policy. It was a compromise, says Mr. Calhoun, *conditioning for the delivery of fugitive slaves*, as a set-off against the freedom of the territory; and yet he somewhat unguardedly quotes Mr. Madison to prove it valueless; by which procedure he does the slaveholder material injury in removing one of the ancient landmarks of his rights. The history of the transaction does not much help or hinder the arguments on either side. We therefore pass it over. He adds, for all that, that the South acquiesced in the ordinance and observed it strictly; which is a strong proof of its expediency; and now, at this late day, a South Carolina Senator condemns it.

Now follows the Missouri Compromise. The entrance of Missouri as a State was severely contested through the years 1819-20, when HENRY CLAY ended the war by moving the compromise. It was observed of this statesman, by John Quincy Adams, that in negotiation, and in all difficult affairs where opposite interests and rights were involved, he discovered a peculiar and almost infallible tact: his remedy was always the best that offered. By this compromise he reconciled the two interests

of slaveholders and non-slaveholders. He was himself a slaveholder, and he knew that slavery, at least in temperate climates and northern latitudes, could only prove a curse and keep landlords poor, as it does on the south banks of the Ohio. This compromise was carried, says Mr. Calhoun, by the almost united vote of the North against the South. By it a line was drawn, separating the northern and southern territories. "The South," he adds, "has never given her sanction to it." The act was done by the non-slaveholders as an act of mere self-protection; and could southern gentlemen understand how necessary it is to the emigrant to be removed from the neighborhood of a rich and aristocratic planter, to enable him to carry on unshamed his honest but humble industry, and finally, by humility, to rise into independence, wealth, and refinement, the generosity of their nature at least, if not the justice of it, would be moved with a sacred regard; and however jealous they might be of their own rights and privileges, in which no man will dare disturb them while the UNION stands, they would not with so ambitious a grasp, clutch at *all* the territory. No, indeed; not at all the territory!

We respect the ordinance, therefore, and the Compromise, and can say that our greatest desire is, that the present difficulty be as wisely met as were those which prompted those measures.

So much for the measures of compromise, which Mr. Calhoun laments that they were ever passed. Mr. Jefferson's letter, which he quotes, contains no argument. It only expresses a very just fear. Why he chose to quote it, it is difficult to guess. It does not condemn the compromise, and while it admits it to be an uncertain, dangerous, and temporary expedient, a mere palliative, it offers no other. It says in regard to slavery, "there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach, in any *practicable* way. The cession of this property, (for so it is misnamed!!) is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought, if, in this way, a general emancipation and expatriation could be effected; and gradually, and with due sacrifices, I think it might be. But as it is, we have the wolf by the ears, and can

neither hold him nor let him go. Justice is in the one scale, and self-preservation in the other." Then follows the remark that the diffusion of slaves over a greater territory will better their condition and hasten their emancipation. He justifies Mr. Holmes in voting for the compromise rather than for the total exclusion of slavery from the territory, and recommends that every means be taken to allay the jealousy of the South, of the interference of Congress in their domestic affairs. He warns his country against stirring up angry passions upon this terrible question, and predicts ruin from its agitation.*

*Mr. Holmes, of Maine, said Mr. Calhoun, long a member of this body, who voted for the measure, addressed a letter to Mr. Jefferson, inclosing a copy of his speech on the occasion. It drew out an answer from him which ought to be treasured up in the heart of every man who loves the country and its institutions. It is brief. I will send it to the secretary to be read. The time of the Senate cannot be better occupied than in listening to it.

To John Holmes. MONTICELLO, APRIL 12, 1820.

I thank you, dear sir, for the copy you have been so kind as to send me of the letter to your constituents on the Missouri question. It is a perfect justification to them. I had for a long time ceased to read newspapers, or pay any attention to public affairs, confident they were in good hands, and content to be a passenger in our bark to the shore from which I am not distant. But this momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated: and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper. I can say, with conscious truth, that there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach, in any *practicable* way. The cession of that kind of property, (for so it is misnamed) is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought, if, in that way a general emancipation and *expatriation* could be effected: and gradually, and with due sacrifices, I think it might be. But we have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither hold him nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other. Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier, and proportionally facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation, by dividing the burden on a greater number of coadjutors. An abstinence, too, from this act of power, would remove the jealousy excited by the undertaking of Congress to regulate the condition of the different descriptions of men composing a State. This certainly is the exclusive right of every State, which nothing in the constitution has taken from them, and given to the General Government.—Could Congress, for example, say that the non-free-men of Connecticut shall be freemen, or that they shall not emigrate into any other State?

After disposing of the compromises, Mr. Calhoun repeats at large his former arguments and distinctions in regard to the power of Congress over the territories. He assumes that he has completely established the point, that Congress cannot forbid any citizen from taking any kind of property he may please into the territory, when, in fact, he has merely asserted that the power of Congress is limited, and has not proved the particular limitation. On this point it is, perhaps, unnecessary to argue further. If the point be proved for the territory that *Congress* has not this power, much more is it proved for States; and States have then no longer that power which they claim of excluding and freeing slaves, within their own limits. If Congress and the several states have not this power, it follows that all laws, ordinances, and compromises, whatsoever, against slavery, in all the States and in all the territories, are null and void. To what follows, all that we need offer, therefore, is simply a denial.

"I have now concluded the discussion, so far as it relates to the power, and have, I trust, established beyond controversy, that the territories are free and open to all of the citizens of the United States, and that there is no power, under any aspect the subject can be viewed in, by which the citizens of the South can be ex-

I regret that I am now to die in the belief that the useless sacrifice of themselves by the generation of 1776, to acquire self-government and happiness to their country, is to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons, and that my only consolation is to be that I live not to weep over it. If they would but dispassionately weigh the blessings they will throw away against an abstract principle, more likely to be effected by union than by scission, they would pause before they would perpetrate this act of suicide on themselves, and of treason against the hopes of the world. To yourself, as the faithful advocate of the Union, I tender the offering of my high esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

cluded from emigrating with their property into any of them."

But now, allowing that all may not be convinced that Congress has not the powers contended for, Mr. Calhoun appeals to equity and expediency. Is it equitable, and, for fear of consequences, is it politic for non-slaveholders to attempt to exclude slaveholders from a territory purchased by the money, and defended by the arms of all citizens alike? To this we answer, as before, that if there be a real joint ownership in the thirty States, any one, or any number of them, may demand a division of the property. But we have shown that the States, as such, have no distinct right or title to the territories: it belongs to the Nation as a whole. If then a division line is to be established, it must be from motives of Public Economy, and not in accordance with, or by arguments deduced from, the doctrines of extreme factions of the North or South. We do not wish to hurry on the inevitable crisis by any arguments of ours. We wish only that the minds of all men may be tempered for the issue.

The bill containing clauses which protect the citizens of Oregon against slavery, and throw the whole responsibility for the other territories upon the Supreme Court, has once passed the Senate, and its passage is predicted through the House. If the Court decide that slavery is *not* lawful in the territories, how will the South feel? And if the contrary, then how will the North feel? Was not this measure, after all, only a shifting of the responsibility upon shoulders less able to bear it? And if the Supreme Court is to be used for the decision of political questions, will not future Presidents extend such an influence, and so fill the bench as to leave its opinions on such questions no longer doubtful?

W.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF DANTE ALIGHIERI;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

IN Germany, which may be called the free-port and world-market of the literature of all ages and nations, Dante has been made, since the commencement of this century, a subject of serious study, and, if that be not too strong an expression, of enthusiastic veneration. *Schelling*, the philosopher, and the two *Schlegels*, first recalled attention to him. Thereupon followed a mass of translations and expositions of the *Divina Commedia*, the most successful among which were those of *Kannegiesser*, *Streckfuss*, *Philalethes*, (Prince John, brother to the reigning King of Saxony, and heir to the throne,) *Kopisch*, and *Graul*. Almost every aspect of this wonderful poem, poetical, historical, philosophical, and theological, has had light thrown upon it with more or less success, in larger works and in treatises, but always in such a way that much was left to engage the attention and study of future scholars.

In the small compass allowed to us by the limits of this article, we must content ourselves with endeavoring to present, in outline, A GENERAL IDEA OF THE DIVINE COMEDY, AND WITH IT THE KEY TO ITS PROPER UNDERSTANDING IN DETAIL.

We will offer, first, a few remarks on the *life* and *age* of the poet, as some knowledge of these is necessary to an understanding of his work.

Dante, or properly speaking, *Durante*, i. e. the enduring, was descended from the ancient, noble, and venerable family of *Alighieri* in Florence, where he was born in May, 1265, during the pontificate of Clement IV., a few years before the downfall of the illustrious imperial family of the Hohenstauffen. He prosecuted his studies in the Latin classics, especially Virgil, the Aristotelian philosophy, and the scholastic theology of his age, first in his native city, and afterwards in Bologna, Padua, and Paris, with such energy and

spirit as to make this foreign material his own inmost property, and to work out of these single elements of culture an independent organic world-view.

In his wanderings through the halls of science and art, he was accompanied by the genius of a pure ideal love, that exercised a moulding influence on his whole character and literary activity. It was when in his ninth year, that he saw for the first time, on a festive May-day, under a laurel tree, *Beatrice*, a Florentine maid of the middle rank of life, of wonderful beauty and attraction. The impression made upon him opened to his imagination for the first time the rich fountain of poetry, and determined the whole character of his life. The chaste and deeply earnest character of his works, as well as the express testimony of his cotemporaries,* compels us to believe that this mysterious relation was throughout of the purest and noblest kind. Dante himself has described it in his *Vita Nuova*, in a tender, deep, and moving manner.

Beatrice was not destined to be the companion of his life. They continued separate from each other, though united in spirit by the bonds of a Platonic love. But seldom was he so fortunate as to enjoy her smiling salutations, and as early as the year 1290 she was, to his deepest sorrow, torn from his view by an early death. Still, though lost to him as far as her earthly form was concerned, her enrapturing image rose again in his poetic imagination, transfigured, as the symbol of Divine Wisdom and Love, or as Theology, and accompanied him in his *Divina Commedia* through the holy

* As, for example, that of Melchiorre Stefano Coppi, who says of Dante, *Moralmente visse*; and that of Sebastiano Eaganinus, who calls him *inter humana ingenia naturæ dotibus corruscantem et omnium morum habitibus rutilantem*. The later testimony of Boccaccio in his *Vita di Dante*, to the contrary, is of no account.

precincts of Paradise, until the sight of the Triune God burst upon his view. Hence Uhland has beautifully sung :

"Ja! mit Fug wird dieser Snger
Als der Gttliche verehret,
Dante, welchem ird'sche Liebe
Sich zu himmlischer verklret!"*

After this beautiful period of learning and loving, our poet entered upon political life in the service of his native city. His public career, and yet more the years of his banishment, were full of troubles and storms. The trivial every-day world would on this account call him unfortunate; for it has not even the most distant conception of the secret and purely spiritual enjoyments of a deep-thinking genius, wearing out his life upon the highest and noblest themes, who is raised equally far above fortune and misfortune in the common sense of the terms.

The Florentine republic was in that period torn by the severest party dissensions between the Cerohi, or White, (Bianchi,) and the Donati, or Black, (Neri.) By far the larger portion of the city belonged to the Guelph party; but the Ghibelline families united with the Bianchi, and these two parties now mirrored forth again the contests of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, a contest that continued itself throughout that whole period. By means of his talents Dante forced himself, in his twenty-fifth year, up to one of the highest honors in the magistracy of Florence, to the office of Prior, and was sent on several embassies to the courts of Naples and Rome. But the hatred of his enemies soon accomplished his fall. He joined himself to the party of the Ghibellines, and interceded for them with Pope Boniface VIII., but without success. The opposite party prevailed. Led by blind passion, and assisted by the Pope just named, they robbed the poet, among many others, in the year 1302, of his property, and banished him from Tuscany for two years; and subsequently, for contumaciousness, he was sentenced to be burnt alive, in case he should ever return. With sorrowful heart he bid farewell to his un-

grateful, but still warmly-loved native city, never more to see it, and to his family which he was also compelled to leave behind him. With this commenced the third and last period of his life.

From this time Dante wandered about through Middle and Upper Italy, poor, restless, and ever longing for home; everywhere meeting friends and admirers, but enemies also and detractors; nowhere finding rest, but in the profound contemplation of Eternity, and its philosophic and poetic representations in the *Divina Commedia*. This was commenced, if not as early as the year 1300, at least soon after his banishment,* and amid all his sorrows was gradually completed. For

"Poesie ist tiefes Schmerzen,
Und est kommt das chte Lied
Einzig aus dem Menschenherzen,
Das ein schweres Leid durchglht."†

Dante says himself, (in the *Convito*), "Truly I have been a vessel without sail and without rudder, driven about upon different ports and shores by the dry wind that springs out of dolorous poverty; and hence have I appeared vile in the eyes of many, who, perhaps, by some better report, had conceived of me a different impression, and in whose sight not only has my person become thus debased, but an unworthy opinion created of everything which I did or which I had to do." He seems to have spent most of the years of his banishment in Rome, Bologna, Padua, and Verona. He sojourned for a time in Paris also, where he buried himself in the deepest theological studies, and held a brilliant disputation. The report of the expedition of Henry VII. to Italy in 1310, recalled him to his fatherland. He hoped from him the overthrow of the Guelphs, and exhorted him, in a letter of 1311, to employ energetic measures. But Henry could accomplish nothing against Florence, and died in 1313. With his death the hopes of the banished Florentines, and the Ghibellines in general, were totally crushed.

* See, on this point, the investigation of Blanc, in his thorough and instructive article on Dante, in Ersch and Gruber's General Encyclopædia of the Sciences and Arts, (a truly colossal work in compass and contents,) Sect. I., Part 23, p. 67, ff.

† "Poetry is deep sorrow; and the true song comes alone out of the human heart, through which glows an intense grief."

* "Yea! with reason is this singer honored as the Divine Dante!
Whose earthly love transformed itself into heavenly."

Dante now retired to Ravenna, whither he caused also his children to be brought. His daughter Beatrice retired to a convent. According to a notice, which is not, however, sufficiently authenticated, he himself became a monk of the Franciscan order. In this city, and in the neighboring monasteries, he completed his great poem, and died on the day of the Holy Cross, the 14th September, 1321. The honor which his fellow-citizens denied to him while living, was now shown to him by strangers, when dead. His patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, the Lord of Ravenna, caused his corpse to be carried to the chief church by the most respected citizens of the city, and to be interred in a marble coffin in the church of the Minorites. Only lately (1830) has Florence compensated the injustice done to the greatest of her sons, by erecting to his memory in the church of Santa Croce, the pantheon of Italian geniuses, a costly monument, between those of Michael Angelo and Alfieri, with the inscription: *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*, (Honor the most exalted of poets.)

Dante was of middle stature, somewhat bent in later years, yet full of dignity in his general appearance. His countenance, which has been preserved for the future world, by his friend the celebrated painter Giotto, is very characteristic: a noble poetical brow, a bold aquiline nose, a proudly prominent lower lip; conveying the expression of nobleness and earnestness, and of a contemplative and commanding disposition. One reads Eternity enstamped upon these features, and does not wonder that the women of Verona pointed at him, with the words: *Eccovi l'uom oh' è stato all'inferno!* (Behold the man that has been in Hell!) He was of a melancholy temperament. He lived buried in profound thought, and brooded over the past. Hence he appeared tiresome to spiritless and common-place minds. Prince Cangrande of Verona once asked him, why he could not entertain his court so well as a certain buffoon, who happened to be present. Dante replied, with sarcastic pride: *Perche ciascuno ama il suo simile*, (because every one loves his like.) His works, more especially his *Divina Commedia*, exhibit a rare union of the philosopher and the poet. Hence Raphael, with genial grasp, has

placed him in his *Disputa* on the Holy Sacrament, between Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, and in his *Parnassus*, between Virgil and Homer.

The age of Dante presents to us the transition of the middle ages from the time of their highest glory over into the period which led the way to the reformation. That wonderful structure, the Romano-German Catholicism, had become complete in the thirteenth century. The papacy reached its consummation in the person of Innocent III., and then waved its bishop's crosier over all the lands and nations of Europe. Opposite to this stood the Germano-Roman empire as the greatest secular power, which was most vigorously upheld by the *Hohenstauffen*, and which, after repeated attempts at emancipation, was again compelled to lay down its crown at the feet of the Pope. The scholastic, by which we mean the church theology of the age, as resting upon the Aristotelian philosophy and Catholic tradition, had found in Thomas Aquinas its most genial and profound representative; and had sought to show that its doctrines were the absolute truth, even to the smallest particulars. At the side of this, in the way of supplement, stood the system of the Mystics; in which, with the neglect of dialectic thought and disputation, it was attempted to enter into communion with the original fountain of life, by a bold act of direct consciousness and love-inspired feeling; according to the maxim of *Bernard of Clairvaux*: *Tantum Deus cognoscitur, quantum diligitur*. Monks had also reached its highest point, in the formation of those colossal monastic orders, the Franciscans, Dominicans, &c., which surrounded the moral life of the nations as with a net, and introduced the practical ideas of Catholicism into the poorest huts. In the same century were erected the most celebrated of those Gothic domes, which by a wonderful and profound symbolism represented the reconciliation of heaven and earth, and formed an image of the hierarchy itself.

Finally, the greatest crusades were now accomplished, in which whole hosts of soldiers, peasants, princes, and prelates of the Occident, had, at the command of the successor of Peter, left their homes, families, trades, property, and possessions,

devoting themselves to the greatest sacrifices and difficulties, not for the sake of worldly advantage, but to be enabled to weep, at the grave of their Redeemer, tears of repentance and gratitude, and to rescue it from the profane hands of the enemies of Christianity.

Think as one may of this age, no impartial historian will venture to deny, that it bears the character of gigantic power and boldness, a devotion to the objective interests of the church almost without parallel in history, ruling as it did all the relations of life at the time. And such a wealth of romantic poetry lay in all these events, that one would have been astonished, had Providence not taken care to provide a master-hand to embody them in a worthy manner, in indelible lineaments for all ages. "The owl of Minerva," says a deep thinker, with reference to the relation of philosophy to life, which she represents, "commences her flight with the first blush of dawn." The lyre of Apollo, we may add, sounds mellowest and clearest in the cool evening. So the singer of mediæval Catholicism made his appearance, not in the moment of its highest bloom and power, but when the dissolution of the gigantic edifice was visibly approaching, and was filling the friend of the Past with deep sadness, but at the same time calling him to gaze, full of hope, into a better Future. As the setting sun casts his loveliest and softest glance yet once more upon the tops of the mountains, or into the mirror of the ocean, to make his departure more heavily felt, and to waken more lively desire for his return, so the philosophy, theology, and religion of the middle ages, were reflected yet once more before their departure, in a poem fully worthy of its high subject.

We have thus designated the historical stand-point from which we must proceed, if we would reach a proper understanding of the Divine Comedy. It is the swansong of the thirteenth century, and with it, of mediæval Catholicism in the fullness of its world-power.* All the great ideas

of that time, whose vibration was still felt in the fourteenth century, collected themselves in this wonderful work, to receive their poetical consecration, and to represent a picture of human life under the character of Eternity. A thorough knowledge of that age, especially of the scholastic theology and philosophy, is hence indispensably necessary for the full understanding of Dante. One may call him the poetical Thomas Aquinas, who was, so to speak, the Christian Aristotle, and the proper church theologian of the thirteenth century.

We have thought proper to premise thus much before entering upon a consideration of the poem itself. We will now, in the first place, contemplate its *external form*, then seek to gain a clear conception of its *contents and object*, and lastly, examine its *relation to Catholicism and Protestantism*.

I. Dante himself, in accordance with the somewhat strange phraseology of the time, termed his poem a comedy,* partly on account of its contents, commencing as it does in a sad strain, with the contemplation of Hell, and ending joyfully with Paradise; partly also on account of its form, because it is written in the common language of the country, (*locutio vulgaris*.) Its additional name, "The Divine," has been added by an admiring posterity, also with reference both to its form and contents. It is difficult to decide to what class of poetry it properly belongs. *Rosenkranz*† regards it as an allegorical poem. Generally, however, it is considered as belonging to epic poetry. *Solger* calls it a didactic epos.‡ The materials are certainly not drawn from the subjective feelings as in lyric poetry, but are objective and historical. But on the other hand, this epic matter is not merely a single act or a series of events, but the whole world-history, so to speak; and then again, it is

* In his dedicatory letter to Cangrande della Scala, and again in the poem itself, Inf. xvi. 128, per le note di questa commedia; xxi. 2, la mia commedia.

† *Manual of General History of Poetry*, Halle, 1832, Part II. p. 221.

‡ "This epos may be called a didactic one, inasmuch as it starts from a scientific, dogmatic stand-point. The most important, however, is the revelation of the idea through the universe, whereby the poem on the whole becomes allegorical, while at the same time it has quite a mystical character, inasmuch as the symbol coincides altogether with the allegory." (*Lectures on Esthetics*, Leipsig, 1829, p. 293.)

* Hence Carlyle's otherwise striking judgment must be corrected accordingly: "Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by, stands here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all good men who had gone before."

not merely poetically related and described, as, for example, in the *Iliad* of Homer or the *Jerusalem Liberata* of Tasso, or the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, but serves everywhere as a foundation only for philosophical and theological ideas, which are veiled under the form of profound allegory, and at the same time are difficult to be understood. It is perhaps best then to term it an allegorical, philosophical epos of world and church history.

The whole poem consists of three parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, (*Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*.) Each of these parts consists again of nine subdivisions and thirty-three songs or cantos. Hell, however, is prefaced by a canto as a general introduction to the whole, so that the poem consists altogether of one hundred cantos and 14,230 verses. The system of versification chosen by Dante for the expression of his thoughts was the *Terza Rima*, which combines the character of earnestness and solemnity with that of gracefulness and musical fullness, and is admirably adapted to the contents of the poem. Each *terza rima* is composed of thirty-three syllables. Everywhere then we meet with the number three. It is the symbolic number of Divinity. The whole Paradise is full of the praise of the Triune. The superscription of Hell, consisting of three verses, (Canto iii. 1–9,) reminds us already of him with fearful earnestness, and the whole poem closes in the 33d Canto of Paradise, with seeing him face to face. Even with Aristotle everything consists of beginning, middle, and end. According to Thomas Aquinas and Dante, this fundamental idea of Christianity pervades the whole constitution of the world. The name of the Holy Trinity is written upon creation and stamped upon eternity. Our poet even represents Satan with three faces, as the terrible antitype of the Triune God. The fact that the whole consists of one hundred songs has reference to the perfection of the work, which the poet would wish to have considered complete in itself, as a true picture or copy of the harmonious universe. The number ten is the symbol of perfection—*numero perfetto*, as Dante himself designates it in his *Vita Nuova*—and its square, one hundred, (*numero perfettissimo*,) designates absolute perfection or completion. To show how strictly he made it his object

to reach an even measure, or to make use of a certain economy in the form, we may mention the circumstance that each of the three parts closes with the word “*stelle*,” or stars; for these are, according to him, the blessed abodes of peace, whither his view is ever directed, and to which he would also gladly draw with him his readers. It is with still deeper meaning that he always makes the name of Christ to rhyme only with itself, using it of course for this purpose three times* in every case. The reason of this cannot be that the Italian language affords no rhymes to the word Christ. Such are numerous, as *acquisto*, *misto*, *visto*, &c. It is his intention rather to indicate the matchlessness and singleness of this name, which is exalted above all names, and beside which there is no name given whereby men can saved. It is remarkable also that Christ does not come forward at all in Hell under this name, (for the damned cannot endure it,) but is only distantly indicated.† The language of the poem is everywhere made to correspond with the character of the thoughts: in Hell it is awfully earnest; in Purgatory affectingly pensive; in Paradise transportingly charming; always full of images, and graphic, powerful, and melodious, simple and noble, chaste and worthy of the subject, solemn and elevated. Dante was the creator of Italian poetry, as Boccaccio of Italian prose.

II. This interesting form now is but the body of still more interesting *contents*—the silver shell of a golden fruit.

The poet chose the highest and most comprehensive theme for his poem, even eternity itself with its three domains. He exhibits to us the world as it exists there, with its doings and sufferings; the bad damned by Divine Justice, the good made happy by Divine Love. In the full consciousness of his poetical power, he ventures to assign his contemporaries, and the mighty dead of past centuries, according to their moral worth, a place in one of the three divisions in which, according to the Catholic faith, men must take up their abode hereafter, and thus undertakes to

* For ex. *Paradiso* xiv. 104, 103, 103; xix. 104, 106, 108; xxxii. 83, 85, 87.

† *Inferno* iv. 53, 54, un possente con segno di vittoria incoronato; xxxiv. 115, fu l' uom che nacque e visse senza pecca.

survey the course of the great judgment of the world. In doing this he does not permit himself to be influenced by any subjective feelings or personal considerations, but by his conception of Divine Justice alone. Thus, with incorruptible severity, in the fifth Canto of the *Inferno*, he assigns a place in Hell to the beautiful Francesca of Rimini, who had been guilty of adultery with her brother-in-law, Paolo Malatesta, although he was under great obligations to her friends, and especially her nephew, in whose house he breathed his last. Resolute belief had not yet come to be confounded with the idea of uncharitable bigotry.

In the case of an ordinary mind, the mere thought of such an undertaking would have been considered ridiculous impudence. In a spirit like that of Dante, it is the evidence of a great and noble boldness of genius. The successful execution of the idea proves that Dante had an internal call to such a work, that he acted under a commission from the spirit of history and the Church. In this great picture we meet with the most distinguished personages that flourished before and during the time of Dante, famous either for their vices or their virtues, and who were thus a blessing or a curse to humanity. He leads us in succession by poets and learned men, heroes and conquerors, princes and kings, monks and priests, prelates and popes, as by so many statues of brass; illumines them by the glance of his fancy and the doctrine of the Church; exhibits to us the irreversible result of their life upon earth as the just doom of God; and fills us with horror in view of the sins and punishments of the inhabitants of Hell, with tender sympathy for the penitent in Purgatory, and with an earnest and holy longing for the bliss of the pure and blessed in Paradise. We may say indeed that a grander theme never entered into the imagination of a poet. But it well suited the character of his age, which, in all its strivings, aimed at the infinite. As little able as our age would be to create the conception of a dome like that of Cologne, or a cathedral like that of Strasburg, so little could it give birth to a "*Divina Commedia*."

Let us follow the daring poet on the journey which, in spirit and in a vision, he made through the other world. We will

tarry longest in Hell, because this part of the poem has generally been considered the best.

He commenced his journey in the year 1300, at the dawn of a new century, in the middle of his life,* that is, in his thirty-fifth year; for in Psalm xc. 10, the extent of human life is said to be threescore years and ten. The day was Good Friday, the day of the death of our Lord.† Two days he spent in Hell, precisely as long as Christ remained in spirit in the lower world, according to Thomas Aquinas, who for this purpose combined the two passages, Luke xxiii. 43 and 1 Pet. iii. 19. He needs one day to pass from Hell to Purgatory. On Easter morning he again rises to the light, in four days of toiling ascends the mountain of Purgatory, and flies through Paradise in one day. The duration of the whole journey then is eight days, which Dante, by a significant fiction, has distributed into the week of our Lord's passion and resurrection.

The poet transports us first into a gloomy forest, which is to represent the human heart as lying in sin and error, and at the same time the condition of the world in the age of Dante. With the dawn of day he reaches its end, and seeks now to ascend a mountain illumined by the sun, the symbol of divine revelation, but in vain, for he is confronted and driven back by three animals, a deceitful leopard, a haughty lion, and a ravenous wolf.‡ These are intended to represent three sins, which, besides being actualized in every human heart, were also prominently displayed in the chief powers of that age; namely, Cunning, which had its seat then especially in Florence, Violence, which was then threatening the Church from the direction of France, from Philip IV., and Avarice, which had its seat in Rome, in the worldly-minded and domineering popes, such as Boniface VIII. According to this, the allegory has not only a moral but also a historical sense.§ Just as the poet is about

* Inf. i. 1.

† Inf. xxi. 112. The subject of the determination of the dates of the poem has been fully investigated by *Kannegiesser*, in his German translation of the *Divina Commedia*, Vol. I. p. lviii.

‡ Doubtless he had in mind here the passage in Jeremiah v. 6: "Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evening shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities."

§ Dante himself distinguishes between the literal

turning back again into the gloomy forest, the singer of the *Æneid*, sent by Beatrice, suddenly appears to him, predicts, under the form of a grayhound, a reformer in the Church, and invites him to make a journey through Eternity in his company. He himself would attend him through Hell and Purgatory, in order to view in the first the terrible consequences of sin, and in the second the voluntary sufferings of those who desired to escape the wrath of God and to be saved. Through Paradise he should be conducted by a worthier spirit, Beatrice herself.

Dante determines to undertake the journey, under the guidance of his honored master Virgil. Passing through a portal, over which the meaning of Hell and the doom of its inhabitants is inscribed in fearfully sublime characters, they reach the domain of Hell itself. This, according to Dante, is situated in the centre of the earth. In this respect he followed the view of Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and the prevailing conceptions of his Church, which probably arose from taking in its literal sense the article of the Apostolic Creed, *descendit ad inferos*. Besides, he could not well devise any other locality for Hell, since he held the Ptolemaic view of the world, that the earth formed the centre of the universe, and that all the bodies by which it was surrounded belonged to one of the different heavenly regions. In like manner he gives Purgatory and Paradise also a definite locality, as we shall see hereafter. This is plainly in much better accordance with the nature of poetry, which should always give us concrete views, than the method chosen by Milton, who removes his spiritual scenes into an undefined and abstract infinitude, in which the fancy speedily tires, like a bird on the ocean, that, wearied by his flight, finds no

resting place for his feet. Hence, with all the undeniable sublimity, the tiresomeness also of the poetry of Milton and Klopstock, whom few even of their most enthusiastic admirers succeed in reading through; while Dante keeps the fancy constantly enchained in a lively interest by the fixed and clearly defined outline of his figures.

The shape of Hell is that of a vast funnel, constantly narrowing, its apex standing exactly in the central point of the earth. The inside of this funnel, or inverted cone, consists of different circular terraces, which, with the increasing depth, also grow narrower and narrower. These terraces are occupied by sinners, according to the grade of their wickedness; the lowest place of all, the apex of the funnel, being assigned to the Devil. This form of Hell corresponds with the nature and progress of sin, which consists in ever narrowing and contracting selfishness. As the number of slight and ordinary sinners is larger than that of great transgressors, the upper circles are broader and more densely crowded. It is also very expressive, that over these regions of Hell there reigns a constant darkness,* growing denser with the depth. Still, a faint gleam of light overspreads the gloomy terraces; and the lower portions are illumined by the unquenchable fire,† but only to increase the horror of the damned, by rendering their misery mutually visible. Thomas Aquinas also permits the inhabitants of Hell to see their misery *sub quadam umbrositate*.‡

In consequence of the deep meaning of the number three, reaching as it does even to the lower world, Dante divides Hell into three regions, each one comprising three of the before-mentioned circular terraces, so that it consists on the whole of nine circles; to which must be added also a preliminary circle, the vestibule of Hell. The different regions are separated

and spiritual sense of his poem, and divides this latter again into an *allegorical* one, (in a narrower sense of the term,) which has reference to Faith, a *moral* one, which has reference to Love or Christian Action, and an *anagogical* one, which has reference to Hope.

Littera gesta refert, quid credas, allegoria
Moralis, quid agas, quid speres, anagogia.
(See his letter to Cangrande.)

The fact that the poem is intended to convey so many different meanings makes it difficult to be understood, and injures its simplicity and naturalness, but is in accordance with the spirit of that age, and especially its theology.

* See Matt. viii. 12.

† Comp. Mark ix. 44, Matt. iii. 12.

‡ Milton too sings:

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

PAR. Losr, Book I. v. 61. et seq.

from one another by the windings of a large stream, which flows in circles through Hell. Of these circular windings there are four. The first, separating the fore-court from Hell properly so called, is the joyless Acheron, the second the marshy Styx, the third the burning Phlegethon, and the fourth the cold Cocytus. The stream ends at last in an icy lake, in the centre of which sits the Devil. This is probably intended to represent the stream of Belial, mentioned in 2 Sam. xxii. 5, as encompassing the dead in Hell. It rises, according to Dante, in the island of Crete, from the confluence of all the tears which the human race has ever wept in consequence of sin, and will yet weep during the different ages of its existence, which increase in wickedness, and find their representatives in these four streams.

In the division of the sins our poet follows Aristotle, who divides the bad into three classes, namely, incontinence, (*ἀκρασία*), wickedness, (*κακία*), and violence or beastly wildness, (*θρησσύτης*).* But, in accordance with his Christian stand-point, Dante differs from Aristotle in that he places wickedness, or as he terms it, cunning, (*froda*), lowest in the scale. The first kind of sin, that of incontinence, is human; the second, violence, is bestial; the third, cunning, is demoniacal. Each of these genera comprises again a number of distinct species. Under incontinence, for example, he ranks licentiousness, avarice, prodigality, wrath, &c.; under violence he includes murder, blasphemy, &c.; under cunning especially the different forms of treachery.

The punishments of the damned are, according to Dante, not only spiritual but bodily also. The spiritual punishments consist chiefly in an impotent hatred towards God, in envying the happy condition of the blessed, in dissensions among themselves, and in a continual lust for sin without the power or prospect of satisfying it. This everlasting torment also expresses itself externally, and Dante loves most to tarry in describing these bodily punishments. In doing this, he follows in general the principle laid down in Wisdom xi. 17, "Wherewithal a man sinneth, by

the same also shall he be punished." A similar thought was supposed to be implied in the assertion of our Lord: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Mark iv. 24; Luke vi. 38. Sin itself, in the other world, is the punishment of sin. Sinners flee from the punishment but desire the sin; the desire is present, but its satisfaction unattainable; the desire itself has become a tormenting sting. This general idea of the close connection between sin and the form of its punishment is, however, carried out, not in a pedantic and literal, but in a very free and manifold way. The lazy, for example, roll themselves about in mire; the licentious are driven to and fro by a storm-wind; the irascible smite each other in the muddy Styx; the Archbishop Ruggieri, who upon earth had denied food to Count Ugolino, is doomed to have his head chewed constantly by him in Hell.

Our limited time will not permit us to tarry separately in the different circles of Hell. Dante has here brought together a variegated mass of pictures from all ages and ranks. Poets, learned men, philosophers, heroes, princes, emperors, monks, priests, cardinals, and popes—in short, all that truth and history, poetry and mythology, have been able to afford of distinguished sins and vices, he causes to pass before us, living, speaking, and suffering; until overcome with fear and horror, we feel compelled to bow ourselves in deep reverence before the judgment-seat of that just God, to whom every sin is an abomination. There is opened here to the careful reader a wide field of the most interesting historical, psychological, metaphysical, theological, and edifying observations. We shall be able only, by the way of example, to contemplate the beginning and the end of Hell, the lightest and the heaviest sins, before passing over to Purgatory.

In front of Hell properly so called, in its vestibule or outer court, Dante very characteristically places the indifferent, those lukewarm, honorless souls who have no desire for the good and no courage for the bad, who live rather like the irrational and slavish vegetable and animal world, and on this account are rejected alike of Heaven and Hell. As companions, he assigns them those angels who in the great original apostasy remained neutral.

* Ethics, vii. 1.

"Cacciàrli il oiel, per non esser men belli,
Nè lo profondo inferno li riceve
Che alonna gloria i rei avrebber di elli."*

The biblical foundation of this representation rests upon Rev. iii. 15, 16: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The names of these contemptible beings have been lost; they are never spoken of. Hence Virgil exclaims to Dante,

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!"†

He recognizes but one shade, that of one of his cotemporaries, who from fear permitted himself to be led astray into the "great refusal," (*il gran rifiuto*.) Commentators have generally understood this to refer to Pope Celestine V., who knew nothing of the government of the Church, and took no interest in it, and who was hence easily persuaded by his cunning successor, Boniface VIII., to abdicate the papal power only a few months after his election in the year 1294, and to retire again to his quiet monkish life. If this interpretation be correct, Dante comes here in direct collision with his Church, which has enrolled Celestine among its saints.

The poet, in company with Virgil, passes rapidly by these miserable beings tormented by flies and wasps, their truest representatives. He is then, in sleep, safely transported across Acheron by a divine miracle; and a boundless cry of woe, sounding up from the deep abyss, announces to him that now he is indeed in Hell. The first circle, which he describes in the fourth song, is Limbus, the abode, according to the doctrines of the Romish Church, of unbaptized children and of heathen, and hence of Virgil also. Here the fathers too of the old covenant originally abode, but were released and raised to blessedness by Christ, when he descended in triumph into Hell, i. e. into this limbus patrum, between his death and his resurrection. Among these, Dante draws attention to those (v. 55 ff.) who represent the different stages of develop-

ment in the hope of the Messianic salvation, namely, Adam, Abel, Enoch, Moses, Abraham, Jacob, (together with Rachel and his children,) and lastly David. These became the first partakers of the everlasting salvation, but only after the completion of the atonement.

In the first circle we do not yet meet with sin properly so called and fully developed, for this can only be perfectly unfolded in opposition to the positive and written law of God, and against the preached and known grace of Christianity. These are yet in the natural state of man as affected by original sin, but at the same time endowed also with a certain natural virtuousness, and are such as have not yet come into any contact with the Church. Their condition hence is only that of negative punishment, the being deprived of seeing God, (*pœna damni*), the absence of blessedness, and an indefinite longing for it. The poet first meets with a forest-like crowd of unbaptized children and undistinguished heathen. But he soon perceives in the distance those of the heathen world who were "rich in honor," the heroes of natural virtue. A glimmer of light beams around them, but it is only the reflection of their own glory, this highest aim of the heathen according to the maxim of Cicero: "*Optimus quisque maximè gloria ducitur*." So also in the other world honor is still the element in which they live, and hence they are constantly complimenting one another, enjoying themselves in the remembrance of their glorious deeds. Hence their countenances also bear the stamp of a lofty self-feeling, and a stoical indifference, which is neither joy nor sorrow. He first sees the shades of the four poets, Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan. So soon as these perceive Virgil again, they bow themselves reverently before this their colleague and exclaim:

"Onorate l' altissimo poeta!"

After a short conversation they also receive Dante into their midst as the sixth of the tuneful band. Next in order they reach the heroes and sages of antiquity, who remain forever upon an open and verdant oasis, the reflection of Elysium:

"With slow and solemn eyes,
And great authority in their countenance,
Whose path but seldom with soft, pleasant voices."

* "Heaven thrusts out the hateful companions as a stain; the deep Hell rejects them, else might the hearts of the wicked swell with pride." *Inf. iii.* 39-42.

† "We will not speak of them; look only, and pass."

Here he sees the Trojan heroes, Hector, Æneas, and then their descendant Cæsar, with other heroes and heroines of eternal Rome; and among them also, though apart by himself, the magnanimous Mohammedan, Saladin; lastly also the philosophers, who stand highest. The leader of the band is Aristotle, the pinnacle of all extra-Christian wisdom, according to the conception of the middle ages. Dante does not mention him by name, because the whole world is supposed to know him. He merely designates him as "the master of those who know," to whom all pay the tribute of admiration and reverence. Nearest to him stand Socrates and Plato, and then in proper gradation the other world-sages of Greece and Rome. The series ends with Averrois, the Arabian expounder of Aristotle.

From this region of noble heathen, Dante with his companion now descends to ever deeper and heavier sins and severer punishments, until he reaches the middle point of the earth, the seat of the absolute bad. In the lowest circle sit the traitors. He divides these into such as betrayed their blood-relations, those who were traitors to their father-land, to confidants, and to benefactors. The first of these divisions is hence called Caina, from Cain, the murderer of his brother; the second Antenora, from Antenor, the betrayer of his Trojan father-land; the third Ptolemæa, (Ptolemaea,) either from Ptolemy the Egyptian king, who betrayed Pompey when fleeing to him for protection, or more probably from Ptolemy who betrayed Simon and his son at a feast, (1 Macc. xvi. 15-17;) and lastly Judecca, from Judas Iscariot. Here are found Cassius and Brutus, the murderers of Cæsar, the betrayers of their human benefactor. Dante regards them as both offenders against divine arrangements, and transgressors against the Roman empire, in which he recognizes a divine order and the type of the Roman papacy. Still more culpable than these is Judas, the betrayer of his heavenly benefactor, the offender against the visible *likeness* of the invisible Divinity. Lastly, sunk to the lowest depth, is Satan, the emperor of Hell, the traitor towards *God himself*. He is represented as a hideous monster, half immersed in a frozen lake, the image of his own life-element, absolute selfishness, with three faces, one red,

one pale, and one yellow, referring* as some suppose to three sins which concentrate themselves in him, but according to others, to the three grand divisions of the world as then known, over which his dominion extends; with six weeping eyes, every mouth crushing a sinner, but most grievously the traitor Judas; and with three pairs of plumeless, bat-like wings, which, constantly flapping, bear the pestilential breath of seduction into all regions of the world.

In the presence of such a horrible monster even Virgil becomes fearful and afraid, and bearing his protégé, slides down the shaggy, icy sides of the monster, who still in the end must be of service to the good; whence passing through a cavern, they ascend to the opposite side of the earth, and come forth to see the stars again.

In attempting to present an idea of the Purgatory and Paradise of Dante, we must be brief.

Purgatory Dante conceives to be a steep, spherical mountain on the western hemisphere, which according to the original plan of Providence, was to have been the abode of the human race. Its summit is crowned with the Terrestrial Paradise, out of which Adam was thrust on account of his transgression, forming thus the direct antipodes of Zion, the mountain of salvation, on the inhabited hemisphere, and being at the same time the threshold of Heaven. Both mountains rise, in a direct line, above the middle point of Hell. Christ, the second Adam, has again recovered, by his death upon Golgotha, the Paradise lost by the sin of the first. But the way thither leads now through Hell, i. e. through the deep knowledge of sin, and through Purgatory, i. e. the purifying pains of penitence.

At the foot of the mountain of purification is a lake, guarded by Cato of Utica, the stoic friend of liberty. Dante and Virgil must first wash from their countenances the filth of Hell. Then an angel, the direct reverse of the fearful Charon, who conducts the dead across Acheron, brings them in a light bark to the opposite shore. Purgatory has also, like Hell, a vestibule where all those are required to tarry, who have postponed repentance while upon

* Comp. Milton, P. L. B. iv. 114:

"—Each passion dimmed his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair."

earth to the last moment. An angel escorts the wanderers over three thresholds, which represent the three stages of penitence, (*confessio*, *contritio*, and *satisfactio*), through the gate of repentance, and, in order that he may think of the seven mortal sins, cuts the letter P (*peccata*) seven times upon his forehead with his sword. The mountain itself has seven broad terraces cut into its sides, and on these dwell the penitent. The different penances correspond with the punishments of Hell, in inverted order. In Hell Dante descended from the lesser to the greater transgressions; in Purgatory he leads us from the greater sins and penances upwards to those of less enormity. The sins for which penance is done here, are the same which are punished there; but with this difference, that we have to do here with contrite, but there with obdurate souls. As in Hell, sin and punishment, so in Purgatory, sin and penance, stand in a causal relation toward one another; but the relation here is one of opposition, sin being destroyed, since the will is brought to break and yield, in direct contrariety to what it was before. The proud, who fill the first and lowest terrace, are compelled to totter under huge stones, in order that they may learn humility. The indolent, in the fourth terrace, are compelled to be constantly and actively walking. In the fifth, the avaricious and prodigal, their hands tied together, lie with their faces in the dust, weeping and wailing. In the sixth, gluttons are compelled to suffer hunger and thirst, in view of a tree richly laden with fruits, and of a fresh flowing fountain, like Tantalus, until they have learned moderation. In the seventh, the licentious wander about in flames, that their sensual passion may be purged from them by fire.

At the entrance into every circle, the angel who conducts them obliterates one of the P's upon the forehead of the poet. In the same measure also his ascent becomes easier at every terrace. In place of the fearful darkness, he is here lighted on his way by the three stars of the theological virtues, Faith, Love and Hope. In place of the heart-rending lamentations of the damned, he hears here the ever sweeter sounding tones of the hymns of salvation, as sung by the souls which are longingly gazing towards Paradise, and step by

step approach nearer to its confines. Whenever a soul has completed its purification, a trembling of the whole mountain announces its entrance into Heaven.* Having reached the Terrestrial Paradise, on the summit of the mountain, Dante sees in a great vision, the Church triumphant, under the image of a triumphal car drawn by a griffon, representing Christ. *Beatrice* now descends from Heaven, and appears to him in the car, and takes the place of Virgil, who is not permitted to tread the courts of Heaven, as his conductor. She represents to him, in strong language, his errors, and exhorts him to bathe in the brook Lethe, that he may forget all evil and all past afflictions. A second vision displays to him the corruption of the Church. In this *Beatrice* prophecies to him its restoration, and causes him to drink conversion from the brook Eunoë, whereby he becomes capable of rising upward to Heaven.

Lightly now, as upon the wings of light, Dante flies upward through the different portions of the Celestial Paradise, and marks his progress only by the higher glory of his exalted companion.† In accordance with the Ptolemaic system, he places Paradise in the heavenly bodies known at that time, and views them as transparent spheres, rolling around the earth with different degrees of velocity, so that those which are nearest move slowest, while the most distant revolve with the greatest rapidity. He reminds us, however, that the Planet-Heaven indicates only the different stages of felicity, and that the proper seat of blessedness is the Empyrean.‡ Between the different abodes and their inhabitants, and the grade of their felicity, there is again an intimate correspondence. Paradise consists of three chief regions, the Star-Heaven, the Crystal Heaven, and the Empyrean. With the seven subdivisions of the first, it comprehends ten places of abode for the blessed, whereby is indicated the fullness and perfection of Paradise. The Star-Heaven consists of the seven planets, and the fixed stars. According to the view and arrangement of that age, the seven stars were the following:—First the moon; this is first reached

* Purgat. xvi. 58 ff.

† Parad. xxi. 7 ff.

‡ Parad. iv. 37.

by Dante, after passing through the region of air and fire, and he here sees the souls of those who did not quite fulfil their spiritual vows. Second, Mercury, where dwell the souls of those who, although virtuous, yet strove in their bodily life after earthly fame. Third, Venus, which contains those spirits that in their pious strivings were not sufficiently free from earthly love. Fourth, the Sun, which holds a middle position among the stars, sending forth its rays equally in all directions, and which is the clearest mirror of God for the inhabitants of the earth. Here reside the most worthy theologians and doctors of the Church, (comp. Dan. xii. 3, Matt. viii. 43.) Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Francis of Assisi, instruct the poet in the mysteries of salvation, and the depth of the Divinity. Fifth, Mars, the abode of the blessed heroes who have fought for the true faith. These shine as stars, and are arranged in the form of a bright cross, from the midst of which beams forth the form of Christ. Sixth, Jupiter, the star of justice, (a *Jove justitia*,) where are found the souls of just and righteous princes. These are arranged so as to express, in the first place, the words, *Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis mundum*; afterwards in the form of an eagle, as the symbol of the German empire, in which Dante saw the concentration of secular power according to divine institution. Seventh, Saturn, where reside the pious hermits and contemplative souls, which like flames are constantly ascending and descending a ladder. Dante reaches now the fixed-star-heaven. Here, in a vision, he sees the triumph of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and is instructed in the nature of Faith by the apostle Peter, in the nature of Hope by James, and in the nature of Love by John. This last Dante explains to be that which gives Heaven its peace—the Alpha and the Omega of the Holy Scriptures. It arises from a knowledge of God, who is Love itself. It is with transport that he becomes aware of being in possession of the true apostolic faith, over which Heaven exults, and the blessed spirits shout for joy. In the ninth sphere, the Crystal Heaven, or *primum mobile*, he sees the eternal hierarchy of angels who rule the nine heavenly spheres, and move in nine concentric circles around a bright, light-giving central

point—the Divinity. Now Dante nears the pinnacle of glory and blessedness, the Empyrean, which, in itself immovable, is yet the original cause of all movement. For God is without longing for anything that is without him, but yet gives forth all life from himself. The poet here sees all those blessed spirits, which, like innumerable leaves, form an endless sweet-scented rose. Beatrice now leaves him, to resume her place among the blessed. The godly Shystic, the holy Bernard of Clairvaux, now stands by his side, and, on his request, permits him one fearful gaze upon the God-head. He beholds three circles of equal circumference, but of different colors; one of these exhibits a human countenance. The pen refuses its office; his spirit is, as it were, electrified by a sudden shock; and he is inexpressibly happy in the contemplation of the Love of the Trinity, which illumines the sun and the stars, gives heaven and earth their motions, fills Time and Eternity, and draws from the choir of the blessed and angels an endless song of praise.

Thus have we attempted to give a brief sketch of this poem, in its organic unity. It is a mirror of the universe; a “mystic unfathomable song,” as *Tieck* calls it. It is “encyclopaedic” in its very nature, as *Villemain* well remarks in his *tableau de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, because it carries in its bosom “a complete history of the science and poetry of its time.” If we cast a glance once more at the mutual relation of the separate parts, we shall be struck with the profound truth of the hint first given by Schelling, that the first is sculptural, the second picturesque, and the third musical, in accordance with the subjects therein treated.* Hell is an immense group of sharply defined statues, of dusky, shadowy forms, fearful monuments of Divine justice, illuminated by the torch of poetry. Purgatory is a gallery of variegated pictures, opening, in an endless perspective, into Heaven. Paradise is a harmonious unison of the music of the spheres, with the song of praise of the blessed rational creation: here all swims in light; here all is feeling, sound, Hallelujah. The poem opens with the cry of despair; it flows forward through the sadness of longing; it closes with the jubilee of bliss.

* In the *Critical Journal of Philosophy*, issued by him in conjunction with Hegel, Vol. II.

III. What, we may now ask, in the third place, is the proper *object* of the *Divina Commedia*? We do not mean to speak of its object or use, in the common sense of the term. Poetry, like Philosophy and Religion, is no mere means to serve some object lying out of itself. It is its own end, bearing its absolute worth in itself, and hence to be sought after for its own sake. Nor does it aim at any special practical use, but is sufficient in itself, and moves in the ether of liberty. But precisely on account of this high position, it is more than merely useful and serviceable in the common sense. In using the term *object*, then, we mean something immanent, that cannot be separated at all from the poem itself, and is identical with its proper sense. Dante himself makes it to consist in this: to lead the living out of the condition of misery into the condition of happiness.* He himself had, out of his errors, which he represents under the form of a dark forest, at the commencement of the poem, led by a higher hand, and through the contemplation of eternity and the whole world, sub specie æternitatis, found rest for the out-goings of his longing soul, in the peace-giving garden of Christ,† the object of his desire.‡ So far the *Divine Comedy* is a history of his errors and his deliverance. On this account he represents himself as in Hell, a participant and deeply interested spectator; in Purgatory as a penitent, to whom the first steps were immensely difficult, and from whose heart the seven mortal sins, like the seven P's upon his forehead, pass away only gradually and through actual penance. Then first does he become worthy of obtaining, as a foretaste, a glimpse of that blessedness, of which he also is once to become a participant.§ But to this subjective meaning of the poem, we must add also its objective. For in Dante's heart and life is mirrored forth the whole world, and in this view, the *Divine Comedy* is

also a description of human life in general, in its course from the world towards God, from time towards eternity, from sin towards holiness, from misery towards bliss.* It is, we may say, a poetical "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." The way of salvation leads, for all, through the knowledge of sin, (*Inferno*), through the pains of penitence, (*Purgatorio*), and through the contemplation of the mercy and glory of God and the salvation of his saints, (*Paradiso*.)

On this way towards saving knowledge, man is not left to himself, but, on the contrary, he has for his guide history, or tradition in its widest and best sense, which God himself uses as his instrument. This leads us to remark on the meaning of the companions of Dante in his journey to the other world. These are three: *Virgil*, *Beatrice*, and *Bernard of Clairvaux*. *Virgil* is the representative of human wisdom and natural virtue. The scholastic theology did not look upon heathenism as altogether without truth, but as irradiated in some measure, remotely at least, by the beams of the Logos; and the system of Roman Catholicism, as a whole, it is well known, has taken up into its own life much of heathenism itself even, under a Christian form. In general, too, classical literature still forms the foundation of all higher scientific culture. Dante has interwoven into the first part of his poem manifold elements of Grecian and Roman mythology, which is sufficient to show, that he did not regard it as purely error. Aristotle was generally regarded during the middle ages, as the highest representative of merely human wisdom. Hence his philosophy forms the foundation of the whole scholastic theology. It was usual to compare him with the morning-dawn, ushering in the sun of Christianity. Hence he was called the heathen John the Baptist,† the precursor Christi in naturalibus; and there was no end to the praises of his acuteness

* In his letter to Cangrande: *Finis totius et partis* (namely, *Paradiso* especially) est, *removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriæ et perducere ad statum felicitatis*, (Epist. Dantis, Ed. Witte, p. 85.) The false views of the tendency of the poem have been carefully refuted by Blanc, in his article, already cited, in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia*, I. vol. 23, p. 64 ff.

† *Parad.* xxiii. 8; xxvi. 64.

‡ *Purgat.* xxiv. 76-78.

§ *Purgat.* xxii. 100; *Parad.* v. 105; xxx. 135.

* In the letter of Dante, already quoted, he says: *Est subjectum totius operis literaliter tantum accepti status animarum post mortem simpliciter sumptus. Nam de illo et circa illum totius operis versatur processus. Si vero opus accipiat allegoricè, subjectum est homo, prout merendo et demerendo per arbitrii libertatem justitiæ præmiandi et puniendi obnoxius est.*

† *Comp. Inf.* i. 65, where *gran deserto*, referring to *Virgil*, may perhaps allude to the "vox clamantis in deserto; parate viam Domini."

and profundity. But Dante chose Virgil in preference to Aristotle as the representative of human wisdom, for the following reasons probably. In the first place Virgil was a poetical personage, and hence a much more suitable conductor and expounder in a poem than the abstract philosopher Aristotle. And then also, Dante stood to Virgil in the near relation of a grateful scholar.* By his means had he developed his poetical talent, and could hence call him "sweet father."† Further, Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, gives a description of the spiritual world as far as Elysium, (which Dante regards as, to a certain extent, a shadowy picture of the Terrestrial Paradise,) and comes even to a certain kind of Purgatory.‡ Hence it was also customary to look upon this book as prophetic of Christianity. And lastly, Virgil was highly celebrated during the middle ages, as the singer of proud, heathen Rome, in which Dante saw a type of the world-dominion of the Christian Papacy.

Virgil, then, is the representative here of worldly wisdom. He comes not of his own accord to Dante, but as sent by Beatrice, who has been incited thereto by Saint Lucia, at the desire of the Virgin Mary, the symbol of sympathetic, preventing, and intercessory grace.§ This is intended to show that even heathen wisdom stands under the guidance of a higher influence, and is compelled to become subservient to revelation. He accompanies the singer of the Divine Comedy through Hell and Purgatory, for natural reason and philosophy may bring men to a certain knowledge of themselves in the state of sin, punishment, and penitence. But it is plain, at the same time, that Virgil is most at home in Hell. Here he takes sure steps. "Ben so ik cammin," says he: ("I know the way well.")|| Only in that region where Hell has changed its form, by reason of the earthquake at Christ's death, is he forced to inquire the way.¶ In Purgatory, on the other hand, he finds himself more in the sphere of mere presentiment;

he makes uncertain and timid steps, and calls himself a stranger who is unacquainted with the way.* Hence he himself needs the guidance of angels from terrace to terrace. On the mountain of Purgatory Virgil is hence the representative, not of the common Paganism, but of that which in prophetic anticipation goes beyond itself.

Having reached the summit of the mount of purification, Virgil is compelled to return, and the office of conductor is now fulfilled by a higher spirit. For Philosophy can come only to the threshold of revelation; God himself and the proper blessedness of the soul, the natural man is unable to comprehend. *Beatrice*, who accompanies our poet through Paradise, is evidently the representative of Theology, (which rests upon Divine revelation,) or of Christian Wisdom.† Since the centre of this, and the chief object of its knowledge, is the love of God, subjectively and objectively, (that of God towards men, and men towards God,) Beatrice is well suited to be its representative; for in her, Dante as a boy had already seen the ideal of a pure ethereal love, and through her first had his sense for poetry and a higher world unfolded itself.‡ *Saint Bernard*, lastly, is the representative of mystic contemplation, which is required necessarily by the scholastic theology as its proper complement. In opposition to the scholastic Abelard, who drew everything down into the sphere of the dialectic understanding, his motto was: "God is known, so far as he is loved." The contemplation of the pious heart, according to him, stands even higher than Faith itself. Hence it is he that leads Dante to gaze upon the Trinity, after preparing himself for it by previous prayer.§

IV. In conclusion, it remains still to cast a glance on the *relation of Dante to Protestantism*. This sublime poet has naturally not been wanting in interpreters,

* Inf. i. 85-87.

† Inf. viii. 103; Purgat. xxvii. 52.

‡ B. vi. 735-747.

§ Inf. ii. 52 ff. 95 ff.

|| Inf. ix. 30.

¶ Inf. xii. 91-94; xxiii. 127-132.

* Purg. ii. 61-63.

E Virgilio rispose: voi credete
Forse, che siamo esperti di esto loco;
Ma uoi sem peregrin, come voi siete.

† Purgat. xviii. 46-48; xxxii. 10. Comp. xxxi. 130, where the three so called theological virtues, Faith, Love, and Hope, dance singing around Beatrice.

‡ Inf. ii. 105; Purg. xxx. 121-123.

§ Parad. xxx. 147-151.

who use him as a weapon against Protestantism, as though belonging exclusively to the Roman Church. The ablest interpreter of this kind is the Frenchman, Dr. Ozanam, a jurist, whose work has also been translated into the German.* He even goes so far as to put Luther on a par with the Monk *Dolcino*, whom Dante places in the eighth circle of Hell, among the disturbers of the peace.† Some on the other hand, with a profound and thorough knowledge of Dante, have attempted to lay claim to his work in favor of the reformation, especially so *Goschelt*‡ and *Graul*.§ Nay, some have even gone so far as to attribute to Dante a prophecy of Luther, since Veltro, the grayhound, under the figure of which Virgil predicts to our poet a reformer that was soon to arise in the Church, has the signification anagrammatically of L V T E R O; and the Florentine Landino, in his commentary on the Divine Comedy, which appeared in 1481, calculates that the birth of this reformer, according to the passage in Purgat. xxx. 31, would take place on the 25th Nov., 1484, which coincided almost with the date of Luther's birth, (10th Nov., 1483.) This, to be sure, is a mere conceit, although a remarkable coincidence. Under the swift grayhound, Dante understands *Cangrande della Scala*, (can means hound,) who afterwards became the chief of the Ghibelline party in Italy; and he at that time indulged in the pleasing hope, that he, in connection with the German Emperor, might put an end to the pernicious secular dominion of Rome.

There is no doubt but that Dante, in his fundamental religious views, belongs, rad-

ically, to the Catholic Church of the middle ages, of which he may be regarded as the poetical representative. His theology, especially the eschatology, apart from the formal additions of a poetic fancy, agrees with the scholastic, whose object was, as is well known, to justify the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, in its whole compass. In accordance with this, he sees in the papacy also a divine institution. He regards the Roman Bishop as the successor of St. Peter, the chief shepherd of the Church.* But on the other hand, he is no friend of the absolute power of the Pope. He does not regard him as standing above a General Council of Bishops, and as being infallible separately taken. For in the eleventh song of the *Inferno* (v. 7-9) we meet with a heretical Pope, Anatasius, of the fifth century, who, as the story goes, had denied the divine nature of Christ.† Besides, Dante will allow to the Popes only the spiritual supremacy of the Church, assigning the temporal to the German Emperor. His historico-philosophical view was this. In antiquity, there were two chosen nations, a spiritual and a secular one. The Jewish nation was chosen to prepare the way for the introduction of the Church of Christ, and its spiritual head; the Roman nation, whose authority in secular matters even Christ acknowledged, was chosen to prepare the way for the introduction of the Christian state, and its imperial head. Both branches of history united in Christianity, and its middle point, Rome, but under two sceptres: to the Pope belongs the spiritual supremacy of the church and its Bishops; to the German Roman Emperor, the secular supremacy of the Christian States and their princes.‡ Hence he

* Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle. Par A. T. Ozanam. Paris, 1839. With him agrees on this point also, *Ardant de Montor*, in his *Histoire de Dante Al.* Paris, 1841.

† Infer. xxviii. 55.

‡ Bruchstücke aus Dante Aligh.'s Glaubenslehre. Three articles in Hengstenberg's Evangel. Kirchenzeitung, 1841.

§ The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri, translated into the German, with historical elucidations, &c., by Charles Graul, Leipsig, 1843, P. I. p. lv. ff. Comp. his article on Dante, in the General Repertory for Theological Literature and Church Statistic, by Lie. H. Reuter, Berlin, 1845, Feb. number, p. 118 ff., and especially 129 and 130. Wright, in his English translation, in three vols., of the D. Comm. in rhyme, London, 1839-1840, has accompanied it with parallels and elucidations from Protestant writers; but the work we have not seen.

* Parad. v. 76; Purg. xvi. 93; Inf. xix. 100, 103. However strongly Dante inveighs against Boniface VIII., (Inf. xix. 52 ff.) he still regards his imprisonment in Anagni, by Philip the Beautiful, as a sin against Christ.

† This passage was made use of as early as the time of Bellarmine in a Protestant work, which had for its object to win Italy for the evangelical faith through the authority of its greatest poet. It bears the title, *Avviso piacevole data alla bella Italia da un nobile giovane Francese*. Comp. Bellarmine's Controv. lib. IV. de Rom. Pontif. c. 10.

‡ Comp. Purg. xvi., 97-114; 127-129; Parad. vi. 82-90, 91, 92; and Dante's Latin work *De Monarchia*, which was most probably composed between the years 1310 and 1313, during the time Henry VII. was endeavoring to restore again the Imperial authority in Italy.

inveighs strongly against the worldly views and avarice of the then Popes. He wishes them to restore to the Emperor what of right belongs to him,* and to return again to the poverty of the early Bishops.† He meets a mass of Popes and Cardinals in Hell among the avaricious.‡ He is particularly bitter against Nicholas III., (died 1280,) Boniface VIII., (died 1303,) and Clement V., (died 1307,) whom he places together in the eighth circle of Hell, because they had been guilty of simony, that is, of selling ecclesiastical offices for money, (Acts viii. ;) thus bringing down the heavenly to the level with the earthly. On account of this perversion, the simonists are compelled to stand with their heads in holes of the earth, and their legs on high; from their naked soles stream forth flames, like tongues of fire; intended, doubtless, to represent the gift of the Holy Spirit, given to them at their ordination, but which became their curse.§ Dante reminds Nicholas, that Christ received no money from Peter, when he committed to him the power of the keys, and charged him with the feeding of his lambs. "Follow me," (John xvi. 19,) was the only condition. Nor did Peter receive money from Matthias, when he was chosen in the place of Judas.|| "You, shepherd!" he proceeds, "John had in his eye when he beheld the woman sitting upon many waters, committing fornication with the kings of the earth, (Rev. xvii. 1-2.) You differ from the idolator only in this, that he worships one, but you a hundred idols."¶ "Ah, Constantine," he exclaims,

* Purg. xxx. 37-39.

† Parad. xxvii. 40-45.

‡ Inf. vii. 46-48. A contrast to this is formed by Pope Hadrian V., who became converted after his ascension to the papal chair, but was still required to perform penance on account of his former avarice, Purg. xix. 91-145.

§ Inf. xix. 22 ff. Nicholas, according to Villani, was the first Pope who was guilty of open simony in favor of his relatives, (nepotism.) Dante, with reference to his family name Orsini, (from orso, bear,) causes him to say, v. 69-73:

E veramente fui figlinol della orsa,
Cupido sì, per avanzar li orsatti
Che su lo avere, e qui me misi in borsa.

Both Boniface and Clement were still living in the year 1300, which the poet makes the date of his vision, but their places in Hell were already assigned them, and Nicholas in expecting them, in fact mistakes Dante at first for Boniface.

¶ Inf. xix. 90-97.

¶ Inf. xix. 106-114.

"To how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gained from
thee."*

Dante, in general, testifies very strongly against the secularization of the hierarchy, and inveighs also against the once so richly blessed Dominican and Franciscan orders, sometimes in zealous, angry tones, then again in mournfully plaintive language, and again with tender intercessory words,† and insists with all earnestness upon a thorough reformation in head and members, with reference, not so much indeed to the doctrines as the discipline and practice of the Church. Beatrice also shows him, in a striking manner, the rejuvenescence of the vineyard of the Lord;‡ and what is remarkable, his eyes are constantly directed, full of hope, to Germany, from whence the reformation in fact came, although later than he thought, and not from the German Emperor as he expected, but from a poor and lowly monk.

Dante has thus, as is the case with so many great men, a double face; one of which looks into the past, the other towards the future. He stands, as we have already remarked, on the turning-point between two periods. Although the most enthusiastic singer of the middle ages, his is yet, at the same time, one of the first voices on Roman Catholic ground, which demanded a thorough reformation of the Church, like that called for by the great reformatory Councils of the fifteenth century. When Rome obstinately shut her ears against these voices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, becoming ever stronger and more pressing, the opposition gradually took a more anti-Roman and anti-Papistical character; the issue of which, at last, was the rise of an independent church, into which the best powers of the middle ages streamed over. Protestantism is the fulfilment of the prophecies which spoke forth from the very midst of the ruling church of the middle ages.

We are not willing, then, as Protestants, to renounce Dante, and to yield up the enjoyment of his immortal poem altogether

* Inf. xix. 115-117.

† Parad. xii. 86-96; Purg. xxxii. 124-129; xxiii. 34-37.

‡ Comp. especially the prophetic passage, Purg. xviii. 34-60.

to the Roman Church. We look upon the middle ages as the fertile soil of the reformation, upon Catholicism as an indispensable prerequisite and preparation of Protestantism. Dante's age, the particular form of his thinking, feeling, poetry, and life, has passed away, and can never again be revived. But we gaze back upon it, with an interest similar to that with which we look upon our youth, which, although past forever, belongs still to the marrow of life, to the sum of our existence, and in so far has an everlasting meaning.* We find in the Divine Comedy, under these antiquated forms, many grains of gold,

* It is the principal fault of *Leigh Hunt's* book on Dante, which has just now come into our hand, (stories from the Italian poets, P. I.) that he requires Dante not only to tolerate all sorts of nonsense, but also to send all men, however wicked their lives may have been, to heaven, like a sentimental Universalist of modern stamp. This is quite as ridiculous as if a Chinese should abuse England, because no tea grows there.

which are not subject to the change of times, and which we can gaze at with ever increasing delight. It is something great and beautiful to be in the possession of a lively sympathy with humanity, in all its stages of development, and especially with the Church of God of all ages and generations. Happy is he who has elevated himself to that stand-point of universal observation, where the different periods of history appear as the connected links of one glorious chain, and where all great men that have had a truly divine mission to humanity, unite in the most manifold tones of one harmonious hymn of praise to the One God. To such a one, history is a book of life, full of consolation, instruction, reproof, and enjoyment, from its commencement to its close. In the centre stands Christ and His Church, the star and central point, from whence light streams forth over all parts of the periphery. P. S.

STANZAS.

IMITATED FROM SAPPHO.

HE seemed to know a bliss divine,
Whose casual eyes might meet with thine,
When, seated opposite, the while,
He heard thee speak, and saw thee smile.

A bliss denied to hapless me !
For, Lesbia, when I looked on thee,
Confusion held my faltering tongue ;
My ears with shrilling murmurs rung.

Thrilled in my shuddering limbs the flame ;
A sudden darkness o'er me came ;
Robbed thus, of every sense by thee,
I swooned, dissolved in ecstasy.

COLTON'S PUBLIC ECONOMY.*

FROM the formation of the first system of society, the subjects which fall within the province of political philosophy have employed the most powerful intellects of all nations. But though illustrated by the liveliest genius and the profoundest reflection, they have not until a very recent period assumed even the forms of science. We cannot tell what formulæ of economical truth passed from existence in the lost books of Aristotle: the father of the peripatetic philosophy undoubtedly brought to public economics the severe method which enabled him to construct so much of the everlasting science of which the history goes back to his times; but whatever direction he gave to the subject, by the investigation of its ultimate principles and their phenomena, his successors, and the writers upon it since the revival of learning, have generally been guided by empirical laws, which in an especial degree have obtained in regard to the economy of commerce. Scarcely any of the literature or reflection upon the subject has gone behind the bold but entirely unsupported hypotheses of free trade theorists, which have been as unsubstantial as the fanciful systems of the universe that were swept from existence by the demonstrations of Newton. Not only have economical systems generally been woven of unproven hypotheses, but they have rarely evinced any such clear apprehension and constructive ability as are essential in the formation and statement of principles; and down to the impenetrable chaos of Mr. Mill's last cumbrous octavos,† there is scarcely a volume on political economy which rewards the wearied attention with any more than a vague under-

standing of the shadowy design that existed in the author's brain.

In the eminently original and scientific work before us, we see economy subjected to the fundamental and ultimate methods of investigation of which the results have a mathematical certainty. We have new facts, new reasonings, new deductions; and if the paramount ideas are not entirely original, they are discovered by original processes, and their previous existence is but an illustration of the truth that the instinctive perspicacity of the common mind often surpasses the logical faculty in cognizing laws before they are discovered from elements and relations.

The author has long held a distinguished place among our philosophical and political writers. In the fierce controversies of 1844, he restored, in a series of masterly tracts upon affairs, the name of Junius to its old celebrity and power; in the Rights of Labor, at a subsequent period, he asserted, illustrated, and with unanswerable logic vindicated, the American doctrine of the privileges and dignity of Industry—decreed to be not only the condition of existence, but the source and sign of the highest development of men and states. If we look into any of the numerous works‡ of Mr. Colton, we shall find that their most distinguishing characteristic is in the - dences, that he collects, observes and analyzes his facts for himself; that he forms from phenomena disclosed by his own observation the hypotheses with which he constructs his systems. It is to such men as Colton, Carey and Greeley, or Clay, Webster and Evans, with understandings alike practical, discriminative, and logical, that we are to look for the

* Public Economy for the United States. By CALVIN COLTON. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 536. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1848.

Rights of Labor. By C. COLTON. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 96. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1848.

† Political Economy. By Mr. Mill. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.

‡ Most of Mr. Colton's works have appeared originally in London, where he for some time resided. In London he published his Tour of the American Lakes, his Letters of an American Gentleman, &c. But his Four Years in Great Britain, Religious State of the Country, Life of Henry Clay, &c., &c., have all been widely read in the United States.

rescue of public economy from the hands of empirics, whose highest achievements are to bewilder and dazzle the weak and the indolent with phantasmal demonstrations.

Mr. Colton has not rejected the title of "*political economy*" because he proposed to enter a different field, or because the subject and argument have no relation to political society, but chiefly because the term political has been so much abused in this country by the rude agitation of what are commonly called politics, that he does not think the word now used with us comports with the dignity of the theme; and the second part of his title is adopted from a conviction that the economical principles of states are to be deduced from their separate experience and adapted to their individual condition. The task which he proposed to himself is, the exhibition of *the merits of the Protective and Free Trade Systems as they apply to the United States*. He expresses at the outset his opinion that the settlement of the question he debates is one of the most desirable, and will be one of the most important results which remain to be achieved in the progress of the country; and we can assure him that the accomplishment of it will be rewarded by the best approval of these times, and an enduring name.

The second chapter of Mr. Colton's work is devoted to a statement of the New Points which it embraces. By new points he does not mean that all thus described are entirely original, though many of them are so; but that on account of the importance of the positions he has assigned them, as compared with the positions they occupy in other works of the kind, they are entitled to be presented as new. Many of them involve fundamental and all-pervading principles, that have not hitherto appeared in speculations upon the subject, but which are destined hereafter to have an important influence in its discussion. Some of the most prominent of these points are:

I. His definition of Public Economy, that it is the application of knowledge derived from experience to a given position, to given interests, and to given institutions, of an independent state or nation, for the increase of public or private wealth.

II. That Public Economy has never yet been reduced to a science, and that the propositions of which it has been for the most part composed, down to this time, are empirical laws.

III. That the propositions relating to the minor questions in debate have been subjected to the most rigid test of the recognized canons of experimental induction.

IV. That labor is capital, and the parent of all other capital.

V. That protective duties in the United States are not taxes, and that a protective system rescues the country from an enormous system of foreign taxation.

VI. That different states of society require a corresponding adaptation of the systems of public economy to each.

VII. That popular and general education is a fundamental element of public economy.

VIII. There are new points on the subject of money and a monetary system, which are regarded by the author as vital and fundamental in public economy, and exhibited under new and impressive aspects.

IX. That freedom is a thing of commercial value.

X. That protection as opposed to free trade is identified with freedom, and with the principle of the American revolution.

XI. That the history of freedom for centuries, for all time, shows it to be identical with protection.

XII. That the American revolution is the opening of a new era in the history of freedom, demonstrating that the protective principle lies at the bottom of the struggles after freedom.

XIII. The history of the rise and progress of the free trade hypothesis is made a point of importance, and of much interest and instruction.

XIV. The interests of the American people are represented as necessarily wedded to the protective principle, and the masses who have been for a time seduced by the deceptive promises of free trade, are supposed to be after protection under false colors.

XV. The different cost of money and labor in the United States, as compared with their cost in the countries with which we trade, is made the foundation of the necessity of a protective system; and this necessity is averred to be the result of the

organization of society on freedom principles.

XVI. That the destiny of freedom is but imperfectly achieved, and is contingent on a protective system.

XVII. That an American commercial system, adapted to this end, is required.

XVII. That the principle of free trade is identical with that of anarchy.

XIX. That those parts of the world which are most free, require protection against those which are less so, because the sole object of protection is to maintain and fortify freedom.

XX. The great amount of agricultural products and labor which go forth in the form of manufactures, is made a distinct point of, to show how necessary manufactures are to an agricultural country, and how it is impoverished by allowing itself to be dependent on other countries for its manufactured products.

XXI. That public economy differs from private, not in principle, but in the comprehensiveness of its interests; and that there cannot be two kinds of economy, any more than two kinds of honesty.

We have not stated these new points either in the order or in the form in which they appear in the work itself; nor have we given all of them; but these are sufficient to show, that the author has extended his views much beyond the common range, not to say that he has gone more profoundly than most writers into the rationale of political philosophy. We proceed to citations from the author himself on some of the points above specified, and perhaps on others. It is in the discussion of these propositions that Mr. Colton evinces his highest powers; and while the reader will understand that little justice can be done either to the propositions or to the arguments by which they are maintained, in so brief an article as this—or indeed within less space than the close-thinking and terse-writing author himself devotes to them—he will be instructed by the hasty abstract which we shall make of so much of the work as relates to them most directly and forcibly.

In regard to the first point, it will be conceded that in all investigations of this sort, definitions comprehend or suggest the scope and laws of argument, and are indispensable to its perspicuous and satisfactory conduct. In offering this definition—

a fruit of the reflection of years—Mr. Colton makes the following observations:

"We have tried our best to tolerate the introduction of the term, science, into this definition, as the substantive part of it, in accordance with general usage, such as the *science of national wealth*, &c.; and we do not repudiate the idea that science is implied in it, or that it is a proper subject of science. But we are forced to deny, that, as yet, the subject has ever been reduced to a science, and that down to this time, it has any other form of a system than a collection of what the logicians call *empirical laws*. If it shall be admitted that we have contributed, in any degree, so to sift these empirical laws, and so to adjust them in a scientific form, as to subject them to recognized canons of experimental induction, as we propose to attempt to do, still our definition stands in a form not inconsistent with the definition of a science; and though we fail in our proposed task, the purpose of our definition is not impaired. Its terms indicate sufficiently the class of sciences among which it must take rank, if it is deemed worthy to be called a science. It is a science composed of *contingent* propositions—contingent on the peculiar position, the peculiar interests, and the peculiar institutions of the country to which its rules are applied at any given time, and contingent on the changes, in these particulars, to which that country may be subject in the succession of events. It will be seen, therefore, that our definition is a new point, and that it rescues the whole subject, entirely, from the position which has been claimed for it by the Free-Trade economists, as a science of uniform propositions—uniform for all countries and for all times. Every person must see, that one of the essential attributes of Free Trade is the uniformity of its propositions for all nations, and that any departure in a system of public economy from such uniformity, is not Free Trade, but a violation of its principles. The poles of a planet, therefore, cannot be wider apart, nor the heavens farther from the earth, than the main position of these two antagonistical systems. The propositions of the one are the same for all nations, in all time, while those of the other are contingent on the position, interests, and institutions of the country to which they are applied for the time being.

* * * * *

"It will be observed, that we have not only departed from usage, in our definition of public economy, by denominating it the application of knowledge derived from experience, instead of calling it a science; but that we require a *given* position, *given* interests, and *given* institutions, of a state or nation, in order to know how to make the application. The very terms of our definition, therefore, take the whole subject from the determinate and immutable laws of Free Trade, and place it on what may be

called a contingent basis, itself subject to a variety of contingencies. In Free Trade, we have only to understand its propositions, and then we know what they prove, or pretend to prove. But in our theory of public economy, we consult facts, experience, under a given state of things, in order to form the right propositions. In Free Trade, the propositions lead; in our system, they follow. In the former, the propositions determine results, or affect to do so; in the latter, facts, by their practical operation, determine the propositions, because they determine results. In the former case, the theory, or, rather, the hypothesis, is first, and the results are hypothetical; in the latter, the theory is last, and is made to depend on the facts. Our theory, therefore, is not one of propositions, formed irrespective of facts, but a theory growing out of facts. * * *

"It will also be seen, that, from our definition, as a starting point, the field of public economy opened by it is entirely new. It is not the world, it is not all nations, it is not any two nations; but it is one nation in particular. The law of the definition necessarily brings the subject within these limits. This imparts an entirely new character to the argument. With general propositions, we have nothing to do; it is a particular case. It is a system of public economy for the United States alone, which we are required to frame. It has been shown above, that it is not possible to construct one for all nations, nor even for two. All pretensions of this kind are utterly baseless, and can do nothing but evil so far as they are influential."

Under the second point above specified, our author says:—

"Both the novelty and importance of the position here taken, demand some exposition. If it be well authorized, true in fact, for the purpose we have in view, it cannot be too well understood. When Free Trade economists have arrogated the high and dignified title of a science for their theme, one naturally asks, what sort of a science is it? In what is its artificial structure apparent? Where are the principles and rules by which we arrive at infallible conclusions? A science, well and truly formed, can predict results with certainty; it is the very nature of science to do this, and any pretension of this kind that fails in its predictions, is thereby proved false. Have the laws of public economy ever yet been so adjusted as to produce this result? Manifestly not. If they had, all the world would have known it, and there would be no controversy. The truth is, the whole subject still remains a wide field of empirical laws, not entirely useless, but yet unadjusted as to scientific order and relations, having not the slightest claim to the dignity of a science. If any should think we have failed

in our classification of the laws of public economy, in their historical condition down to this time, as being *empirical*, let them tell us under what category of dogmas they should be ranked; or let them say, if they choose, that they do not all belong to this class. We are not tenacious on that point. We only say, they have never yet been reduced to a science. That is evident, because there is no certainty of science in them. There is no uncertainty in figures, in mathematics, in geometry, in astronomy, or in the physical sciences generally, so far as their respective domains have been explored; nor is there uncertainty in any science, the elements of which have been ascertained and adjusted in scientific order and relations. There can be none. It is the very nature of science to realize its predictions. We do not affirm confidently, that all the dogmas which ever have been uttered on public economy, will fall within the logician's definition of empirical laws: but we think they will generally be found there; nor can we conceive how a more respectable rank could fairly be assigned to them. It is not simply for the convenience of classification, that we have put them there; but because we could not find a more legitimate place.

"Now, let us consider what the characteristic of an empirical law is, as presented in the above citation, [from John Stuart Mill:] 'The property of being unfit to be relied on *beyond* the limits of time, place, and circumstance, in which the observations have been made.' It may not always be so good as this; but it cannot be better. It must be seen, therefore, that it entirely cuts off the generalizations of Free Trade, and falls directly in the line of our definition. No law of public economy can be safely trusted except for 'the time, place, and circumstance, in which the observations have been made;' that is, the observations which have established the law. The principle necessarily restricts every system of public economy to one nation—to that nation where the observations that have dictated its laws, have been made. Within these limits empirical laws may be serviceable, and by proper attention may be reduced to a science. For a wider range it is not possible that a science should be made of them on this subject. In the language of Mr. Mill, it is not simply 'absurd, but abstractedly impossible.'"

From under the third head, where the recognized canons of experimental induction are cited, and according to which the author professes to have constructed his general argument, we make the following extracts:—

"We for a long time thought that public economy never could be made a science in the

strict sense of the term. But that position can hardly be maintained, if it be allowed that everything is a subject of science, and capable of being brought into its place as such; and if, moreover, it be considered, that it is a part of science to adapt itself to the nature of the subject. A science of contingent propositions, for aught that can be seen, is as supposable as one of uniform and immutable propositions. The propositions of public economy, as we hold, must necessarily change with a change of data; and it cannot be denied, that such changes are constantly transpiring in every commonwealth. It will be found that this principle of a liability to a change of data, presents itself on the threshold, and that it lies at the foundation of the science of public economy. It is impossible to cast it aside, or turn the back upon it, with any hope of a successful investigation, or useful result. A public measure required at one time, may, by events, or even by its own operation in the complete fulfilment of its purpose, require to be modified, or suspended, or superseded, at a subsequent period; and the same measure may be of the greatest importance to one nation, which would be injurious to another, possibly to all others. Nothing can be more contingent than the propositions of public economy. * * *

"It must be admitted, that nothing is more desirable, in public economy, than that the certainties of science should be brought to bear upon it; and nothing is more evident than that, hitherto, they have never been so directed. The reasons are obvious, as shown in our citations, here and there, from Mr. Mill. It was impossible that a science on this subject should be constructed out of the common experience of nations for common use, or out of the experience of one nation for the use of another. It is only in the line of the experience of one nation that the rigid principles of such a science can be applied, and for that nation only. All beyond this field is a region of empirical laws, as before shown; and of that precise category of empirical laws, which are utterly incapable of being reduced to a science."

In the chapter devoted to labor, one of the longest and strongest of the work, besides presenting his subject in many novel aspects, Mr. Colton avers that heretofore labor has occupied a false position in systems of public economy, and that a vast amount of doctrinal and practical error has been the result; in short, that, as labor is so important and all-pervading an element in public economy, any system which does not give to labor its true position, must necessarily be vitiated to its core and foundation. "Labor," says Mr. Colton—

"Labor is capital, primary and fundamental. The position which is usually awarded, in systems of public economy, to what is called capital, as if labor were not capital, and capital of the most important kind, has tended to degrade labor, and to strip it of its essential attributes as the producer of all adventitious wealth, or of that state of things which distinguishes civilized society from barbarism. It has also tended to cloud one of the most important branches of public economy in obscurity, and led to much embarrassment in the consideration of others. The natural order of things is thus reversed; that which ought to be first, is put last; the cause stands in place of the effect; the agent is taken for the instrument; the producer for the thing produced.

"Although it will be convenient in this work, in order to avoid frequent repetition and unnecessary circumlocution, to employ the customary phrase, capital and labor, in the usual sense, it is due to a just consideration of the comparative claims of these two things, to assert the prior and paramount rights of labor, as to the position to which it is entitled in a system of public economy. Labor is capital of its own kind, not as a subject to be acted upon for the increase of its own value, but as an agent that imparts value to every other kind of capital which it creates, or which, after having created, it employs as an instrument, or takes in hand for improvement. It is doubtless true, that the faculties or powers of labor are subjects of culture and use, for the increase of their skill and effectiveness; and in this sense are subjects of action for the increase of their value. In this particular, the faculties or powers of labor occupy the position of any other kind of capital, as subjects of improvement by labor itself. It will be observed, however, that it is not labor, but the faculty of labor, the value of which is thus increased.

"European economists, for the most part, if not universally, regard labor as a mere power, like horse-power, or any other brute force; and what Ricardo and the Adam Smith school mean by 'the proportion of the whole produce of the earth allotted' to labor, is simply that which is necessary for its subsistence, as for that of a horse, an ox, or any other brute. The three chief elements of public economy, as taught by Smith, Ricardo, and others of the same school, are 'rent, profit and wages.' It must be seen that a system of public economy, constructed on such principles, is entirely unsuited to American society; and though its doctrines in the abstract may often be correct, its whole must be totally inapplicable to a state of things radically, fundamentally, and essentially different from that for which such a system is designed. It was morally impossible, from the social position of these economists, that they should be able to adapt a system of public economy to American society, not having thought

it incumbent on themselves to make any other provision for labor, than to save it from starvation, and to get the greatest profit out of it, as the owner does out of his ox or his horse; and believing, as they do, that system the best which will secure this end most effectually. There can be no redeeming quality with Americans, for a system of public economy, one of the fundamental principles of which is of this kind, pervading it throughout, imparting its character to it, and constituting a part of its very essence. The three words, 'rent, profit, and wages,' in the sense in which they are employed by Smith and his school, as representing the three comprehensive parts of their system, are sufficiently declaratory of its character, and look back to a feudal state of society. The things here intended are not to be found in this country, and are not tolerated by its institutions. * * * *

"Labor-capital is the parent of all other capital. Other capital is chiefly, if not altogether, the creature of civilization, though the same thing, in substance, may be found in a savage state. But as a subject of public economy, it is regarded as one of the things receiving its definite form and measure from the hand of civil polity. It will be found, indeed, that the entire structure of civilization owes its existence to labor, and of course those parts of it which derive their tangible value from its forms, and which are regulated by them. Civilization itself is secondary and ministerial, in relation to all the capital which labor creates, and comes in to define and protect it. It was in part the value of these products of labor which made civilization necessary, that it might receive a definite form, and be made secure. No man can apply his hand or point his finger to a thing regarded as capital, which is not the product of labor. All intrinsic values are but fictions of the imagination, always inappalable, vanishing as they are approached. The diamond and the pebble are of equal value in the eye of the barbarian, and would be equivalents in every other eye, but for the existence of that capital, the product of labor, which is able to purchase the diamond at a high price. We do not, however, mean to say, that it is improper, or without significance, to use the terms, intrinsic value. They are employed in this work in the usual sense, and are pertinent when so used, because they represent a practical idea. It will be found, however, that this value is entirely the product of labor; and this conclusion may be justified by the doctrines of all the economists worthy of respect. * * * *

"Labor, in its true position, defines human rights, without a word, and men will scarcely fail to recognize them, while it remains there. But, when thrust out of place, into a false position, and chained to slavery; when it is made to occupy this position in all the systems of public economy most in vogue in the world,

it is no wonder that men who are entitled, and who ought, to be free, should be slaves. In its proper position, it proclaims a great truth, the consequences of which are stupendous, when carried out to all its legitimate results, in a system of public economy, morally and socially considered, as well as commercially—and more especially in the former aspects.

"The rocking of the cradle of American independence, jostled into one those distinctive elements on which the Free-Trade economists have founded their system. It broke down the barriers of classes, which form the peculiar features of that system, and the doctrine was then proclaimed, that 'all men are born free and equal.' As before, more especially from that time, this nation became a community of working men, in whose eyes labor is an honor; and he who does not work, is the exception to the general rule. Labor, therefore, in the United States, occupies an elevated, influential, honorable position. It is not the man that lives by work, but the man that lives without work, that is looked upon with disrespect. A gentleman of fortune and of leisure, who does nothing, has far less consideration than he, who, though equally able to live without work, devotes himself to some useful pursuit. * * *

"Labor, work, is the spirit, the genius of the American people. It was so from the beginning by necessity; it became a fixed habit of the community; and has ever been a part of the *morale* of the country. It is a grand political element; it was born of a great political exigency; it was nourished in a political cradle; it graduated into manhood with political honors; it made with its own hands, and has ever worked, the machinery of the political commonwealth; it lies at the foundation of the social edifice, pervades the entire structure, and its escutcheon stands out in bold relief from the pediment. And is this the thing, the element, the power, that is to content itself with the position and the doom of the third class enumerated, defined, and described by European economists, whose measure of degradation and of comfort could not be expressed by Adam Smith and others, as seen in the citations from them, without a picture drawn from slavery. * * * *

"It should be observed that labor is never *independent*, when it has no *alternative*; that is, when it is not strong enough in its own position to accept or reject the wages offered to it in any given case, if unsatisfactory, and when, in such a case, it cannot turn away, and live and prosper. When it can do this, it not only has a voice in its wages, but the parties in contract, the employer and the employed, stand on a footing of equality. This principle is equally applicable to the producer of commodities of any description, as the proprietor of a farm, workshop, or any other producing establishment, over which he presides, and where, per-

haps, he labors with his own hands, as to him who works for hire. The time has never yet been in the history of the United States as an independent nation, when labor was not in this sense an *independent agent*—when it could not reject an unsatisfactory offer, and yet live. It is not pretended that labor has been able to dictate its own terms. That would be equally improper and unjust, as for the employer to do it. But it has always had an *alternative*. As a last resort the American laborer can at any time go to the backwoods. His independence is never necessarily sacrificed. * * * *

"In the light of this contrast, the condition of European and other foreign labor is one of absolute bondage. In the first place, it is for the most part deprived of all political influence. This is the primary cause of its misfortunes. In the next place, and also for the most part, it has no voice in its wages. There is no *alternative* left to it. It must work for what is offered, and work hard, or perish in want; and the wages doled out are measured by so nice an estimate for bare subsistence, as to be often insufficient for that. In all those countries, labor is the *agent of power*. Power dictates its wages, controls it, enslaves it; and it needs but a little reflection, in connection with what has already been said, to see that this difference is immense, and immensely important."

But we must resist the temptation to further extracts from this interesting chapter, to pass to the fifth point as we have specified them, which in fact contains two of the most important to be found in the work, occupying two chapters replete with facts, statistics, and argument. We refer to the positions, that protective duties are not taxes, and that they are besides a rescue from an enormous system of foreign taxation. It must be admitted that this point established in the first case, would be enough to settle the controversy between free trade and protection. We cannot begin to do justice to these chapters by citations. They must be taken in their very wide, yet condensed embodiment of facts, to be appreciated. They are overwhelmingly convincing, and leave little to be said. It has been so generally conceded, and it is so easy and natural to believe, that protective duties are taxes, that an argument to prove the contrary will occasion surprise. It will be yet more surprising, when the subject comes to be understood, that the free trade argument on this point had ever received the slightest credence.

But not content with this achievement

—not a small one certainly—Mr. Colton has marched boldly into a field yet more entirely new, with an array of figures and facts, to demonstrate a system of foreign taxation, under free trade, which is not only immense, but amazing. It is to be hoped that these two chapters, so new and strong as they are, will not only be appreciated, but that they will produce their proper effect. With these remarks we leave them, as the argument, in either case, cannot be broken up without injustice.

The chapter which is devoted to the sixth point enumerated by us, and which is the tenth of the work, entitled, "The different states of society in Europe and America, require different systems of public economy," will naturally be appreciated by this title. Like other distinct lines of argument in this work, it is replete with fact, and characterized by skill and energy. The fallacies, not to say the atrocities of the doctrine of the Adam Smith school, as it relates to this point, are here laid bare to observation, and the Malthusian theory is scattered as with a thunderbolt. We cite the following passages on this point:—

"Mr. Malthus's theory of population, which is generally respected in Europe, particularly in Great Britain, explains all this. He thinks men multiply faster than there is room, work, and food for them; that the masses will fight against each other for employment to support life; that landlords, and all capitalists, may rely on this natural strife, among laborers, in bidding for the lowest wages that will support existence; and as a consequence, resulting from this theory, it may be assumed that the natural increase of the human family is not a blessing, but a curse, to the majority of the race; and that the masses are doomed by Providence to degradation, to a state of serfdom or slavery, to want and wretchedness, without hope or possibility of relief.

"Rather than be guilty of this libel on Providence—it is indeed a very grave and impious one—it would have been much more consistent with Christian piety, and with the Christian doctrine of morals, it may be said more philosophical, to assume a defect in society. It is shocking to ascribe such a want of wisdom and goodness to the Creator! Mr. Malthus supplies in theory what was wanted to sustain the practice of the European world, to wit, the hopeless degradation and misery of the masses; and the European economists of the Free-Trade school, assume the fact as a postulate, putting it in the place of one of the foun-

dation-stones of their edifice. They are not ashamed to do this openly—to make it visible, prominent, staring out in the face of man and of heaven. This theory, recognized and reduced to practice in society, is an insuperable bar, a yoke that cannot be broken, an iron despotism over the masses of mankind. * * *

"It may, therefore, be assumed as a fact, involving a fundamental element in the system of the Free-Trade economists, and pervading every part of it, that the masses of mankind are to be regarded as mere working machines for the benefit of the few, with no other cost than to be kept in the best working order. Such an element of public economy, lying at the foundation of a system, being as one to three of the capital parts, stops nowhere in its influence and control over the various subdivisions and ramifications of that system. The only thing that remains the same, is, the position, the necessity, the hopeless doom of this working machine."

One more extract from this chapter:—

"No such state of society as that for which Adam Smith, Ricardo and Say wrote, is found in the United States, and it would not be tolerated here for a moment. It is, indeed, that very state of things that was forsworn in the American Revolution, and against which the new government, institutions, and laws, set up at that epoch, and afterward matured and permanently established, were expressly framed to guard, and guard forever, with jealous care, that they should never obtain footing again on American soil. This new and reformed state of society, commonly and not inaptly called republicanism, rejects with indignation and scorn the idea of those relations which constitute the basis of the system of Smith, Ricardo, Say, McCulloch, and others of that school. It was natural enough, it may be said it was necessary, at least apparently unavoidable, that they should take such premises as they were furnished with, on which to erect their edifice. It is evident what those premises were, because they are distinctly laid down; and it is also evident that a system built upon such premises, must correspond with them. But the American system is directly the opposite of this. There is no resemblance in the premises, and none in the structure raised upon them, if it be properly built."

In the chapters on "Education as an element of public economy in the United States," the seventh head as enumerated by us, is opened another rich field of argument, where our author is not less at home than elsewhere. We present the following extracts:—

"It need not be said, that the intelligence

and virtue of the people depend upon education. It remains to show, in what respects, and how far, education becomes an element of public economy in the United States. We are not prescribing rules for European or other foreign nations. The withholding or lack of popular education among them—for it is the education of the people generally of which we speak—may be as necessary to their theory of society, as the enjoyment of it is to ours. It has already and frequently been stated, and should be constantly borne in mind, that Adam Smith and his school have adapted their system of public economy to the state of society with which they were surrounded, and not to that which exists among us. It is impossible, under their system, that general education should prevail—as much so as that it should prevail among slaves. There is no provision for it. It is the bare subsistence only of those who do the labor of society which they have provided for. In the first place, they have not a democratic state of society; next, they do not propose to have it; thirdly, they make no calculation for it; and lastly, as the working classes, under their system, have little or nothing to do with government, their education is not deemed important. On the contrary it is systematically suppressed, because it is reckoned dangerous. It must be seen, therefore, that the condition of society in the United States, in these particulars, is diametrically opposite.

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"The original settlers of this country from Europe—especially those from Great Britain—were men of intelligence and strong virtue. Many of them were persons of as high culture, and of as much chivalry of character, as any that were left behind them. It may be said, that they were men of the strongest character of the times that produced them; and those who followed in their train were men of the same stamp. The motives of emigration then were of a high and social character, and not such as now pour upon this continent the floods of European paupers and culprits. It was mind of the highest order which could not endure the chains of European despotism, and which came here for freedom. The object of their coming, and the qualifications which fitted them for the enterprise, are directly in point of the argument in which we are now engaged. It was their high culture and eminent virtues which enabled them to lay the foundation of that stupendous system of political society and of public economy, which has subsequently and gradually grown up on their endeavors and their plan. Freedom was their end, and the means which they ordained to secure it, were schools and religion, education and the virtues of Christianity. The history of the colonies, from the earliest settlements, down to the Revolution and establishment of American independence, is replete with proof of this assertion.

There arose, therefore, from the first, a state of society not before known in Europe or elsewhere—a republican or democratic society, in which there were no uneducated classes, and no laboring classes which did not comprehend the whole community. All went to school, and all worked when old enough; and on no point were the people more thoroughly educated than on the principles of free government. The oppressions of the old world drove out its own sons from its own bosom, and under its own charters, to set up a school, which must necessarily, in a course of time, subvert its authority, and become independent, because the emigrants brought away all that was good, and left behind all that was bad. The elements of this new state of society were all healthy, and full of infant purity. While the old world, from a vitiated and decrepit constitution, tended to decay, the new, purged of parental diseases, sprung up with giant strides, to giant vigor. Instead of the old leaven of European economists, that intellectual and moral culture belongs only to the higher classes, and that the working classes require nothing but bare subsistence like cattle, schools were provided for all—all were educated—trained to knowledge and virtue as a preparation for the working time of life. It was a republican or democratic state of society from the first, and continued to be such, till the struggle arose between the colonies and the mother-country, which resulted in American independence.

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“The system of common schools, early set up in this country, coeval indeed with American civilization, handed down from generation to generation, provided for as the first care of the state, watched over with paternal solicitude, nurtured, endowed, edited, and never suffered to decline, but always put forward with vigor and efficiency, is the cradle of those chances of which we speak. On this broad foundation, common to all, has been erected a system of select and higher schools, up to the college and university, which are also within the reach of all, by reason of a system of public economy, which it is our special purpose in this chapter to notice; not, indeed, so much within the reach of all, as the common schools, but yet not excluding any, nor presenting insuperable obstacles to any. The poorest and meanest born of the land, prompted by innate ambition, and developing hopeful talent, can, and do often, pass through all the stages of education, from the common school till they have graduated with honor at the highest seminaries, and entered upon the graver responsibilities of life, to contend in open and fair field, with the best born, for the highest prizes of the social state, whether of wealth or of influence. And it is an attribute of American society and institutions, to favor and help forward merit that emerges from obscurity, and strives to rise.

The common school is the basis of all; the genius of the government is the parent of all; and the joint operation of the two crowns all.”

Passing for the present our eighth enumeration of new points, relative to money, we hasten to dispose of several following that, which, though eminently interesting and instructive for the novelty and practical character of the views presented, we have space only to notice with a few brief remarks. The chapter under the head of a definition of freedom, as “consisting in the enjoyment of commercial rights, and in the independent control of commercial values fairly acquired,” exhibits what we will venture to say will be regarded as an entirely new element of public economy, if it is to be received into the list; and our author makes it at least one of the foundation stones of an American system. It is an argument of profound interest, and must be read entire to be appreciated.

Of a near affinity to this, and growing out of it, are several points which we have specified in our enumeration, which, we doubt not, will receive attention and awaken sympathy, as exhibiting views in a striking light, and which, though not before reduced to form, are common to most minds, such as, protection the cause of the the American revolution; protection the ground of all the struggles for freedom, in past ages, down to this time; the new use of freedom in American independence, as founded in a protective system; the rise and progress of the free trade hypothesis; American instincts as they bear on this question; the fact and reason of the different cost of money and labor, here and elsewhere; the destiny of freedom but imperfectly achieved, being only in the beginning of its career, and its dependence on a protective system; free trade a license for depredation on the rights of others, or its identity with the principle of anarchy; &c., &c. All these are great topics, and are elaborately treated in this work; but in our condensed notice it is impossible to do justice to them by an attempted analytical review.

We return to the subject of money, only, however, for the purpose of noticing the new points, one of which is the announcement and specification of the foundation of the value of money; another, the distinction

between money as a subject and as the instrument of trade; a third, money as the "tools of trade;" and a fourth, the functions of money. The author allows that other economists have approximated these points, and cites them enough to show that they had glimpses, but not clear views of them; and that for want of clear views, great mistakes and some fatal errors have been committed—errors still current with all their mischievous influences. The following are a few brief citations, made very much at random, here and there, from the chapters on money—there are four of them—which may serve, in some measure, to show their character and drift:

"In process of time, of which the memory of man and history give no advice, certain metals, commonly called gold and silver, having been discovered and found to possess excellent and unrivalled qualities for certain uses, and for ornament, became 'precious.' This may be supposed to be the origin of the name, '*precious metals*.' For certain purposes of use and ornament, other things have been held much more valuable even than gold and silver, and for which ten, twenty, a hundred, and even a thousand to one, in weight, of the '*precious metals*' have been and are given, as an equivalent. Nevertheless, partly on account of their scarcity, and especially on account of their adaptation to so many useful and ornamental purposes, no other substances, original, or however formed, have ever acquired the position of being held so universally '*precious*,' as gold and silver.

"And it is to be observed, that this view does not bring us to their position and use as money. Gold and silver are not valuable, simply because they are money. This was not the original ground of their being held in such high esteem; but they have been adopted, and have obtained universal consent, to be used as money, or a common medium of exchange, because of their value for other uses, and because they are always in demand for such a vast variety of appropriations, other than money. Money is but one of their uses, later in the order of things; and it is only a fraction of their value that is created by their use as money, in the same manner as anything else is increased in value, in proportion as its uses are multiplied. The real foundation of the value of gold and silver may be said to be, was in fact, prior to their having been viewed in the light of money, and appropriated to that use; and the cause of their being thus appropriated, was doubtless the discovery, by experience and observation, of their unrivalled qualities for other uses and in other applications. Time and immemorial usage, therefore, have assigned

to them the functions of money, apparently for ever, without the remotest probability of change. Nevertheless, this was not an accident, was not arbitrary; but there were substantial, fundamental reasons, of the nature of value, lying somewhere back, beyond. Gold and silver could not even now retain their value as money, but for the foundation on which they fall back and rest, as being greatly valuable for an almost infinite variety of other purposes, which are always ready to take up and absorb them, whenever they can be spared from trade, and which, as a part of trade, is constantly being done; and as a part of trade also, they are as constantly going back into the forms or into the uses of money, though not in so great amount. The natural current from the bowels of the earth, is to the other uses of gold and silver; and only so much of them is arrested, on the passage, for money, as the necessities of trade require. It is only in distress, that people will surrender their plate, trinkets, or any other '*precious*' things, composed of gold or silver, for money.

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"Assuming that nothing is money but gold and silver, or that which will command them at the will of the holder, it may be remarked, that the universal credit of these substances, when used as money, must have a foundation. That foundation is usually called intrinsic value. But a little reflection will show that the value thus asserted, lies farther back than the use of these metals as money, not denying that this use is a fraction of their value. But how came they to be used as money? Davanzati, an Italian economist of high reputation, says: '*Gold and silver, being found to be of no use in supporting human life, have been adopted,*' &c., that is, appropriated to the use of money. This, we should think too puerile to be noticed, except for the gravity with which it has been cited by others. M. Turgot answers this question: '*By the nature and force of things.*' But this answer, as must be seen, has no more point in it than the surface and materials of creation, inasmuch as it has all this range. Others answer: '*By reason of their qualities.*' This is not denied, so far as those qualities determine their intrinsic value, which brings us back to where we started from. But it is said, they mean the adaptation of their qualities to this specific use; which has some reason in it, but more against it. The very authorities who give this reason, because forsooth they must give some reason, such as McCulloch, overturn it by starting objections and proving the great inconvenience and expense of these qualities in such an appropriation of these substances.

"The truth is, gold and silver were proved to be valuable, highly so, and always in demand, before they were used as money. They were found to be remarkable for their beauty and

utility, and to excel all other substances for the number of uses in which they were held in high esteem, no matter whether for utility or fancy, as both these ends impart value or command price; and the longer and better that they have been known, tried, and compared, so much more stern and abiding has been the proof of their excellence, and so much greater the number of uses to which they have been appropriated and for which they have been in request. These are facts which run back through all history, and are without contradiction; and the growth of history on this point, as to both materials and time, only tends to verify them. Gradually in the course of time and by the exigencies of society, they came to be appropriated by general consent to the uses of money, till at last that consent became universal in the civilized world. This appropriation, therefore, was ulterior and consequent to the ascertainment of the many useful and admirable qualities of these metals for other purposes, without which there is no probability that they would have been employed as money.

* * * "The inconveniences of gold and silver, as a currency, are increased by time, as civilization advances, as commerce is extended and increased, and as, by this means, the necessity of effecting commercial exchanges with the greatest possible expedition, and in great amounts, is augmented. For this and other reasons, many eminent economists and statesmen have exhausted their wits to find a substitute. Even Ricardo appears seriously to have believed that the British government might found a currency on its credit! He advocated it, if we are rightly informed, in the very face of the depreciation of the Bank of England paper, during its suspension of cash payments from 1797 to 1823. He appears to have based his theory on the fact that the depreciation was no more, whereas we think he should have come to the opposite conclusion, from the fact that it depreciated so much. That credit is itself a currency in one sense and to a great extent, is undoubtedly true, but it must have a foundation. It is this very foundation which we are now inquiring for, to wit, the foundation of the value or credit of gold and silver as money, as the medium of trade. All seem to admit that it is not in its character as money; for who of the economists, it may be asked, has ever yet got farther than Turgot in this investigation, who laid this foundation 'in the nature and force of things?' Clearly that cannot be satisfactory.

"And yet a knowledge of the foundation of the value of money is not less important for an intelligent view of the whole subject, than is a knowledge of the foundation of anything else that can be named, to a right view of it. Branches of truth on such a practical matter may doubtless be seen and correctly stated without this knowledge, but no philosopher should be satisfied till he has got to the bottom

of his subject, and he is liable to error, if he does not find it.

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"M. Say observes truly: 'To enable it (money) to execute its functions, it must of necessity be possessed of inherent and positive value.' But surely its value must lie somewhere else than in its character as money; or in other words, something else must have made this gold eagle and this silver dollar valuable. Time was when they were not money; now they are. There must have been some other reason for their adoption than that money was wanted. Say these metals are scarce; there are many things more so. Say they are convenient for this use on account of their qualities; there are other substances not ill, and some much better adapted in these attributes for such an appropriation; and allowing that these useful qualities, added to their scarcity, impart a substantial value to gold and silver as money, which is not denied; still the value for which they are credited, relative to that of other commodities most necessary to man, is in great, prodigious disproportion, independent of other considerations. Say that this disproportion is convenient to all parties—to all the world. That may be, doubtless is true. It is then an arbitrary value—a fraud! The world has cheated itself, and reckons it a good bargain!

"It is evident, self-evident, that gold and silver, as money, must have had a value to start with, and as a reason for being able to start. This is the point, and all that is claimed. To suppose that the world has been swindled or swindled itself into the belief that money has a value which after all is factitious, and that it should be satisfied with this persuasion on the principle that it is a convenient delusion, is not more absurd than contrary to M. Say's own doctrine, when he says, 'a system of swindling can never be long-lived, and must infallibly in the end produce much more loss than profit.' It is not easy to believe that the world has been thus cheated, and that the credit of its circulating medium does not rest on a basis entirely independent of itself. It is the very nature of credit to have a basis. To say that intrinsic value is the basis is precisely what we maintain. Intrinsic value for what? It is not the idea or function of money that constitutes intrinsic value, but it is that which qualifies for the function; and the qualifying power lies back of money itself, is underneath it, is its foundation. But why adopt an absurdity without cause? Why hold debate here when the numerous and important values of gold and silver for other uses are so palpable, quite enough to recommend them for the offices of money, and quite sufficient to sustain them in the discharge of these functions? In this light, society is safe, and the good sense of mankind is vindicated, in adopting the precious metals as a common

currency. It would be most unpleasant to be obliged to believe that money is a fraud, or even that the use of it is a self-imposed deception.

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"Without doubt, gold and silver employed as money constitute one of the values of these metals, and that not unimportant; but the foundation on which they started as money, the causes which summoned them to this position, to these important functions of society and of the commercial world, will be found only in values of an older date; and the causes which still sustain their credit as money will also be found in the same old values, and in a multitude of others since added and continually augmenting as the uses to which these metals are applied, other than that of money, are multiplied in the progress of time and in the advances of civilization. It was never an accident, nor a sum or concatenation of accidents; it was never an arbitrary fit nor an arbitrary law of society that lifted gold and silver into the position, and installed them into the functions of money; it was not custom; it was not even the necessity of a common medium of trade that selected them for this duty, though that necessity was urgent; but it was a substantial value imparted to them by time and events, destined never to be diminished, but always to increase. It was 'the nature and force,' not 'of things' in general, as Turgot taught, but of these very things in particular; it was their own position, their own force and nature, their own value, independent of and prior to that of money, that made them money. As a law of society which grew up with society, it could no more be resisted than a law of nature. It was not a choice which men made, but a necessity into which they were forced; and not a necessity to have this or an alternative at their own will, but to have this and nothing else. There was no more uncertainty hanging over the predestined use of gold and silver as money, than over the course of the heavenly bodies. The law in one case is as forcible as that in the other, and both are ascertainable and definite. One is the attraction of gravitation, the other the intrinsic value of gold and silver for other uses. * * *

"We define money as the *common medium of trade*, and find in it two simple but important functions, one to *express* values, and the other to consummate commercial exchanges, by being given on one side and accepted on the other, as the consideration thus agreed upon. It is a *medium* as the *instrument*, it is *common* because the world has so ordained."

The second chapter on money is devoted chiefly to the difference between money as a subject and as the instrument of trade, and to price as an attribute of money and of things purchased by it. The following are extracts on these two points:—

"The Free Trade economists, Adam Smith and his school, say that money is a commodity, and that it occupies the same position in trade as other commodities. We grant that it is a commodity, and that as a subject of trade it occupies, as they say, the same position as other commodities. But we deny that it discharges the functions of money, and hold that it is merely passive, when it is the subject of trade. Gold and silver, in passing from the mines to market, bullion in the market, and all manufactured articles which are composed in whole or in part of the precious metals, are subjects of trade. The same may be said of coin, bank notes, and negotiable paper of every kind, when bought and sold. Bankers and money-brokers trade exclusively in money, and money in their hands and in whatever form, coming or going, is always a subject of trade. The precious metals, in bullion or in coin, passing through the hands of brokers from one country to another, are subjects of trade while in the hands of those dealers, though they may be at the same time discharging the functions of money between debtor and creditor, who employ bankers and brokers as agents of remittance. All notes discounted at bank are subjects of trade in the transaction, both to the lender and to the borrower. Bills of exchange, bonds and mortgages transferred, and many other descriptions of credit for which a consideration is paid, are subjects of trade. All who borrow credit for a consideration, buy it. It is a subject of trade in the transaction. Gold and silver, in all other forms than that of money, are subjects of trade. So far as these and many other forms and conditions of money and of credit go, and so far as the precious metals are devoted to other objects than money as subjects of trade, we agree with the Free Trade economists that they occupy the same position as other and all other commodities exchanged in trade.

"But it must be observed that money, in its own proper functions as such, has had nothing to do with all this except so far as the considerations rendered in these transactions are concerned, as, for example, the discount and interest of a note. They are merely the preparatory stages through which money passes, the platform on which it is tossed about in a merely passive state as the subject of trade, till it reaches the great field of the commercial world where it is destined and designed actively to discharge the appropriate functions of money. This is a field before which the Free Trade economists have held up a screen. Let us go behind it and see how money operates there in distinction from the manner in which it is operated upon as a subject of trade before it gets there.

"A consideration of the difference of destination of money, and of the things for which it is exchanged, as the medium of trade in this field, will cast light on this point. The destination of money here is for an endless round of duty

in the discharge of the same functions, whereas the destination of the subjects of its agency in trade is either for consumption or for a fixture in the disposition of permanent capital so called, but yet often perishable. Money is employed as the instrument to carry them on to their respective destinations, where they must soon arrive, perhaps by the first transaction; but whether by one or more, money is the agent, and they are the passive subjects. But the functions of money in this field never cease; it will never have done its work; its destination is perpetual employment in the same offices; and while the things on which it operates are constantly passing away by consumption, or arriving at their final destination as fixtures, by the agency of money, money itself is constantly returning to its duty in moving on other commodities, in endless succession, to their destinations. Money in this field is the moving power, without which nothing else would move, so far as trade is concerned, except in the way of barter, which properly does not belong to civilization. And yet Adam Smith, Say, Ricardo, McCulloch, and others of that ilk tell us that money and a piece of calico are, commercially considered, the same thing, and occupy the same position, in a commercial transaction, when one is exchanged for the other; and they tell us that it is no matter whether a nation parts with one or the other, so that trade goes on. Unfortunately for a nation and fortunately for the truth, the absurdity comes to light when the money is all gone and trade will no longer go. * * *

"When and wherever there is a want of money, trade comes to a halt. The interest of every party, therefore, a man or a nation, concerned in trade, is to take care not be out of money, for it is his 'tools of trade.' And how does such a party get out of money if it had any? It can only be by buying more than is sold of other commodities, which are prized and moved by money, and by being obliged to settle balances with cash. When the trade of a party comes to this, and the store of cash is exhausted, trade must stop, barter only excepted, which is the same as stopping, because it is a mode of trade which cannot be revived, and which, if it could, cannot now be employed to any profitable extent.

"It is by entirely overlooking this distinction that the advocates of free trade commit their fatal error. They hold that money is a commodity; and that it is exchanged in trade as such; and that consequently the more of trade the better, whether money goes or comes, or whether all goes and none comes."

As on many other points, so on this, Mr. Colton establishes his own position by citations from Adam Smith and those of his school, who say one thing in one place, and another thing in another place.

On price, Mr. Colton remarks:—

"There is an habitual mode of reasoning with Adam Smith, Ricardo, and others of their faith, in ascribing to gold and silver, when discharging the appropriate functions of money, the attribute of *price*, which, we conceive, leads to obscurity, even to error.

"The world has agreed upon gold and silver, not only as the common medium of trade, but as the common instrument to express the values of all other things that are worth money, and to purchase them; but it has not agreed on anything to express the value of gold and silver, when discharging the functions of money; and there is no such thing. How, then, can gold and silver, in this office, be valued? How can they be worth more or less than themselves, weighed in the scales? We know, indeed, that gold and silver vessels, or any works of art composed of these substances, are prized by gold and silver coin. And why? Because there are two principles in their value: one their weight, and the other their workmanship. Leave out their workmanship, and gold is gold, and silver is silver, of equal value, if equally pure, according to their weight, whether in coin, or bullion, or works of art. It would be absurd to suppose that gold and silver, the instruments of expressing values, should express their own value, each for each. There they are, no matter how much in the world; no matter how little; the world has agreed that they shall express all other exchangeable values, but never, that anything else shall express their value. How, then, can they be cheap or dear, cheaper or dearer, while acting in the capacity of money? * * *

"No one, of course, will imagine that we mean to call in question the propriety of speaking of money as dear or cheap, as of high or low price, as a subject of trade. It is only when employed as the instrument of trade, that we maintain it can have no price in relation to the commodities for which it is exchanged. In this transaction, price cannot belong to both the agent and the subject, but only to the latter. It is the very function of the agent to prize the subject. * * *

"We never find the price of money, as a subject of trade, to be the principal sum, in any case whatever; but it is either a consideration for its use on time, or a consideration growing out of some one or other of the varying accidents of its existence; and all its prices are based on the standard of the scales, directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately. But money, as the instrument of trade, never has a price, its functions being to declare the prices of the things on which it acts, and to move them forward to their destinations—this declaration and this moving power being its proper

and only functions. The only fundamental measure of money is the scales; though, in the superstructure of a monetary system, many other accidental measures are employed, for convenience, all having reference to this, and being based upon it.

"To show that money, as a subject of trade, has no price, other than as above defined, observe, that a man, with one bar of gold or silver bullion, does not propose to exchange it for another bar of the same weight and purity. There is no motive. Nor does a person propose to exchange coins for others of the same denomination and weight; nor bank-notes for others of the same denominations and of the same bank; nor any kind of money for another, where there is no foundation or reason for difference in value, and of consequent advantage to one of the parties, which advantage would be a foundation of price, or a motive for exchange. There is no motive to exchange an equal for an equal. It must be a difference of some kind to constitute the foundation of price in money. In purchasing the use of money on time, the principle of price is doubtless too obvious to require farther illustration; and enough has already been said to show the different positions and proper functions of money, as the instrument of trade, and that price does not belong to it in that case.

"Convenience requires a uniform rule, either that cheapness or dearness should be applied to money alone, or to the things of which it is the medium of exchange. Custom has applied them to the latter, and ordained money to express all their values. This office of money is a law made and obeyed by all the world, and there is no antagonist law. There is nothing else by consent or practice, that expresses the value of money as such. Ricardo, Smith, and others, by violating custom and the ordinances of universal consent in this matter, have, we think, introduced confusion and darkness where order and light are needed, and plunged into an inextricable labyrinth."

Mr. Colton devotes his third chapter on money entirely to a consideration of this agent as "tools of trade," exhibiting views as true and practical as they are new in form. For it is in form, chiefly, that Mr. Colton's views are new. Every person will find himself perfectly familiar with the whole doctrine of this chapter, and probably no one will dissent from it. And yet he never saw those thoughts in such a shape before. Judge by the following specimens:—

"Can a farmer till his grounds without a plough? Can a tailor make up his garments without his shears and needle? Can a water-

man put forward his boat without a paddle? or a ship navigate the seas without sails or steam? Can any work, of any sort, be done without the appropriate instruments? Money is as much the instrument of trade, as the plough is of agriculture, the tailor's needle of making garments, the oar of speeding the boat, or the sails or steam of navigation. But Smith, Say, Ricardo, McCulloch, Twiss and their co-laborers tell us, in effect, that the plough is only a commodity, and the farmer may as well sell that as his corn; that the needle is only a commodity, and the tailor may give his whole stock of tools for his dinner, without inconvenience; that the waterman may barter his paddle for a fish, or the fisherman give his hook and line for bait, and both do as well without their tools as with; that the weaver will suffer nothing in selling his loom and shuttle; that the woodman may exchange his axe for a shirt, without harm to his occupation; that the smith may part with his hammer for a saw, in an exchange with the carpenter, and both go on with their work; that the shoemaker may exchange his kit of tools for a coat, and still work on with profit; in short, that all these things are mere commodities, and provided the parties have made a good speculation, as a trade, they have done well; or if they have merely got an equivalent in market values, they cannot be losers. Such is the doctrine of Free Trade!

"But money is a nation's '*kit of tools*,' nothing more; nothing less. And yet these gentlemen say, it is no matter; it is just as well; the nation will not suffer the least inconvenience, if it part with its '*kit of tools*,' and obtains, by the exchange, equivalent values. They say, in effect, that the shoemaker can still go on making shoes, and do as well as ever, if, by exchanging his kit, he gets other commodities of equivalent value. It is impossible to escape from this issue on the premises of these gentlemen. No one can deny that this is precisely the case which they have made.

"If it be said that a man ought to part with his '*tools of trade*,' rather than not pay his debts, it is raising a new question, which is one of morality. We go further back, and anticipate this question, in the position, that a man should be more prudent than to allow his '*tools of trade*' to become liable for his debts. This is precisely the position we occupy on public economy. We hold that money, enough for the demands of trade, is the '*tools of trade*' to a nation, and that its system of economy should be so adjusted and managed, as not to put its '*tools*' in the condition of liability for its debts. A nation cannot hold on to its '*tools*' after they have become thus liable; but they must go, till there is no more to go; and then the efflux is barred by exhaustion. The doctrine of our opponents is, that a nation is none the worse off, is put to no inconvenience,

by the loss of its "tools of trade!" Is not this the case which they have made? If it be not, we know not what is."

This chapter should be carefully studied by every American. It is suggestive of considerations deserving the profoundest reflection. It is written with such philosophical clearness, that a child can understand it.

We have referred to the chapter upon labor. We do so again to ask attention to the very elaborate and powerful pamphlet under the title of "The Rights of Labor," which Mr. Colton published a year or two ago. Perspicuity is a quality of all his writings; but this argument is preeminently lucid, shapely, and satisfactory. The subject is one of the gravest that can arrest attention in a democracy. Its importance is justly apprehended by the author, and he discloses and sustains his hypotheses in relation to it, with the ability and confidence of a thorough mastery and an unhesitating conviction. This pamphlet is not so much for the men of the closet and the senate as for the masses; and it is issued in a form and at a price to insure the largest circulation.

In sketching thus rapidly some of the new points in Mr. Colton's *Public Economy* for the United States, we have occupied all the space that can conveniently be appropriated to a review of the work. We are compelled to leave unconsidered many chapters of scarcely less interest or importance; as the balance of trade; banking; the mutual dependencies of agriculture, manufactures and commerce; gains of protection, and losses by free trade; the effects of protection, and of the want of it,

on the prices of American labor; effects of the same on the interests of agriculture, of commerce and navigation, of the home trade, of the cotton-growing interests, and of all other interests of the country; the principles, objects, and modes of a tariff; the tariff of 1842, and 1846, &c. &c.: all these and their cognate subjects, are considered at large in this work, with an overwhelming array of statistics and facts, bearing on the various points, as they arise.

—We have thus endeavored to attract attention to a work which is most timely, and which for its great ability and truly national character, is destined undoubtedly to be widely read, and to exert a powerful influence in our country, if not upon all those thinkers throughout the world, who are now attracted to the subject of which it treats. There has never been a time when the questions of public economy were more necessary to be understood by our people—and there has never been a time when their importance was in such danger of being forgotten, in the insane schemes of ambition, which, when most successful, invest a nation with but a glittering show of glory for substantial happiness, with but the fiery redness of inflammation, for the complexion of genuine health. We commend the work heartily, not only to MEN, of the closet or of action, but to the students of the school of experience, who are to conduct the ship of State through the storms that are signalled in the horizon, or to be engulfed in the common ruin of which the most sagacious see threatenings in the present distractions of the mind from the means and ends of a true national grandeur.

AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK.

PART FIRST.

"It deserved in truth to be called the City of Jove and the eye of all the East, the sacred and magnificent Damascus, I say, surpassing every other region, both in the beauty of its temples and sanctuaries, the serenity of its climate, the abundance and transparency of its waters, and the exuberant richness of its soil." JULIAN EMP., EPIST. XXIV.

HAVING visited Jerusalem and the most interesting parts of Palestine during the spring of 1844, we, on our return to Beirut, passed along Mount Lebanon and stopped a few days at Deir-el-Kamar, the principal city of the Druzes. Though all the inhabitants of the mountain, Druzes as well as Maronite Christians, were armed at that time, and disputes and feuds now and then arose among them, the country was nevertheless considered safe, and the numerous European travellers fearlessly enjoyed their excursions on the Lebanon without any molestation from the Arabs. Different was the situation of Palestine, where a destructive civil war was raging in the plains of Galilee and on the Samaritan highlands, and several parties of pilgrims, just returning from the Easter festival at Jerusalem, had been attacked and robbed by the wild Arab bands of Nabulus.

At Deir-el-Kamar, (the convent of the moon,) we found a Turkish garrison quartered in the beautiful, but now nearly dilapidated palaces of the old Emir-Beshir on Mount Beteddin. The Druzes were in possession of the upper town. They daily appeared fully armed on the bazars of the lower city, which is only inhabited by the more quiet and industrious Christians. We left the convent of the hospitable Maronites on the thirteenth of May, and descended to the mill on the bridge of the river Damour, one of the loveliest spots in Syria. Our road then passed through lofty pine forests covering the sides of the mountain, and towards sunset we reached the intervening heights, from which we enjoyed the full view of the rich plain of es-Sahil, the distant city of Beirut, and the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. The Christians in the village of Ainub offered us hospitality for the night, and after a most romantic descent the next morning

through deep dells and over bold eminences crowned with villages, convents, and gardens, we at noon arrived at Beirut, where we took up our quarters in the well-known hotel of Battista, and instantly made preparations for our excursion to Damascus.

It had previously been the plan to start for Anturah, and passing by the ancient cedars in the high region of Jebel-Makmel, to descend to the plain of Ba'albek; but the weather being still very unsettled, and deep snows covering the higher mountain-passes, we preferred to take this interesting route on our return, and at present to strike into the great caravan route directly for Damascus.

By the kind attention of Dr. De Forest, we were soon provided with good horses and an honest Arab dragoman, Mustapha, attached to the American mission, who proved to be a clever servant, but understanding neither Italian nor Greek, and but very imperfectly the English language, and being unacquainted with the routes of the Lebanon, he was of little use as a guide or interpreter.

In all travels through the Levant, the first day's journey is extremely troublesome and unpleasantly retarded by the difficulty of assembling the saddle-horses, mules and drivers, and by their unskillfulness in loading the tents and baggage. A large khan in the pine-forest of Hursh-Beirut had been fixed for our starting point, but it was not until late in the afternoon on the seventeenth of May that our party could be assembled, and servants and horses got ready for departure. Saad-Pasha, the governor of Syria, was just manœuvring his army on the sands, south of the city, and on our meeting the marching columns of Turkish horse and artillery in the narrow lanes, hemmed in with vines and prickly pear, we were again detained

by the most picturesque scenes of Oriental warfare.

At last, getting clear of the press, and uniting with our attendants at the khan, we passed westward through the plain and ascended the declivities of Mount Lebanon. The vineyards and mulberry plantations now became more rare, and soon discontinued altogether; and on the barren, rocky path, we in six hours arrived at the Khan Hussein, where we took up our quarters for the night. This nearly ruined khan lies in a dreary situation, on the top of a stony hill overlooking the wide range of the Lebanon. Groups of Arabs were sitting at their evening meal round the fires before the entrance. The interior of the mud-walled rooms looked so comfortless that we preferred to pitch our tents beneath some mulberry trees at a distance from the khan. But the night became stormy; and the rain pouring down the declivity penetrated into the tents and rendered repose impossible. Though in so southern a latitude, and in the most pleasant season of the year, the morning air was chilly and raw, and the dismal conglomeration of clouds rising from the sea surrounded us on all sides, and shrouded the distant view to the plain of Beirut and the coast. We departed at seven o'clock, and the sky soon began to clear up. At another khan, er-Rawish, we met a large caravan returning from Damascus with a quantity of hides; and on the steep descent of a western spur of the Lebanon, which northward sinks precipitously down on the deep valley of el-Metn, we distinguished the picturesque village Humana, embosomed in groves of pines, cypresses, and far-spreading olive woods, above which arise the towers of the convent el-Rhugin. Beyond the lower ridges, the view extends to the large monastery Deir-Mar-Yohanna, well known from the Arab printing establishment, and the many religious and miscellaneous works published there during the last century.

The snow-clad heights of Jebel-Rihan, the loftiest ridge of the Lebanon, now appeared on the east, while the coast, with Beirut, the bays of St. George and Juneb, stretched far below, and the broad belt of the Mediterranean, here and there studded with a white sail on the horizon, closed the magnificent panorama on the west.

The upper regions of the Lebanon are rocky and desert. Numerous rills, forming small cascades, are descending to the more level table-land, el-Jurd, on the south-west, where, on a fine meadow, herds of cattle and some horses and mules were grazing.

At noon we approached the pass el-Mughitheh, and the distant blue mountains of the Anti-Lebanon, beyond the broad valley of the Buka'a, seemed to fill out the deep gap between the high, rugged, and totally barren tops of the Lebanon. We descended through a winding defile to the Khan Murad, where we stopped and left our horses grazing on the border of a large brook, Ain-el-Hajel, carrying down the waters from Jebel-Kuneiyseh, and forming a pretty cataract near the khan. In another hour we arrived at the castle and village of Kabyleh, where we for the first time enjoyed the full view of the plain of the Buka'a, the ancient Coele Syria, and the entire ridge of the Anti-Lebanon as far as the great Hermon or Jebel-es-Sheik, all covered with snow, and beautifully glittering in the deep blue sky. The castle of Kabyleh, formerly commanding the pass, now lies in ruins. It was destroyed during the wars of the Metawileh and the Druze chieftain Emir-Beshir. The caravan road does not descend there to the plain, but it continues on the eastern slope of Jebel-Kuneiyseh through a beautiful variety of pine, agnus castus, and oak, crossing numerous rills to the large village el-Mekseh. We here struck across the fertile but thinly cultivated plain toward the river Litany. Galloping briskly along on the green-sward we approached a camp of gipsies. The ugly-looking women were cooking round their fires; all was wretchedness and misery. The moment we passed among the tents, two or three guns were discharged, but I believe without any intention to hurt us. We halted, however, and on the arrival of our muleteers, crossed the river Litany on a stone bridge, and entered the village el-Merdj. Nowhere in Syria does the traveller meet with so much poverty and misery as in the villages of this delightful plain. The filth of the mud-walled huts, and the squalidness in dress and appearance of the inhabitants, surpass all conception. Seeing no possibility of finding any accommodation in the village, we pitched our tents

on a hill near the river, and resolved to spend the Sabbath there as quietly as we might. Our Maronite muleteers now fastened lines along the tents, to which they tied the horses, throwing heaps of green barley and grass before them, while Mustapha kindled a fire between piles of stones and prepared our supper.

The site of our encampment was highly beautiful. It was placed on a hillock, north of el-Merdj, surrounded by cornfields; in front at a distance of eight miles we had the lofty, rugged range of the Lebanon, whose steep and precipitous offsets toward the plain were partly covered with wood, the snowy peaks of Jebel-Kuneiyseh and Jebel-Sunnin glittering brilliantly in the sun, just setting behind them. Opposite, in the east, rose the more barren chain of the Anti-Lebanon, terminating on the south-east with the huge bulk of Jebel-es-Sheik, which formed an immense dome of snow like Mont Blanc in Savoy. Its shining glaciers descended along its ravines towards the lower regions from which numerous rills flow down to the Litany, the Hasbeiya and the Jordan. North and south, the plain of the Buka'a, partly cultivated, but all over covered with the most luxurious carpets of fragrant flowers and shrubs, extends between the two parallel ridges. On the north it opens towards Ba'albek, but on the south at a distance of eight miles, near the pass of esh-Shukif, the surrounding mountains close the view. Desolation is the general feature of the plain, and few trees are to be seen on the banks of the Litany. Zahleh, the most populous town on the eastern slope of Mount Lebanon, is not seen from el-Merdj, being hid by a projecting range of rocks, nor the more distant ruins of Ba'albek; but on the south-east of the Anti-Lebanon appears the village and tower of el-Andjar, and nearer on a hill the ruins of a castle, which seems formerly to have defended the passage of the stone bridge over the Litany river, the *Isr-Temmir*.

The sun now set behind the Lebanon, coloring the snows on the eastern mountains with the gorgeous tints of evening. The plain and surrounding heights were soon reposing in the shade of night, but the lofty peak of the Hermon still for a long while continued all in a blaze, reflecting its deep purple hues on the upper sky.

We walked through the fields, enjoying the refreshing evening breeze and the rural tranquillity around us, and then partook of a frugal supper before the tents, without being troubled by the importunate curiosity of the villagers, as at Bereitan and other places in the Buka'a.

The following Sunday, the 18th of May, we as usual made a day of rest. A large caravan of Druzes from the Hauran, east of Damascus, passed our encampment and confirmed the report of the perfect safety of that part of the country. Soon afterwards a brilliant cavalcade of Turks, with their ladies and slaves, arrived from Damascus, and after a short halt on the banks of the river proceeded on their route to Zahleh.

The whole plain of the Litany now belongs to the Pashalic of Damascus. The southern part of it, properly called the Buka'a, is inhabited by Mohammedans and Maronite Christians; the northern district of Baalbek by the Metawileh or Mutoualis, Muslim heretics of the sect of Aly. During the middle of the 18th century they formed a warlike tribe, mustering more than 10,000 well-armed horse, who, in the year 1807, subdued the whole plain, and capturing Sour (Tyre) on the coasts of the Mediterranean, succeeded in keeping up their communication with France and Italy. But being vanquished in many bloody conflicts, by the Druze chieftain, Emir-Beshir, they lost Zahleh, their stronghold on the Lebanon, and were driven back to the plain. Ba'albek, their capital, was burnt and all their villages on the Anti-Lebanon destroyed. Thus the Metawileh lost their influence and power, and the few remaining wrecks of this fanatic sect are now fast mouldering away and may perhaps soon disappear altogether. These religious wars between the different tribes of Syria, the more recent military operations of Ibrahim-Pasha, and the long encampment of his numerous cavalry in the plain during the years 1836-40, have almost annihilated the population and agriculture of this fertile, healthy, and delightful region.

The river Litany—the ancient Leontes—has its principal source at Tell-Hushbein in the upper valley, four or five miles west of Ba'albek. In its course south, through the plain, it receives several rivulets and the

fine, copious stream el-Berduny, descending from the Lebanon through the city of Zahleh.

At the bridge of el-Merdj, its breadth is only twenty feet; further down, the plain straitens to a narrow dell, and the river passes in a western direction through a gorge between precipices of immense height. These rocks are formed on the north by the wild cliffs of esh-Shukif, where still are seen the ruins of the extensive Castle of Belfort, often mentioned in the history of the Crusades, and on the south by the lower chain of Merdj-Ayun, running down towards Safed and the lake of Tiberias. Emerging from the mountains and changing its name to el-Kasimiyeh, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean, three miles north of Sour, (Tyre,) at the old ruinous khan el-Kasimiyeh. From the high-vaulted bridge near the khan, we, on our pilgrimage to Jerusalem in March, had enjoyed a most delightful view of the river, whose source in the upper Buka'a we were going to visit a fortnight later.

Next morning, Monday the 20th, we were detained for some hours by an unpleasant accident, which, during the night before, had befallen our horses. Not being accustomed to the fat green barley, which our muleteers had heaped before them, some of the horses suddenly contracted a swelling of the stomach, which proved fatal to a fine bay horse belonging to one of the gentlemen. The Maronite villagers were of course as ignorant of veterinary affairs as the muleteers; they all gathered around the poor animal, struggling on the ground, but were unable to give it the least assistance. The drivers, bewailing their expiring horse, rent their turbans in utter dismay, and galloped up and down with the other horses in order to keep them in constant motion and prevent the injurious effects of the fresh grass which they had swallowed too copiously. All the inhabitants of the village had surrounded our tents, and it was not without a good deal of clamor and quarrelling that we got another horse from the village to serve for the journey to Damascus, and afterwards to be sent back from Beirut.

The morning was again rainy and cold, and the clouds hung on the mountains like a gray ceiling, spread out between the

Lebanon and the opposite range of the Anti-Lebanon.

At seven o'clock we were in the saddle, and striking across the plain, we arrived in an hour at the base of this latter ridge, where, on one of its projecting spurs, we passed a ruinous castle, and another miserable village. Although a heavy shower was falling fast all the while, we continued our trot through the stony, barren and dreary chains of the Anti-Lebanon, leaving at a small distance on our right a solitary mill, and approached at noon the pass of Wady-el-Kurun, (*the valley of the horn*), a rugged, deep dell, having high limestone rocks on both sides, partly topped with stunted fir and oak. This is the dangerous defile where caravans so often are attacked and plundered by the roving Druzes of Hasbeiya. I had expected that our route would ascend to some high table-land, with far-extending views to the plains of the Buka'a, Damascus and the Hauran, but I was sadly disappointed, when we almost imperceptibly approached the water-shed of the Anti-Lebanon, without obtaining any distant prospect at all. Indeed, at a distance of six hours' ride from el-Merdj, we were again descending along a clear, purling brook, running eastward to the plain of Damascus. The heat in the deep glen became very oppressive. We therefore dismounted among the thorny hedges, which hemmed in the path, and preparing an awning with the canvas of our tents, we enjoyed our lunch near the brook. The scenery was wild, but pleasing; herds of cattle and goats were grazing on the banks. At two o'clock P. M. we departed for the village of Demas. Following the brook we soon cleared the high-peaked mountain, and entered upon a still more barren and hilly country. Immense swarms of locusts were rattling and whizzing around us in all directions. The ground was literally covered with them, and fluttering in thick masses around our horses, they almost obscured the rays of the sun. They were of that large light-brown species I had formerly seen at Athens, where the Greek government paid the okka with fifty lepta or eight cents, in order to induce the Albanian peasants of Attica to destroy them in their nests early in the spring.

At a distance of five miles on the north we distinguished the dark stripe of the beautiful gardens and olive-groves bordering the river Burradâ, on its course towards Damascus. From the top of a steep, barren hill, which we reached at four o'clock, a most singular prospect extended before us. Not a single tree or green speck appeared on the undulating horizon, where distant yellow and sandy hills obstructed the view on all sides. But in the south arose the gigantic masses of Mount Hermon, clad in its glittering helmet, and north, the steep ravines of the Anti-Lebanon, stretching away toward Zebdany on the road to Ba'albek. Before us lay the village of Demas at the base of the hill. The terraced inclosures, an ancient aqueduct, and other ruins showed it to have been formerly a thriving town, and it is still the resting place of the caravans between Damascus and Beirut. The low, flat-roofed huts were all built of mud, but they looked clean and snug compared with those of the Buka'a. The Arab inhabitants kindly offered us their dwellings for our accommodation; but the weather being fine we preferred pitching our tents on a hill outside the village in front of the majestic Jebel-es-Sheik, where, surrounded by the lilac-colored hills of the desert and in expectation within a few hours of beholding the wonders of Damascus, we passed a delightful evening.

At sunrise next morning, all was bustle in our little camp. Our breakfast was soon finished, the tents struck, and we started at six o'clock through the most bleak and dreary region I ever saw. Now and then we had a glimpse of the distant valley of the Burradâ with its gardens and groves, or we met some armed parties of Turks, or a caravan of Maronite muleteers returning from Damascus; but the monotony of the landscape was continually increasing, when, three hours after leaving Demas, we descended into a defile surrounded by high conical hills, which looked like extinct volcanoes, bare, brown, stony, and covered with parched grass and stunted shrubs. In vain I turned my horse off the caravan road and with some difficulty ascended the heights. One range of chalky hills was towering above another, and the heat became oppressive in this labyrinth of straggling passages, winding

through the desert region, when all on a sudden a distant view of the beautiful plain of Damascus opened upon us. Beyond the dusty and sunburnt rocks in the foreground, the immense *Ghutah*—the paradise of es-Shem—stretched eastward, and was bounded on the north by the hills of Kashioun, and on the south by the more distant violet-tinged mountains of el-Hauran, while on the dim and hazy horizon we distinguished the extensive lake Bahr el-Merdj, (*the Lake of the Meadow*), wherein the Burradâ, descending from the Anti-Lebanon and watering the Ghutah, empties itself. From out the thick-set groves and gardens, like a vast forest spreading throughout the whole plain, arises the noble city of Dimeshk or Damascus, with its numerous mosques, cupolas, minarets and towers, embellishing the view and breaking the outline of the white flat-roofed buildings, which extend in an immense length of three or four miles, north and south, while the breadth of the city is comparatively very small. On our left the river Burradâ, issuing from the mountains in many rivulets, diffuses itself through the gardens, and beyond it, on a height, appears on light arches a large Saracenic kubbet, or cupola, consecrated to the most revered of all the mystical Sheiks, Mohijeddin-al-Arabi.

This rich picture of fertility and life, bordering on the bleak and solitary desert, this glowing Oriental sky, diffusing such an indescribable charm over the landscape; even these light purple vapors, which like a faint and transparent shroud, arose above the gardens and the city, all contributed to enhance the enchanting effect of a scenery which, seen in a cold northern climate, beneath a gray and cloudy sky, would present nothing very remarkable. The glorious plain lay before us, and in order to impress on our memory this admirable prospect, we stopped for half an hour near a little round dome on the verge of the last spur of the mountain, immediately above the plain; but the heat being overpowering, and our attendants not yet making their appearance with the baggage, we galloped down to the gardens, and passing through a straggling hamlet on the outskirts of the groves, entered the shady retreat, and awaited the arrival of our muleteers on the banks of the river.

The road through the gardens is very pleasant ; it runs beneath majestic chestnut trees, poplars, plantains, and sycamores, on both sides bordering the gardens, and forming a dense forest of beautiful fruit trees. Here and there some richly painted kiosks, country houses or mosques with soaring minarets, peep out from among the thickets. We passed the Burrada several times on stone bridges, and after an hour's ride we suddenly lighted upon a low mud-wall with a low entrance, crossing the road. This was the gate of Damascus ! Turkish sentinels of regular infantry were on guard. As they took no notice of us, our long cavalcade proceeded slowly along the principal street to the great bazar.

Damascus is now a more agreeable residence to European travellers than formerly. During the time before the Egyptian conquest, its fanatic inhabitants would not permit Christians to enter the city on horseback. The Frank travellers were insulted by the insolent military or tumultuous mob, torn down from their horses, beat and wounded, while their European dress everywhere exposed them to the derision and taunts of the Muslims.* Such insolence was even offered to M. de Lamartine and other travellers on their visit to Damascus, so late as 1832. It was principally during the passage and return of the great caravan of the Mecca pilgrims, that Christians and Jews would suffer ill-treatment by the fanatic *hadjies* ; but the severe government of Ibrahim-Pasha soon put a stop to all these disorders. When the Damascene Muslims complained to Ibrahim-Pasha, that the *Giaurs*, or Christian Infidels, dared to mount on horseback in the sacred city, a right conceded only to orthodox Mohammedans, the Egyptian commander scornfully replied : " If you consider it a privilege for the Muslims to *sit higher* and bestride *taller* animals than the Christians, well, then, you may mount the camels and leave the horses to the Christians ! " He even gave the command of the unruly city to a Christian general, the prudent and brave Bakary-Beï, who with vigor and justice kept up the most perfect order in Damascus. Yet the bigotry and intolerance of the people remained

undiminished, though they dared not manifest their feelings except in sullen looks and stifled words. A terrible instance of this was the deplorable persecutions against the unhappy Jews in 1838. But the subsequent defeat and expulsion of the Egyptian army in 1840, by the united British and Austrian troops, the establishment of different European consulates, and the continual visits of numerous parties of travellers from Europe and America, soon produced the same effect here in Damascus as in other parts of the Levant, and the Christians may now visit every part of the city and its environs with perfect safety. Even English ladies now walk or ride through the bazars as freely as if they were in Europe, and our party met with the same good will and attention here as in Jerusalem or Beirut. Travellers were formerly obliged to demand hospitality in the Franciscan convent, which is small, dark, and uncomfortable. But lately a hotel in European style had been established, which was recommended to us in Beirut. Mustapha, therefore, led on our caravan to a mud-walled house, situated in a narrow lane near the eastern gate. The exterior looked bad enough, but how great was our astonishment, on entering through a narrow passage, to find ourselves all at once, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand, transported to an Oriental palace, more romantic and beautiful than my fancy ever had realized before. We stood in the centre of an elegant court paved with white marble and surrounded with picturesque Saracenic buildings, all glittering with gildings and bright colors. The long corridors were supported on pointed arches ; a high vaulted niche—the *Liwan* of the Damascenes, where they receive company—opened on the left, and in front of it a sparkling fountain diffused freshness around and irrigated the luxuriant laurels, orange and lemon trees, clustering along the reservoirs. Nor were the halls and other apartments inferior in ornaments to the court. This palace belonged formerly to a wealthy merchant, on whose death the heirs let it to a Piedmontese officer, Signor Persiani, to serve as a hotel.

In the afternoon we all assembled in the *divan*, or sitting-room, the most spacious and splendidly decorated apartment in the

* The Arabs have the proverb, "*Shami, shoumi*," i. e. The man of Damascus is wicked.

house. Ceilings and walls were laid out in mirrors, above, below, and all around, with gildings and marbles. Rich ottomans and cushions covered the *estrades*, or elevated stages running along the walls, while in the middle of the marble floor stood a beautiful fountain, forming a *jet d'eau*, whose waters, murmuring softly day and night, gave a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. By a flight of stairs we ascended to the glittering *eka'a*, or dining-room, where an elegant dinner was served. Our attentive host had embellished the table not only with a variety of flowers and fragrant shrubs, but with a most curious exhibition of those fanciful compositions of confectionery, for which Damascus enjoys so great a reputation throughout the Orient.

I have given these particulars, in order to testify to the accuracy of other travellers, who, like ourselves, have felt delighted with the beautiful mansion and attentive politeness of Signor Persiani, and after the fatigue of their rides through the mountains of Syria, have acknowledged their satisfaction at the sudden transition from the discomforts and dangers of their encampments in the desert to this pleasant residence at Damascus, combining all the comforts of a European hotel, with the picturesque beauty and romance of an Oriental palace.

I must therefore wonder and smile at the morbid fastidiousness of the well-known English authoress, Miss Harriet Martineau, who appears to have carried her sceptical censoriousness from the United States along with her to the fairy lands of the East.

"The Italian hotel," says she, "has been vaunted by some visitors to Damascus, and it was *ludicrous* to read on the spot the descriptions with which English readers have been supplied of the courtyard and apartments of this hotel. As for the apartments, that which was given to us was so *perilously* damp and infested with beetles, that we refused to stop there a second night; and *five* snails were found in their slime under my bed!" What a horror! Poor Miss Harriet, even after thy *escapade* in the wilderness, to be tormented with whizzing beetles and *slimy* snails in the paradise of Damascus!

At the delightful hour of sunset, when

the muezzins from all the minarets are calling the faithful to prayer, we mounted our horses and took a ride through the city. It is indeed totally different from any the traveller has seen in the Levant. According to all I had heard and read about Damascus, I expected to find the outside of the houses extremely mean and shabby, the streets dirty, narrow, and even dangerous to pass on account of the number of wild dogs, barking and snapping at the European travellers. But in all this I found a great exaggeration. The houses of Damascus are indeed low and flat-roofed; they are overcast with a light yellow clay, which has a certain gloss resembling *stucco*, and can in no wise be compared with the ornamented stone buildings of Italy, or the elegant red brick houses of England and America. But they look less sombre and tarnished than the huge and gloomy stone-built structures of Jerusalem and Beirut, with their dark vaults and latticed terraces. The windows towards the streets are few, narrow, and closed with Turkish blinds, having small wooden balconies with flower pots. It is the interior of the houses in Damascus, with their courts, fountains, open corridors, rose-bowers, and orange trees, which unite good taste, splendor and comfort. From the Pasha and Bey of the highest standing down to the shopkeeper and mechanic, all their habitations are constructed after the same manner. This true old Saracenic style of architecture is still used in Southern Spain, and the interiors of the houses in Seville are said to resemble those of Damascus. The streets there are generally irregular, as in all Oriental countries, but well shaded, and wider than those of Cairo or Smyrna. They conveniently admit two foot passengers to move with safety on each side of a loaded camel. In others two or even more camels may go abreast.

Several of the larger streets of Damascus are exceedingly picturesque, and present to the painter an inexhaustible source of beautiful and striking specimens of architecture, as well as of groups and costumes. In Damascus we see the Eastern world in its full purity, variety and beauty, without any unpleasant mixture of the insipid and colorless every-day life of Europe.

In the Tarick-el-Mustakim, or *Straight*

street, a continuation of the great bazar, and terminating at the eastern gate—the Bab-Sherkeh—is a never-ceasing movement of caravans, arriving or departing. At the fine fountain on the bazar, gushing forth from a marble font, St. Paul according to tradition, was baptized by Ananias, and the Arabs believe that the latter lies buried beneath the pavement. Nearer towards Bab-Sherkeh, we visited the house of Judas, the residence of St. Paul during his sojourn in Damascus.* It is a subterranean chamber with an altar at the upper end, where mass is performed by the Catholics. This dark and damp abode, with its iron-grated door, resembles more a prison than an apartment of a private dwelling-house.

Outside the old gate Bab-Sherkeh the immense burial grounds extend southward to the Bab-Giazur, the gate of St. Paul, now walled up, where the apostle is said to have been let down in a basket, during the night.

The ancient city walls on this side are in good preservation, and defended by round towers of considerable strength. During the siege of the Crusaders in 1148, the kings of France and Germany here in vain attempted to storm the city. Near the gate I remarked, on a square tower, an armorial ensign with two lions, some fleurs-de-lis and palm branches, and an Arabic inscription on a marble slab; no doubt some relic from the middle ages.

Yet far more interesting is the broad Harat-el-Derwishieh or *Street of the Derwishes*, a well-paved avenue, running for nearly three miles north and south, through the full length of the city towards the Hauran. I consider it, without comparison, the finest street in the Levant. It begins south of the great Bazar. An immense Saracenic vault, highly ornamented and occupied by stores, where horse-trappings, saddles, and lances are sold, opens upon the ancient mosque es-Zabumeh, built by Sultan Daher. This splendid building, with its two large cupolas and fanciful minaret, stands at the beginning of the Harat, which on both sides is lined with highly picturesque chapels, palaces, and mosques, of the times of the Khalifs.

Moawiah, the Ommiade, made Damascus the capital of the Arabic empire in the year 661. The following rulers of that dynasty, and their successors, the Abbassides, down to Elmansor in the ninth century, who removed his residence to Bagdad on the banks of the Tigris, continued to embellish Damascus with monuments which, though all in ruins, still to this day show the exquisite taste and excellent workmanship of the Saracens.

The traveller must not expect to find uniformity of style and character in the appearance of the Eastern cities. In Damascus, stores, work-shops, or coffee-houses often stand in the same front with the most gorgeous palaces of the Ommiades. But this variety, instead of lessening the effect of the whole, seemed to me rather to heighten it, because it everywhere exhibits so many pleasant pictures of the occupations and manners of the people. On the Harat, all the work-shops are open, and the manufacturers of cotton, silk, and leather carry on their work in the open air on each side of the street.

The construction of the mosques at Damascus differs essentially from those of the Ottoman Turks at Brusa and Constantinople. Their walls are formed of red, white, and blue or black marble. The minarets in Constantinople stand separately from the Dshami; they are very slender, of a white color, and shoot towards the sky in the form of lances; while here in Syria they are square or octagon towers, enamelled with richly-colored tiles, united to the main body of the mosque, and ascending in two stories with large battlemented galleries, from which the muezzins, five times a day, announce the hour of prayer. The galleries have projecting roofs, and the top of the minaret is formed by a small oval cupola. Nearly all the minarets and cupolas of the mosques and chapels are laid out with blue, green, red, or yellow tiles of porcelain, which glitter in the sun and have the most beautiful effect. The high vaulted Saracenic gates, the fanciful battlements, the slender columns, pointed arches, and oriel windows are the *prototypes* of that interesting architecture which the Greeks, and, at a later period, the pilgrims and Crusaders brought with them to Europe, and the imitation of which we call Byzantine and Gothic. The monuments in Damascus are

* "Arise and go into the street which is called *Straight*, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus."—Acts ix. 11.

all over covered with arabesque sculptures, concave niches radiated at the top, tasteful carvings, rich filigree work, and numerous inscriptions from the Koran, generally in gold on an azure ground.

A characteristic feature of this architecture is the *ogive* or pointed arch, which was supposed to have been an invention of the Arabs. But it has lately been ascertained that the genuine ogive had existed several centuries before Mohammed, and is found in different parts of Persia, among ruins of the times of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, (A. D. 226—651.)

The finest and best preserved mosques are Dshami-Esmanieh, Sultan-Teneb, with tri-colored marbles and an azure porcelain roof, and the still more splendid Nebbi-Chatun, which, with its immense marble cupola and its grove of magnificent cypresses and plane trees, forms a noble picture. But unhappily nearly all these proud monuments of the devout and brave Khalifs, who, with the Koran and the scimitar, extended the Saracen sway from the Indus to the Atlantic, are now fast verging to decay, as indeed are the religions and nations of the East. The sanctuaries and the tombs of the companions and disciples of Mohammed, Abu-Obeida and Khaled-Sefallah, the conquerors of Damascus, and of many other holy sheiks and mystical philosophers, are now lying in ruins—ruins perhaps as old as the bloody sway of Timour-Khan the Mongol, who in the year 1401 burnt and destroyed the greatest part of the city, and piled his horrible pyramids with the heads of its slain inhabitants.

Two historical monuments in Damascus particularly excited my curiosity—the tombs or *tyrbés* of Nurreddin and Saladin. The first was the great Athabek (chief) of Halep, whose praise filled the East, and still re-echoes in the chronicles of the crusades. He was considered the *beau idéal* of Oriental princes, whose austere virtues served as a model to the Mohammedan rulers. Having united all the countries between the Tigris and the Euphrates into one powerful kingdom, he conquered Damascus in 1154. From his new capital he continually attacked the Christians in Palestine, and after his death in 1174, he was buried in an extensive sepulchre on the great bazar. The court of his sanctuary

is surrounded by arcades, and has a large tank in the middle shaded by funereal cypresses. The entrance being shut by a chain, we could not visit the interior. The monument of his still more distinguished successor Saladin or Sala-heddin, the Eiu-bide, the noble-minded and chivalrous antagonist of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, forms a large irregular building of white and black marble, with several cupolas and high windows covered with inscriptions. It is one of the most prominent objects on the Derwish street. But though it is still devoutly visited by the Muslim pilgrims, it is rapidly falling to ruins. I entered a coffee-house opposite the sepulchre of Saladin, where I met some well-dressed old Arab gentlemen, whose large green turbans indicated that they belonged to the order of the imams or priests. I then ordered my dragoman to ask them some questions about Saladin. They politely invited me to sit down near them, and offered me a pipe and coffee, but answered that they knew nothing about the great sultan, and that we Franks were better acquainted with those old stories than themselves. The street of the Derwishes is seen to the best advantage in the morning, when crowds of Bedouins on their spirited steeds, leading their strings of camels, are pouring in from the Hauran. There is then a regular market held all along the street, where the endless variety of costumes, Turks, Egyptians, Persians, Bedouins, Armenians, Druzes, Maronites, Jews, and Christians mingling together, is brought in the most charming relief against the Saracenic monuments, the dark cypresses, the pale olive groves, and the dazzling snows of the majestic Mount Hermon overlooking and completing the admirable picture. The Harat-el-Derwishieh terminates on the south by a low gate in the city wall, Bab-el-Allah or the Gate of God, so called from its leading to Jerusalem and Mecca, the holy places for Christian and Muslim pilgrimages. Outside the gate is a large open space, where the Arabs perform their equestrian exercises. The caravan road then continues through the orchards, gardens, and extensive olive groves for twelve miles, to the village of Kokab, where tradition has placed the vision of the apostle Paul.

On our return to the hotel late in the

evening, we found the court-yard and apartments illuminated by numerous lamps, and two gentlemen in the Arab costume taking their supper in the divan; yet though their dress was Oriental, their physiognomy betrayed the Anglo-Saxon descent, and I soon recognized in the fierce Mamelukes, the peaceable and intelligent Messrs. Morrill from Baltimore, and John Spencer from London, who had arrived directly from Jerusalem.

Among the celebrated luxuries of Damascus, are the public baths and the coffee-houses on the banks of the river. Early next morning, accompanied by Mustapha, I went to one of the most fashionable baths, Hamam-Hussein, which, compared with those of Constantinople and Smyrna, is very splendid with its polished marbles, its spouting fountains, and its beautiful cupola with colored glasses throwing a fantastical light on the dim figures flitting through the vapors. On my return I found our party at breakfast. We then walked through the bazars, and took a look at the famous mosque of the Omniades. From the immense vaulted bazar built by Murad-Pasha, we approached the eastern gate, from which we had a full view to the magnificent interior hall of the mosque. It was the ancient cathedral of St. John the Baptist, whose head is supposed to have been buried beneath the high altar. On the surrender of the city in 636 to Abu-Obeida, it was divided between the Christians and Muslims, who thus, for nearly a century, entered by the same gate into the same sanctuary, to worship the Supreme Being with different rites. But in 715, Abdul-Melek broke the capitulation, expelled the Christians from the church, and gave them that of St. Thomas, situated outside the gates of the city. This Khalif transformed the church of St. John into the greatest miracle of Saracenic architecture, which in beauty and magnificence surpassed the Ka'aba in Mecca, the es-Sukhra in Jerusalem, and the wonderful mosque of Cordova in Spain. The Arab historians and poets celebrate the splendor of its immense columns, the number of its cupolas and soaring minarets, the elegance of its altars, chapels, inscriptions, and gilt and painted ornaments. Five millions of ducats were expended in its construction, and the daily expenses to the imams, sex-

tons, the Koran readers, and professors of the numerous academies attached to the mosque, were five hundred ducats, but having suffered dreadfully during the wars of the middle ages, and the burning of Damascus by Timour-Khan in 1401, it has lost the greatest part of its treasures, and been but indifferently restored. The principal body of the mosque forms a square occupying the aisles and the centre of the Christian church, beneath the great cupola. The three aisles are divided by two rows of elegant Corinthian columns, evidently of Roman workmanship. No Christian is permitted to cross the threshold, but seen from the gate it appeared to me as if the lower part of the nave and the wings of the ancient cross have been built up by high walls, and are perhaps now used as chapels.

Numberless glittering lamps in all directions, crossing from one column to another and hanging down from the cupolas, must certainly present a striking picture during the illuminations of the Rhamazan. From the gate Bab-el-Burid, a passage leads across the temple to a smaller gate on the west, opening on a spacious court surrounded by a fine colonnade with pointed arches, the residence of the sixteen imams and fifteen muezzins employed in the daily service of the mosque. The court is paved with white and black marble slabs, and has several elegant fountains (*tchesmés*) for the ablutions of the faithful.

In the great bazar, not far from the mosque, stands the modern caravanseraï of Hassad-Pasha, one of the noblest specimens of Saracenic architecture; which proves that the Arabs, possessing architects capable of building such a monument, cannot be considered as unworthy of their great forefathers or indifferent to the fine arts. This khan or hotel for the merchants of the East was built by the benevolent governor of Damascus, Hassad-Pasha, towards the close of the last century. A highly ornamented gate leads from the bazar into a large rotunda which exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed vault is supported by eight pillars with pointed arches. Columns, arches, and walls are composed of white and black marble in regular layers, which contribute to the exceedingly picturesque effect of the whole. Flights of stairs lead to the nu-

merous rooms and stores of the merchants ; in the lower vaults and adjoining courts are stables provided for the horses and camels belonging to the travellers or caravans. The central hall is not only the general exchange, where merchants from all parts of the East meet and transact business, but the court of justice is likewise held here, and I was much gratified by witnessing a law-suit carried on in the presence of a *cadi* and his clerks, between a proud Turk sitting on horseback, and a merchant of Damascus quietly smoking his pipe during the procedure.

The central part of all life and movement in Damascus is the bazar, where every branch of commerce and industry has its own separate quarter. One gallery is occupied by the silk manufacturers, another by the jewellers, booksellers, armorers, and so forth. The latter do not keep up their former renown. The precious old Damascene weapons are now extremely rare, and regarded as the most precious relics of times gone by. It is generally supposed that the manufactories of the celebrated scimitars were destroyed by Timour-Khan, who carried the workmen off with him to Samarcand in Tartary. The best sabres are now brought from Khorassan in Persia. The bazar of drugs exhibits the different aromatics, gums and spices from Arabia, which diffuse a pleasant fragrance around ; and that of confectioneries, which is quite an important branch of industry, an endless variety of preserved fruits, sugar candies and sweetmeats.

The dealers in eatables have arranged their stores with a remarkable cleanness and a certain Oriental elegance, which is most attractive to the eye, and would invite one to sit down and taste some true Arabic dish. All the necessities of life are cheap and good. A traveller in Damascus might get board for eight or ten cents ; the rent of a beautiful house would amount to three hundred piastres or fifteen dollars a year, and he might live very comfortably with one hundred American dollars. The book-stores look poor enough, and are nearly circumscribed to copies of the Koran and its numerous commentaries.

The Damascene silk stuffs consist of a mixture of silk and cotton ; they are very cheap, and a complete lady's dress would

cost only eighty-five piastres or four American dollars. But the most ingenious artisans in the bazars are the saddlers. The good taste and splendor of the horse-harness and trappings in Damascus surpass anything seen in Constantinople. The rich housings are generally made of red cloth ; they are large, and cover the whole croup of the horse. The saddle is of purple velvet set with pearls and gold. The bridle with a number of flying ornaments is of red morocco, richly adorned with pearls and gold buttons. In the same stores are sold the curious long lances used by the Bedouins of the Desert. Beneath the iron point is fastened a large bunch of black ostrich feathers, which fluttering in the air, are seen at a great distance, and in the plains of Palestine often announced to us the approach of a troop of Bedouins, and warned us to prepare for their reception.

On our return from the bazar we passed the *serai* or palace of the Pasha, an immense pile of wooden buildings in the Turkish style, inclosing different courts. Some battalions of the regular Nizam Dshedid infantry were mustering on the square in front of the palace in the presence of a body of Turkish staff-officers in European uniforms, wearing the red skull cap. Close by stands the ancient castle. It forms an oblong square flanked by fourteen towers and a dry ditch ten fathoms in breadth and three in depth. The lower part of the walls consists of large blocks with bevelled edges, a sure token of their Roman origin ; but the upper courses and battlements are modern. Though this *Kassaba* would not be able to offer any effectual resistance to artillery, it is still sufficiently strong to overawe the seditious inhabitants of Damascus. At the eastern gate I sent the dragoman to ask for admittance in order to visit the armory, which is said to contain interesting suits of Saracenic and Christian armor and other weapons of the times of the Crusades ; but we received an evasive answer from the Turkish commandant. Other travellers describe some curious stone chains, wrought from the solid rock, having sixteen links hanging down from the wall, and in the interior the armory, the *divan* or council room, and the mint, where the Khalifs coined their money. We then visited the beautiful sepulchral monument of Sultan

Daher, a large marble pile with cupolas, arched gateway and numerous inscriptions.

In the afternoon we took a ride to the celebrated gardens in the *Ghutah* of Damascus. They extend for twenty miles round the city, but chiefly on the east and south, being somewhat more hemmed in on the north and west by the barren hills of Kashioun and the Anti-Lebanon. In March and April they are decked with the odorous flowers, which constitute one of the most advantageous branches of industry to the sedulous inhabitants of the city—the precious perfume of rose oil, *attar of roses*, being a principal article of export to Constantinople and all over the East.

The rose-gardens and orchards of Damascus are not remarkable for the superior skill or horticultural taste with which they are laid out, nor for the variety or tropical exuberance of fruits and flowers, or the picturesque views they present. All this the traveller looks for in vain. The *Ghutah* or plain of Damascus is a plateau lying at the base of the Anti-Lebanon, more than two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean and sloping eastward to the Arabian desert and the Euphrates. The climate, therefore, is temperate and the winter comparatively cold. The vegetation of the *Ghutah* has more of the uniform sap-green, or if I may say so, sombre northern coloring, than the bright variety of southern hues. There are no palm trees, no agave, no prickly-pear or cactus, nor any of those eminently southern shrubs and trees, imparting such a charm and beauty of contrast to the coasts of Syria, Morea, Sicily, and Barbary. Orange and lemon trees I saw only in the interior of the city; they are not numerous in the gardens, and in luxuriance of growth and abundance of their golden fruit not to be compared with those of Ptolemais, Yafa or Beirut. Immense plantains, poplars, cedars, cypresses, chestnut trees, and the more northern fruit trees, such as cherries, walnuts, apricots, and plum trees, all give a colder character to the landscape.

The river Burradà, which has its source on the table-land of Zebdany in the Anti-Lebanon, twenty miles west of Damascus, emerges from the mountains through a romantic pass, and dividing into three limpid streams irrigates the gardens of

the plain. The middle stream runs through open meadows—the renowned battle-field of the Crusaders—directly through the city, where it replenishes the numberless fountains and cisterns of the bazars and private dwellings. Even Strabon, the geographer, comments on the artificial canals of the ancient Syrians, and the chroniclers of the crusades likewise admire the ingenious water-works of the Damascenes, which not only distributed the water at a great distance throughout the orchards, but embellished them with charming cascades, tanks and fountains. Of all this Saracenic art and refinement little is to be seen at the present day.

These different rivulets of the Burradà are the Abana and Pharphar of Damascus, mentioned in the Scriptures as “better than all the waters of Israel.” The Greeks called it Chrysorroas, or the golden stream.

We entered a pretty garden on the south of the city, and were kindly received by the Arab family which inhabited the low mud-walled country house. The rose-hedges bordering the parterres had already ceased blooming, but the tall Persian rose tree was still covered with thousands of white flowers. We forced our way through the thickets, wading through the streamlets, clambering over the ruinous and neglected inclosures made of sundried lime; and at last ascended a *kiosk* or Turkish garden-house, whence the view extended over the green maze of orchards to the long line of flat-roofed houses of the city, the cupolas and soaring minarets and towers now glittering in the rosy tints of the evening sky.

The Arabian women here presented us with a variety of dried fruits, figs, plums and peaches, and a native Christian kindly pressed us to taste the excellent and fiery white wine which he reared in his vineyard on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon.

An hour before twilight we crossed the Burradà and rode westward through deep and narrow lanes to the village of Salabieh on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon, in order to enjoy the extensive prospect of the plain from the most favorable spot and in the best coloring, that immediately before sun-set.

The large glades opening in this part of the gardens along the banks of the river are

verdant during summer, and serve as pasturages. Here is the place for the encampment of the great caravans of the *hadjies* or pilgrims on their passage to Mecca, and here was the bloody battle-field of the Crusaders in the campaign against Damascus in the year 1148.

The Emir of Damascus at that time was Modshiraddin-Abek, an indolent and voluptuous man, who left the reins of government in the hands of the prudent and active Governor Moireddin-Anar. This brave Mamluke wielded the whole civil and military sway of Damascus, but in order vigorously to oppose the continual inroads of the Christians from Palestine, he united in alliance with the powerful Nurredin, the Athabek of Mosoul, who after the conquest of the Christian duchy of Edessa in 1144, had fixed his residence at Halep, and by the fervor of his faith and his eminent qualities as a victorious conqueror, had obtained nearly an absolute sovereignty over all the regions between the Tigris and the coast of Syria.

As soon as the news of the approach of the crusading army had reached Damascus, Anar, the Mamluke, instantly proclaimed the holy war, and called the Turkoman and Saracen tribes of the Euphrates to arms, and took the most effective means for the defence of Damascus.

From the interesting description of this campaign by William, the Archbishop of Tyre, we learn that already at that time the plain of Damascus was considered as the garden of Eden. From out the groves arose numerous towers, villas and sanctuaries, which were now fortified and occupied by Saracenic bow-men.* All the fountains, wells and canals were filled up with earth or led off, and cattle and provisions removed from all the villages in the neighborhood. Thus the inclosures of the gardens, their hollow lanes and thickets along the banks of the river, formed together a line of fortifications, which served the light-armed Turkomans and Saracens as a secure lurking-place for ambushes and sudden attacks against the beleaguering army of the Christians. The enthusiasm in the city for the holy war was at its height; all the citizens armed; even

the sheiks, imams and derwishes girded the scimitar and marched out to fight as martyrs for Allah and the Prophet.

Nurredin in Halep, in the mean time, sent off the bravest of his veteran troops, which during the long wars on the Euphrates had become acquainted with the tactics of the Crusaders, and learned how to vanquish the mail-clad knights on their heavy barbed steeds, who had appeared so terrible and irresistible to the Seldshukes on their first arrival in the East.

In the beginning of July, 1148, Conrad III. of Hohenstauffen, the German King,* and Louis VII. the King of France, had united in Syria the wrecks of their great armies, which had perished in the plains of Asia Minor. Numerous crusading bands from France, Italy and Germany, now joined them in Ptolemais, and on the banks of the lake of Tiberias they met King Baldwin III. of Jerusalem, with the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, and the whole feudal array of the *Pullanes* or Syrian Christians. Thus forming a glittering army of sixty thousand foot and six thousand horse, they marched through the passes of Mount Hermon and descended upon the plain of the Ghutah near the hamlet of Daria, at a distance of four journeys south of Damascus. At Kokab, where the apostle had the vision, within sight of the city, the Kings placed their troops in battle array, the Syrians leading the van, the French forming the centre, and Conrad with his German chivalry closing up the rear.

It was on the 25th of July, during a terrible heat, when the panting Christians, enveloped in clouds of dust, approached the out-skirts of the groves and furiously attacked the Mussulmans in order to gain possession of the banks of the Burrada and quench their burning thirst in its waters. They soon drove back the bow-men and penetrated into the maze of the gardens; but at ar-Rabua, a beautiful country-seat on the river, they were suddenly opposed by the combined Saracenic forces, commanded by Anar the Mamluke in person, and the old Eiub-Emir and his heroic sons. The eldest fell in the thick of the fight; the youngest, Saladin, a fine boy eleven years of age, here witnessed for the first time the deadly struggle between East

* Erant inter ipsas pomeriorum septa domus eminentes ac excelsæ, quas viris pugnaturis commuierant. Vil. Tyr. xix. 3

* Conrad III. never went to Rome to be crowned Emperor.

and West, to which he himself, a few years later, was to give the decision !

The Syrian Barons began already to give way, when Conrad at a full gallop arrived at the front. The King and his German knights, according to their tactics, which so often had brought them victory, instantly dismounted from their steeds and forming in close array with their long lances bore down the enemy before them.* A fearful slaughter began ; at last the superior strength and heavy arms of the Christians got the better in the close combat. The Saracens, having lost their most distinguished priests and leaders, fled and left the gardens and the river in the possession of the enemy. The Crusaders now refreshed themselves and their horses and encamped in the gardens close to the city walls. This defeat produced the greatest consternation in Damascus. Old and young hurried to the sanctuaries to cover themselves with ashes and do penance ; in the great mosque, the holy Koran of Omar the Khalif was exposed, around which the entire population kneeled down in fervent prayers. The danger appeared imminent—every moment the Damascenes expected a final assault, and the renewal of all the horrors attending the conquest of Jerusalem ! They therefore barricaded with huge beams and rafters all the gates and roads leading westward to the gardens, to keep off the irruption of the Christians until the Mohamedan inhabitants had evacuated the city on the opposite side leading eastward to the Euphrates. But the proud knights of the second crusade were not inspired with the purer and more religious enthusiasm of the devout followers of Godefroy de Bouillon in the first. The Franks, instead of pursuing their victory and storming the low and ruinous city walls in front of the gardens, began to cut down the trees and to fortify their camp.

The Saracens seeing these defensive operations and the destruction of their delightful environs, began to banish all fear

and despondency from their minds, and uniting with the thousands of archers and horsemen, who streamed from all Syria to their assistance, attacked the Christians next day, Sunday, July 26th, with renewed fury. The wheel of battle rolled on all day, says the Arab historian, until at last the Crusaders, overpowered by numbers, at sun-set retreated behind their bulwarks.

This disaster decided the event of the siege. Seifeddin, the brother of the terrible Athabek of Halep, approached at the head of twenty thousand horse ; the Damascene army swelled to a hundred and thirty thousand combatants, and soon succeeded, by continued skirmishing, in circumscribing the Franks to the limits of their camp. Although many French and German knights in single combat with the Arabs showed their accustomed bravery, discouragement now began to spread among the pilgrims, which was still more fostered by envy and jealousy, those baleful passions, annihilating all the glory of the Christian conquests in the East. A dark treachery in the camp of the Crusaders caused them to take a pernicious resolution. Anar, the cunning Mamluke, knowing the avarice of the Syrian Barons and their hate against the Kings of France and Germany, who had promised to invest the Count of Flanders with the principality of Damascus, after its conquest, offered them secretly the immense sum of two hundred thousand gold dinars and the castle of Pancas on the sources of the Jordan, if they would betray their Christian brethren and raise the siege.* He fully succeeded in his plan. With hypocritical solicitude the Count of Tripolis, the Templars and Syrian Barons represented to the kings the danger of their being cut off from Palestine by the excellent cavalry of Nurredin in their present

* This array proved disastrous to the Germans in the celebrated battle of Sempach against the Swiss in 1386. There the noble-minded Winkelried of Sarnen, embracing with his nervous arms a cluster of lances and burying them in his bosom, made an opening, through which the Swiss with their terrible halberts soon terminated the destruction of the Austrian knights.

* The Pullanes were punished for their treachery. The Mamluke had been too smart for them and sent them, instead of glittering gold dinars, brazen coin, laid over with counterfeit gold, which he appears to have prepared beforehand in Egypt ! The superstitious Christians of those times regarded it not as a fraud practiced by the Governor of Damascus, but as a divine punishment for the foul avarice of their own princes, and believed that the genuine gold, which was sent them, by a divine miracle had been transformed into copper—*pro summo solent recitare miraculo, quod post modum tota illa male sumpta pecunia inventa est reprobata et penitus inutilis.* Wilh. Tyr. xvii. 7,

encampment, and advised them to take up another position on the south and south-east, on the main road to Jerusalem, where, according to their assertion, the city walls were built of unburnt bricks, and so low and defenceless, that the town could easily be taken in the first onslaught. The European monarchs, who were as credulous as they were ignorant, ordered the whole army to abandon their strongly fortified camp on the banks of the river, and marched to the south of the city, which had been transformed into a dreary desert without shade or water by the active and intelligent Mussulmans. The treachery of the Pullanes was soon discovered. Despair and death now stared in the face of the misguided pilgrims; their provisions were at an end, and the attacks of the powerful cavalry force of the enemy continued without interruption through the open plain.

The kings perceived the unpardonable fault they had committed, and in vain attempted to recover their former position on the river-side. But the Damascenes had meantime occupied the gardens, fortified all the avenues, and swarms of archers defending the inclosures with flights of poisoned arrows, frustrated every attempt of the deluded Christians. Nor were their assaults against the city more successful. Ancient walls solidly built of immense blocks and flanked by strong towers, defended by a victorious enemy, stopped their advance. All these difficulties proved insurmountable. Nothing remained for the Crusaders but an ignominious and disastrous retreat. The two most powerful monarchs of Christendom and their haughty knights a second time betrayed their faithful followers. Instead of proclaiming the retreat to the whole camp, they secretly fled to the mountains in the night of the 29th July, 1148. The pedestrian pilgrims then broke up in the greatest disorder, but ere break of day the Saracen horsemen from all parts of the plain rushed in upon the fugitives. "The Mussulmans," says Abu-Jali, the Arabian historian, "followed their hindmost bands with a hail of arrows, and slaughtered a vast number of men and horses. An immense booty of arms, treasures, and beasts of burden was abandoned on the road and captured, while the desert was strown

with the corpses of slain Franks. On the arrival of this joyful news in Damascus, the people assembled for prayer and thanked God for the grace with which he had rewarded the confidence which they had placed in him during the days of danger. God be praised and thanked. Alla-illa-il-Alla!"

Such was the conclusion of the great crusade in the paradise of Damascus. The green meadows (*meidan*) on the banks of the Burrada are still called the *field of victory*, and on the slope of the Anti-Lebanon, high above the village of Salahieh, stands a white cupola, Kubbet-el-Nassr, the dome of victory.

The world has not greatly changed since then; in A. D. 1148, the kings betrayed and abandoned their subjects to the arrows of the Saracens, and seven hundred years later, in 1848, they deliver them up to the knives of the lazzaroni and the lances of the Cossacks!

The village of Salahieh has an elevated and healthy site on the road to Zebdany and Ba'albek, near the deep dell through which the river Burrada forces its course down to the Ghutah. It is the favorite residence of the European consuls in Damascus, and the great resort of all its inhabitants, Mussulmans as well as Christians, who on festival days repair socially to the groves of Salahieh, to enjoy the pleasure of shade and water, of which the Orientals are so fond. It presents the nearest and most extensive prospect over the city, the plain and the distant mountain ridges of Kashioun and Hauran.

There had been a thunder-storm in the afternoon, which had pleasantly refreshed the air. A beautiful rain-bow and thick masses of clouds of various forms and colors now decorated the eastern sky. The charming plain, with its city embosomed in the forest of the gardens, lay in the full light of the setting sun, now hid by the soaring crests of the Anti-Lebanon, while the distant mountains, in the shade of the clouds, appeared daubed with the purest tints of ultra-marine blue. The transparency of the atmosphere was wonderful, and the whole landscape seemed to come gradually nearer. Now and then a transient shadow passed across the plain, but anon the sun asserted his supremacy, and breaking through the clouds, the blue,

lilac and purple hues continued rapidly changing with an intensity to which northern latitudes are a stranger. The scene became every instant more animated, the colors more glowing. Damascus, its mosques and houses, seemed blazing up in bright, ruddy flames. But suddenly the rain-bow melted away, darkness sunk over the plain, and only the distant Jebel-Hauran still shone forth like a fairy island on the broad bosom of the ocean.

We returned through the extensive cemetery lying immediately outside the city walls. In Constantinople and Smyrna the burial grounds are thickly planted with magnificent cypresses, and form the favorite promenade of the Turks. Here in Damascus the sepulchres are adorned with myrtles, which are diligently watered and tended by the ladies. In Saida, Jerusalem and other places, I every day met with large parties of women, who were spending part of their time in the cemeteries. They generally wore black veils, and were enveloped in white loose muslin robes, whose ample folds covered their jackets and beautiful *shalvars* or trousers. They were sometimes in the best humor in the world, smoking, and chattering, and making a tremendous outcry on seeing the approach of Christian pilgrims. Passing through the suburb we stopped at one of those illuminated *kapheneh* or coffee-houses, which are so pleasantly situated on the river. Their far-projecting roofs and slender arcades are all constructed of wood: the floor is sometimes inlaid with black and white pebbles, and raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. A narrow wooden bridge leads from one coffee-house to another across the river, forming here and there small cataracts, and everywhere refreshing the sultry atmosphere. Strings of various-colored lamps suspended from the pillars threw a bright glare on the graphic groups sitting around on low chairs smoking their nargilés pipes. The most remarkable personages we saw were a number of Persian merchants lately arrived with a caravan from Bagdad. They wore a dark blue kaftan and a high black cap made of sheep wool, and appeared to be fervently engaged in mercantile discussions, which had not been settled at the bazar in the morning.

The religious persecutions against the Jews of Damascus in 1838 are well known. I heard much about their former influence, wealth, and the elegance of their dwellings. Being invited by a Damascene merchant to pay a visit to some of the unhappy Jewish families who had been the victims of the nefarious calumny of their enemies, I went the next day with him through a succession of narrow lanes to a mud-walled house, without windows, and surrounded by ruinous and uninhabited buildings. On our knocking at a postern it was opened and a servant led us through an outer yard to a court surrounded on three sides with lofty edifices and galleries, the walls of which were constructed with the usual courses of red, white and black marble. Clusters of orange and lemon trees intermingled with rose-bushes and other sweet-flowering trees lined the walls. In the middle of the court stood the usual fountain with marble basins.—In the high Moorish recess we found the widow, her daughters, and other relations of the unhappy owner of this palace, a Jewish merchant, who had expired under tortures in 1839, during the inquisition, in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of Father Thomas, the Capuchin friar. The Jewish ladies were dressed in mourning, with their hair falling down over their foreheads. They told me with tears their melancholy tale. The other sufferers, who were still lingering in the prison, were at last restored to their families on the intercession of the benevolent Sir Moses Montefiore, who had gone to Egypt to obtain from the Pasha the deliverance of his unhappy fellow-believers. The Jews of Damascus are numerous, more wealthy and respectable than their brethren in Palestine or Smyrna; they are considered to be about fifteen thousand, and have six synagogues. The Mohammedan population is nearly a hundred thousand, and the different Christian sects may be estimated at twenty thousand, who have many churches and convents. Time did not permit me to visit any of them.

Mohammed had seen Damascus when he, as a young merchant, with his caravan visited Palestine and Syria. The beauty of the Ghutah excited his lively imagination; he called it one of the blessed regions of the faithful, and it was the dearest

wish of his heart, after the conquest of Mecca, to turn his victorious banner against Syria. On his march against Damascus, he advanced as far as Tabouk in Arabia Petræa, where he died. The Arabs concentrated in the most curious manner all early traditions about the creation of the earth and the first men at Damascus and its environs. It was the Eden of the father and mother of mankind. In a grotto on Mount Kashioun the first brothers were born; there Abel was slain and was buried on Mount Neby-Abel, while they place the sepulchre of Noah near Zahleh, in the valley of the Buka'a.

Damascus is one of the oldest cities of the earth. Though the prophet predicts its destruction as a city, and makes it become a ruinous heap, it has been flourishing for nearly four thousand years. Its history is in a remarkable degree *passive*. It passed without resistance or battle, into the hands of all the great conquerors of the East, from David, King of Israel, down to Ibrahim-Pasha, with the only exception of its heroical defence against the Crusaders, as we mentioned above.

The 24th of May we left Damascus for Ba'albek. A. L. K.

THE PEACE OF YEARS.

LEAF by leaf the springing flowers,
In their dewy urns unfolding,
Meet the cheerful eye of day:

Ray by ray, at earliest dawn,
Spring the golden shafts of light,
Ere with day the heaven is filled.

Gathering in a thousand vales,
Slow the mightiest rivers swell,
Ere but one the name they bear.

Slow, the temple stone by stone,
Heavenward lifts its awful form,
Ere confessed the sacred whole.

Countless ages build the isles;
And the Earth with silent toil
Slow upheaves her snowy thrones.

Mountains, by the waters worn,
Gradual glide beneath the sea;
Until fate their fall commands.

Every wave that strikes the shore,
Mutters, 'Earth to me must yield;'
Low, the sliding shores reply.

Thus to mould the destined whole,
Gradual changes follow changes;
Each to each its being yields.

Billowy raptures swell and fall;
Grief o'erclouds the face of joy;
Many a phantom of despair,

Like the shadow of a cloud,
Moves across the darkened soul,
Ere the peace of years comes.

ARNELL'S POEMS.*

TOTAL Oblivion is a fine old gentleman, who, in consideration of some slight presents I have made him, seems to have taken quite a liking to me. In my book of autographs, over his name, he has promised to take me to his home, when this earthly tabernacle decays. The facilities in his domains for literary labor are unequalled. There, Lethe flows between shaded banks, and in their most quiet retreat stands his mansion. His library is like the famed Alexandrian, for the number of its volumes, and its wealth in the ancient classics: yet it must be confessed, that in modern literature he is not always dainty; sometimes to fill a shelf, taking up a whole edition the morning it drops from the press, and again not taking a copy till the puffs and advertisements of some months have awakened him to its value. Acting in the capacity of his general agent, when a late number of the American Review announced that fourteen new poets had ridden by on their well-curried Pegasi, I lost no time in sending to the great metropolis for a copy of their revelations. Some of them, having been thoroughly puffed, Oblivion was expecting; and of course received them by the earliest express. Some were remembered as applicants heretofore, but one seemed so fresh and unheard of, that I could not refrain from peeping more narrowly into its contents: nor do I fear to prejudice my interest with Oblivion by the detention, for, though he is a great reader of the papers, and the "Fruit of Western Life" has been some months published, I doubt if its author be a dime the poorer for all the "critical notices," "candid reviews," or even advertisements he has purchased yet; and in passing it is meet to remark this very extraordinary mode of procedure that Mr. Arnell has adopted. A small boy, at midnight, in a country church-yard—a be-

calmed ship at sea—a country maid in a haunted mill—are faint illustrations of the loneliness of a new poem in New York unadvertised, unpuffed, and, of course, unsung. Under such circumstances, and in the glow of my pride in finding the unadvertised volume, I read it through,—from "Blanche," of which I have not a high opinion, to the concluding sonnet to the author's brother, of which I have. I have found some things which might as well have been puffed and left to perish, and some real gems, as rich and worthy as those that Sindbad the sailor brought up from the Valley of Diamonds; and of his good fortune I am reminded by the afore-mentioned fact that the book I have discovered was never advertised! Think of it! Why, Bunyan, not advertised, would feel as doleful as when he stood in the steeple-house, and thought the bell would fall! Ole Bull, without an advertisement, would pass for a wicked stranger fiddling in churches; and I am not sure, but, without a newspaper notice of his arrival, President Polk might carry his own umbrella through the length of Broadway, or put on his gloves, without the aid of a select committee! To find an unadvertised book in New York, is as great a feat as to find credit without cash, or an office without money; indeed in this last matter we must confess we took courage, and in dreams saw official station rise up, beckoning before us; seeing we had discovered at Mr. Riker's the unadvertised work of David R. Arnell, Esq., who hails in his preface from Columbia, Tennessee, and who, we think, must be a traveller, and consequently a man of the world, from the fact that he gives us a poem, called "The Montauk's Vow." But if his feet have not, his Pegasus at least has stirred the sands of "old Long Island's sea-girt shore," at whose eastern end the sun first

* Fruit of Western Life; or, Blanche and other Poems. By David Reeve Arnell. New York: J. C. Riker. 1847.

† Oblivion's general agent grows egotistical; and if the grammarian will pardon him, he will endeavor to forestall censure, by assuming the plural of dignity.

touches, after nightly swimming the ferry that divides us from the home of Victoria.

When our hickory fire crackles and sputters, half through with its winter-evening illumination, and the lights are newly trimmed, and our spouse appearing, deposits by our side a dish of apples, we are wont, selecting one, to turn it carefully over to pick out the specks, to pare off the rind, and eviscerate the core; then are we ready to devour, with high appreciation, our Newtown pippin. Thus, gentle poet, we shall do with you. Not rashly, without a word of criticism, shall we commend you all, though your genius has compelled our admiration; but, first, we will remove certain spots that soil your page, and point out passages that displease us. We are not pleased with the profusion of compound words, selected and original, in which as in a hash, the poet serves up some of his most savory morsels. Such can never occur in any writings but of the Carlyle, the Emerson, or Universal School, without tempting out the closest scrutiny as to their necessity, beauty, and propriety. We do not deny the elegance of some of them, but mark the list,—“*God-word*,” “*earth-stain*,” “*earth-garment*,” “*sweet-souled*” (God,) “*sense-regarded*,” “*once-mocked*,” “*empire-dream*,” “*flower-scents*,” “*mist-robe*,” “*Heaven-seed*,” and “*tongue-flamed*,” in a sonnet on Poetry. The winds “Murmur and creep where the *rose-scents* sleep;” The living preacher “uttering *Heaven-words* to his kind;” “Where the *faith-step* oft has trod;” “Enduring *patience-work* will soon be o’er;” and “sundry others in profusion.”

Whatever definition we attach to Poetry, it is only good when the poet’s fancies come clothed in good language, English,—so long as we are not a province of France,—and modern, so long as we live in the nineteenth century. And we confess a disposition to grumble at the frequent occurrence of such words as *frore*, *dulse*, *rime*, *lovely*, *voiceful*, *unrest*, *joyance*, and *amort*. The poet’s license has cost us already six dollars cash for Merriam’s new edition of Noah Webster. And now while in the mood, we object to throwing the accent on the second syllable of *Bedouins*; to an occasional repetition of a favorite word, as *empyrean*,—or

phrase, as when beauty “lies softly dreaming of *Young Romance*,” and “through air, like gleams of *Young Romance*,” to accusing Cæsar of “wriggling in the dust,” too undignified a condition altogether for one “whose brow was girt with laurels more than hairs;” and to the very frequent introduction of an angel’s wing: though to all these it may very properly be replied, that these poems are a collection of the writer’s fugitive pieces, which have been widely scattered through the South and West, written at very various seasons, and not fairly treated, when criticised like a single and connected piece. Grant it all, yet not we, nor the rhetorical text-books of our college-days, are pleased with an occasional mingling of figures we light upon in these poems. Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time; and one metaphor ought always to be allowed to retire before another steps into its place. Similes may jostle each other, but not to their own dismemberment. What fashion of soul is it, half scion, half harp, that would live through such treatment as this?

“Who, who, with a soul in his bosom *engrafted*,
Hath ne’er felt its chords touched by spirits
from bliss?”

We hold our poet pardonable when in Fayrie-Land, in making from

“*Rose-scents* far and near,
Most ravishing numbers fall,”

and showing where

“The hyacinth wet with the kiss of showers,
Sits tremblingly there, ’mid its sister-flowers,
And its exquisite music weaves.”

“Flowers tinkle alone” in Fayrie-Land, and we know not where that fact is more pleasantly stated than here. But hard, clodded earth is beneath us, when

“The wings of sleep
Float through the liquid stillness round.”

If Mr. Arnell has found the base world false, and a fool, as on page 164 he tells a lady, we regret it, and would beg him to get out of Tennessee speedily, for who shall say that a change of scene will not

greatly promote the finding of another verdict? We tell thee, friend, indigestion lies at the bottom of your trouble.

Myrrhæ Pulv. et
Sodæ Bicarb. grs. iij. aa,

taken after each meal, would be a good adjuvant; but stir about, sir, take active exercise, and we fancy the world will treat you better, and your poems will be purged of the bile that overflows in "Lines to S——," that gushes out from "Despondency," and is evident in the youngest of "Three living Links," and is too apparent in "The Dying Poet to his Wife."

And a little too often, and too familiarly, the poet takes the name of the Supreme Being on his pen; as,

"Like the hush of the Blessed God;"
"Seeking the anchorage of God's calm heart;"
"And gladness stirs the calm, wide heart of God;"
"Almighty God,"
"Is there no poet in the mighty West?"

which we take to be a rich instance of the Bathos, or anti-sublime.

—— "the poet of this age
"Must stand near God's great heart and list its beat;"
"God's boundless sky;" "Oh! sweet-souled God!"
"God's twilight skies."

All this we protest against. We believe it out of taste to make use of our Maker's name to point a sentence, or by way of a rhetorical flourish.

We do not murmur that our poet magnifies his office, but sober argument is needed to convince us that the poet's mission is the highest on earth. But not another word on this, or the whole world of poets arising, will hurry us to Oblivion before our time.

But the heavy half of our task is done: we have picked out every spot that interfered with digestion, and are ready to enjoy the "Fruit of Western Life." Smooth versification, vigorous thinking, and a thousand pleasant fancies, mark the book. To us, it makes little difference, whether it be borne on swift-footed anapests, or dolorous spondees, the poem pleases, when, violating no rule of grammar or rhetoric, it thrills us—imparts a sense that

has not been named, a feeling that has no representative in the congress of words—binds all thoughts and feelings in its train, lifts the hair from the flesh, making us feel as when a train of railroad cars steam by, within a few feet. And of such passages these poems are full.

But we never could forgive a friend, who being charged to deliver us a luscious melon, chose to retain the melon, and regale us with a description of its juicy glories. The first slice we present, reaches from core to rind; for the last stanza being beyond our comprehension, we can esteem it no better than a rind to the rest. It is a "Hymn to the Wind," and while it is far from being the best poem in the book, it is the best specimen of our author's excellencies and defects done up in little.

HYMN TO THE WIND.

The power of silence weighs
Upon this populous solitude, and the leaves
Neath the meridian blaze,
Lay their hushed hearts together, and the breeze
Summons no echoes forth,
From Nature's organ, o'er the fainting earth.

Minstrel of air! oh, sweep
The innumerable keys of its majestic pile,
Till music wild and deep
Swell grandly through each dim, mysterious
aisle,
And its full volume make
The hoar old sanctuary of the world awake!

I see the young leaves stir,
Where thy light fingers through their compass
run,
And like a worshipper,
Each flower bends gently to the strain begun,
And joyous birds sing out,
And the glad waters clap their hands and shout!

Ten thousand, thousand keys
Start cunningly to thy quick, impulsive will,
And the deep bass of seas
Moans through the small, soft cadences that
still

Weave the light summer cloud,
And woo the sweet bud from its velvet shroud.

Hark! in the moonlight now,
Fuller and deeper waxes the refrain,
Till every mighty bough
Of the great forest, reels beneath the strain,
And frightened, overhead,
Day, turned to blackness, shudders in its dread.

Ah! thou hast struck, at last,
Thy diapason, and the thunder's tone,
That leaps before the blast,

Confounds all other harmonies in its own !
 Wind minstrel, thou hast blent
 All Nature's voices in one groaning pent !

How it doth fill the nave
 Of the great universe, and shuddering, fling
 Its anthem in the grave,
 And now exultingly mount up and sing
 Where the faint stars alone
 With twinkling tread march round th' Eternal's
 throne.

Be ye lift up, oh gates !
 Ye everlasting doors dissolve in sound !
 The mighty chorus waits
 To roll new harmonies through Heaven's profound,
 Till its old cedars nod,
 And gladness stir the calm, wide heart of God.

But take something of a different order.
 It would have greatly agitated us when
 younger to have believed it, and now we
 are more ready to accredit our author for
 a pleasant imagination than to pin our faith
 on the theology of

GHOSTS.

"We are all ghosts."—SARTOR RESARTUS.

When the spirit's eyelids open,
 Outward vestments fall away,
 And it sees its spirit-brothers
 Stalk out from their house of clay.

Everything is then a vision—
 Everything a pallid ghost ;
 Spectral shapes are onward leading
 Nothing but a spectre host.

Sprites are piping faint hosannas,
 Ghosts are beating phantom drums,
 And, a formless banner waving,
 Lo, an apparition comes !

Flitting most fantastically,
 Wreathing in a vacuous round,
 Go the outlines dim and curious
 Of a substance never found.

Fruits that looked all glorious, golden,
 Shadows have to ashes press'd ;
Phantom shapes of men are dangling (! !)
On a passion phantom breast.

Spectres gibber in the dimness,
 Scraping dust that looks like gold ;
 Images of women follow,
 With their features wan and cold.

For not on a human shoulder,
 Scull-cramped, stay this spirit-throng,
 But through pores of earth and ocean
 Move, a thousand millions strong.

Now they flutter like a forest,
 JOY is beating his reveille ;
 Comes like silence settling after,
 SORROW'S hush of plaintive wail.

Through a portal vague and vasty,
 Up the shadowy concourse go,
 And these strange words are the only
 Pulses, echoed from their flow :—

"Mystery in mystery ending—
 Little shaping into Most,
 Parts forever re-uniting
 Of the One Essential Ghost !

"There is nothing of the Earthly,
 Save these EIDOLA of God,
 Looking out through phantom faces,
 O'er the Infinite and Broad !"

We fail utterly in attempting to lick into
 shape even an eidolon of a phantom shape

"dangling
 "On a passion phantom breast."

Such passages as the following occur on
 almost every page. After a storm,

"The whirlwinds trail their banners home."

The Rainbow :—

"Like the thought of a poet it sprang into birth,
 And it stood like a fabric his fancy had moulded,
 Its key-stone in Heaven, its base on the Earth."

Years :—

"Nor care I how they flee,
 So they contain
 The short'ning chain,
 That draws me back to thee."

The Age :—

"When Time's worn vail lets through Eternity."

At Twilight, the dews :—

"The wood-bird wakes and starts to see
 Their witch-work sparkle on his wings,
 And turns and turns suspiciously
 As if it deemed them harmful things—
 Then folds him in his little nest,
 And nods upon his glittering breast."

And so on, innumably.

We would like wondrously to quote en-
 tire "The Fuller Life," "Dreams," "The
 Silent Ministry," "The Dying Poet to his
 Wife," and many others, till the gratifica-

tion of all our likings, in this respect, would lead us far outside the shadow of propriety, and subject us to an action for infringement upon the copyright of Mr. Riker, and another of trespass upon Time and Space. Oh, that the world's school-mistress were a little more rigid in her government! in the old time, boys were punished for crowding; but here Space, with all creation for his seat, is crowding us hard; and Time, who has occupied the writing desk from all Eternity, claims our privilege as his; and worthier contributors ask eagerly for Room. Well, then, with resignation, and promising that every purchaser shall find, for one dollar, a worthy collection, neatly printed and beautifully bound, in this "Fruit of Western Life," right heartily we yield

"ROOM! ROOM!"

"The editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature Posterity, says, 'We make room for Posterity.'"

U. S. Gazette.

"Room in the lighted palace,
Room at the festal board;
Pass round the brimming chalice,
Let the wine be quickly pour'd;
Room where bright eyes are meeting,
Where silvery white arms glance,
Room where fair forms go fleeting
Through the mazes of the dance.

Room in the halls of glory,
Where the plume and bonnet wave;
Room on the page of story,
For the noble and the brave;
Room on the field of battle,
'Mid the clarion's mighty swell,
And the drum's triumphant rattle,
And the victor's madd'ning yell.

'Room at the bridal altar,'
Breathe quick the solemn vow,
For the love-lip soon will falter,
And a shadow cloud the brow.
'Room at thy hearth, oh, Mother!
Room at thy place of prayer;'
Comes to thy hearth another,
Room for the trembler there.

Room in each human dwelling—
White heads drop round you—see!
Why stand ye thus a-knelling?
Turn—turn yourselves and flee.
Ho! ho! with mirth and laughter,
Swell on the young and brave,
Room—(for they crowd on after)—
Room in the vasty grave.

Room on the lonely mountain;
Room through the mighty earth;
Life's tide from every fountain
Is swelling into birth.
Crowd on, ye pallid faces—
Crowd onward to the tomb!
Your offspring claim your places,
Make room for them! make room!"

F. T.

SONNET.

PRESSED by the burden of a nameless woe,
My soul her wonted joys had long foregone,
Unvisited by love's congenial glow,
And, lopped of her fair honors, one by one,
Stood bare and ruined, like the wintry bole
Of some huge oak, by ruthless axe disarmed;—
When, gently, like the spring, your kindness stole
Upon my life; that every fibre, warmed,
Expanded, strengthened, by the heavenly fire,
Began anew to burgeon, and to spring:
Then swelled anew the proud flood of desire,
And buds, in hope, put out the tender wing;
And blossoms, eager, to the wintry air,
Bloomed, as thou seest, immature, yet fair.

A FANTASY PIECE.

TIMOTHY HIGGINS, or, as he prefers to see his name printed, T. HIGGINS, Esquire, writer of Foreign Correspondence for the daily newspapers, was sitting one hot July afternoon, in the French *Café* in Warren street, with the Evening Post in his hand, and a fragrant iced beverage on the little table beside him—the only two objects of whose presence a casual observer, noting the abstraction with which he pored into the one, and the quiet regularity of his sips at the other, would have deemed him conscious. A nicer eye, however, would have seen also, that the degree of consciousness with which he regarded even these objects, was of the lowest order, and required the slightest possible exertion of attention and volition; for the position of the newspaper that so apparently engaged him, included only “our advertising columns,” which, from the variety of their contents, are not often equal to supporting a sustained interest; while his hand, which ever and anon grasped the tumbler containing the beverage aforesaid, had that peculiar air of not knowing what it was about, which indicated it to be acting less in obedience to the conscious will, than to the blind requirements of habit.

The truth was, the soul of TIMOTHY was reposing. He had finished that morning three sets of letters for three different journals, giving three versions of the accounts from Europe just received through Willmer & Smith; and the exertion of going over the same narrative so often had fatigued his mental powers to that degree that on the completion of his labors, he had availed himself with no little eagerness of the hospitality of Signor Blin. In fact, he had rushed into the *café*, under the conviction that he had accomplished enough for that morning, and would resolutely devote the remaining portion of the day to rest and rational enjoyment.

The weather was intolerably hot; and the faint breath of coolness which stole through the blinds of the *café* was very agreeable after the stifled atmosphere of

Nassau street. The nature of the Beverage of which our friend was partaking, it is not necessary to the purpose of this narrative to specify: let it suffice that it was far from being disagreeable to the palate, and was particularly grateful and soothing to the senses. All the accompaniments of the place and time were naturally suggestive of retirement, shadiness, and quiet. One old French gentleman was reading the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, through an eye-glass, and sipping iced claret, at a table on the other side of the room; two respectable-looking foreigners, *habitués*, it seemed, of the place, were playing at billiards, in the distance, which they did so noiselessly that nothing was audible save the occasional clicking of the balls; and the waiter, with his elbows spread out and his head buried in his arms, was sound asleep within the bar. The noise of Broadway, deadened and softened by the distance, came through the blinds in a confused hum, that crept into the ear like the drowsy murmur of a waterfall.

It was quite natural that TIMOTHY, situated thus comfortably, should lapse into a sort of half reverie.

He continued to read column after column, sometimes advertisements, sometimes political matter, (generally his aversion,) among which it happened was a long letter from Mr. Van Buren. “Now,” thought he, “here is a fine opportunity to try myself; there is nothing to disturb me; let’s see if I cannot read this stuff understandingly, all through.”

Accordingly, under the full inspiration of drowsiness and a virtuous determination, he plunged into Mr. Van Buren. As he waded on through the long cautious sentences, he became aware that two gentlemen, whom he had not before noticed, sitting at an adjacent table, were continually discussing the French Revolution. He could hear, were he disposed to listen, every word they uttered; but being determined not to be diverted from his purpose of reading Mr. Van Buren’s letter, it

only annoyed him. He could not help constantly catching words and phrases, half French, half English, that would put him out in the midst of a complicated sentence, and force him to begin back. The interruption made him quite obstinate in his purpose of carrying through his experiment. But the more he tried, the more distinct grew the conversation, so that finally it seemed that there were two discordant trains of words passing through his brain at once, tearing his mind with the effort to restore order to "sounds confused." Thus:—

"Having been defeated during a highly excited and, as the result has shown, an unsound state of the public mind, for adhering to a financial policy which I believed to be right, the Democratic masses everywhere—the Democratic masses everywhere—for adhering to a financial policy which I believed to be right—the Democratic masses everywhere, as soon as it became evident—as it became evident that the country had recovered—recovered from the delusions—from the delusions of that day, resolved with extraordinary unanimity, that the policy—a financial policy, &c. &c. &c., the Democrats resolved that the policy which had been so successfully decreed—h!—*having been defeated* during a highly excited, and the result has shown an unsound state of the public mind for adhering to a financial policy—&c. &c., the Democrats resolved that the policy which had been so successfully decreed should be vindicated, and the justice of the people illustrated—by my re-election."

"Lamartine—provisional government—national assembly—very true, but don't you see, my dear sir,—170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers* and—Louis Blanc—communists—destroy credit and you destroy property—National Guard—yes, I admit all that, but then—well, and suppose it last six months, then comes Prince Louis—universal suffrage!—of course it leads directly to—but the 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*—no, sir, you may depend upon it, at least, that is my opinion—why not?—and then comes another Blanqui—wonderful nation, the French!—to be sure it must, but not now—pshaw! why the 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*, and—what is the consequence? Well, I shall wait till the Cambria—the Hibernia—no, she left on the—ah, yes—we shall certainly hear more—well, for my part, I haven't the slightest doubt—but then 170,000 francs per day to the *ateliers*—hm—hm—hm—"

This was intolerable. Our friend threw down the paper in despair and glanced indignantly towards the disputants. To his utter surprise, the place where he had fancied them sitting was entirely vacant; there were not even chairs by the table across which he could have made oath there had been up to that instant an animated discussion! What was he to think of this? Had the natural repugnance of his mind to politics created by its own effect an antagonizing influence to relieve itself from unnatural constraint? Or was it a supernatural conversation, designed to enlighten him with regard to French affairs, in order that his next prophecies might come out true—the benevolent work of some kind spirit commiserating his la-

borious occupation? If so, he was unable to profit by it, for he could only remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly.

A long while he thus puzzled himself in his efforts to account for the phenomenon. He took up the paper, and again tried to read the letter. But nothing now disturbed him, save the ceaseless noise of Broadway.

Perchance it was only this noise, which his fancy, taking its cue from the voluminous correspondence he had been engaged during the morning in preparing, had shaped and colored as it fell upon his senses, that had beguiled him. At all events, this was the most plausible explanation.

But Mr. Higgins, like most single gentlemen who have nobody to think of but themselves, is careful about his health, and nicely observant of his personal points. "Either I am more sensitive than other men," now thought he, "or else my nerves are in a highly excited, unhealthy condition, and require repose. But my health is good; I eat well, lo, I drink well. It cannot be that my nervous system is fatigued. The other supposition must be the true one—I am more sensitive than other men; my fancy also is more active; that is all. I have often suspected it must be so; now I believe it."

Pursuing this pleasing train of reflection, a bright thought suddenly broke upon him. "If my fancy is so active," he said to himself, "why should I confine it to inventing details of riots and popular insurrections? Why not give it rein and trust to its swiftfootedness? I've half a mind to do it—yes—I will! *I'll write a story!*"

Full of this new resolution, he placed his panama upon his head, woke up the waiter, paid his sixpence, and sallied into the street. He was too much confused by the hurry of the spirits his daring project excited in him, to be exactly conscious what he was doing, but his steps instinctively took the direction of Hoboken Ferry, and he seemed to have a dim purpose of walking in the green fields to quiet his mind, and enable him to invent and arrange his incidents.

It is very easy to resolve to write a tale, but when we actually come to set about one, there are a great many things to be considered. First, there is the nature of

the story : shall it be a romantic legend, or supernatural, or a picture of every day life, or tragic, historic, comic, or picturesque ? Then secondly, as to time : shall it be laid before the flood, or since the crusades, in the days of seventy-six, or now ? Thirdly, how shall it be told, in the first person, the second person, or the third person ; in the form of letters to a friend, a diary, or fragments found in a mad-house ? Shall the characters speak for themselves, or shall the narrative save them the trouble ? Suppose all these things settled, there arises a new set of difficulties consequent on the act of beginning. The first sentence—Oh that first sentence ! If it were not for that, I have sometimes fancied I could write a passable story myself—something in the way of a temperance tale, or a pathetic history intended to warn the female sex against thin shoes. Ah me ! what heart-rending things of this kind have I not heard woven into sermons and lectures ! The whole story of the downfall of a beautiful young gent, clerk to a large tailoring establishment in the metropolis of New England, traced out minutely from its commencement amid the gayeties of fashionable life at our great Hotels, to its conclusion in the wretchedness of the *calabozo* at New Orleans ! That fascinating young lady, the delight of the *bon ton*, how often have I attended her to the ball-room, witnessed her triumphs, and then returned to see her sit disconsolate by her bedside, tearing the jewels from her tresses, and lamenting the hollowness of earthly enjoyments ! If I could but conquer the first sentences of somethings in this vein, readers might look to their eyes. I flatter myself I could condole in some measure !

But Timothy Higgins was not so much as this inspired by confidence in his first attempt at story-telling, and he had crossed the ferry, and wandered beyond Elysian Fields, and over the meadows, even to the base of the rocky declivity of West Hoboken, without having decided aught more definitely than that his story should be a narrative, and should combine Instruction and Entertainment.

Exhausted by the intensity of thought which he had expended upon this conclusion, he at length, at a retired and inviting place, under the foot of the woody thicket

that overgrows the steep ledge, stretched himself upon the grass, and fell into a doze, or rather day-dream ; for he was not insensible, but enjoyed the repose and fragrance of the leaves that trembled over his head, and the delicate grass that luxuriates in such cool recesses. He philosophized on the wonders of nature that lay within a few feet of his nose, the graceful forms of the leaves, and the intricate structure of their transparent net-work. There were a few pale flowers that quivered beneath the light whispers of the evening air, and our embryo novelist was simple enough to be amused with the trials and perplexities of a laborious ant, who seemed to have lost his way, and imagined his only chance of finding it was in going to the very extremity of every spire that came within his ken.

Gradually the soul of Mr. Higgins, under the gentle persuasion of nature, rested from its toil : the pale flowers nodded, and so did the pale brow beneath them ; the ant travelled up and down seven long stalks unobserved. It was nearly sunset, and beneath the shadowy bushes it was now quite dark.

Had HIGGINS fallen into a sound sleep, he would probably have lain there all night, and caught I dare say a severe cold, which would greatly have interrupted his labors as a writer. But he was not so unfortunate.

For somehow, precisely when he knew not, he heard a small voice close by his ear, speaking on in slow measured tones, as if reading poetry. He grew more awake at once, and listened attentively, believing it to be of course a dream, and careful not to stir, lest he might break the charm. Presently he could distinguish what seemed lines of blank verse, recited in a grave scholar-like manner, as if they were read by some person of excellent taste, who was relishing their beauty and pondering on their import. He cautiously opened his eyelids, and with less surprise than might be imagined, for he was still confident that it could be only a dream, he beheld a little manikin, not more than a hand's breadth high, walking to and fro on a broad blade of grass, that reached across from one green clump to another at a short distance before him. He was a handsome little creature, very youthful, straight and well shaped, and was clad in silver doublet and

small clothes, and had wings of blue and gold, like those of the dragon fly, folded upon his shoulders in such a manner that they resembled a Spanish cloak. On his head he wore a long, tapering cap, in the front of which was a jewel, or brilliant, that made a light around him. He had also on his feet long pointed shoes, like those anciently worn in England, and as he paced to and fro, his shoes and cap waved lightly, like the antennæ of the mammoth butterfly. In his left hand he held a tiny book, from which it appeared he was reading, by the light that flamed from his forehead. The leaves of the book were all gilt, and as he held it spread open upon his palm, he kept them in their place with his right hand, just as students are accustomed to do, who read as they perambulate their chambers. All his motions were lofty and graceful—somewhat more rapid than those of a full-sized man, but very elegant and dignified. Presently, without lifting his eyes from his book, he began to read again:—

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.”

Then closing the book, he continued to pace up and down as before, meditating apparently on the eloquence of the Duke’s language, and the wonderful art with which his heroic character is developed. HIGGINS was familiar, as I think most of my readers must be, with the beautiful play, and often reflected on it, in his philosophy, as an example of the necessity in works of extreme fancifulness, of relieving the beautiful and quaint, by the grotesque and absurd.

But the reality of what he saw and heard was so palpable, that he was now in the greatest perplexity what to think. He *felt* awake; he remembered where he was, and why he came there. But then here was an actual sprite before his very eyes; and what was most singular, reading

Shakspeare! He had never heard that the fairies had editions of the great poet suited to their eyes, though that they should admire him, particularly his *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, seemed not unlikely.

He resolved to interrupt the little gentleman’s meditations, and if possible to make his acquaintance. Accordingly he raised himself on his elbow and hemmed softly, till the elfin philosopher paused and looked towards him, evidently with much surprise, on discovering the nature of the noise, and seeing that his private walk had been overlooked by the eye of a dull son of clay. He drew himself up with great dignity, however, and little as he was, there was so much authority in his frown, that HIGGINS almost sank beneath it. He endeavored to be respectful, however, and bending low his head addressed him as follows:

“I pray your highness be not displeased with a rude mortal for an intrusion upon your presence, which was wholly accidental, but which, if you pardon him, he will not regret; and if he may presume to hope that it may confer upon him the honor of your acquaintance, he will consider it an occurrence no less fortunate than it is uncommon.”

I suppose Higgins thought it necessary to be particularly polite on this occasion, for it is not probable he ever spoke in so courtly a style before in his life.

The little student smiled at this address, and held out his hand.

“Timothy Higgins,” said he, “I am very glad to see you. I knew you would be somewhere in the neighborhood this evening, but was not aware you were quite so near.”

“Indeed,” said Timothy, astonished to find himself known; “may I inquire with whom I have the pleasure of speaking?”

“I am Prince HOBOK,” replied the little gentleman, “Lord of Weehawken; and my father is Hum, King of Snake Hill, who marches seven hundred and fifty billions of mosquitoes across the Bergen meadows!”

“A powerful monarch,” said Higgins; “I have often encountered his troops. But how was your Highness aware of my coming hither to-night?”

“Oh,” said the Prince, “a party of gentlemen of my household visited the city last evening to see the Viennese children. Re-

turning, it began to rain, and they were forced to take shelter at the Café, where they were obliged to remain all night, and consequently during to-day; for I suppose a person of your reading need not be informed that it is unpleasant for those of our condition to travel in the sunshine. There they amused themselves, in the shade, with interrupting your reading; and it was they who on reporting themselves at the palace about dusk, informed me that you had entered our dominions. As for your name, know that I am connected on the mother's side with the Connecticut fairies, who have a remarkable faculty of guessing. Not only your name but your hopes and purposes are familiar to me."

"What, the *story*!" exclaimed Timothy.

"Of course," answered Prince Hobok.

"Perhaps your Highness can give me some assistance in that business, some hint how to begin. I perceive your Lordship is a student."

"No one," said Hobok, with true royal profundity, "can write another's story for him. To be the author of another's work involves a contradiction. I can only advise you to proceed in your labor with resolution and discretion. You have been thus far favored beyond the lot of ordinary men; probably you will continue to be as you go on. I see good in you."

"Your Highness is complimentary," said our friend.

"I am not always so," replied Hobok, with a frown that made Timothy ashamed of his insincere remark; "but," he added, smiling, "you are a good fellow, Higgins, you study your Shakspeare; that's a good sign."

Higgins was about to inquire how they got up an edition of Shakspeare in fairyland, but the miniature Prince waved him to be silent, and added, "I must now, however, counsel you to take leave. The owls are out, and some of my unruly subjects may pinch you with cramps if you lie here on the damp sward. Hie home, therefore, and set to work at the tale. It is not impossible we may meet again, but for the present, good e'en."

So saying he reached out his tiny hand, which our friend made a motion of reverently kissing, and rose up to depart, when the Prince called after him:

"By-the-bye, Higgins, have you any tobacco about you?"

Higgins, who is a great smoker, replied after an examination, that he had a cigar.

"Well, cut it in two," said his Highness, "and give me half."

Higgins did so, and it was curious to see the dainty little goblin staggering away through the leaves and grass with the half cigar under his arm—as much as he could well carry.

The next evening found Mr. Higgins in his chamber, seated at his table, with a new pen in his hand, and a thick pile of long slips of yellowish paper, which, for cheapness and agreeableness to the eye, is much in use among "gentlemen connected with the press," before him. He was determined to begin his story. But, as it not unfrequently happens with persons of a sanguine temperament, what had appeared quite feasible when contemplated in the gross, and at a distance, seemed to grow more and more difficult as it drew near, and showed itself in detail. He would write, but *what* to write he had not been able to discover. He was mentally very much in the condition of King Lear, when he finds both his daughters ungrateful:—

"I will do such things—

What they are yet, I know not; but they shall
be
The terrors of the earth."

Had he been a practised writer of stories, he would not have experienced any inconvenience from this not knowing what he desired to write, for he would have reflected that it is not possible to foresee that which has yet to be produced. He would have wound himself up, set his pen to paper, and scratched away.

There is a delightful music in the motion of the quill; it lulls the fancy like Dr. —'s preaching; so that when one is fairly under weigh, he may be sometimes so lost in his labor that he shall think of nothing at all, and become a pure Chirographer—or what is perhaps meant by the phrase "Inspired Penman." Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the best way never to think at the outset, of what we design to accomplish, but to set vigorously about

it, and leave the rest to circumstances. Here, for example, I know I am writing extremely well, but I must beg the reader to believe that I was not aware what I should say at the beginning; and if he can foretell what I shall say next, he is the greater prophet of us twain. After the first sentence, the thing with me goes of itself.

So it would with Higgins, I presume, had he purposed to indite a letter from Paris for a two-penny newspaper; but to write a story—one which should appear in a popular magazine, and interest thousands of young ladies in the inland villages, and, above all, bring to him a more “adequate remuneration” than he had been in the habit of receiving—this was an undertaking of a different sort. If he succeeded, the future path of his life, though it might not be very thickly strewn with roses, would at least be less thorny. Six reviews *per diem* of the same dramatic performance, which Higgins, amongst his other labors, had once contributed to the daily press, during a whole theatrical season, is as briery a passage as one would desire to go through in this working-day world. Blame him not therefore, ye venerable members of the literary profession, if on these great occasions, when he sought so daringly to avoid the curse of labor, and enable himself to walk easily through the vale of years, he felt some natural misgivings, knowing so well how much depended on the result!

Up to the very moment of taking his pen, he had not been able to decide out of a hundred plots and sceneries that presented themselves to his fancy, which he should choose. But the hour was come when he *must* write, if he wrote at all, and he had nothing left but to remember the fairy prince's encouraging words, and dash boldly into the dark river of his imagination, relying upon his fancy to keep him from sinking. So dipping his pen in his inkstand, which he is careful, from habit, to place at a particular angle he fastened his eyes on the opposite wall of his chamber, and with such a face as brave captains wear when they lead forlorn hopes to the charge, he struck his hand like a strong ploughshare into the new soil of the yellow paper and tore out in furrowed lines

T. HIGGINS, ESQUIRE'S, FIRST STORY.

THE storm-fiend was abroad in the air, the wind loudly howled, and the rain swept in gusts through the pitchy night, when a solitary traveller's horse's hoofs clattered along the lonely road that leads from Jericho to Palmyra. (Here Higgins found it necessary to attend for a moment to his nose. He proceeded:—) Had it been light at the time, it might have been seen that the traveller was a ruddy complexioned, well-built youth of some twenty-five years or thereabouts, and that he was protected from the inclemency of the weather, by only a thin suit of clothes, of the description usually worn during the summer months, by persons in easy circumstances, resident in that part of the country.

By the spurring motion of his heels, it would have appeared that he was anxious to get on rapidly; as indeed might have been manifest, even in the darkness, from the noise of his animal's hoofs had there been any individual within hearing distance. But, as has been already remarked, the road was a particularly lonely one, and on such a night as the present, our traveller was, in all human probability, the only person making use of it for a space of several miles in each direction.

He had apparently every motive for haste; for though soaked through and through by the rain, and therefore unmindful of the storm, the night was wearing, and it appeared desirable to gain some refreshment for himself and his beast, at the earliest convenient opportunity.

Loud moaned and crashed the forest trees as he thundered along beneath their writhing limbs! Wild swept the blinding gusts, as bending low his forehead he faced their fury on the plain beyond!

Three miles past the plain, found him at the door of a substantial mansion, from whose cheerful windows the brilliant light of candles threw their beams like “good deeds in a naughty world,” (as Portia observes in the Merchant of Venice,) far into the troubled atmosphere. He secured his steed beneath a capacious adjoining shed, and approaching the venerable door, rapped loudly with his riding stick. A domestic appeared, who ushered him into the hall, whence, after divesting himself of his hat, and making a few ineffectual efforts to

shake the water from his clothing, he ushered himself into the parlor, where an old gentleman and lady were sitting with two lovely damsels, apparently their daughters. He was hospitably received, and the party soon fell into conversation, for it being summer, and our traveller a vigorous young man, he did not experience any serious inconvenience from the extreme moisture of his garments.

Leaving him to dry, and the party to converse, as among country people of respectable condition, familiar acquaintances are accustomed to do under similar circumstances, the reader's attention is requested to a brief account of them individually, and an explanation of the relations which they sustain towards each other. The present tense is here used as having reference to a period some two years prior to the date of this writing.

Colonel Buckwheat, the old gentleman aforesaid, is one of the most distinguished individuals of the country in which he resides; he has, during a period of more than twenty years, filled many political and public stations, and has enjoyed in an eminent degree the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens in that section of the State. He has been several times a member of the General Assembly, and though he has taken no prominent part in the debates of that honorable body, yet he has always performed his duty to the entire satisfaction of his constituency, by invariably voting in accordance with the views of the party to which he owed his election.

The country around, at the time when he emigrated thither from the eastward, was little better than a wilderness; it is now for the most part under cultivation, and lands formerly worth little or nothing command from sixty to seventy dollars per acre: so that the surviving settlers, who originally made large investments, are now almost universally men of considerable wealth. The region is finely adapted for wheat-growing, and the Colonel's estate, being particularly well located, is considered one of the most valuable, both for its extent and its productiveness. In addition to this, he has by economy and good management in the employment of the surplus capital, which has from time to time accumulated from his agricultural products, amassed what in the country is

esteemed an independent fortune; in short, he is looked upon as altogether one of the most fore-handed men in those parts.

In person, the Colonel is about the middle height, square built, and active for one of his years, and with a countenance betokening health and good spirits. In fact, he says he never knew an ill day in his life, until the rheumatism touched him a few years ago. His hair is somewhat grizzled, and there are a few wrinkles around the corners of his eyes, but in his walk and manners he still shows all the briskness and vigor of the prime of life.

His wife is, in appearance, several years his junior; and though time, who may be justly styled the defacer of beauty, has touched her cheeks with some smack of age, she still retains enough to render credible the Colonel's habitual asseveration in moments of jocularly, that previous to their union, she was esteemed one of the best-looking young women in Berkshire. She is reckoned an excellent housewife, and bears the reputation of having discharged all the domestic duties of life in a most exemplary manner. In her own social circle she has had but a limited experience of physical suffering, her children, the two daughters before-mentioned, and a son who was absent from home on the evening when our story commences, having been of a remarkably healthy constitution; but she is nevertheless an admirable nurse, and all who have shared the hospitality of her roof, as well as the connections and acquaintances of the family, would gladly testify to her ability and willingness to minister to the comforts of others in cases of sickness, and to the salutary effects of her attention and the remedies which she, in common with other ladies who have sustained the maternal relation, is in the habit of proposing—particularly for the relief of the youthful portion of the community. She is not a person of extensive literary acquirements, and her range of conversation excludes topics of a theological character, yet she has been through life a constant attendant upon the ordinances of the Baptist Church, and at one period was accustomed to bear a conspicuous part in the performance of the psalmody. The minister and his wife are well pleased to partake occasionally of the family repasts, and are always received with that cheerful

attention which relieves them from the too easily besetting temptation of affecting extreme sanctimoniousness. The children therefore, as they have grown up, have not been accustomed to look upon the family clergyman as the realization of human perfection, and hence they are not blinded by the inky cloak of clerical manners, to a perception of what is faulty in character or erroneous in opinion. In short, Colonel Buckwheat's household, owing to the natural good sense of himself and the partner of his bosom, and their prime regard for whatever contributes to the promotion of animal comfort, is one of the pleasantest and best governed on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and has long been the theme of general admiration among the good people of his immediate vicinity.

The distinctive characteristics of the two young ladies, Catherine and Julia, now for the first time introduced to the reader by their christian names, are, it is feared, beyond the power of language adequately to describe. As is usually the case, in families thus constituted, the eldest, Miss Catherine, is the most quiet in her manners, and the most yielding to external influences; she is tall, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, like her mother; and in right of her seniority, assumes a slight quantum of gravity and dignity of deportment in the presence of her younger sister. She appears to feel that the cares of the family rest in some degree upon her well-turned shoulders, and manifests at times an anxiety respecting the state of her brother's linen, no less gratifying to him than becoming to herself. Miss Julia exhibits externally a larger admixture of gaiety and animation; she is married since the date of the evening above described, but at that time she was just at the period of life, seventeen, when the animal spirits are most exuberant; and to such an extent did they carry her that the presence of the senior members of the family, and of her father even, was not always sufficient to repress her disposition to merriment. However, as it is not her personally that the story most nearly concerns, it is deemed unnecessary to go further into detail respecting her at present.

Four of the individuals who were left grouped in Colonel Buckwheat's parlor

having now been disposed of, there remains to be noticed only the individual who was present on the occasion as a visitor, and who, it may reasonably be presumed, would not have ventured forth on so extremely inclement an evening except under the pressure of business of the most important and urgent character. This individual, whose personal appearance has already been made the subject of a passing remark, was Henry, or, as he was more frequently termed by his familiar associates and cotemporaries, (of whom the number was considerable,) Harry Bacon. Harry's father, old Mr. Bacon, the proprietor of a large flouring establishment in an adjacent village, was an early friend of Colonel Buckwheat's, and, in consequence, a more than usual intimacy had always subsisted between their two families. This intimacy, on the part of two of the members of these families, Miss Catherine, and Mr. Harry, had gradually, in accordance with the wishes of their respective parents, ripened into those sentiments which require for their full and perfect enjoyment the existence of the matrimonial relations between the parties entertaining them. That relation had not been entered into at the period of the opening of the story, otherwise it would have been necessary to speak of Miss Catherine as Mrs. Bacon; but though the parties had not at the time been actually united in wedlock, affairs between them had for some time been progressing, by a gradual development, to a condition which rendered that event highly probable; and, not to keep the reader in suspense, it may be as well mentioned here that the visit of young Bacon on the extremely inclement evening alluded to had a direct reference to the ceremony in question. Miss Catherine had been repeatedly desired by him, at sundry previous interviews, to designate some definite day when it would be agreeable to her to attend to the solemnization and consummation of their union, and had at length, on his persuasion, consented to communicate with her mother in relation to the subject, and give him the result of the consultation on the evening the story commences—hence the reason of his venturing forth so far in such an extremely inclement state of the weather.

To return, after this explanation, to the

parlor where the parties were left sitting, it may be imagined that by this time all except the two whose arrangements imperatively demanded them to hold a conversation in private, had retired for the night, not, however, without sundry remarks on the part of Miss Julia, questioning the prudence of her future brother-in-law's coming out on such an inclement evening, and evincing an ignorance of the state of his feelings much greater than was her actual condition. The private conversation entered into between the young gentleman and lady, it does not comport with the structure of this narrative to present verbatim as it actually occurred, in the form of a dialogue; nor is it necessary to narrate too faithfully scenes which are every day occurring in actual life, and which all intelligent readers can readily fancy for themselves; no! let us not seek

“To draw our frailties from their dread abode,”

and harrow up the feelings of less fortunate individuals with tantalizing visions of ideal bliss! Let it suffice to give the result, which was, that Miss Catherine Buckwheat promised to become within a fortnight Mrs. Catherine Bacon, should nothing unforeseen occur in the interim to render a postponement of the ceremony unavoidable.

The wheels of time rolled rapidly round during the ensuing two weeks, and brought at length to the happy pair the day which all true lovers who have been favored by the accomplishment of their wishes, have ever regarded with the eye of retrospection as the most joyful occasion of their lives. The parties were legally contracted, according to the laws of the State; and in the merry-making which was commenced and prolonged after the departure of the officiating minister, Miss Julia displayed such a degree of hilarity as proved irresistibly attractive to another young gentleman, resident in the vicinity, who led her to the hymeneal altar some time in the course of the following year.

The two young ladies are now blooming matrons, and one of them, Mrs. Bacon, is the mother of two children, the youngest, an infant, considered such a prodigy of health and intellectual precocity that the authors of his being would probably listen without surprise to an offer to negotiate for

his purchase by Mr. P. T. Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum. Harry Bacon is following in the footsteps of his father and father-in-law, and continues by strict attention to business, to rise in the esteem and confidence of all having transactions in his line. He is not an ardent politician, but votes uniformly the regular Whig ticket, and begins already to be spoken of as a candidate for the Assembly; he pertinaciously avoids the cunning schemes and intrigues of miserable, reckless, unprincipled, partisan demagogues, but prefers to be regarded by all who have the pleasure of being personally known to him, either politically or otherwise, as an upright, independent, high-minded and honorable man—one of whom his country may be proud, and who is an honor to any party or set of men with whom he is found acting in concert.

“There!” exclaimed Higgins, wiping the perspiration from his classic forehead, “I wonder what the public will say to that! Just fifteen pages MS.—three pages type—is fifteen dollars; and worth the money. I knew I could write a story, and now I *have*. Let the furnishing shops of Maiden Lane rejoice! For what I have done I can do again, and hereafter I will luxuriate in an ocean of linen!”

One of Higgins's peculiarities is an aversion to cotton cloth, which he fancies has an unpleasant electrical effect upon the body; consequently it was but natural that in the first glow of composition, when all writers flatter themselves that they are successful, he should remember a comfort to which he had long aspired with but a faint hope of ever attaining it.

After a moment of indulgence in this pleasing illusion, which Higgins is too well broken in to give way to long, he again took his pen and set himself to the labor of correction and punctuation. In the heat of writing he seldom makes any stops but periods; often he leaves out words and phrases, and of late years he not unfrequently writes an entirely different word from the one his mind intends—a phenomenon for which it has puzzled him exceedingly to account, unless it be that while the reflective faculties are busy with what

is to follow, the mechanical part of the mind, or that which is under the control of habit, is left without the superintendence of reason; hence there is just enough perception to see that a word is wanted, and to supply the want, *this being all that is required of that set of faculties*. In other words, the mind in its labor has a tendency to divide itself into stops like those of an organ, and thus, while the diapason of the great organ is pealing forth a grand solo, it is accompanied by hundreds of pipes in the swell, to complete the harmony: if now the player be so intent upon his diapasons as to let the harmony fall from his mind, we shall have strange suspensions and anticipations (worse than those of modern composers) in the little organ—analogue to the intending one word while the hand writes quite another.

As Higgins turned back to the bold commencement of his story, he was even more satisfied with his work than he had been before. He looked upon it and mentally pronounced it "good." Whether he contemplated the plot, the moral bearing, or the style, it seemed every way admirable.

In structure, what could more perfectly resemble a Greek tragedy? Here were no perplexing incidents, none of those thrilling occurrences that draw so severely on the vital energy. There was no scene, like those in some recent novels, intended to recall the sensation one feels who dreams that he is hanging by his fingers' ends to the eaves of a four-story house and no feather-beds underneath! Yet the storm scene was boldly drawn; the colors seemed to be laid on with a master hand, and he felt confident would be thought "strikingly effective." And from that opening to the conclusion, with what rapidity did the action hurry to the denouement! "The course of true love never did run smooth,"—ordinarily through obstacles and interruptions, but here its only roughness was the joyful raging of a headlong torrent.

Headlong, but not rash, for the love is evidently based on prudence, and the marriage meets the entire approbation of the natural guardians of the fortunate lovers. Herein (he thought) consider the moral effect of the tale. How much more for the happiness of mankind would it be if all young persons would imitate the

example of these two, and fall in love with each other in the best manner for their pecuniary interest, and so as to gratify the wishes of their legal protectors. What a paradise would this world be if the young would but couple themselves off in every instance so as to please the old! When Higgins reflected thus, he felt sure of the success of his tale. It opened a new field. Hitherto stories had been written to conform to the narrow views of youth; here was one for the aged and wise, for elderly ladies, old-woman courting divines, and fathers of families. Everything went on rollers. Buckwheat and Bacon came together as naturally as they ever did at a breakfast table, and eggs with them of course. Alas, how must the Reverend Doctor BAGOWIND, or any other Circassian parent, regret that it is not always so in real life! How must they love to cherish and encourage a writer who could so well present their views of social perfection!

And the style also—if here was not an eloquence adapted to the nature of the subject, then Higgins felt he would like to know what could be. How sustained, full, harmonious, increasing in fervor as the interest heightens; and at last rolling forth with all the sonorosity, ponderosity, and *novelty* of expression characterizing a tremendous political leader! The man who could command such a style as that, Higgins was sure, would be deemed by the unanimous voice of the respectable public, an individual to make sinners tremble. They would delight to honor him. They would elevate him to some station where he might have enlarged means of usefulness, and greater ability to advocate the Sacredness of Labor, and the claims of suffering Humanity—to say nothing of fine linen, a luxury unknown to some of our apostles of Ignorance. In short, commanding such a style, he felt confident the public would admit his competency to write the

LEADING EDITORIALS

in any Whig newspaper in this commercial metropolis. No wonder he felt joyful; he no longer need suffer anxiety in seeking opportunity to earn his daily bread.

The study of Foreign Correspondence is an admirable school for style, and, if one had the time to devote to it, no doubt it would be found extremely profitable. For

instance, take an extract from a morning paper:—

"It will be recollected that for some weeks past, the momentous question of extinguishing both existing bodies, and of erecting from their materials a thorough national brotherhood, under the designation of the 'Irish League,' had occupied the attentive consideration of the leaders on both sides, such proposed 'League' to embrace within its comprehensive compass *all* parties desirous of achieving a national independence: and the arguments, as well for a universal reconciliation, as for a more combined direction of national arms, had so far proceeded that a programme or sketch of the proposed terms had been prepared, and so far as the preliminaries had been disclosed, they have a fair token of a satisfactory effectuation. This synopsis of the future mode of action, has especial regard to relative prejudices and scruples, but reserves the unquestionable right of an appeal to arms should the pacific intentions of the proposed body, and the acts of the council of Three Hundred, be obstructed by force on the part of the Government; and it was further required by the Confederation, that pending the election of the Council, the people should be organized and armed, as auxiliary to the enforcement of its decrees, and for the purpose of effectually resisting its certain prescription by the Lord Lieutenant."

My friend Smith says this affects him like hearing the air of Yankee Doodle played upon an ophicleide, or seeing the car of Tom Thumb drawn by a weak-kneed elephant. For my own part, I confess my inability to appreciate all the forms of art; my nerves are not strong enough to sustain great oration, and I do not willingly approach such ponderous masses of language. Higgins would probably have considered this a model extract.

For he went on with unstinted admiration, pointing and perfecting his work, till he came to the last page, when he was surprised to hear a little Ha-ha! close at his ear. Lifting his green eye-shade, what should he see but his fairy friend, leaning with one leg over the other, on the corner of his inkstand, and holding his sides with his hands as if to keep from bursting with mirth. Higgins, with all his respect for his Princeship, felt that there was something annoying in having his reverie broken by such unseasonable jollity, and drew back, as much as to say, "What do you mean by this?"

The Prince waved his hand deprec-

tingly, and as soon as he could speak—"I beg your pardon," said he, "Higgins, you must excuse me, but really, it was so droll. Now don't be offended, my dear fellow, don't indeed. I will make amends for my rudeness if you will not."

The brilliant in his cap gleamed as he spoke like the Cuba lantern fly, and Higgins saw the gilt-leaved Shakspeare sticking out of the side-pocket of his doublet.

"Offended!" said Higgins, "by no means. I am but too glad your Highness has allowed me to pay my respects to you again: only your coming was rather unexpected, and—in short—happening just at that moment, I fancied you might be laughing at my writing."

"So I was," said Prince Hobok, with truly royal frankness; "how could I help it? you intended it to be funny, did you not?"

"Will your Highness be so good as to show me wherein the wit consists?" asked Timothy, a little piqued. "I flattered myself that I had written an interesting domestic tale, cheerful in character, it is true, but not laughable. The incidents are certainly pleasing, and, for the style, I have imitated, nay, daguerreotyped, a kind of writing which must be popular with the public, since they require so much of it."

"That is the very thing," replied Hobok. "I see nothing funny in your incidents, such as they are. There might have been more of them, but then your piece is not long. It is your notion of narrating them in such a way, that makes the whole seem to me so ludicrous. You appear to think that if you can only keep up a certain pompous oscillation of your sentences, it is no matter whether there be anything in them or not."

"This will do very well, Higgins, for newspaper articles, foreign letters, political addresses, resolutions, and such stuff; in those things, words do not seem to have any distinct individual force; people read them in clauses, and with indefinite ideas; they are intended to affect more by sound than by sense. Hence the first rule in such writing is to keep up the swing; to accomplish this, the second is to never say anything directly, but always wrapped in periphrasis. Impress on your mind that you have paper enough, and ink and quills

enough; if you can imagine so many columns to fill, more or less, it is, as I need not inform a Foreign Correspondent, a great assistance. But the chief secret is, *keep up your dignity*. Place yourself in the attitude of a superior intelligence, and speak condescendingly; image the whole Power of the Press embodied in yourself; behold mighty ones shrinking beneath your majestic periods; think you see oceans of heads, nodding approval, or cringing awe beneath your avalanche paragraphs. Then you will do it.

"But, Higgins, (continued the miniature critic,) I doubt whether such a style be so popular as you imagine. Newspapers among you depend but a little for their success upon good writing. Hence they require less literary ability than business tact. I rather suspect that unless you have extensive machinery for forcing your stories upon the public, and an unlimited power of production, you will not find it for your profit to make the journalist style your model. You will pardon my frankness, Higgins, but really, I think you would do better by taking almost any other."

Timothy was a good deal chagrined to find his dream vanishing, but he is accustomed to disappointment, and he could not but feel that there was truth in all this, which was better known soon than too late.

"But what am I to do?" said he; "must I write correspondence to the end of my days, and never know the luxury of linen? I have a terribly active fancy. The gates of business are shut against me. Must I turn hack writer, and sell my soul (under favor) to the devil? Not while there are oysters to be opened! Not while I have fingers and can steal!"

"No danger of your coming to that," said the fairy Prince, smiling at his perplexity. "Be resolute, and read your Shakspeare. When you write, never assume any style but that which is born of sincerity. Leave the affectations to those that pawn truth before all other goods, to procure surplus capital. Go on easily, in the path of common sense. Do not be sentimental. Study your art, and avoid philosophy, which is art turned wrong side out. Permit those who cannot manage you to call you ill-tempered, without letting it make you so. It is the first instinct of lit-

teness to prey upon the nerves of those who are forced to live a large life. Above all things, eat well and pay the scot.

"He who, in your profession, follows these precepts, may reasonably expect, the common lot of your coarse-grained, shakly human constitution permitting, to enjoy some years of linen before the shroud.

"Meanwhile, Higgins, to put care out of your mind, and reward you for your patience in listening to this advice, what say you for a frolic?"

"*Semper paratus!*" exclaimed our friend, who is worthy to be companion of a prince, inasmuch as he is a prince of good fellows; "it jumps with my humor; I'm tired of this writing, and all that concerns it. But what shall we do? You are not Goliath. Shall I carry you on the brim of my hat to see the Opera House? You have nothing more delightful, I dare say, in your own dominions."

"Would you like to see?" said the Prince. "There is a *fête* to-night, given by the Lord of Tillietudlem, to celebrate the marriage of his son with a mountain fairy from the Highlands of Paterson. I am privileged to invite a guest. Shakspeare has made me a lover of humanity, and I have studied the secret arts of transformation."

"Is there no risk in it?" asked Higgins.

"Not the least. Only you must be careful about our young ladies; they—"

"Nay, if that is all, never fear me; I am ice—granite—adamant!"

"Well, then," said Hobok, "bolt your door, blow out your light, and compose your mountain of a head on your elbows, so that it may rest easy while you are gone, and we'll be off in a twinkling."

Higgins did so, and then Hobok standing on the top of the inkstand, reached up and cried in a loud voice in his ear:—

"*Boskos thromuldo,
Boskos raxado,
Kerelybonto!*"

In a moment Higgins found himself transformed into a fairy gentleman, making his obeisance to the Prince, on the cover of his Ainsworth's Dictionary. He too had wings, and a gem in his cap, not as brilliant as the other, but very bright; together they made the room quite light, and Higgins jumped down from the dictionary and walked round his own head, dealing

several heavy blows at his nose (now snoring tremendously) without producing the slightest effect—much to the Prince's amusement.

"But come," said he, presently, "try your wings, Egino; we must be off."

Higgins leaped boldly from the table, and alighted on the carpet. Again spreading his tiny pinions, with a very slight exertion of his dorsal and pectoral muscles, he found himself upon the table. He then made several short excursions round the apartment; hovered for an instant, like a humming-bird, before the dial of his watch, and saw that it was almost eleven o'clock; darted up and down, and to and fro, until he felt sure of his powers, and could have leaped off Table Rock as indifferently as a lady steps from a carriage. Then the Prince taking him by the hand, the two sailed swiftly from the open window, and flew up Broadway.

The Prince judged it best, on account of Higgins's inexperience in volitation, to take the course of the telegraph wires in crossing the river, in order that, if need were, they might halt and rest themselves. The distance was nothing; for fairies, we know, fly faster than rifle bullets.

They found the wires crowded with others who had taken the same precaution, hundreds and hundreds, many of whom recognized the Prince's brilliant, and saluted him by placing the backs of their hands to their foreheads. Higgins got on without the least fatigue; but the event still showed the Prince's judgment, for, when they were little more than half over, a nighthawk made a plunge very near them, which terrible noise so frightened Higgins that they were obliged to cling for a few moments to the wire before he could recover his nerve.

With all this interruption, however, it was not probably five minutes after leaving the chamber before they stood at the entrance of a grotto in the hilly ledge above Tillietudlem.

"Here we are," said the Prince, "safe and sound. I trembled a little for you when that swarm of gnats came so near us, and was half minded to send for Zakra, my minister of war; but I held my hand over my cap, and they did not see us. Otherwise we should have had fifty thousand of them pitching against our

foreheads, and should never have got through the crowd till after dewfall."

While he said this, they had passed within the rock, through a dark rift which gradually opened into an imbowered walk, that in turn, as they went on, opened into numerous others, and finally into wide lawns and spaces where were fountains and arbors, and thickets of roses. Myriads of dainty creatures thronged these beautiful gardens, and walked, and chatted, and flitted gracefully to and fro; some dancing to the music of diminutive harps; some sitting apart and whispering softly in the cups of water-lilies; some reading alone, or in groups, from poets known to scholars—from him that dreamed beneath "the medlar tree," down to some whose living voices Higgins has heard, as well as I, and hopes to hear again.

All among the trees and flowering shrubs, moved innumerable lights, differing in brilliance, but whose splendor gave infinite variety to the scene. For wherever were gathered thick groups and beves of spirits, there it was very light; while in other places the presence of one or two threw only a richness upon the dark green foliage.

As they went on, the numbers that surrounded them increased, and the light became brighter than that of day. The walks were in some places quite thronged; but the Prince seemed universally known, and the revellers everywhere made way for him with gestures of respect, which he graciously acknowledged by waving his hand. Presently they came in sight of the royal palace, and could see its spires and roof blazing with light, which proceeded from seventeen great vases of fire arranged along its front. Ascending a slight rise in the pathway, they beheld its grand façade of columns and porticos, and a noble sight it was. The columns were Persian, twisted and fluted, and they had Corinthian capitals, and architraves of garlands of flowers, and friezes of bas reliefs; and they were composed of porphyry and jasper; and the garlands and bas reliefs were colored like nature. The walls of the palace were of white marble, and it was surmounted by many fantastic domes.

As they drew near, they saw in front of the palace a great throne erected, whereon the Lord of Tillietudlem was seated, sup-

ported on either side by the beauty and chivalry of his court. And there was the bride—O Higgins, beware! Never before was it permitted mortal to behold so ravishing a spectacle. Thousands and thousands of slender-waisted sprites, fanning themselves with their golden wings, in an air of roses, and talking at a rate we, who have only heard ladies after champagne in supper-rooms, can but faintly imagine.

The Prince would have gone and mingled with the nobility around the throne, but Higgins's courage failed him; he was afraid some of those bright eyes would soon ascertain that he carried still a mortal heart, and he should thus bring disgrace on his generous introducer. So they mingled with the crowd, who were gathered to see the show.

For it is the custom with the race of Tillietudlem to celebrate the marriage of any of the royal family with all sorts of pomp and ceremonies, and there was now to be a grand tournament, in which the bravest champions of the realm were to display their prowess. Accordingly, a great space was cleared before the throne for the lists; and, when all was ready, Grayfly, the herald, wound his horn to call the knights into the field. Then came the most extraordinary troop that was ever seen, the warriors being mounted principally on grasshoppers, their squires on blue-bottles, and the pages and retinue on butterflies and moths. Some, however, had trained more formidable creatures to bear them.

The games opened by tilts with blunt lances, by knights in green and gold, mounted on the common meadow grasshopper. The shock of their encounter was tremendous, and instantly unseated many of the riders. After them came bolder knights on large gray grasshoppers, caught from sandy roadsides.

Higgins grew abstracted with the show, and the Prince left him, while this was going on, without his observing it.

Next rode into the lists a knight clad in silver armor, with his visor down. He was mounted on a sprightly black cricket, whom he leaped and curveted around the lists with exquisite courage and gracefulness. Halting at length before the throne, he threw down his glove, and offered bat-

tle with sharp lances to all comers. For a while, the boldness of the challenge occasioned a silence, and in the meantime the knight's squire, who rode a queer long-legged, spindle-shanked green grasshopper, with antennæ to correspond, which he was perpetually flourishing here and there, threw the whole assembly into shouts of laughter by his extraordinary leaps and summersets; sometimes steed and rider precipitating themselves from one end of the lists to the other, without any apparent object, tumbling heels over head at the end, and instantly recovering themselves as gravely as though nothing had happened.

But presently a strong warrior, twice the weight of the silver knight, and mounted on a huge horned beetle, lifted the glove and offered battle. The disproportion was so great there was an universal wish that the silver knight might withdraw his challenge. But, though by the law of the lists he might have done so, to the surprise of all, he leaped to his place, and set his lance in rest. The heralds sounded and the combatants met in mid-air with a furious shock. The silver knight's lance shivered against the horny covering of the head of his adversary's steed, while he himself would have been unseated, had not the weapon of the other glanced from his breast. Resuming fresh arms they again met in full career. But this time the silver knight succeeded in dextrously turning his opponent's flank, (whose insect, though of great momentum, and irresistible in direct power, was not easy to rein,) and as he passed under the left, he contrived to give the huge beetle a thrust under the wing, where his armor was weakest, that brought him at once to the ground. Loud *ricas* greeted the victor, who advanced to the foot of the throne, where his grotesque squire relieved him of his helmet, and to Higgins's great astonishment, revealed the features of Prince Hobok, who till now he thought had been standing by his side. When the multitude became aware who it was, the acclamations were louder than ever, but Higgins could see the Prince still bowing and conversing among the ladies of the royal cortège, like one accustomed to the homage due to rank and noble qualities. Soon, however, he observed him gazing where

he stood, and directing thither the attention of a group of glittering damsels.

Higgins grew uncomfortable. He was ever reserved in the presence of many, though with no listeners he could have wooed Semiramis. What was to be done? Concealing himself was out of the question. There was no shift but to face it out.

As he expected, it was not long before a page came to conduct him to the royal presence. Now he was in for it indeed. His nervous agitation grew intolerable, and probably would have quite overpowered him, had he not been spared by a most astonishing catastrophe. Just as he placed his foot upon the stairs that led up

to the throne, there was an awful explosion, louder than thunder, in the midst of the palace, and all vanished in hurlyburly!

Imagine our friend's astonishment, when on recovering his perceptions, he found himself still sitting in the *Café Français*. He must have been asleep some time, for the two billiard players had finished their games, and the old gentleman his paper, and departed. A new customer had come in who was now drinking soda from a bottle that had just been opened. Higgins reflected a moment, and concluded that it must be near tea-time, and that he would do well to go to his boarding-house, which he accordingly did. G. W. P.

FREE SOIL POLICY.

A DISPOSITION prevails in certain sections of the Whig party, to sink all other considerations in order to support the one great measure of opposing the extension of domestic slavery to the territories newly acquired to our nation. Whatever may be the justice or policy of the ultimate measures proposed, however pure may be the intentions of those who propose to sink or swim by them, there are considerations, which if consistency is valued, should not be overlooked or lightly esteemed.

We conceive that the course proposed, by which a candidate will be put before the people professedly of the *one-idea* school of David Wilmot, is a desertion of principles and professions eminently dangerous in its tendency, while promising no aid to the accomplishment of the designs supposed to justify it.

The last consideration we purpose briefly to consider.

It will be readily admitted that sacrifices, even great sacrifices, are to be made in order to secure the election of a free soil President. Some go so far as to propose

the support of a thorough Democrat by Whig votes, if he only profess the *ONE IDEA* in its purity. We must then suppose that the election of a President entertaining those opinions will either secure their universal reception, or at least place them in a position ultimately to triumph. Unless such a deduction is established, the reasoning men of the country will not subscribe to that party or its measures. We are prepared to prove by cogent reasoning, that such an expectation is fallacious; that a free soil President can do nothing in aid of the principles he represents. We are also prepared to prove that the interests of free labor are not concerned in either the election or the defeat of the Whig candidate.

If the extension of domestic slavery to the territories is to be successfully opposed, it must constitutionally be done through some other authority than that of the executive. We say *constitutionally opposed*—for we have seen in the examples afforded by President Jackson and his dwindling successors, that in the misuse of the executive functions, there springs up

an illegitimate influence equal to the work of perverting the national councils and corrupting the national morals. To this influence Whigs professing respect for principle are forbidden to resort. We would blush to confess ourselves willing to employ unconstitutional means to accomplish even the most laudable and necessary results.

The eagerness with which parties at the present day are wont to grasp at the presidency as the embodiment of power and influence in this democratic republic, renders an examination of the constitutional character of the executive authority of the first importance. It may result with the permission of candor and good sense in turning the eyes of statesmen to that branch of the government which is its great democratic feature, and in directing the hopes of patriots to a source of power constitutionally able to fulfil their expectations. This inquiry may appear useless to those popular-will worshippers who consider usurped authority, and even despotic force, legitimate means, so that they be used in concert with the *vox populi*. But those who value right and reason, will appreciate their force as well as the necessity of their frequent reiteration.

The peculiarity of our Constitution is, that it lodges the whole body of legislative power in the national legislature, composed of the immediate representatives of the people. Within the bounds prescribed by the Constitution, there is no power but theirs. They are the head of the nation—its will—in respect to which the other organic functions of the government are mere mechanical agencies travelling within the circuit of the Constitution, doing what the hands in subjection to the will find to do.

By this feature our Constitution is distinguished from the monarchies and despotisms which have usurped the rights of the people. If we have advanced one step beyond the maxims of absolutism, it is in stripping the executive of all authority to force the will of the many to succumb to the will of an individual.

We are not always careful to distinguish the English Constitution from our own in this respect. The strong points of resemblance in the two systems are apt to lead to the conclusion that there are no essential differences between them; a mistake

by no means unnatural, though tending to lead us astray from the rule of the Constitution.

The individual interests of royalty require that the embryo of legislation should be hatched under the royal care. That which is to become legislative policy, must first become ministerial policy. The influence of the crown moulding public measures at the outset is as obviously necessary to preserve the peculiar interests of monarchy as it is certainly directed towards strengthening the power and influence of the crown and aristocracy. We have no unnatural institutions disturbing the equilibrium of complete political equality, and therefore we need no such feature in our Constitution. We have no desire to create such inequalities, and therefore avoid an institution tending to such a result. Political equality enables to enjoy the blessings of untrammelled legislation.

But granting that no evils would result from intrusting our Executive with the same influence upon legislation that is conceded to the crown and ministry, its constitutional character is such that similar powers could not be exercised. The President is indeed surrounded by a cabinet in many respects analagous to the ministry, but unlike the ministry they have no direct communication with the legislature, through which their influence on legislation could be exerted. This direct communication is the lever by which the crown moves Parliament.

The absurdity of such a communication between the President and Congress is too apparent to need comment. Our judicious Constitution, for the wisest reasons, studiously avoided an institution at war with the democratic principles upon which our government stands.

The early constitution of the State of New York, while it remained a colonial possession of Great Britain, received from the model of the mother country the idea of a ministry in the council that surrounded and aided the governors. While we remained a colony, the pliancy of the council in the hands of the colonial governors and the home government, satisfied the expectations of its European projectors; but as the democratic element became more perfectly developed, the council became merged in the senate, stripping the gov-

error of everything except his strictly executive functions.

It is impossible by any construction of the Constitution to concede to the President the right to interfere in the ferments and discussions that precede the final action of the Legislature, preparatory to submitting acts of legislation to him for his constitutional sanction. Such a construction has not yet been, and, probably, never will be attempted; but, unless it is successfully accomplished, the position we have assumed is unimpeachable.

It may be urged that the Constitution, in assigning to the President the duty of presenting to Congress at its opening a statement of the condition of the country, and of submitting to their consideration measures suitable for legislation, intended to place him in communication with Congress, and to give him weight in their deliberations; but the argument will be found upon examination to be fallacious.

The President, from his elevated position overlooking the interests of the whole nation, is supposed to acquire much information suitable to inform the deliberations of Congress. Whether the supposition is correct, and whether the President in reality possesses a clearer insight into the state of the country than the prominent political men who compose the Legislature, may be questioned; but the provision is harmless, and the whole system would appear incomplete without it. With the simple suggestion ends the legitimate duty of the President. The Legislature would justly be impatient of receiving advice from even so respectable a source; much less would submit to dictation.

The Executive veto cannot be urged as an objection to this position, as to the right of the Executive to interfere with legislation. The President cannot make a law nor fashion one already made. For the wisest ends he is intrusted with the power of opposing a temporary clog to legislation, which becomes powerless if a sufficient proportion of the Legislature choose to overlook his objections.

This authority can only be exercised under the Constitution in three cases: when an act of legislation is in violation of the Constitution; when it tends to disturb the equilibrium of the organic functions of the government; and when it has

been procured by corruption. Differences of opinion exist in relation to this subject, which we will not undertake to reconcile at this time; but we assume with abundant reason that in this limitation of the veto to the enumerated cases the great body of the Whigs and most intelligent Democrats will agree.

We will in vain look for illustrations of this distinction to the practices of the last Presidents; but if we look back to the times of the early Presidents, who yielded respect for the Constitution to no behests of party policy, or individual ambition, we shall find these principles operating in their purity.

If we have established that the interference of the Executive with legislation is inconsistent with the prerogatives of Congress, it is no less apparent that such an assumption of power is inconsistent with the position and duties assigned to him by the Constitution.

The Executive, in order to fulfil the expectations of the Constitution, must hold himself aloof from all sectional partialities, and one-idea partisanship. That degree of confidence in him which is necessary to the harmonious conduct of public affairs, can only be drawn forth from every section of the country, by strict impartiality in the administration of government. In order to secure permanence and efficiency to the government, the best understanding must exist between the Executive and every section of the country. Our peculiar Constitution renders it of the utmost importance that he should avoid incurring the distrust or resentment of any State or section of the Union. Composed as the federal Union is of free sovereign States, held together by a sense of mutual dependence and interest, watchful and distrustful of the sovereignty they have voluntarily erected over themselves, the confidence of all should be sedulously cultivated rather than impaired. By this means the natural jealousy which must exist between the superior and the subordinate sovereignties may be held in check, and made a source of the greatest benefit, instead of danger to the Union.

Shall attention to these facts secure the harmony of the national family, or shall their neglect be suffered to foment disagreement and end in dissolution?

The Executive is in great measure responsible for the feeling which prevails toward the general Government. The Legislature is in session during a portion only of the year; it is then dissolved, and its members are returned to mingle with the people in the ordinary avocations of life. Its political acts survive its official dissolution, and live in the policy of government. The Executive, on the contrary, throughout the whole of his official career, is identified with the government. In his hands the wheels of government are kept in motion, after the power which originated their motion has for all substantial purposes ceased to exist. He gives vital power to their abstract determinations. Through him the policy of the government is felt in its application to persons and property. Consequently he can by just and impartial administration soothe the irritation excited by an unpopular law, or throw the country into discontent with the wisest legislation by the misuse of his powers.

In this view of the position of the Executive, it is apparent that distrust of the man must reflect odium upon the government administered by him. If the President is known to have strong local attachments, we look for discrimination in application of the laws favoring the objects of his affection. If he entertains strong resentments, the eye is turned to the quarter lying within the ban of his displeasure, to see the visitations of his resentment in the form of onerous discriminations and unfavorable constructions.

The President has within his actual, though not his constitutional power, the ability to favor particular States or local interests, in the application, or rather misapplication, of the laws. If he entertains partialities strong enough to corrupt his integrity, he has the means of gratifying them. If he is influenced by prejudice, or dislike, he finds frequent opportunities of indulging them. As an instance of this kind, we may point to the comparatively recent exhibition of Executive recklessness, which forced the necessities of western navigation to yield to the conveniences of more favored portions of the country. Instances of this kind are so abundant, and fresh in the minds of our readers, that further particularity is unnecessary.

We are glad to forbear pressing this

topic, for we are inclined rather to exalt the office by remembering the dignity it attained under the first Presidents, than to demean it by recalling the littlenesses which have soiled it in the hands of their degenerate successors.

Let it be borne in mind, that the Union can only be maintained by constantly bringing government back to the purity of the Constitution. Occasional departures may not produce its overthrow, but if they are suffered to widen and deepen without correction, the point of safety will be passed much sooner than is generally supposed. Agitations have arisen at different periods of our national existence, both at the North and at the South, produced by no grievances justifying their severity, yet evincing the startling fact that the Union is unsafe from the moment an impression arises, that the course of government is hostile to any section of the country. We will not help to write the darkest part of our history, but leave it to the recollection of the well-informed, to point to those instances of dissatisfaction to which we refer.

In view of these facts, it is fearful to observe sections of country having interests at variance with their neighbors striving to elect a representative of their individual opinions. This effort is the more dangerous, as passions aroused in such contests spread their infection to the breasts of the most patriotic citizens, and deepen the breach with a rapidity soon placing the malady beyond the power of remedy.

We may again turn for instruction to the English Constitution, where this danger is skilfully avoided. The King is professedly of no party. He surrounds himself by ministers representing the predominating policy. With changes of policy, the ministry rise and fall—one day centering in themselves the hopes of the country, the next borne down by the weight of popular displeasure. The King only remains unchangeable—the father of his country—attached to no party, bound by no pledges. Such at least is the impression which that Constitution aims to create. Accordingly those political overthrows which in the most conservative of the enlightened nations so often overtake the ministry, prostrating it under a weight of odium, do not reach the authority or the influence of the crown. Were the King identified with par-

tiular public measures, as it is claimed our Presidents should be, such overthrows would endanger not only the efficiency of the executive head, but its very existence.

This distinction has not been attended to in the Constitution recently emanated from the French National Assembly, and we may yet see the truth of these observations verified in the history of that unfortunate Republic.

It follows from these considerations, that the continuance of constitutional authority in the executive department is deeply interested in the separation of the Executive from all sectional and all violent political agitations.

We are now prepared to examine the principles and policy of this one-idea party.

It proposes to support and possibly to elect to the Presidency a man committed to certain opinions and pledged to certain measures hostile to the extension of slavery beyond its present limits. But he must and will be more than this, if he represents the feeling of his party. He will be the champion of free labor and the sworn enemy of slave labor in every form. We do not say that he would violate the guarantees of the Constitution to the South—we do not think he would; but he will be recognized both at the North and at the South as opposed to domestic slavery in every form. To draw any other conclusion is mere idling.

Thus it is proposed to hurry the Executive into a partisan warfare, which must inevitably place him at war with either the North or the South, in reference to a question which has always been the most exciting, and which seems destined to try the strength of our institutions and our patriotism. It matters not whether Northern or Southern influence predominates, the effect will be equally deplorable in distracting and dividing the nation, and shattering the bond of confidence that holds us in unity. What would be the consequence if a pro-slavery party should fill the public offices at the North with men devoted to the triumph of their opinions? What would result from an attempt to appoint anti-slavery office-holders throughout the South? Let the country reflect upon this. But if a President is elected by either of those parties, such a result, however deplorable, must follow.

We will not pursue this theme, but leave to the candor and discernment of well-meaning men of all parties the task of tracing these tendencies to their end.

But what are the great ends to be attained by thus running the Republic in hazard of dissolution, sufficiently important to justify that great risk? They would be among the following:—

To secure legislation on the subject from impediment, from the misuse of the veto.

To secure a presidential recommendation.

To secure the indirect influence of the Executive—its patronage, and the like.

This is the sum of all the means which the Executive can bring to the aid of the one idea. From the veto all that can be asked is, that it shall not intercept legislative action in regard to the extension or recognition of slavery in the territories. So far as that legislative action is protected by the Constitution, Gen. Taylor promises all that could be asked of any candidate, even were he to represent the free soil party itself. His pledges to this point are explicit; he will confine the veto to its legitimate use.

In reply to this it will be said that Gen. Taylor's views, in relation to the constitutionality of the measures proposed, are not known. It may be, say the objectors, that he will take different views of the subject from those we entertain. Upon this doubt hangs the only argument which can be used to sustain the free soil movement.

Let us state the point fairly. A man must be elected who is known to conform to the opinions we entertain of the means which can be constitutionally employed to prevent the further extension of slavery. He must be pledged to pronounce certain measures constitutional, which are not even so definitely proposed that it is possible to judge of their conformity to the Constitution. In fine, he must in every case put free soil, one-idea construction on the Constitution, taking good care to destroy every measure of legislation injuriously affecting the progress of free soil opinions.

But should the President be found compliant, there is still another tribunal which may negative the force of the desired legislation: must that tribunal also be packed with men of your opinions? The honest voice of the nation would cry out against any attempt to forestall a decision of the

Supreme Court by securing the appointment of judges entertaining certain opinions. But why that may be done with the President, who, as it regards the veto, is but a preventive instead of a retributive tribunal, we cannot perceive.

We hesitate not to pronounce such a course dangerous in the extreme to the security of liberty and property, destructive of independence and impartiality in the executive decisions, and injurious to public morals. It is but another attempt of radical democracy to grasp at independent opinion, and prostrate it before the will of the majority. It is plainly better that legislation should be temporarily interrupted than that a precedent should be established capable of being used for the most violent ends. The use of such means belongs to a temporizing policy incapable of appreciating the value of what is magnanimous.

In order to excuse the use of such means as an extreme remedy suited to a desperate disease, it devolves on the one-idea party to show that either their principles or their measures are in danger from abuse of the veto by Gen. Taylor. This is impossible. The most that is pretended is, that no assurances of friendly sympathy have been given them by the nominee of the Whig party. As for a hint of an opinion to the contrary, the thing is not pretended.

Can there be any, it will be asked, who profess to be willing to use any influence of the Executive unauthorized by the Constitution? There are such, and they are by far the most difficult to contend with, as they obstinately persist in drawing their arguments from what they are pleased to call practical views. These are the *practical men* of the one-idea party, (if the paradox is pardonable.) They profess contempt for such metaphysical abstractions as those which are honored by our Constitution as profound truths. They regard nothing but immediate and practical results, losing sight of remote though certain consequences. Let these men be the mouth-piece of the party.

"The President," say they, "has an indirect influence, not conferred by the Constitution, but acquired through certain extrinsic channels, too effective to be neglected. We have seen," they continue,

"that the Executive can plunge the nation into war or restore it to the blessings of peace as suits his caprice; let that same power be exerted in behalf of universal liberty, and its triumph is secure."

But has not that very assumption of power been the theme of your just reproach? Then will you use means which you condemn in an adversary as destructive of liberty and subversive to the Constitution in the prosecution of your own plans? To confess this is to confess to yourselves a deeper reproach than they can be charged with; for they employ means which they maintain to be constitutional,—you employ those very means admitting their dishonesty.

Though disguised under specious names, or what is worse, under no name at all, the instruments they unblushingly propose to use are the influence of Washington—the support of official patronage—the power of the lobby.

Corruption is the source of the influence they covet. Corruption, therefore, they invoke to the aid of humanity. But humanity scorns the offering and the hypocritical worshipper. It is impossible to trace that which we have designated as the indirect influence of the Executive, when it exhibits more than a natural sympathy in principle and in pursuit with the party to which he owes his elevation, to any other source than to the misuse of his official powers. The President should agree with the party by which he is supported as to the principles upon which government should be conducted. It is true that from his position in public life he must have formed opinions on all the great subjects of general and sectional interest. If he has not great strength of mind he may find himself at times attracted too strongly by his partialities, or repelled by his aversions. Human nature is not exempt from such weaknesses; but they afford no apology to those who would convert an inconsiderable bias into a sworn partisanship.

We hear it admitted on all sides that the power of the Executive has been stretched beyond the limits of the Constitution. It has even been charged as a reproach that our President is more powerful than the King of Great Britain. That no such power was intended to be

given by the Constitution, we have the authority as well as the unanswerable arguments of one of the strongest supporters of an efficient Executive, General Hamilton. Suffering, as at this moment we are, from the autocratic assumptions of a professedly democratic President, the Constitution calls loudly for the correction of this dangerous and growing evil.

The present time appears opportune for this purpose. The Whig party have nominated a man who makes one pledge, the only pledge a President should make—the only pledge Washington would make—to administer the government according to the Constitution; an avowed supporter of the views entertained by the early Presidents of that instrument. Under the circumstances how can Whigs desert their principles and their organization in order to carry agitations, which ought to be confined to Congress, into the administration of the government?

But should the free soil party consent to use such means, and so far prove successful as to elevate to the presidency some one of the numerous aspirants to office, who are ready to ride into place and power on any wave of popular opinion, they have no right to expect consistency or even common honesty from him. The use of unscrupulous means leads naturally to disregard of right and duty.

Should Mr. Van Buren be elected through

their votes, might he not say to the disinterested friends who procured his election—*Gentlemen, although I owe to you my success, and feel under the greatest obligations to you for your support, yet I have no power to aid your plans, though you have my heartiest wishes for their success.* Judging from the political character of that gentleman, would he not be likely to use such language, at once soothing to the irritated feelings of the South and unanswerable by his friends at the North? Any other result than this would disappoint calculations based upon the history of a political life, reflecting little credit on the consistency of political men.

If there is a single argument in support of the free soil movement, unanswered by us, it must be somewhere involved in the fashionable declaration against Presidents who do not advocate universal liberty. We hear it said with apparent sincerity by men from whom we have a right to expect fair reasons, *we will vote for no man who is not a friend of universal liberty.* If there is any force in this language, independent of all ability in the President to aid or impede the progress of universal liberty, we have yet to learn wherein it consists. When the country is favored with an exposition of the latent meaning of this declaration, it will be time enough to meet its arguments or dispel its sophisms.

LACONICS.

1. THEOPHRASTUS, the inventor of that species of writing which aims with a polite ridicule at the vices of manners, not only delights me with his delineations of Athenian character, but persuades me that men in a Democracy are the same in all ages. I am led by his exemplars to believe, that the bad manners of Democracy spring from insolence, as those of Monarchies do, chiefly, from servility of mind.

2. Vivax is a rich man of talent; a favorite at the Free and Easy. On his second visit to me, he bursts open my door, and coming up, administers me a friendly salutation on my head with a cane. I rise in terror, prepared for a conflict; it is a robber or some furious sot. What an error! it is only a snob.

3. Tigellinus has a rare appreciation of character: if you are courteous with him, he is insolent; if mild, he is cruel; if rude and audacious, he is meek and polite.

4. Pestalozzi lives surrounded by a circle of admiring friends. He nurses a proud superiority. Pestalozzi does not know that the circle of his fame doth not extend so far, that he cannot in an hour travel out of it. What a sad spectacle is this worthy man escaped into the world!

5. Greatness is fond of disguises. It delights to show itself only when the occasion appears. There is a philosophy, dare I call it, arisen of late, which would have us always on the alert, and ready with our heroism. Those who practice this, are easily known by a certain air of subdued conceit; their faces shine with it.

6. "If I dared make a comparison between two very unequal conditions, I would say, that the 'man of character' does his duty, as the slater his slating, without thought of the danger; death to him is an inconvenience of the trade, (*métier*,) and never an obstacle. The first is no more elated with having appeared in the trench, or carried a work, than the other with having mounted a high roof or a pinnacle. They are only two workmen busy with perfect-

ing their work, while the *fanfaron* (coxcomb) works that men may say it is well done."—*La Bruyère*.

7. The time so long desired, so long prayed for, has arrived.

8. No man is my master but he who, without any equivalent, supplies my wants. If any man feeds my stomach or my vanity, he is so far necessary to me, and, if he is wise, can use me to his purposes.

9. The tyrant of tyrants is that unseen and blameless one, the public. It follows us into the closet, and hurts the sincerity of our prayers.

9. Who are those that criticise the great and good? Let us watch them and see what great matter *they* will produce.

10. Respect thyself? O yes, who would not? But one must love men very dearly to *say* that.

11. The proudest race of men in the world are the negroes of Ashantee, and the half Arabs of Abyssinia. They are excellent heroes by some creeds.

12. There are two kinds of stolidity, of the intellect and of the heart. One assumes the name of magnanimity, the other of respect. One is the vice of the Aristocrat, the other of the Toady. The one is the shadow of the other.

13. A Spanish grandee, it is said, will not go an hundred yards afoot, but must have his horse under him, be the way never so short. So is it with technical authors: they invite a neighbor to dinner with the feeling of a trope; they use grammar and rhetoric where men of business merely speak.

14. Those whom I mean to be most careful not to offend, are the weak, because they cannot easily avenge themselves, and the strong because they can.

15. An utter fool does everything like a fool; but an utter fool is a natural impossibility.

16. Folly appears more in the manner, than in the matter of action; roguery more in the matter than in the manner.

17. There are to be met persons of

figure, and of much outward consequence, to whom your only possible courtesy, is to ask them if they will take another slice of the beef.

18. The characteristic of a Yankee is impudence; of a New-Englander, independence.

19. Mopsa met me in the street yesterday, and stopped to converse, but had nothing ready to say. I am very sorry for Mopsa, and shall be careful not to see her again, if I can do so without offence.

20. Desiderius has inquired this day about my uncle's health, for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time within the year. Either the memory of Desiderius is bad, or he is a foolish fellow.

21. Bombastes honored me to-day with a very deep bow, garnished with a fine smile. I have not said anything of Bombastes, either good or bad, to any mortal; I have not even thought of him this month. My reputation is rising.

22. Seeing all men rude, thought I, why not I also! So saying, I nodded familiarly to the venerable Eugenius. He regarded it calmly; but for me, I was shamed.

23. To exceed the truth is better than to fall below it; as it is less a fault to overrate than to underrate.

24. I once knew a very haughty gentleman who made it a point to underrate what he described, for fear of seeming fond or solicitous. The trick pleased awhile, but soon disgusted more than the worst exaggeration.

25. Next to speaking truth, the most difficult art is to speak eloquently.

26. Laughter and Pity are alike children of Pride. Why then are we more willing to laugh than to weep, in public, or at a play? Because a deep sensibility is the greatest ornament of character. A public exposure of its signs, brings a suspicion of affectation or hypocrisy. Again, to weep at the recital of fictitious sorrows, is a proof of inexperience; and there be no merit in laughter, nor in the want of heart, it may yet be magnanimous to suppress mirth and pity. Mirth, however, is an universal affection, and places us in sympathy with the whole world, but pity isolates, and distinguishes.

27. Men of sense abhor nothing more than a senseless obstinacy; the ignorant

mistake their jealousy on this head for an irresolute temper of mind, while the headstrong partisan passes for a man of principle.

28. Perfect liberty allows of no partialities; the genuine republican cannot be a very violent partisan. The dullest fellows are those, who think that liberty consists in being of the liberty party.

29. A free government is a government modelled upon the plan of a free mind.

30. Martyrs of obstinacy are to martyrs of faith, as one hundred to one.

31. The whole world is jealous, and rouses itself, against one who is just entering upon a great reputation. His friends, even, think it hard to grant him that which seems to lessen them, and which brings their penetration in question. The mediocre people wait for the decision of their superiors, before they dare publicly favor a rising genius.

32. Herillus has a modest opinion of his own wisdom. He dares not assert even that wine, if used in excess, will intoxicate, unless Scripture bears him out in that opinion. Plato, says the learned and truly modest Herillus, thought virtue commendable, and the ancients generally considered those prudent who conducted their affairs wisely.

33. When we can see no reason for an absurd behavior, we laugh at it; if we suspect a secret and powerful reason, we are astonished. Hence the laughter of the sceptical, the wonder of the superstitious. It is difficult to resist numbers; we cannot believe in the folly of assembled thousands, though the folly of one is easily felt and despised.

34. We laugh at an absurdity which proceeds from wrong imaginations, but not at those which proceed from mere stupidity, or want of power. Laughable absurdities of conduct seem to flow from an excess of character in some one direction, not from a total defect of character.

35. There is nothing ludicrous in superstition or in selfishness. Ludicrous points of character flow out of vanity or sentimentality, false ambition or false sympathy.

36. Pride is not ludicrous, but only hateful, or terrible. At a conceit founded in opinion we laugh, but not at a serious self-conceit, over which argument has no power.

37. We smile *with* vanity, sympathizing with it; or *at* vanity, as being proudly superior to it.

38. Sentimentality is perhaps absurdity founded in a false opinion of the condition of another—a sympathizing with what does not exist, which places the object in the relation of a puppet or harmless deceiver. When the sympathy is false and the object false, the ridicule is double.

39. Hypocrisy is ludicrous when it acts upon vanity or sentimentality.

40. The substance of sentimentality is false sympathy; its existing cause vanity, or the desire of being admired and loved by the many.

41. It is possible to love a person without respecting him, as mothers love children, as a wise friend loves a foolish one.

43. Those who pass their hours of meditation considering whom they shall praise, to whom they shall award respect, seem to have determined already in their own thoughts, that they themselves are above all praise, and entitled to unlimited respect.

44. Why, my Narcissus, do you entertain so excessive a dread of flattery? Why this fear of being approved?

IV. I wish to be worshipped, not praised.

45. Of a meditative conceit, the outward signs are a manner apparently courteous, but really oppressive, &c.

46. Works, amusements, conversation, all must agree. An artist cannot produce a good work when his leisure is spoiled with sentimentality, or the company of conceited monsters, the enemies of freedom and good works.

47. Intellect is so perfect a slave it can neither invent nor produce anything of itself. Reason must employ it.

48. The secret of immortality in works of art and wisdom, turns perhaps upon three things—true knowledge, which is acquired through reverence of nature, and ideas; liberty, which is proper to the man, and shapes his work and bears him through it; and lastly, the desire of honorable fame, which seeks the love of the best in all ages.

49. A great deal is said of the effects of free institutions in producing artists, orators, and moralists. But it is evident, that these institutions are themselves a fruit of the same tree with the arts they are sup-

posed to cherish. The same liberty of soul that produces the artists produces also statesmen.

50. The vanity of celebrated women, spoiled by the admiration of crowds, can be likened to nothing but the appetite of a shark. It swallows men, women and children whole; nay, churches, creeds and philosophies. A great man is only a delicate morceau, and an interesting child a tit-bit for these enormous devourers.

51. Plato, says our Narcissus, ground everything into paint. Narcissus says true, but what did Plato with this paint? Did he lay it upon his own cheeks?

52. Men should be as gods to one another, said Narcissus to his toady. His toady assented, and Narcissus was pleased to see that he understood him.

53. Blabo's daughter died lately, and Blabo went instantly to read her letters to some friends. They were touching, religious, full of filial tenderness, and seasoned with a pretty respect and admiration of her father. The friends listen attentively; they weep, admire the child, and despise Blabo.

54. Justus is intimate with Felicia, who is much younger than himself. Cara, whom he loves, but who is old and experienced, cautions him against too great a kindness to Felicia. Justus then first perceives three things—that Cara is jealous, that Felicia is susceptible, and that he himself is agreeable. He begins immediately to despise Cara and to love her friend.

55. Pride inspires awe, *until* we understand it; justice and firmness, only *when* we understand them.

56. Persuade a mob that a certain beggar is a just man, and without malice, and they will carry him on their shoulders. Popular hatred is founded on a suspicion of a bad heart.

57. If the American government is the most corrupt in the world, (which may be doubted,) it is the least injurious in its corruption.

58. We are at heart an ambitious people—the most ambitious that have ever existed; and this ambition is fomented not by the jealousy of a few aristocrats, or by a race of poets prating of gloiy, but by the natural and irresistible power of avarice, the desire of personal aggrandizement, the hatred of a whole people against

the ancient tyrannies, and a feeling of the fate that impels us.

59. The greatest calamities of nations are occasioned by the fomenting of national animosities. If the author of certain articles in certain English reviews had a thousand necks and could be hanged by each one of them, it would be worth the while of England to do it, for the miseries into which this writer may possibly draw both nations by exciting their hostility against each other. The greatest dangers are in the meanest and the most virulent pens, as the most fatal poison is in spiders and serpents. A fox may set fire to corn and make a famine. Let us remember the fable of the trumpeter.

60. As the horse delights in running for its own sake, the radical delights in reform for its own sake, and not for any good he or others are to reap from it.

61. The plain partisan inquires only how his own interests and that of his friends will be affected by a measure. The ambitious has another motive, namely, to feel that he has moved the world.

62. As there is a pleasure in rolling rocks over a precipice, and men will toil under a burning sun to gain it, so there is a pleasure in putting bodies of men in motion; and men will toil through years of restless labor to roll the old royal stone of law and custom into the gulf, and listen with unfeigned joy to the sound of its precipitation.

63. "My country, right or wrong." But if wrong is ruin, can you say that?

64. The radical party are those who see no hope on their part of profiting by the present condition of affairs. So says the old maxim, but the radical party *may* be right for all that.

65. Most women hate each other; they are misogynists without knowing it.

66. We naturally hate those who offer the exterior of friendship without the spirit. But this is what most women and feminine men usually do to each other.

67. Most women detest the intimacies of men with each other, and endeavor to prevent them. Men dislike the intimacies of women, but seldom take the pains to prevent them.

68. The bitterest self-reproaches are for

having neglected to enjoy a proffered happiness.

69. We sometimes repent of having been silent.

70. When we have over-acted a passion, we delight in discovering its opposites—as after excessive demonstration of love, it does not pain the heart much to be a little cruel.

71. Our principles are never either better or worse after maturity; only our knowledge and our opinions vary.

72. There is a peculiar relish in offering the form of courtesy to a courteous enemy; it is the first step towards reconciliation.

73. The confidence of young persons has a mixture of selfishness, which sours into misanthropy as they grow older and more cautious.

74. The greatest service Philosophy can render us, is to show the boundaries and causes of our faults and vices. Is not this the only self-knowledge?

75. "Those who fancy they can penetrate the bad motives of others, have only formed an unusually bad opinion of themselves." How is it then with the tragedians and comic poets?

76. Suspicion being partly founded on self-knowledge, is a property equally of the bad and good.

77. There may be self-knowledge without remorse, but not without virtue of some kind.

78. All men are naturally bad, but the virtuous know and avoid the opportunities and temptations.

79. Some men who bear with indifference the loss of a limb or of a fortune, are horribly perplexed with little inconveniences. The reason, perhaps, is they are faint-hearted. A great hope is a great grief, and none but a strong mind can suffer a great evil.

80. It is of mighty consequence where you take up your abode. A wise man in a foolish town, or a courteous man among villagers, both are solitary, or are self-sacrificed.

81. In Rome my spirits depart from me: in Athens they return again. In Smithville I am a fool: elsewhere I am less of a fool; my spirits return to me.

THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.*

WE have been agreeably disappointed by this book. The title is of the sort usually found prefixed to what is sketchy and frivolous, not worth expense of time and eyesight. It is similar to the captions of articles in Blackwood, in which truth is often so plentifully sauced with fancy, that its original savor is imperceptible. Such made dishes are not wholesome, and hence it becomes a duty to be cautious of what appears in their shape.

Had the title begun at "Journal of a Tour," &c., it would have been sufficiently definite and in better keeping. At present it is bad for over nicety, no less than for being like those of Blackwood. It is obtrusively odd, and seems designed to attract attention in a manner similar to that of some public speakers, who preface their speeches with a designedly awkward bow or an *outré* sentence.

But of this enough. We have alluded to it only because the inventing of singular titles is a common offence, and ought to be noticed where it blemishes that in which there is little else to condemn.

"What I saw in California," (since we must call it so,) is a delightful narrative of a long and hazardous tour. Its first merit, that which, in books of travel, is what charity is in character, or action in oratory, is its truth. The title, ill-chosen though it be, is certainly not a misnomer. The writer evidently tells what he actually saw; there is not a page in journeying with him in which the reader does not feel sure of his facts. This alone is enough to make such a work interesting, and would do so were the facts of a much more every-day character.

It would be well if our tourists considered the advantages of this quality more than they are frequently apt to do. Let them consider how eagerly the public read

long reports of evidence, even where the facts have no particular character to render them attractive, and are neither exciting nor disgusting. There are many journals written by illiterate men, which have owed a large success simply to their power of inspiring belief. When Truth is wedded to Fiction, she always takes her consort's name, and the union being a forced one, he soon neglects her.

In the next place, this journal is written with great ability. The style is clear, careful, and natural. It exhibits an ample command of words, and a nice discrimination in their use. It has many poetic and characteristic qualities of the highest order.

The power of imparting new and striking effects to common phrases is a very remarkable and subtle faculty, quite as rare as that of uttering new and striking expressions. The difficulty is to sustain the tone at that precise level where the meaning of each clause shall seem to stand out directly, in its own light. To accomplish this, the writer must convey the impression of being himself perfectly aware of the exact purport of every word he utters. He must seem to write from a level of such extreme nicety, that no half of a sentence even escapes in the tempest of his eloquence from his pen, whose precise original meaning he does not superintend; for where a writer allows the common forms of language to flow from him in a careless manner, they affect the reader with only their conventional force; they are common-places, and nothing more. But if we feel that the writer chooses them, and uses them consciously, we derive all the advantages of the happiness, ease, or beauty of expression which brought them into the use that has weakened them. We seem to read them from his point of

* What I saw in California: being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the years 1846, 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of San Francisco. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

view, with their significance restored to them.

Hence we always find this power of brushing up the thousand turns of expression one hears every day in conversation, conjoined with a peculiar nervous control. This is quite remarkable in this book, and imparts to it an individuality that is very pleasing. We feel in the company of one who has an eye and soul capable of intense feeling, but who never loses self-command. He sees and feels everything, but is himself immovable. That power of reserve which is characteristic with the best artists seems a conspicuous element of his style, and imparts a feeling of confidence that is refreshing, as well as by sympathy directly invigorating to the reader.

It would be interesting to examine critically many fine passages illustrating this general opinion, but the book does not appear to have been prepared with the attention which would render it worthy of such an examination. With all the fidelity it has a little of the unimportant detail of a diary, particularly in the first part. This gives it an air of incompleteness, which places it, as an entire work, below the scope of such criticism as is challenged by many fine paragraphs and chapters.

We shall therefore content ourselves with skimming the narrative for the entertainment of our readers, leaving the reflections suggested by the peculiar merits of its style for some other occasion. It is not necessary to be very learned this hot weather. This book is the best account of travel in the far West that has appeared this long while, and it might be well to show why and wherein it is so, for the benefit of young writers; but the season is too warm. We had rather be on a prairie, encamped under a grove, with nothing to do but to watch the clouds.

Our author, with a small party, left Independence, Mo., on the fifth of May, 1846. His narrative then takes the form of a diary, giving what transpired each day, with the distance travelled, &c. The views of natural appearances which are constantly occurring, particularly of prairie landscapes, changes of weather, and the like, are the best we have ever read.

May 6.—As we approached what is called the Blue Prairie, the road became much drier

and less difficult. The vast prairie itself soon opened before us in all its grandeur and beauty. I had never before beheld extensive scenery of this kind. The many descriptions of the prairies of the West had forestalled in some measure the first impressions produced by the magnificent landscape that lay spread out before me as far as the eye could reach, bounded alone by the blue wall of the sky. No description, however, which I have read of these scenes, or which can be written, can convey more than a faint impression to the imagination of their effects upon the eye. The view of the illimitable succession of green undulations and flowery slopes, of every gentle and graceful configuration, stretching away and away until they fade from the sight in the dim distance, creates a wild and scarcely controllable ecstasy of admiration. I felt, I doubt not, some of the emotions natural to the aboriginal inhabitants of these boundless and picturesque plains, when roving with unrestrained freedom over them; and careless alike of the past and the future, luxuriating in the blooming wilderness of sweets which the Great Spirit had created for their enjoyment, and placed at their disposal.

The soil of these prairies is of the most inexhaustibly fertile composition, being a black loam, usually several feet in depth. Among the flowers which spangle the waves of this ocean of luxuriant vegetation, were the wild pink-verbena, and the wild indigo, with a blue bean-like blossom. The larkspur, and myriads of smaller flowers, ornament the velvety carpet of grass.

May 9.—Our camp this evening presents a most cheerful appearance. The prairie, miles around us, is enlivened by groups of cattle, numbering six or seven hundred, feeding upon the fresh green grass. The numerous white tents and wagon-covers before which the camp-fires are blazing brightly, represent a rustic village; and men, women, and children are talking, playing, and singing around them with all the glee of light and careless hearts. While I am writing a party at the lower end of the camp is engaged in singing hymns and sacred songs.

May 13.—Our march was along the Santa Fé trail, through an undulating prairie-country, occasionally dotted with a few trees and clumps of hazel-bushes. But generally there was no object for the eye to rest upon but the green and flowery slopes and gentle and ever-varying irregularities in the surface of the prairie. About one o'clock we passed what is called the "Lone Elm," a solitary tree, standing near a pool of water.

May 16.—Our route, with the exception of the low rich bottom of the Wakarusa, has been over the high rolling prairie. In the far distance we could see the narrow dark lines of timber, indicating the channels of the small water-courses, stretching far away, until lost in the haze, or concealed from our view by the

interposition of the horizon. Some of the slopes of the plain, in the perspective, were beautifully ornamented with clumps and rows of trees, representing the parks, avenues, and pleasure-grounds of some princely mansion, which the imagination was continually conjecturing might be hidden behind their dense foliage. Not a living or moving object of any kind appears upon the face of the vast expanse. The white-topped wagons, and the men and animals belonging to them, winding slowly over the hill-tops and through the hollows, are the only relief to the motionless torpor and tomblike stillness of the landscape. A lovelier scene was never gazed upon, nor one of more profound solitude.

May 20.—I saw near the trail this morning, a solitary wild rose, the first I have seen blooming in the prairies, the delightful fragrance of which instantly excited emotions of sadness and tenderness, by reviving in the memory a thousand associations connected with home, and friends, and civilization, all of which we had left behind, for a weary journey through a desolate wilderness. It is not possible to describe the effect upon the sensibilities produced by this modest and lonely flower. The perfume exhaled from its petals and enriching the 'desert air,' addressed a language to the heart more thrilling than the plaintive and impassioned accents from the inspired voice of music or poesy.

May 29.—Last night Mrs. Sarah Keyes, a lady aged 70, a member of the family of Mr. J. H. Reed of Illinois, and his mother-in-law, died. Mr. Reed, with his family, is emigrating to California. The deceased Mrs. Keyes, however, did not intend to accompany him farther than Fort Hall, where she expected to meet her son who emigrated to Oregon two or three years since. Her health, from disease and the debility of age, was so feeble, that when she left her home, she entertained but faint hopes of being able to endure the hardships of the journey. Her physicians had announced to her that she could live but a short time, and this time she determined to devote to an effort to see her only son once more on earth. Such is a mother's affection! The effort, however, was in vain. She expired without seeing her child.

The event, although it had been anticipated several days, cast a shade of gloom over our whole encampment. The construction of the ferry-boat and all recreations were suspended, out of respect for the dead, and to make preparations for the funeral. A cotton-wood tree was felled, and the trunk of it split into planks, which being first hewn with an axe and then planed, were constructed into a coffin, in which the remains of the deceased were deposited. A grave was excavated a short distance from the camp, under an oak tree on the right hand side of the trail. A stone was procured, the surface of which being smoothed, it was fashioned into

the shape of a tombstone, and the name and age, and the date of the death of the deceased, were graven upon it.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., a funeral procession was formed, in which nearly every man, woman, and child of the company united, and the corpse of the deceased lady was conveyed to its last resting-place, in this desolate but beautiful wilderness. Her coffin was lowered into the grave. A prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Mr. Cornwall. An appropriate hymn was sung by the congregation with much pathos and expression. A funeral discourse was then pronounced by the officiating clergyman, and the services were concluded by another hymn and a benediction. The grave was then closed and carefully sodded with the green turf of the prairie, from whence annually will spring and bloom its brilliant and many-colored flowers. The inscription on the tombstone, and on the tree beneath which is the grave, is as follows: "MRS. SARAH KEYES, DIED MAY 29, 1846: AGED 70."

The night is perfectly calm. The crescent moon sheds her pale rays over the dim landscape; the whippoorwill is chanting its lamentations in the neighboring grove; the low and mournful hooting of the owl is heard at a far-off distance, and altogether the scene, with its adjuncts around us, is one of peace, beauty, and enjoyment.

June 21.—We encamped about five o'clock, P. M., on the bank of the Platte, about three miles from the "Chimney Rock." This remarkable landmark derives its name from some resemblance which it bears to a chimney. Its height from the base to the apex is several hundred feet, and in a clear atmosphere it can be seen at a distance of forty miles. It is composed of soft rock, and is what remains of one of the bluffs of the Platte, the fierce storms of wind and rain which rage in this region, having worn it into this shape. The column which represents the chimney, will soon crumble away and disappear entirely.

The scenery to the right of the rock as we face it from the river, is singularly picturesque and interesting. There are four high elevations of architectural configuration, one of which would represent a distant view of the ruins of the Athenian Acropolis; another the crumbling ruins of an Egyptian temple; a third, a Mexican pyramid; the fourth, the mausoleum of one of the Titans. In the background the bluffs are worn into such figures as to represent ranges of castles and palaces. A black cloud which has risen in the west since three o'clock, hangs suspended like a sable curtain over this picture of nature in ruin and desolation. A narrow bright line of lurid light extends along the western horizon beneath the dark mass of vapor where the sun is setting, casting huge and lengthened shadows over the plain, from pyramids, spires, and domes, in the far distance.

The illusion is so perfect that no effort of the imagination is required to suppose ourselves encamped in the vicinity of the ruins of some vast city erected by a race of giants, contemporaries of the Megatherii and the Ichthyosaurii.

June 22.—If I could I would endeavor to describe to the reader by the use of language, a picture presented this morning, at sunrise, just as we were leaving our encampment, among these colossal ruins of nature. But the essay would be in vain. No language, except that which is addressed directly to the eye, by the pencil and brush of the artist, can portray even a faint outline of its almost terrific sublimity. A line of pale and wintry light behind the stupendous ruins, (as they appeared to the eye,) served to define their innumerable shapes, their colossal grandeur, and their gloomy and mouldering magnificence. Over us, and resting upon the summits of these, were the black masses of vapor, whose impending weight appeared ready to fall and crush everything beneath them. The cold winds blew with the force of a tornado, and the dark drapery which obscured the heavens was wrapping its sable folds as if to shelter and protect the skies from the fury of the storm.

June 23.—A portion of the Sioux women are decidedly beautiful. Their complexion is a light copper color, and, when they are not rouged artificially, the natural glow of the blood is displayed upon their cheeks in a delicate flush, rendering their expression of countenance highly fascinating. The dress of the higher orders (for there is an aristocracy among them) is graceful, and sometimes rich. It consists usually of a robe or shirt of buckskin, with pantaloons and moccasins of the same, tastefully embroidered with porcelain beads of various colors. The material of their dress is so prepared, that frequently it is as white as the paper upon which I write, and as flexible as the muslin which envelops in its misty folds the forms that float in our ball-rooms. Their feet are small and exquisitely formed. The student of sculpture, when he has acquired his trade at Rome or Florence, should erect his studio among the Sioux for his models.

June 24.—About 8 o'clock I started alone to return to Fort Laramie. I had not travelled far when I met processions of the Sioux Indians, who this morning broke up their encampment. Having resolved upon and organized an expedition against the Snakes and Crows, their design was to conduct their women and children to a point on the Platte, about fifty miles above the Fort, where they intended to leave them in the care of the old men until the war party returned.

In marching, as I met them, they seemed to be divided into numerous parties, at the head of each of which was a beautiful young female gorgeously decorated, mounted upon a prancing

fat Indian horse, and bearing in her hand a delicate staff or pole, about ten feet in length, from the point of which were suspended, in some instances, a gilt ball and a variety of large brass trinkets, with brilliant feathers and natural flowers of various colors. The chiefs, dressed in their richest costumes, followed immediately in the rear of this feminine ensign-bearer, with their bows and arrows in hand. Next succeeding them were the women and children, and pack-animals belonging to the party; and in the rear of all, the warriors. The whole, as I met them, party after party, was a most interesting display of savage pageantry. The female standard-bearers appeared to me more beautiful and fascinating than any objects connected with savage life which I had ever read of or conceived. It appeared as if this was a most solemn occasion, for not one of those composing the long column, some three or four miles in length, as I passed them, seemed to recognize any object or to utter a word. They marched at a slow pace, in perfect silence, with their eyes gazing steadfastly upon the vacancy in front. I bowed many times, but they took no notice of my salutations. Doubtless this stern deportment was expressive of their determination not to look to the right or the left, until they had penetrated into the country of, and wreaked their vengeance upon their enemies, the Snakes and Crows.

July 1.—I noticed to-day in the trail, immense numbers of insects, in color and motion resembling the common cricket. They are much larger, however, and their bodies more rotund. In places the ground was blackened with them, and they were crushed under the feet of our animals at every step.

We encamped this afternoon in a small oval-shaped valley, through which flows a rivulet of pure limpid water. The valley is surrounded on all sides by high, mountainous elevations, several of which are composed of granite-rock, upheaved by the subterranean convulsions of nature; others are composed of red sandstone and red clay. A volcanic debris is thickly scattered in places. Many years ago, the spot where we are encamped, and where the grass is now growing, was the crater of a volcano; but its torch is extinguished forever. Where then flowed the river of liquid fire, carbonizing and vitrifying the surrounding districts, now gurgles the cool, limpid current of the brook, in its laughing and fertilizing career towards the great Father of Waters. The thunders of its convulsions, breaking the granite crust of the globe, upheaving and overturning mountains, and "crushing the waters into mist," are now silenced; and its volumes of sulphurous vapor and heated cinders, darkening the atmosphere and affrighting the huge monster animals which then existed, when gazing from afar, are dissipated, and will never more be seen. Instead of these, the sweet chirp of the wren, and

the chatter of the magpie, are heard among the trees bordering the stream, and light, fleecy clouds are floating through the azure vault of the heavens. Such are the beneficent changes ordered by that Power whose wisdom can render perfection more perfect.

July 10.—Passing through the gap between the two ranges of granite mountains which here approach each other within a few hundred yards, we had our first view of the Wind River Mountains. They were hoary with a drapery of snow more than half-way from their summits to their bases, and appeared, from the distance we saw them, like white clouds resting upon the horizon. It was a satisfaction to know that we were in sight of the crest of the Rocky Mountains, the point where the waters of the continent divide, taking different courses—the one flowing into the Atlantic, the other into the Pacific.

July 19.—Bill Smith, a noted mountain character, in a shooting-match burst his gun, and he was supposed for some time to be dead. He recovered, however, and the first words he uttered upon returning to consciousness, were, that "no d—d gun could kill him." The adventures, hazards, and escapes of this man, with his eccentricities of character, as they were related to me, would make an amusing volume. I angled in the stream, and caught an abundance of mountain trout and other small fish. Another shower of rain fell this afternoon, during which the temperature was that of a raw November day.

July 26.—I ascended the range of hills bordering the valley of the river to the south, from which I had a most extensive and interesting view of the Great Salt Lake. My position was about ten miles distant from the lake, but my elevation was such that I could discern its surface from the north to the south, a distance which I estimated at sixty or eighty miles. The shore next to me, as far as I could see it, was white. Numerous mountainous islands, dark and apparently barren, sometimes in ranges of fifteen or twenty miles, sometimes in solitary peaks, rise to a considerable elevation above its surface; but the waters surrounding these insulations could be traced between them as far as the eye could reach. The evening was calm, and not a ripple disturbed the tranquil bosom of the lake. As the sun was sinking behind the far-distant elevations to the west, the glassy surface of this vast inland ocean was illuminated by its red rays, and for a few minutes it appeared like a sea of molten fire. The plain or valley of the lake, to the right, is some eight or ten miles in width, and fertile. The Weber river winds through it, emptying into the lake some ten miles to the north of our camp. A few trees fringe its margin. I could smell a strong and offensive fetor wafted from the shore of the lake.

These extracts, while they are interesting in themselves, will convey the best idea of the general interest of the narrative, and justify to the reader, we hope, the high opinion of its style which we expressed at the beginning. It is refreshing to read a book of travels in these times, when tourists labor so much for effect, that is so faithful and yet so full of power and quiet beauty.

One of the most interesting chapters gives an account of the day's journey across the great Salt Desert. The best criticism of so fine a piece of description, is to quote as much of it as possible:—

August 3.—I rose from my bivouac this morning at half-past one o'clock. The moon appearing like a ball of fire, and shining with a dim and baleful light, seemed struggling downwards through the thick bank of smoky vapor that overhung and curtained the high ridge of mountains to the west of us. This ridge stretching far to the north and the south as the eye can reach, forms the western wall (if I may so call it) of the desert valley we had crossed yesterday, and is composed of rugged, barren peaks of dark basaltic rock, sometimes exhibiting misshapen outlines; at others, towering upwards, and displaying a variety of architectural forms, representing domes, spires, and turreted fortifications.

Our encampment was on the slope of the mountain; and the valley lay spread out at our feet, illuminated sufficiently by the red glare of the moon, and the more pallid effulgence of the stars, to display imperfectly its broken and frightful barrenness, and its solemn desolation. No life, except in the little oasis occupied by our camp, and dampened by the sluggish spring, by excavating which with our hands we had obtained impure water sufficient to quench our own and our animals' thirst, existed as far as the eye could penetrate over mountain and plain. There was no voice of animal, no hum of insect, disturbing the tomb-like solemnity. All was silence and death. The atmosphere, chill and frosty, seemed to sympathize with this sepulchral stillness. No wailing or whispering sounds sighed through the chasms of the mountains, or over the gulfy and waterless ravines of the valley. No rustling zephyr swept over the scant dead grass, or disturbed the crumbling leaves of the gnarled and stunted cedars, which seemed to draw a precarious existence from the small patch of damp earth surrounding us. Like the other elements sustaining animal and vegetable life, the winds seemed stagnant and paralyzed by the universal dearth around. I contemplated this scene of dismal and oppressive solitude until the moon sunk

behind the mountain, and object after object became shrouded in its shadow.

Bidding farewell to Mr. Hudspeth and the gentleman with him, (Mr. Ferguson) we commenced the descent of the mountain. We had scarcely parted from Mr. H. when, standing on one of the peaks, he stretched out his long arms, and with a voice and gesture as loud and impressive as he could make them, he called to us and exclaimed, "Now, boys, put spurs to your mules and ride like h—!" The hint was timely given and well meant, but scarcely necessary, as we all had a pretty just appreciation of the trials and hardships before us.

The descent from the mountain on the western side, was more difficult than the ascent; but two or three miles, by a winding and precipitous path, through some straggling, stunted, and tempest-bowed cedars, brought us to the foot and into the valley, where, after some search, we found a blind trail, which we supposed to be that of Captain Fremont, made last year. Our course for the day was nearly due west; and following this trail where it was visible, and did not deviate from our course, and putting our mules into a brisk gait, we crossed a valley some eight or ten miles in width, sparsely covered with wild sage (*artemisia*) and grease-wood.

These shrubs display themselves and maintain a dying existence, a brownish verdure, on the most arid and sterile plains and mountains of the desert, where no other vegetation shows itself. After crossing the valley, we rose a ridge of low volcanic hills, thickly strewn with sharp fragments of basalts and a vitreous gravel resembling junk-bottle glass. We passed over this ridge through a narrow gap, the walls of which are perpendicular, and composed of the same dark scoriaceous material as the debris strewn around. From the western terminus of this ominous-looking passage we had a view of the vast desert-plain before us, which, as far as the eye could penetrate, was of a snowy whiteness, and resembled a scene of wintry frosts and icy desolation. Not a shrub or object of any kind rose above the surface for the eye to rest upon. The hiatus in the animal and vegetable kingdoms was perfect. It was a scene which excited mingled emotions of admiration and apprehension.

Passing a little further on we stood on the brow of a steep precipice, the descent from the ridge of hills immediately below and beyond which a narrow valley or depression in the surface of the plain, about five miles in width, displayed so perfectly the wavy and frothy appearance of highly agitated water, that Colonel Russell and myself, who were riding together some distance in advance, both simultaneously exclaimed: "We must have taken a wrong course, and struck another arm or bay of the Great Salt Lake." With deep concern we

were looking around, surveying the face of the country to ascertain what remedy there might be for this formidable obstruction to our progress, when the remainder of our party came up. The difficulty was presented to them; but soon, upon a more calm and scrutinizing inspection, we discovered that what represented so perfectly the "rushing waters" was moveless, and made no sound! The illusion soon became manifest to all of us, and a hearty laugh at those who were the first to be deceived was the consequence; denying to them the merit of being good pilots or pioneers, etc.

Descending the precipitous elevation upon which we stood, we entered upon the hard, smooth plain we had just been surveying with so much doubt and interest, composed of bluish clay, incrustated, in wavy lines, with a white saline substance, the first representing the body of the water, and the last the crests and froth of the mimic waves and surges. Beyond this we crossed what appeared to have been the beds of several small lakes, the waters of which have evaporated, thickly incrustated with salt, and separated from each other by small mound-shaped elevations of a white, sandy, or ashy earth, so imponderous that it has been driven by the action of the winds into these heaps, which are constantly changing their positions and their shapes. Our mules waded through these ashy undulations, sometimes sinking to their knees, at others to their bellies, creating a dust that rose above and hung over us like a dense fog.

From this point, on our right and left, diagonally in our front, at an apparent distance of thirty or forty miles, high isolated mountains rise abruptly from the surface of the plain. Those on our left were as white as the snow-like face of the desert, and may be of the same composition, but I am inclined to the belief that they are composed of white clay, or clay and sand intermingled.

The mirage, a beautiful phenomenon I have frequently mentioned as exhibiting itself upon our journey, here displayed its wonderful illusions in a perfection and with a magnificence surpassing any presentation of the kind I had previously seen. Lakes, dotted with islands and bordered by groves of gently waving timber, whose tranquil and limpid waves reflected their sloping banks and the shady islets in their bosoms, lay spread out before us, inviting us, by their illusory temptations, to stray from our path and enjoy their cooling shades and refreshing waters. These fading away as we advanced, beautiful villas, adorned with edifices, decorated with all the ornaments of suburban architecture, and surrounded by gardens, shaded walks, parks, and stately avenues, would succeed them, renewing the alluring invitation to repose by enticing the vision with more than Calypsoan enjoyments or Elysian pleasures. These melting from our view as

those before, in another place a vast city, with countless columned edifices of marble whiteness, and studded with domes, spires, and turreted towers, would rise upon the horizon of the plain, astonishing us with its stupendous grandeur and sublime magnificence. But it is in vain to attempt a description of these singular and extraordinary phenomena. Neither prose or poetry, nor the pencil of the artist, can adequately portray their beauties. The whole distant view around, at this point, seemed like the creations of a sublime and gorgeous dream, or the effect of enchantment. I observed that where these appearances were presented in their most varied forms, and with the most vivid distinctness, the surface of the plain was broken, either by chasms hollowed out from the action of the winds, or by undulations formed of the drifting sands.

About eleven o'clock we struck a vast white plain, uniformly level, and utterly destitute of vegetation or any sign that shrub or plant had ever existed above its snow-like surface. Pausing a few moments to rest our mules and moisten our mouths and throats from the scant supply of beverage in our powder-keg, we entered upon this appalling field of sullen and hoary desolation. It was a scene so entirely new to us, so frightfully forbidding and unearthly in its aspects, that all of us, I believe, though impressed with its sublimity, felt a slight shudder of apprehension. Our mules seemed to sympathize with us in the pervading sentiment, and moved forward with reluctance, several of them stubbornly setting their faces for a countermarch.

For fifteen miles the surface of this plain is so compact, that the feet of our animals, as we hurried them along over it, left but little if any impression for the guidance of the future traveller. It is covered with a hard crust of saline and alkaline substances combined, from one-fourth to one-half of an inch in thickness, beneath which is a stratum of damp whitish sand and clay intermingled. Small fragments of white shelly rock, of an inch and a half in thickness, which appear as if they once composed a crust, but had been broken by the action of the atmosphere or the pressure of water rising from beneath, are strewn over the entire plain and imbedded in the salt and sand.

As we moved onward a member of our party in the rear called our attention to a gigantic moving object on our left, at an apparent distance of six or eight miles. It is very difficult to determine distances accurately on these plains. Your estimate is based upon the probable dimensions of the object, and unless you know what the object is, and its probable size, you are liable to great deception. The atmosphere seems frequently to act as a magnifier; so much so, that I have often seen a raven perched upon a low shrub or an undulation of the plain, answering to the outlines of a man

on horseback. But this object was so enormously large, considering its apparent distance, and its movement forward, parallel with ours, so distinct, that it greatly excited our wonder and curiosity. Many and various were the conjectures, serious and facetious, of the party, as to what it might be, or portend. Some thought it might be Mr. Hudspeth, who had concluded to follow us; others that it was some cyclopean nondescript animal, lost upon the desert; others that it was the ghost of a mammoth or Megatherium wandering on "this rendezvous of death;" others that it was the d—l mounted on an ibis, &c. It was the general conclusion, however, that no animal composed of flesh and blood, or even a healthy ghost, could here inhabit. A partner of equal size soon joined it, and for an hour or more they moved along as before, parallel to us, when they disappeared, apparently behind the horizon.

As we proceeded, the plain gradually became softer, and our mules sometimes sank to their knees in the stiff composition of salt, sand, and clay. The travelling at length became so difficult and fatiguing to our animals, that several of the party dismounted, myself among the number, and we consequently slackened our hitherto brisk pace into a walk. About two o'clock, P. M., we discovered through the smoky vapor the dim outlines of the mountains in front of us, at the foot of which was to terminate our day's march, if we were so fortunate as to reach it. But still we were a long and weary distance from it, and from the "grass and water" which we expected there to find. A cloud rose from the south soon afterwards, accompanied by several distant peals of thunder and a furious wind, rushing across the plain, and filling the whole atmosphere around us with the fine particles of salt, and drifting it in heaps like the newly fallen snow. Our eyes became nearly blinded and our throats choked with the saline matter, and the very air we breathed tasted of salt.

During the subsidence of this tempest, there appeared upon the plain one of the most extraordinary phenomena, I dare to assert, ever witnessed. As I have before stated, I had dismounted from my mule, and turning it in with the *caballada*, was walking several rods in front of the party, in order to lead in a direct course to the point of our destination. Diagonally in front, to the right, our course being west, there appeared the figures of a number of men and horses, some fifteen or twenty. Some of these figures were mounted and others dismounted, and appeared to be marching on foot. Their faces and the heads of the horses were turned towards us, and at first they appeared as if they were rushing down upon us. Their apparent distance, judging from the horizon, was from three to five miles. But their size was not correspondent, for they seemed nearly as large

as our own bodies, and consequently were of gigantic stature. At the first view I supposed them to be a small party of Indians (probably the Utahs) marching from the opposite side of the plain. But this seemed to me scarcely probable, as no hunting or war party would be likely to take this route. I called to some of our party nearest to me to hasten forward, as there were men in front, coming towards us. Very soon the fifteen or twenty figures were multiplied into three or four hundred, and appeared to be marching forward with the greatest action and speed. I then conjectured that they might be Capt. Fremont and his party with others, from California, returning to the United States by this route, although they seemed to be too numerous even for this. I spoke to Brown, who was nearest to me, and asked him if he noticed the figures of men and horses in front? He answered that he did, and that he had observed the same appearances several times previously, but that they had disappeared, and he believed them to be optical illusions similar to the mirage. It was then, for the first time, so perfect was the deception, that I conjectured the probable fact that these figures were the reflection of our own images by the atmosphere, filled as it was with fine particles of crystallized matter, or by the distant horizon, covered by the same substance. This induced a more minute observation of the phenomenon, in order to detect the deception, if such it were. I noticed a single figure, apparently in front in advance of all the others, and was struck with its likeness to myself. Its motions, too, I thought, were the same as mine. To test the hypothesis above suggested, I wheeled suddenly around, at the same time stretching my arms out to their full length, and turning my face sidewise to notice the movements of this figure. It went through precisely the same motions. I then marched deliberately and with long strides several paces; the figure did the same. To test it more thoroughly, I repeated the experiment, and with the same result. The fact then was clear. But it was more fully verified still, for the whole array of this numerous shadowy host, in the course of an hour, melted entirely away, and was no more seen. The phenomenon, however, explained and gave the history of the gigantic spectres which appeared and disappeared so mysteriously at an earlier hour of the day. The figures were our own shadows, produced and reproduced by the mirror-like composition impregnating the atmosphere and covering the plain. I cannot here more particularly explain or refer to the subject. But this phantom population, springing out of the ground as it were, and arraying itself before us as we traversed this dreary and heaven-condemned waste, although we were entirely convinced of the cause of the apparition, excited those superstitious emotions so natural to all mankind.

Many views of scenery in the region of the desert are splendidly painted. The author's fondness for giving the changes of the sky, such as sunrises, sunsets, moonlight scenes, thunder-gusts and rain-bows, is very apparent; as is also the ability with which he draws them:—

“The night was perfectly serene. Not a cloud, or the slightest film of vapor, appeared on the face of the deep blue canopy of the heavens. The moon and the countless starry host of the firmament exhibited their lustrous splendor in a perfection of brilliancy unknown to the night-watchers in the humid regions of the Atlantic; illuminating the numberless mountain peaks rising, one behind the other, to the east, and the illimitable desert of salt that spread its wintry drapery before me, far beyond the reach of vision, like the vast winding-sheet of a dead world! The night was cold, and kindling a fire of the small, dead willows around the spring, I watched until the rich, red hues of the morning displayed themselves above the eastern horizon, tinging slightly at first, and then deepening in color, the plain of salt, until it appeared like a measureless ocean of vermillion, with here and there a dark speck, the shadow of some solitary *buttes*, representing islands, rising from its glowing bosom. The sublime splendors of these scenes cannot be conveyed to the reader by language.”

The dangers attending the journey across these desolate regions, may be imagined from the fate of a part of the emigrant company with whom our author originally set out. These lost time in exploring a new road through the Great Desert Basin, and did not arrive at the Pass of the Sierra Nevada until the snow was too deep to admit their crossing. Many of our readers will remember the accounts of the awful extremities to which they were reduced, which appeared about a year since in the newspapers. Mr. Bryant visited the scene of their sufferings and saw some of the survivors. The chapter which contains his account is one of the most terrible in all the history of human sorrow. We extract a portion of it:—

“At the time the occurrences above related took place, I was marching with the California battalion, under the command of Col. Fremont, to Ciudad de los Angeles, to assist in suppressing a rebellion which had its origin in that quarter. After my return from that expedition, I saw and conversed with several of the sur-

vivors in the above list. The oral statements made to me by them in regard to their sufferings, far exceed in horror the descriptions given in the extracts. Mr. Fallon, who conducted the last relief party over the mountains, made a statement, in regard to what he saw upon his arrival at the 'cabins,' so revolting that I hesitate before alluding to it. The parties which had preceded him had brought into the settlements all the living sufferers except three. These were Mr. and Mrs. George Donner, and — Keysburg. At the time the others left, Mr. George Donner was unable to travel from debility, and Mrs. D. refused to leave him. Why Keysburg remained, there is no satisfactory explanation. Mrs. Donner offered a reward of \$500 to any party that would return and rescue them. I knew the Donners well. Their means in money and merchandise, which they had brought with them, were abundant. Mr. Donner was a man of about sixty, and was at the time of his leaving the United States, a highly respectable citizen of Illinois—a farmer of independent circumstances. Mrs. D. was considerably younger than her husband, and an active, energetic woman of refined education.

"Mr. Fallon and his party reached the 'cabins' some time in April. The snow in the valley, on the eastern side of the Pass, had melted so as in spots to expose the ground. He found the main cabin empty, but evidences that it had not long been deserted. He and his party commenced a search, and soon discovered fresh tracks in the snow leading from it. These they followed some miles, and by pursuing them they returned again to the cabin. Here they now found Keysburg. He was reclining upon the floor of the cabin, smoking his pipe. Near his head a fire was blazing, upon which was a camp kettle filled with human flesh. His feet were resting upon skulls and dislocated limbs denuded of their flesh. A bucket, partly filled with blood, was standing near, and pieces of human flesh, fresh and bloody, were strewn around. The appearance of Keysburg was haggard and revolting. His beard was of great length; his finger-nails had grown out until they resembled the claws of beasts. He was ragged and filthy, and the expression of his countenance ferocious. He stated that the Donners were both dead. That Mrs. Donner was the last to die, and had expired some two days previously. That she had left her husband's camp, some eight miles distant, and come to this cabin. She attempted to return in the evening to the camp, but becoming bewildered she came back to the cabin, and died in the course of the night. He was accused of hav-

ing murdered her, for her flesh and the money the Donners were known to possess, but denied it. When questioned in regard to the money of the Donners, he denied all knowledge respecting it. He was informed that if he did not disclose where he had secreted the money, he would immediately be hung to a tree. Still persisting in his denial, a rope, after much resistance from him, was placed around his neck, and Mr. Fallon commenced drawing him up to the limb of a tree, when he stated that if they would desist from this summary execution, he would disclose all he knew about the money. Being released, he produced \$517 in gold. He was then notified that he must accompany the party to the settlements. To this he was disinclined, and he did not consent, until the order was so peremptory that he was compelled to obey it. The body of George Donner was found dead in his tent. He had been carefully laid out by his wife, and a sheet was wrapped around the corpse. This sad office was probably the last act she performed before visiting the cabin of Keysburg. This is briefly a statement of particulars as detailed to me by Mr. Fallon, who accompanied Gen. Kearney on his return to the United States in the capacity of guide.

"When the return party of Gen. Kearney (which I accompanied) reached the scene of these horrible and tragical occurrences, on the 22d of June, 1847, a halt was ordered for the purpose of collecting and interring the remains. Near the principal cabins I saw two bodies, entire with the exception that the abdomens had been cut open, and the entrails extracted. Their flesh had been either wasted by famine or evaporated by exposure to the dry atmosphere, and they presented the appearance of mummies. Strewn around the cabins were dislocated and broken bones—skulls, (in some instances sawed asunder with care for the purpose of extracting the brains,)—human skeletons, in short, in every variety of mutilation. A more revolting and appalling spectacle I never witnessed. The remains were, by an order of Gen. Kearney, collected and buried under the superintendence of Major Swords. They were interred in a pit which had been dug in the centre of one of the cabins for a *cache*. These melancholy duties to the dead being performed, the cabins, by order of Major Swords, were fired, and with everything surrounding them connected with this horrid and melancholy tragedy were consumed. The body of George Donner was found at his camp, about eight or ten miles distant, wrapped in a sheet. He was buried by a party of men detailed for that purpose."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

W^HIT-MONDAY, June 12th, being a regular holiday among the working classes in England, was appointed by the Chartists for a grand display, and meetings were advertised to be held at various places. In London large preparations were made for preventing any breach of the peace, but the projected meetings were abandoned, and the same occurred in Bristol. In Manchester an open-air meeting was changed to an in-door assembly. In Birmingham about six hundred met out of doors, and about twelve thousand were gathered in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and having been informed by the magistrates that no interruption would be made, if the parties present dispersed quietly, without forming processions, with banners, the meeting passed off without disturbance. Seventeen Chartists charged with rioting and offences against the peace on previous occasions, have been convicted in London, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, for terms varying from two years to three months, according to the nature and extent of their offences.

In Ireland the accounts of the crops, particularly the potato, are highly satisfactory. Emigration continues from that country on a large scale. The formation of clubs in Dublin and throughout the provinces is progressing rapidly: in the former place, there are not less than forty clubs, containing in the aggregate twelve thousand members. The "Repeal Association," and the "Irish Confederation," (the "Young Ireland" party,) are to be dissolved, the members uniting in a body, to be called the "Irish League," of which *Repeal* is to be the object; but the mode of its attainment, whether by physical or moral force, is to be left to the judgment of each member individually. This amalgamation has not the approval of many moral force men. Mr. John O'Connell, to whom the leadership was bequeathed by his late father, disapproves of the change and refuses to join the new association; part of the Catholic clergy are distrustful and cautious, some declining to commit themselves to the new movement, but the violent partisans and the younger members of that profession have readily given in their adhesion. The "Irish Felon" has made its appearance as a successor to Mitchell's paper; its tone is rabid, but lacks the point which distinguished its forerunner: the writers affix their signatures to the contributions. One of them disapproves of the Repeal leaders' policy, and thinks a blow ought to have been struck at the time of Mitchell's removal: the physical force men have,

however, postponed insurrection until the harvest shall have been gathered in. Protestant Repeal Associations are forming, but on the other hand the Orangemen are dismissing Repealers from their ranks, and addresses of confidence and loyalty, numerous signed, have been presented to the Lord Lieutenant. A younger brother of Mitchell has arrived at New York, and Meagher, who was some time since tried for sedition, is said to be on his way here. An association with a large capital, for extending and improving the Irish Fisheries, is in progress.

A bill for repealing the obsolete statutes, and other disabilities, affecting Roman Catholics, has been introduced into the House of Commons. Discussions have taken place in both Houses of Parliament, relative to the relations between Great Britain and Spain. The former country having been mainly instrumental in suppressing the civil war in Spain, and placing its present sovereign on the throne, under assurances of the adoption of a more liberal line of policy, Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister at Madrid, was instructed by Lord Palmerston to advise the Spanish government against the arbitrary line of policy pursued in that country. Sir Henry Bulwer was forthwith violently attacked in the Ministerial Newspaper at Madrid, and ordered by the government to quit the country, on the grounds, proved to be false, that he had promoted certain outbreaks of the people, and that his person was not safe from popular fury. A special minister was sent to England, where his reception was refused, and the Spanish Ambassador there was provided with a passport and sent home. All parties in England agree that there was nothing blameable in the conduct of Sir Henry Bulwer, but no hostile measures seem at present probable, and the matter is left in the hands of the British government for adjustment.

At present the great object of European interest is centred in France, where the Socialist doctrines, introduced and fostered by the Provisional Government, have commenced their work, the effect of which it is not possible at present to foresee. On the 3d June, the National Assembly by a small majority refused leave to prosecute Louis Blanc, for participation in the events of the 15th May, on which subject much difference of opinion prevailed in Paris. On the division, Crémieux, Minister of Justice, voted in the majority, in consequence of which M. Portalis, Attorney General of the Republic, and M. Landoin, Advocate General

resigned their offices. The Minister of Justice having afterwards stated in the Assembly that he had voted not as a member of the Assembly, but as a simple representative, the law officers positively affirmed that he had given the matter his previous sanction, and had declared the proposed prosecution ought to be adopted; and a question of veracity arose out of the discussion, most unfavorable for M. Crémieux, who was charged by the reporter of the Committee, to which the question had been referred, with having expressed himself favorably towards their decision, recommending the prosecution. This exposure compelled M. Crémieux to resign his post. Another resignation also took place about that time. M. Clement Thomas, late a clerk in a newspaper establishment, who had been raised to the rank of General and intrusted with the command of the National Guard, having in the Assembly designated the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as a "gewgaw of vanity," (*hochet de la vanité*) raised such a storm that, notwithstanding his attempted explanations, he was obliged to retire. The Minister of Finance produced his budget for 1848: the credits opened to defray the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the year are stated at 1,680,000,000 fr. and the resources of the state at 1,685,000,000 fr.—about 320 millions of dollars. It appears by this budget that the expenses created by decrees of the Provisional Government, amounted to—

Foreign Affairs,	480,000
Interior "	6,823,000
Commerce and Agriculture,	495,000
Public Works,	6,779,000
War,	113,946,119 !
Public Debt,	600,000
Dotations,	480,000
General Service,	30,000
Administration,	2,860,000
Repayments and Restitutions,	31,077,000

Total, 163,570,119 fr.

The Assembly voted 100,000 fr. a month to the Executive Committee—25,000 for their expenses, and 75,000 for secret service. In the recent elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly, the name of Louis Napoleon, son of the late King of Holland, best known by his two foolish and abortive attempts at Strasbourg and Bologne, for the latter of which he was confined in the fortress of Ham for six years, was on several electoral lists; and in some of the provinces the peasants carried their ballots in their hats, having in large characters, "L. Napoleon! Vive L'Empereur! A bas la République!" He was returned for Paris and other places; four Napoleon journals were established, and his name was heard in all the assemblies of the lower classes of Paris, who vigorously shouted, "Vive L'Empereur! Vive Louis Napoleon!" The military were called out to disperse the mobs, which was done with-

out much difficulty. On Monday, June 12th, the people expected him to take his seat, and large crowds assembled to welcome him. During the sitting of the Chamber, intelligence was brought that a collision had taken place between the people and the troops, upon which M. Lamartine rushed to the tribune in great excitement, and demanded a decree of proscription to be passed against him on the instant; the Assembly hesitated, but passed the measure, after considerable opposition. On the following day that body reversed their decision, and voted to admit him, "provided that he proved himself a French citizen." Louis Blanc voted for his admission, possibly from the idea that if any serious tumult arose, he might be able to turn it to his advantage. In the following week disturbances took place in the departments, on account of the additional 45 per cent. added to the direct taxation by the Provisional Government; several lives were lost, and martial law was declared in some places.

On the 19th June, the committee reported the draft of a constitution for the approval of the Assembly. It commences by declaring the "Rights of Man"—guarantees to all citizens, Liberty, Equality, Security, Instruction, Labor, Property, Assistance. "The right of Labor is that which every man has to live by his work. Society must, by the productive and general means of which it disposes, and which will be organized *ulteriorly*, furnish labor to able men who cannot procure it otherwise." The legislative power is delegated to a single assembly of 750 representatives, including Algeria and the colonies; having population for its basis, and to be re-elected every three years. The President is to hold office for four years, and be elected by universal suffrage, and must have at least two millions of votes. A Vice President, to be nominated by the Assembly, on the presentation of the President. The Vice President is to preside over the Council of State, consisting of forty members nominated by the Assembly.

"The Council of State draws up the projects of laws that the Government proposes to the Assembly, as well as the projects of parliamentary initiative, which the Assembly submits to its examination. It makes the regulation of public administration, and exerts, with respect to departmental and municipal administrations, all the powers of control and of inspection which are deferred to it by law. Its other attributes are to be regulated by the legislative body.

"The President names and revokes the ministers, according to his own will. He names and revokes, in a council of the ministers, the diplomatic agents, the generals and military commanders of land and sea forces, the prefects, the governors of the colonies of Algeria, and of the Bank of France, the *procureurs*-

généraux and other functionaries of a superior class. He names and revokes the secondary agents of the Government, upon the proposal of one of the ministers.

"He has a right to suspend the agents of the executive power elected by the citizens. The term of this suspension cannot exceed three months. He cannot revoke them without the consent of the Council of State. The law determines the cases in which the revoked agents can be declared ineligible to the same functions. This declaration of ineligibility can only be pronounced by a jury.

"The property-tax is only imposed for one year. The indirect taxes may be imposed for several years.

"The essential guarantees of the rights of labor are, liberty of labor, voluntary association, equality in the relations between the employer and the workman; gratuitous instruction, education, suitable to each man's position; establishments of *prévoyance* and credit; the establishment of great works of public utility, and the State destined to employ the men in case of failure of work."

The financial difficulties of the Government are increasing, and a supplementary tariff of tolls was issued, to be levied on articles entering Paris. The feeling in favor of Louis Napoleon increased among the lower classes, and dissatisfaction with the Republic was great and openly expressed, of which the partisans of "Henry V." and Prince de Joinville availed themselves. On the 20th of June, 3,000,000 fr. was voted for the workshops; on the following day 100,000 fr. for the relief of political sufferers under Louis Philippe.

The symptoms of reaction in the public mind, and the evils which arose from the *ateliers nationaux*, in which upwards of 100,000 men were daily receiving pay, without one tenth part having any employment whatever, became so excessive that the government was greatly alarmed. The military were constantly in arms to disperse riotous crowds, and the Assembly was guarded by an immense military force. In this state of affairs, M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, proposed to draft the men from the national workshops in Paris, in large bodies, to the departments, to be employed there in public works. This measure excited the greatest discontent among those men, and 12,000 who had been ordered to the departments, were advised by their comrades to resist. On Thursday, July 22d, a body of about 400 went in procession to the Luxembourg, demanding to speak to the Executive Committee. M. Marie consented to receive a deputation of five. One of them attempted to make an address, but M. Marie refused to hear him, as he had been one of the insurgents of 15th May, and said, (addressing another,) "You are not the slaves of that man, you can state your own grievances." Their complaints were

listened to with attention, and he assured them the government was occupied with their wants. On returning to their fellows the expression of the Minister was distorted, and it was reported he had termed them "slaves." This was more than those who had been flattered as the people, who had made the Revolution, could submit to. The mob cried out, "*A bas Marie!*" "*A bas la Commission Exécutive!*" "*A bas l'Assemblée!*" They then traversed the streets, their numbers continually increasing, and in the evening, they stationed themselves in various open spaces, which were filled with large and excited masses; barricades were formed, and the government ordered out an immense military force. The following is a condensed account of the frightful outbreak which followed.

On Friday the insurgents—for the movement had assumed all the character of an open insurrection—possessed themselves of all that portion of the right bank of the Seine, stretching from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the river, whilst on the left bank they occupied all that populous portion called the Cité, the Faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Victor, and the lower quarter of St. Jacques. Their communications between the two banks of the river were maintained by the possession of the Church St. Gervais, a part of the quarter of the Temple, the approaches of Notre Dame, and the Bridge St. Michel. They thus occupied a vast portion of the most defensible parts of the city, and actually threatened the Hôtel de Ville, which, if they had succeeded in taking, might have secured the final victory on their side. On that day there were partial conflicts, but the insurgents seemed to be occupied more at fortifying their positions than in actually fighting; whatever successes the Government troops may have had in various quarters, where conflicts took place, as at St. Denis and St. Martin, it now appears that the enthusiastic courage of the insurgents repulsed them, and even beat them in other parts of the city. The Government forces were divided into three divisions; and large masses of troops were brought to bear with artillery upon the positions of the insurgents; but still Friday passed and the insurrection had evidently gathered strength. On Saturday the National Assembly declared itself in permanence, and Paris was placed in a state of siege. The Executive power was delegated absolutely to General Cavaignac; and at half-past ten the members of the Executive Government resigned. Reports poured in every hour to the Assembly; and as the intelligence arrived of the slaughter, the sensation became deep and alarming. Various proclamations were issued by Gen. Cavaignac to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, but to no effect. The whole of Saturday was employed in desperate fighting on both sides. Except a lull during a frightful

thunder-storm in the afternoon of Friday, the conflicts were without intermission. On Saturday, however, the carnage and battles on the south of the river were horrible. During the whole of Friday night, and until three o'clock on Saturday, the roar of the artillery, and the noise of musketry, were incessant. In this frightful state of things the Assembly betrayed not a little alarm. Deputations from the Assembly were proposed to go and entreat the combatants to cease this fratricidal strife; but all the successive reports proved that the insurgents were bent upon only yielding up the struggle with their lives; and their valor was only surpassed by their desperate resolution. On Saturday night, at eight o'clock, the capital was in an awful state. Fighting continued with unabated fury. Large masses of troops poured in from all the neighboring departments; but still the insurgents, having rendered their positions almost impregnable, resisted, more or less effectually, all the forces which could be brought against them. The "red flag," the banner of the *Republique Democratique et Sociale*, was hoisted by the insurgents.

On the Sunday morning the Government forces had completely succeeded in suppressing the insurrection on the left bank of the river, after a frightful sacrifice of human life; and Gen. Cavaignac gave the insurgents, on the right bank, till ten o'clock to surrender. The heaviest artillery was brought to bear upon them, and little doubt entertained that the insurrection would be put down. The hope thus held out of the termination of the insurrection was not, however, realized. The fighting continued the whole of Sunday, with a fearful loss of life, especially to the National Guards. On Monday the reinforcements Gen. Lamoricière had received from Gen. Cavaignac enabled him to hem in the insurgents in the eastern part of the city; and, although reduced to extremities, they still fought with incredible valor; and it was only after a frightful struggle of about two hours more that the Government troops everywhere prevailed; and the heart of the insurrection being broken, the insurgents were either shot, taken prisoners, or fled into the country, in the direction towards Vincennes. The eastern quarters, comprising the faubourgs St. Antoine, du Temple, Menilmontant, and Pepincourt were the last subdued. The last band took refuge in the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, but the Garde Mobile hunted them even from this sanctuary, and they were scattered in the neighboring fields. On Tuesday the insurrection was definitively quelled.

The loss of life has been terrific. No less than ten general officers have been put *hors de combat*, a greater loss than in the most splendid engagements of Napoleon. Four or five members of the National Assembly are amongst the killed, and as many more

wounded. But perhaps the most touching death is that of the Archbishop of Paris. The venerable prelate, on Sunday, volunteered to go to the insurgents as a messenger of peace. Cavaignac said that such a step was full of danger, but this Christian pastor persisted. He advanced, attended by his two vicars, towards the barricades, with an olive branch borne before him, when he was ruthlessly shot in his groin, and fell mortally wounded. He was carried to the nearest hospital, where he since died. Some compute the loss on the side of the troops at from five to ten thousand slain. The number of prisoners captured of the insurgents exceeds ten thousand. All the prisons are filled, as well as the dungeons and vaults of the Tuileries, the Louvre, Palais Royal, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Hôtel de Ville. A military commission has already been appointed to try such as were found with arms in their hands; and they will be transported to some transatlantic French colony, a decree having been passed with that object. The savage cruelty with which the insurgents waged war almost exceeds belief. They tortured some of their prisoners, cut off their hands and feet, and inflicted barbarities worthy of savages. The women were hired to poison the wine sold to the soldiers, who drank it, and died. It seems to be believed generally, that if the insurgents had succeeded in following up their most admirably concerted plan of operations, and having advanced their line, and possessed themselves of the Hôtel de Ville, and followed up their successes along the two banks of the river, that the whole city would have been given up to pillage; indeed the words "PILLAGES AND RAPE" are said to have been inscribed on one of their banners. Not less than 30,000 stand of arms have been seized and captured in the faubourg St. Antoine alone.

The insurgents are said to have numbered 100,000, and the troops to have doubled that amount. The loss is variously estimated at from 10 to 25,000. Money to a considerable amount was found on the bodies of the slain, and Armand Marrast, Mayor of Paris, in a proclamation, declared the insurrection to have been the result of foreign intrigue, and other members of the Assembly have reiterated the cry: doubtless, however, the traitors are to be found in Paris alone, and it is not improbable that some members of the Assembly have raised this report, to direct attention from the real instigators, and to screen their own delinquency, even at the hazard of foreign war. On the Sunday a decree was passed postponing until the 5th of July, the payment of commercial bills due 23d June; and another granting a credit of 3,000,000 fr. to be distributed among the indigent population of the department of the Seine. Gen. Cavaignac having resigned the powers with which he was temporarily intrusted, the Assembly passed a decree confiding to

him the entire executive authority, with the title of President of the Council, with power to appoint his own ministry. The 9th and 12th legions of the National Guard have been disarmed and dissolved; the Paris Clubs have been closed, and several newspapers suppressed. Emile Girardin, editor of "*La Presse*," has been arrested and confined. Ten thousand of the insurgents are said to be captured and in prison, and those charged as chiefs, promoters or instigators, or with having furnished money, arms or ammunition, or committed any act of aggravation, are to be tried by Court Martial.

The departments have been generally quiet, but at Marseilles, an *émeute* of the workmen in the *ateliers nationaux* broke out, and barricades were formed, but the movement was put down with the loss of about fifty of the National Guard. The people of Paris were at the last accounts engaged in burying their dead, and the Assembly had decreed a grand national ceremony in honor of those who fell in defence of public order and tranquillity. Trade and commerce appear to have entirely ceased.

An insurrection took place in Naples on the 17th May, in which 450 of the troops were killed; and subsequently the city was given up to pillage by the government during several hours. Several magnificent villas and palaces on the sea-shore were reduced to ruins, and horrible atrocities committed. The King, in a proclamation, justified the measure on the ground of necessity. Upwards of 1700 bodies, including the soldiers, were interred on the 17th. The Sicilians dispatched 1500 men to aid in the revolt, who defeated the royal troops sent against them. Advices to June 17th state the situation of the King to be critical, the insurgent provinces having had some successes and refusing to lay down their arms. It is said the King contemplates abdication. The Parliament sitting at Palermo, has published a list of four candidates for the throne of Sicily—a son of the King of Sardinia, the son of the Duke of Tuscany, Louis Napoleon, and the Prince de Beauharnois.

The Pope, having refused to declare war against Austria, was compelled to form a new cabinet of laymen, leaving the question to their uncontrolled decision; and in obedience to the popular demand they made war for his Holiness, and large bodies of troops were forwarded. The Pope has since regained his popularity, and is attempting to negotiate a peace.

In Lombardy the Austrians suffered a defeat at Goito, on the 30th May, on which day they also surrendered Peschiera, where the garrison and the inhabitants had for several weeks suffered the greatest extremities of want; they were in fact almost starved. On the 11th June, the Italians in Vicenza were forced to surrender that place to the Austrians. Charles Albert's head-quarters were at Villa Franca, and he

was expected to attack Verona, but since that period he has maintained rather an unaccountable state of inactivity. Lombardy has agreed to join Piedmont and Sardinia, to form one kingdom under Charles Albert. Venice still holds out for a Republic.

Vienna has been the subject of another outbreak, which led to the Emperor's retiring from his capital. On the 15th May an order was issued for the dissolution of part of the National Guard which was organized for political objects, and formed a nucleus for a physical force party. Dissatisfaction also prevailed respecting the election law, and the students prepared a petition against the constitution, which they proposed to present with a popular demonstration of force. They demanded a withdrawal of the military; that the central committee of the National Guard should not be dissolved; and that the election law should be declared null and void. They were joined by numbers of the lower classes, and the Burgher Guard "fraternized" with them; and their joint demands were ultimately conceded. On the evening of that day the Emperor and family privately quitted the city, and retired to Innsbruck. This event created the greatest excitement in Vienna, the inhabitants of which are said to be unanimously in favor of maintaining a constitutional monarchy. Some young men, who took advantage of the confusion to proclaim a Republic, were with difficulty saved from the fury of the people; and a deputation was forthwith dispatched to solicit the Emperor's return, but he declined to come until such time as he should be assured the city had returned to its former allegiance. He was received with great enthusiasm at Innsbruck, and numerous addresses from other parts of his dominions have been presented, praying him to transfer his capital from Vienna to some other place. The outbreaks appear to arise from a body of workmen, kept by the State, at an expense of about 8 or 10,000 florins per day. To develop and put in practice the free institutions granted by the Emperor, he has appointed a constituent assembly to meet in Vienna, where he intended to open the proceedings about the 20th June.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, has been almost reduced to ruins. An insurrection broke out on the 12th June in consequence of Prince Windischgrätz refusing cannon and ammunition to the students. The Princess was killed by a shot fired from a window, notwithstanding which her husband went out to implore the preservation of peace; but the mob seized and were proceeding to hang him, when he was rescued by his troops. Barricades were raised, crowds of peasants arrived to assist the insurgents, and the Prince after some fighting withdrew his troops to the neighboring heights, bombarded the city, and put down the insurrection.

The cholera is increasing in Moscow.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Mary Grover, or, The Trusting Wife; a Domestic Temperance Tale. By CHARLES BURDETT, author of "Arthur Martin," &c. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Mr. Burdett, who has been many years connected as a reporter with the *Courier and Enquirer* newspaper, writes with great facility and general good taste. His stories are quite popular with the class for whom they are designed, and they tend to promote good habits and good feeling. It is very creditable to their author to be able to produce so many pleasing works of fancy after so long an experience of the soul-consuming drudgery of reporting.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the reign of Victoria. By Mrs. MARKHAM. A New Edition, revised and enlarged, with Questions, adapted to Schools in the United States. By ELIZA ROBBINS, author of "American Popular Lessons," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is probably the best school history of England that has been written. It is very popular at home, and will be here, wherever English history is made a branch of common-school education. It has also the merit of being very interesting as a book for juvenile readers.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, comprising Recollections, Sketches, and Reflections, made during a Tour in the East. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Member, &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

Of course we shall not hazard our prophetic reputation by predicting for this republication a "ready sale." With many who have never seen it however, and who know its author only through the general praises of him with which the press has lately teemed, we may compromise their good opinion of our taste, in saying that we would not read the book *all through*, for something considerable—ten thousand dollars perhaps. It reminds us of what the old trapper in Bryant's California calls the bacon and bread and milk of the emigrants; it is "mushy stuff."

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, with English Notes, &c. By Rev. J. A. SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

The notes to this edition explain everything, and almost disprove the old saying that there is "no royal road to learning." The boy who, with such helps, does not take readily to his Latin, should never be sent to college. Mr. Spencer is favorably known as a classic editor by his late edition of the Greek Testament.

Modern Painters. By A GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Part III. First American, from the third London Edition. John Wiley, 161 Broadway, New York.

This third part of the *Modern Painters* completes the reprint of one of the most agreeable and elegant, one of the most brilliant and faulty works of modern genius. The style is Coleridgean, full, abounding in long words and long periods, but elevated, harmonious, and full of fine and original turns of expression. This part contains the author's philosophical views of art, and is a work to be read with profit rather by the scholar and man of letters, than the practical artist. We enjoy it not as a complete or scientific treatise of æsthetics, but as a popular and eloquent exposition of the imaginative view of art, not only in its aim and scope but in its principles, and the faculties of mind that create it.

Engraved Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay in his 71st year. Published by E. ANTHONY, 205 Broadway, New York.

This admirable work, executed by Mr. Ritchie of this city, whose exquisite handiwork adds elegance to our own pages, is by far the best and most agreeable representation of Mr. Clay that we have yet seen. A sight of it lessens all other prints of him in estimation. The fire of the eye is truly given. It represents the venerable statesman wearing his noblest expression. The design of the whole is in perfect taste, and is worthy of the most celebrated engravers.

Mr. Clay, for a copy sent him by Mr. An-

thony, returned the following acknowledgment:—

ASHLAND, 17th June, 1848.

Dear Sir:—I have been requested by Mrs. Clay to say that she has received your note, with the portrait of myself which accompanies it; and to express her thanks and obligations for it. She regards it as an excellent likeness.

Allow me to add an expression also of my acknowledgments, and my entire concurrence in her judgment as to the accuracy and fidelity of the portrait.

I am afraid that a recent event may diminish the remuneration which you anticipated from the sale of this portrait; but at all events I tender to you my ardent wishes for your success and prosperity, in all respects.

I am, truly,

Your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

Mr. EDWARD ANTHONY,
205 Broadway, N. Y.

History of the United States of America, designed for Schools. By EGBERT GUERNSEY, A.M. Second edition. New York: Cady & Burgess. 1848.

The events and dates in this little volume are given with general correctness, and though it is not altogether free from irrelevant matter, the circumstance of its having reached a second edition, is a gratifying evidence of its favorable reception by the public.

History of Congress, biographical and Political: comprising Memoirs of Members of the Congress of the United States, drawn from authentic sources; embracing the prominent events of their lives, and their connection with the political history of the times. By HENRY G. WHEELER. Illustrated by numerous Steel Portraits, and facsimile Autographs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The author of this work has been long a reporter in the House, and thus possesses peculiar advantages for the publication of such a work. The book is well executed and very readable; the incidents in the lives of the gentlemen whose biographies are given are probably in general reliable, they being collected and prepared, as it were, under their own eyes. Some of the portraits are extremely well done. Among the principal biographies we notice those of Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, Washington Hunt, R. C. Winthrop, and Charles Hudson. The author proposes to continue the work by the publication of other succeeding volumes, prepared in a similar manner. The patronage

of those gentlemen whose lives are given, will of itself secure it a wide circulation.

The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. A popular exposition of the great discoveries and theories of Modern Astronomy. In a series of Ten Lectures. By O. M. MITCHELL, A.M., Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

Many of our readers in this city, and in Boston and New Orleans, who attended Mr. Mitchell's lectures when he visited those places, will be glad to see them presented in the form of a volume. They are full of interest and information respecting the most sublime of all sciences, and will be found to abound less in conjecture and rhetorical display than most popular works of a similar character. The preface, in which the author details the circumstances which led him to prepare them, in connection with the history of the Cincinnati Observatory, is highly interesting, and is given in that clear unpretending manner which belongs to a true scholar. Mr. Mitchell is an enthusiast in his science, as one must needs be who would devote himself to its cultivation successfully—one of the few in that department of whom our country has real reason to be proud.

A First Book in Spanish; or a Practical Introduction to the study of the Spanish Language: containing full Instructions in pronunciation, &c., &c. By JOSEPH SALKELD, A.M., author of a Compendium of Classical Antiquities. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This appears to be a book well adapted to its purpose. The Spanish is the most easy of all the European languages, and may almost be learned from book alone. A knowledge of it is becoming every year more necessary to an American citizen. Even now it is much in use among the numerous and highly respectable class of returned volunteer officers who distinguished themselves in the late conflicts in Mexico; and the war has also given birth to a great many dispatches and writings of all sorts, for a ready comprehension of which a familiarity with the Spanish is requisite. It is possible that a few years may see Spanish representatives sitting in the House from new States sliced out of Chihuahua, Durango, and Queretaro; and an acquaintance with Spanish may then become very necessary to our public men, to enable them to sustain our free institutions under the demoralizing influence of New Mexican ideas of civilization.

Letters from Italy, the Alps, and the Rhine. By J. T. HEADLEY. New and Revised Edition, (with a good portrait of the author.) New York: Baker & Scribner.

We can only say of these Letters, that when they first appeared, we read them with delight. Mr. Headley's free and glowing imagination appears in none of his writings to better advantage than these. His descriptions of Alpine scenery, and of the impressions of foreign manners and historic associations, are certainly brilliant and delightful; and he has as great power of holding the attention, as any modern writer with whom we are acquainted.

The Taylor Anecdote Book. Anecdotes of Zachary Taylor, and the Mexican War. By TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter. Together with a brief Life of General Taylor, and his Letters. Illustrated with Engravings. D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1848.

The title of this book is enough to attract readers, and we can assure our readers they will find it richly worth the purchase. After they have read the capital anecdotes of the war, of which there is a large assortment, let them peruse the letters of the General himself, and consider the virtue of honesty, and whether it would do the country any material harm to have an honest man for President! Only one will do: a single four years' interruption of the dynasty will put such life into the nation that it will go on of itself almost for a long time afterward.

The following are some of the anecdotes in this book; we take them at random:—

"In the early part of the action of the 23d, when the enemy had succeeded in turning the left wing of our little army, and secured a seeming advantageous position in rear of our line, at the base of the mountain; when a portion of our troops, overpowered by the superiority of numbers, were forced to retire in 'hot haste;' when, indeed, the fortunes of the day seemed extremely problematical, to every one save the indomitable and self-poised old hero, an officer of high rank rode up to General Taylor, and announced the temporary success of the enemy, and expressed his fears for the success of our army.

"Old Rough and Ready's reply was perfectly characteristic of the man. 'Sir,' said he, 'so long as we have *thirty muskets*, we can never be conquered! If those troops who have abandoned their position, can be rallied and brought into action again, I will take three thousand of the enemy prisoners. *Had I the disposition of the enemy's forces, I would myself place them just where they are.*'

"The officer resumed his duties with a light

heart, considering that the battle, in spite of appearances, was already won."

"During the battle of Resaca, Corporal Farrel of the Fourth Infantry came with only ten men to Lieut. Hays, of the same regiment, exclaiming, 'Lieutenant, if we had but an officer to lead us, we would tame that piece,' at the same time pointing to one that was destroying numbers of our men. 'You shall not say that you had no officer to lead you—follow me!' was the reply from Hayes. They dashed forward, stormed the battery, and *carried it.*"

ERRATA.

Besides those mentioned in our last, the following additional errors (some of which have been occasioned by the indistinctness of the original manuscript, others are alterations made afterwards by the author,) occur in the article on the "Adventures and Conquests of the Normans in Italy during the Dark Ages," in our number for June.

- Page 615, for Ralph read Rolph.
- " 618, " Ralph read Rolph.
- " 619, " Fuleo read Fulko.
- " 620, " Cotentin read Coutances.
- " 623, " Budolphus read Rudolphus.
- " 623, " Betena read Bebenä.
- " 623, " Giannono read Giamnone.
- " 623, " Jerard read Gerhard.
- " 625, " Kalayers read Kaloyers.
- " 625, " King Trode read King Frode.
- " 627, " beg read be at.
- " 627, " Jiaretta read Giaretta.
- " 628, " 1071 read 1061.
- " 628, " Trainæ read Traîna.
- " 629, " Länderverwaltung read Länderverwaltung.
- " 629, " Chaligate read Khalifate.
- " 629, " Rev. Italic read Rev. Italicar.
- " 629, " Maratori read Muratori.
- " 629, " accipitrium read accipitrum.
- " 630, " Væreblanc read Vaublanc.
- " 630, " aufugiant read aufugiunt.
- " 630, " Cotentin read Coutances.
- " 630, " Estrap read Estrup.
- " 630, " Genita read Geniti.
- " 631, " perderat read præerat.
- " 631, " Gyrant to dama read Gyrart lo clama.
- " 631, " vetare read velare.
- " 631, " Danmartes read Danmarks.
- " 631, " Matthai Taris read Matthei Paris.
- " 631, " præstolbantur read præstolabantur.
- " 631, " singules read singulis.
- " 631, " Tyen read Fyen.
- " 631, " Normauü read Normanni.
- " 631, " officiatür read efficiatur.
- " 631, " Falcaud read Falcand.
- " 631, " lörs read tors.
- " 631, " tribue read trébue.
- " 631, " Chronologio read Chronologico.
- " 631, " Albufeda read Abulfeda.

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for September.

THE WHIGS AND THEIR CANDIDATE. By Hon. D. D. Barnard,	221
AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK. By Professor Adolphus L. Koeppen,	235
NE-SHE-KAY-BE-NAIS, OR THE "LONE BIRD." By E. G. Squier,	255
WILLIAM GODWIN. By G. F. Deane,	259
INSANITY—HOW FAR A LEGAL DEFENCE. By I. Edwards,	269
SADI, THE PERSIAN POET,	275
ON THE USE OF CHLOROFORM IN HANGING. By G. W. Peck,	283
MEMOIR OF THE HON. SAMUEL F. VINTON,	297
TO SLEEP,	304
MENDELSSOHN. By G. A. Macfarren,*	305
EDWARD VERNON,	317
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	322
CRITICAL NOTICES,	325

* Late Professor of Harmony in the Royal Academy of Music in London, Musical Director at Covent Garden Theatre, &c., &c.

NOTE.—The friends of Judge McLean will find an error of fact regarding his nomination, corrected at the end of this number.

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THE WHIGS AND THEIR CANDIDATE.

THE Whigs of the United States have a heavy responsibility resting on them in the approaching Presidential election. We hold that it does not admit of a reasonable doubt that they can elect ZACHARY TAYLOR to the Presidency if they will. It is equally clear to us, that if he be not elected, it will be because Whigs—some Whigs—do not possess that measure of disinterested patriotism to rise above mere party and personal, or sectional views and considerations. The trial of men's virtue never comes but when they are called on to maintain their principles at some sacrifice, or under some discouragement. Many Whigs are now in this category, and it remains to be seen how they will come out of the trial. It is the tendency of party organization to contract the horizon of duty to the country; at least, this is the effect on many minds. Party—the success of party—the exaltation of party—become the absorbing objects of thought and desire. An ideal of what the party ought to be, what it ought to have and enjoy, and under what particular auspices its success and glory should be achieved, takes possession of the imagination, and sometimes quite shuts out other and higher considerations. It is forgotten, for the time, that party is properly only a means

to an end, and is really valuable—nay, is only justifiable—when it is employed as an instrumentality in behalf of the country, and of the whole country. When party becomes selfish—when it becomes ambitious—when it desires to rule for the sake of ruling, or for the profit of ruling, or because it wishes to set up its own idols in the high places of political worship, it must soon lose cast and character in the estimation of all good and wise men. A combination of men to take possession of power for purposes of their own, less comprehensive and catholic than the common good of the whole nation, is something very different from a great and patriotic party. It is a conspiracy, and not a political party.

Those who have composed the Whig party of this country have professed to unite for the purpose of promoting and maintaining certain great and distinctive principles, as being essential to the preservation of our form of government, and the advancement of the real interests and the true prosperity of the nation. When an election is at hand, like that which is now approaching, the proper question for every Whig to ask himself is, whether these principles are likely to be preserved and vindicated by our success as a party in the

election. If they will, the way of duty, as well as of party obligation, is plain. There may be many things not quite up to our expectations or desires. We may have seen many things in the management of the affairs of the party organization not at all to our liking. The wrong persons may, in our judgment, have taken the lead, to the discomfiture of wiser and honest men, and to the manifest disadvantage and discredit of the party. The candidate may not be the man of our individual choice; and we may think that those who have been chiefly instrumental in presenting him to us, and disappointing us of our preferences, have designed or hoped to promote some personal, selfish or sectional object or scheme of their own by his elevation. We may even entertain doubts whether the candidate we are to support agrees with us in all our notions about the particular means to be used—the particular measures to be adopted—for advancing the common weal. And, finally, some of us may indulge a shrewd suspicion that once in office his allegiance to country will be suffered in many things to outweigh his allegiance to party. But after all, what concerns us to know is, whether, if our candidate shall be elected, the distinctive principles which belong to us as a party will be likely to be maintained, and the affairs of government conducted with reference to them as a general basis of administration. If this is our faith and confidence upon a view of the whole ground, then we are guilty of a double desertion if we hold back from the support and effort necessary to the success of our candidate; we desert and betray at once both our party and our country.

Intelligent Whigs do not need to be informed what their principles are; but a summary statement of them cannot do the best of us any harm. The great doctrine which gave us our party designation was that of opposition to Executive usurpations. We hold it to be essential to the success of our free form of government that the President should be kept strictly within the limits of his proper Constitutional authority. Events have shown what fatal mischiefs do and will follow if that high functionary, with the vast patronage which attaches to his office, is permitted to overstep the Constitutional boundary

within which his duties lie. He may make himself at once despotic and irresponsible. We have actually seen a President, weak in everything except in the power of his office, involve the country in war, without and against its own will and judgment, for the purpose of conquest and the acquisition of foreign territory; and all this in the face of the Constitution, which expressly confides the power of declaring war to Congress. Thus, for two years and more, a nation, loving justice and loving peace, is chained to the car of a President, having a petty ambition to figure as the head of a people wise and powerful, carrying death and desolation to the heart, and over the hearths and homes, of an unhappy and imbecile neighbor, for objects of territorial plunder. This is one example to illustrate the strides which Executive arrogance will take if allowed to escape from the Constitution, and to appeal for the sanction of his acts solely to the will of an unreasoning ochlocracy. Whigs set themselves, first of all, at open war against any and all assumptions and encroachments of Executive power, under any and all pretences. From the period of General Jackson's accession to the Presidential office, under the machinations of the Democratic party, encroachment has followed encroachment in this office, with the full sanction and support of that party, until the Republic is on the point of being converted into the very worst and most unendurable of all forms of tyranny—the government of an irresponsible and proscriptive party, the dominant element of which is found in the lowest and worst classes of society, cohering by the principle of plunder, and giving a fearful energy to their power by concentrating it in the hands of a monocratic chief, elective by their suffrages, serving for a limited time, and bound and pledged to make their pleasure, and the gratification of their will and wantonness, the principal end and aim of his administration. If such a government, Congress is nothing but a convenient, or inconvenient, sort of medium interposed between the nation and the ruling chief, through which his decrees are made known by a formal registration and through which also his necessary supplies are furnished. We Whigs want no such government as this. We desire to see the Congress restored to its original

powers under the Constitution, and the President confined to the performance of the proper executive duties of his station. We want no Presidential vetoes on the ordinary legislation of Congress—a business which the Constitution has confided *exclusively* to that body. We wish to see the exercise of this high conservative power reserved for extraordinary occasions, and used only to correct some manifest and undoubted error, or to arrest some certain and imminent mischief to the Constitution or the country. We do not want to see it used as if the President held a portion of the ordinary legislative power, with a negative on all legislation which is practically absolute. If Congress passes a law to do an act of long-delayed justice to some of our citizens, as in the case of the law passed two years ago to pay moneys honestly due from the Government on account of French spoliations prior to 1800, we do not want to see an Executive veto interposed without one plausible or even decent reason given for it. If Congress chooses to make appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors—a power exercised from the foundation of the Government—we want to see the will of Congress stand as the law of the land, in spite of any private opinion to the contrary which the President may happen to entertain. And if Congress, in providing a local government for any of our territories, should insist on preserving all territories now free from the intrusion of slavery, (no new or unused power in this government,) we want to see such legislation stand without any intermeddling or gainsaying on the part of the President. In short, we Whigs want to see the legislation of the country exactly in the hands where the Constitution has placed it. We want that the country should come back to the habit of looking to Congress, and not to the President, for the policy which shall prevail amongst us, under the legislative authority, on all questions touching our internal national affairs—touching the regulation of commerce, internal and commercial improvements, the finances, public credit, revenue and taxation, protection to home industry, war, the government of our territorial possessions, and the measures proper “for the common defence and the general welfare.” This, if we un-

derstand anything about it, is a cardinal principle with the Whig party. We want so much of the government of the country, out and out, as the Constitution has confided to Congress, to be and remain in the hands of that body, free from the arbitrary interposition, and equally free from the corrupt blandishments, of the Executive. He who adopts and maintains this great and distinctive principle is a Whig, and all good Whigs will welcome him to their fellowship. It lies at the very foundation, it is of the very essence, of Whig faith, that—except in regard to our foreign relations confided to the President and Senate, in regard to nominations and appointments to office, in regard to the titular command of the army and navy, and in regard to other specified duties properly appertaining to the chief executive office of the Government—the whole policy and conduct of our public affairs have been confided by the Constitution to the control and direction of Congress. There the effective and efficient power ought to reside; there it ought to be independently exercised. The President is required, from time to time, to communicate information to Congress on the state of the nation, in order that that body may act understandingly in its affairs and interests. Placed as he is, at the centre and head of the administrative affairs of the Government, in the control of its foreign relations, its appointing power, and its executive authority, he is required also to recommend to Congress such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. Beyond this, however, his power over the internal policy and the ordinary legislation of the country does not go. It is the express injunction of the Constitution that “ALL legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.” There is no third branch—the President is vested with no legislative power. The veto is an executive, and not a legislative power, the necessity and use of which were, and are, perfectly well understood. His formal assent and signature to all laws are required as a proper act of authentication and solemnization. When a law is once passed and perfected, he is called on personally to carry it into execution. By mistake, by oversight, by in-

consideration, possibly by passion, or by unreflective sympathy, the law may contemplate some action manifestly wrong and injurious to persons or to parties affected by it, or in violent conflict with the plain provisions of the Constitution. In tender regard of his conscience, and of his sense of personal dignity and propriety, and of right and wrong, it was not thought necessary or wise to compel him to put his name to such a law as if approving of it. He was, therefore, allowed to return it to Congress with his objections—to be passed, if Congress would and could do it, by a two-thirds vote, in spite of his objections. In the hands of an honest and conscientious man, one disposed to obey and abide by the Constitution, this is an innocent power; it is dangerous only when it is clutched by unprincipled men, or by the ambitious instruments of an unprincipled party. To use it as it has been used, as if the President were a third branch of the legislative department of the Government, is a sheer usurpation of power.

We say, again, that the control and direction of our whole national policy, so far as it may be affected by legislation, are, or ought to be, in the hands of Congress, and not in the hands of the Executive; and this is the doctrine of the Whig party. It is in virtue of this principle, this leading article of their political faith, that they assumed the name by which they are designated, as separating them, by a broad mark of distinction, from those who practise on the Tory doctrine and policy of governing as much as possible by the one-man or monarchical power. It is the *Democratic* party, so calling itself, which exalts the Executive above all other departments and powers in the Government, and supports and defends the President of their choice in every pretension and assumption of power, however monstrous. The history of the present administration is one unbroken proof of the truth of this assertion. And "Democracy" proposes to perpetuate this sort of rule and government; and perpetuated it will be with a vengeance, if Gen. Cass shall be made the successor of Mr. Polk. No two things could be more diametrically opposed to each other, than the cardinal principle of the Whigs in opposing all Executive usurpation, and in insisting on the legislative supremacy of Congress,

and the practice, the doctrines, and the policy to be pursued under the sway of "Democracy," if successful in the coming election. Light that cannot be endured for its intenseness, and darkness that may be felt, are not more opposite.

We have dwelt at some length on this article of Whig faith, because it is both cardinal and fundamental in our creed. It lies at the bottom both of our faith and of our hopes. We are republicans, and this doctrine is the essence of republicanism. We do not want a monarchy disguised under republican forms. We do not want the name of a republic, while at the same time it is Cæsar that rules. We believe both in conservatism and in progress; and we can indulge no hope, either of stability on the one hand or of advancement on the other, without this doctrine. Our system is elective and representative, and Congress was so constituted, in its two branches, as to preserve the popular and representative principle in full vigor, and at the same time give the promise of something like stability to the Government and its policy. We think it indispensable, on all accounts, that Congress should be maintained in the full and free exercise of all its constitutional powers; and without this, we see no ground of hope for that moderate and wise policy of administration, and for those just measures on which we rely to make us a prosperous and happy people. Events have clearly enough demonstrated that if the President is to override Congress and be himself the State—*L'Etat, c'est moi*—the will of the nation is of very little account in the measures that shall be pursued. Personal or sectional views and interests will govern everything. Annexation was an Executive measure, and was carried by Executive dictation and intrigue against the better judgment of Congress, and against the will of the nation. The war with Mexico was an Executive measure exclusively, about which Congress was not even consulted. There were not twenty men in both houses of Congress who could have been brought to vote for a war at the time when hostilities were actually commenced by the President's order; and as for the people themselves, a vote for such a measure could not have been obtained in any one State, county, town, district, or precinct in the whole Union—at least out

of Texas. We may see, by this example, what it is, and what it must be, to have this Republic of ours converted into an elective monarchy. War, conquest, the lust of dominion—these things become the order of the day. The Whig party are against these things. We are for peace with all the world, as long as it can be maintained without sacrifices to which no nation can submit; and we do not doubt that, in this age, perpetual peace may be preserved with all nations, with no other effort on our part, than to be strictly honest and strictly just in all our dealings with them, to mind our own business, and let them alone. As a security for peace, we want that Congress, and not the President or anybody else, should tell the nation when it is necessary we should go to war. We are against the extension of our territorial limits, and the adding of far-off countries and peoples to our Union and dominion. We do not desire to extend the area of slavery; and we think the area of freedom may as well be extended by allowing our neighbors on all sides to establish and maintain free and independent governments for themselves, after our example, as by *annexing* them all to this Republic. We should have quite too much to do if we should undertake to embrace in this Union all the nations of the world now struggling to be free. The Whig party do not sympathize at all with that ambitious sentiment which prompted Gen. Cass, in his place as a Senator in Congress, to anticipate the time when "*the whole of the vast country around us* will form one of the most magnificent empires that the world has yet seen." We want our own Republic and Union, with a homogeneous people, men of the same general race, blood, education, and habits, forming a consolidated nation, bound together in national interests and national unity, and growing in wisdom and in moral greatness as we increase in our physical proportions. We do not want Canada, or Cuba, or the West Indies, or Yucatan, or the projected republic of Sierra Madre to be annexed to the United States, whether without, or at the end of bloody wars. "Democracy," with Gen. Cass for its monocrat, is on the look-out for these acquisitions. Gen. Cass would have gone to war with England for the line of Fifty-four Forty, in the Oregon

country. Gen. Cass was in favor of our Executive war of conquest and spoliation against our imbecile neighbor and sister republic, and thought our digestive powers would carry us safely through, even if "*we should swallow the whole of Mexico.*" He seems to look upon the United States as if the country were some monster reptile, that must subsist and swell its huge, unsightly bulk, by gorging itself with every living thing, small and great, that comes in its way. This is his idea of progress and national glory. Nothing less than "*the whole of the vast country around us,*" continent and islands together, from the frozen regions of the North to the burning line, and God knows how much further, absorbed in this Union, or hitched to it and hanging upon it, and showing a monstrous, disjointed carcass of a country, "extended long and large, in bulk as huge as whom the fables name"—nothing less than this will satisfy Gen. Cass. And the "Democracy" would make him President, and, maugre the Constitution, allow him the rule and sway of the government, as if it had no department but his own, to prosecute his schemes of ambition and aggrandizement. The Whig party are opposed to all such profane madness. Our country was broad enough for all useful and wise purposes, and for the duties of our central government, even before our late acquisitions. We are utterly opposed to carrying this game any further. We think the fairest fabric of government ever framed is put in imminent jeopardy by this spirit of war, conquest, and forced aggrandizement, so industriously and zealously taught our people in the school of modern "Democracy"—the school of Allen, Cass, and Polk. It is the doctrine of these political schoolmasters that "the hearts of the people must be prepared for war;" and for what sort of war, and with what unholy objects prosecuted, and with what defiance of all right, moral and constitutional, undertaken, let the war with Mexico tell. War, conquest, territorial aggrandizement—this is the sum of the policy of these men for this country. "Democracy" is now engaged in earnest efforts to make Gen. Cass President, with undefined objects of war, conquest, and territorial extension floating before his eager vision. As President, if he can be made such, it is

expected of him that he will know how to carry out this policy, and he has shown abundantly already, that no constitutional impediments will be allowed to stand in his way. He would not hesitate to make war on his own responsibility, as Mr. Polk has done, with his full sanction and support. All the blandishments of Executive patronage and power would be freely used by him, as they have been by Mr. Polk, with his full assent and approval, both with Congress and with the people, in furtherance of whatever schemes or enterprises he might see fit to undertake. We who are Whigs look with equal disgust and horror on such doctrines and practices. Opposed to war, conquest, and territorial extension, and seeing how every kind of dishonest, wanton, and dangerous policy and practice is made to hang on the Executive will, is promoted by Executive usurpations, or by the corrupt and wicked appliances of Executive power, we are more and more confirmed and earnest in our advocacy and maintenance of the great fundamental principle of our political faith, which insists that the President must be reduced from the monstrous growth to which he has attained under "Democratic" dominancy, back again to the legitimate proportions assigned him by the Constitution. We want a Constitutional Executive, not a monocrat, at the head of this government. We want an honest and a modest man to fill the Executive office, one who shall feel that the weight of his proper constitutional duties is quite enough for him to bear, without seeking to take upon his shoulders the added burthen of all other powers of government, legitimate or illegitimate.

But it is not only in such important matters as annexation, war, and conquest, that the President has been known to take an improper lead, and carry measures with a high hand. In the course and prosecution of the recent war, nothing in the way of exercising unaccorded powers was too bold or flagrant for Mr. Polk to attempt. He assumed, and exercised, the right of establishing civil government over provinces and peoples conquered by the American arms. And he established, by his personal authority, a regular system of taxation and revenue in all places held under military subjection, for the independent use of his

military chest. In all this, Gen. Cass was a privy counsellor, and a principal adviser and supporter of the President, and now stands, as far as he and his friends have the ability, as the lawful successor and inheritor of the powers of the Presidential office as wielded by Mr. Polk. Of the prerogatives belonging to this office, when once war has been begun, we have Gen. Cass's opinion very explicitly propounded in the Senate chamber. "*Congress*," he declared, "*could neither give him [the President] the power to carry on the war, nor control that war.*" His "Democratic" creed teaches that Congress is nothing, or next to nothing, in the government, and the President is everything.

Nor is this a new or accidental doctrine with him. It is the faith in which he has lived from Gen. Jackson's day to this. It was the doctrine of that stern, self-willed, and wrong-headed old man, that the President is to support the Constitution "*AS HE UNDERSTANDS IT, and not as it is understood by others.*" His doctrine was, that "the opinion of the Supreme Court," though formally pronounced in a judicial case, "*ought not to control the co-ordinate authorities of this government.*" "*The opinion of the Judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the Judges, and, on that point, THE PRESIDENT IS INDEPENDENT OF BOTH.*"

And this was not a mere theoretical opinion of the "old Roman." He acted upon it officially. In 1832, he based upon it a veto of an important law passed by Congress, and which had previously had the judicial sanction of the Supreme Court as to its constitutionality. And he did more than this. He *refused to carry the law into execution*, as it had been pronounced by the Supreme Court, in the case of the missionaries, Butler and Worcester, who, for the exercise of their holy office in Georgia, had been sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary of that State at hard labor for a term of years, under an unconstitutional law; and he left these innocent victims to their fate. It very properly fell to the part of Gen. Cass, then Secretary of War, to convey to those interested in the matter the final determination of the President. This he did in a letter dated Nov. 14, 1831, and in which the President's refusal to execute the law

was placed expressly on his own opinion of the validity of the statute of Georgia, in opposition to the judicial opinion and judgment of the Supreme Court.

The "Democratic" doctrine of the supremacy of the Executive over the law, and over all other departments of the government, has been illustrated in other cases, and has been too uniformly held and acted on in the last twenty years to allow us to regard it as in any way casual or accidental. The country has not forgotten when Gen. Jackson "took the responsibility" of removing the public moneys in the treasury of the United States from the custody of the law to his own personal keeping, or a keeping under his personal orders. He challenged to himself the right to seize and control the money in the treasury, where the law had placed it, on the ground that "*the custody of the public property*" was "*AN APPROPRIATE FUNCTION OF THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT in this and all other governments.*" "*Congress,*" he said, "*cannot, therefore, take out of the hands of the Executive department the custody of the public property or money, without an assumption of Executive power, and a subversion of the first principles of the Constitution.*" And it is precisely on this wild and lawless doctrine of Executive powers held, not under the Constitution, but as "*AN APPROPRIATE FUNCTION of the Executive department in this and all other governments,*" that Mr. Polk has acted, and justified his action, in setting up governments and exercising the sovereign right of taxation in countries conquered by our arms. And this is "Democratic" doctrine. The "Democratic" Convention at Baltimore declared, the other day, "that the confidence of the Democracy of the Union in the principles," &c., of Mr. Polk, had "*been signally justified by the strictness of his adherence to sound Democratic doctrines.*" And Gen. Cass, the nominee of the party for the succession to this high office, to which such "appropriate functions" belong, beyond and above the Constitution, announces that he had carefully read the resolutions of the Convention, and gave them his cordial approval.

It is the first article in the Whig creed that the President is not to exercise power as "an appropriate function" of his office, which the Constitution does not give him.

No power is "an appropriate function" of his office but such as the Constitution makes appropriate. We think and believe, if the President shall be confined strictly to his constitutional powers and duties, that we shall have no executive wars, no wars of conquest, no gratified lust after foreign possessions and territories, no annexation, no burthensome debts and grinding taxation, no intermeddling or corrupt tampering with Congress, and no vetoes of acts of ordinary legislation. Congress will be left to its own independent action, and the Supreme Court to its integrity. With all this, however, "Democracy" is at odds and enmity.

It belongs to the political faith of the Whig party, as a principle in their creed, that the powers given to the Government of the Union should be faithfully used for the advancement of the common good and the common prosperity of the nation. We hold that the power to lay duties and raise revenue, and the power over commerce, should be skilfully and beneficially employed. The employment of these powers belongs exclusively to Congress. So does the power over the territories and other property, and over the money of the United States. We think that the financial plans and fiscal system of the Government should be arranged and established by Congress, with proper reference to the interests and business affairs of the people, as well as to the convenience of the Government. We think the revenue system should be adjusted with some proper reference and regard to the industry and labor of the country of every kind, as affected by foreign importations and the state of trade. We think that navigation should be protected along with commerce, and commercial facilities increased on the sea-board, around the great lakes, and along the courses of the great rivers, by judicious expenditures of the public money for works of necessary improvement. These are measures of national benefit and advantage which the Whig party are glad to contemplate, and which they will feel it their duty to urge on the attention of the proper department of the Government, whenever the "Democracy," with its pestilent doctrines, shall lose its hold on the power of that department.

But, of course, it is to Congress, and not

to the President, that we look for these measures. It is in Congress, and not in the President, that the power over these subjects resides. If the President to be elected for the next term should agree with us in regard to the importance of these measures, he may, as the Constitution directs, in his discretion, recommend the consideration of them to Congress; or Congress may consider them without his recommendation. But we do not look to him, however favorably or strongly inclined towards these measures, for any influence in their behalf other than that which the Constitution contemplates and prescribes; least of all do we expect him to undertake to force them on an unwilling Congress, by threats of displeasure or promises of favor or reward. As Whigs we shall be satisfied, and we are bound by our principles to be satisfied, first with his recommendation of them, if such shall be his opinion, and next with his allowing Congress to do its own work in relation to these subjects, without the interposition of his veto on the results of their labors.

We think it must, by this time, be apparent to the reader who has followed us thus far, what, in our estimation, are the distinctive principles of the Whig party, and also what sort of principles a candidate for the Presidency ought to hold in order to be acceptable, as such, to the Whig party. As we have said, we are a conservative party, as well as a party of progress. We want a President who knows his place when he is in it, who will take the Constitution for his guide and counsellor, and who will be content with the limited authority it clothes him with. We want a President who will leave it to Congress, under such official recommendation as he shall deem it necessary or expedient to give, to shape the policy of the government for the time, so far as it may depend on legislation—and nearly everything of direct interest to the people *does* depend, by the Constitution, on the legislative department. We want an honest President, one who, with Whig sentiments and feelings in his heart, shall be the President of the nation, and not of a party. If he be not thus honest and patriotic, he is no Whig, be he who or what he may. If he do not rule by the Constitution, and in the fear of God, and with an anxious de-

sire to see this nation built up in virtue and moral greatness, as well as in wealth and physical grandeur, and enjoying Liberty, supported by Law, Order, Goodness, and Truth, he is no Whig.

ZACHARY TAYLOR has been presented to the People of the United States as a candidate for the Presidency, by a National Convention assembled at Philadelphia. This was a party convention, composed of Whigs, and convened according to the approved usages of that party in such cases. Probably no party convention ever met in this country which combined in its composition more talent or more patriotism. The results of its deliberations and its recommendations ought, we think, to come to the Whigs of the United States with the force of some authority. General Taylor was nominated by a strong majority over all competitors on a fourth ballot. From the first, his vote was not confined to single States, or to any particular section. Well known and honored Whigs from New England, and from the Middle and Western States, voted, from the beginning, for his nomination. We have seen no evidence, nor heard of any, that the Convention was infected with any corruption, or acted under any delusion or deception. If party organization is a necessary or desirable thing, we do not see how its action in this instance can well be repudiated. Those who are Whigs and mean to continue such, and who believe that they can offer patriotic service to the country in no other party combination so well as in this, will feel bound, we suppose, to give the nomination of General Taylor a hearty support; certainly they will do so, unless it shall appear that the Convention which presented his name, acted under some palpable mistake or error, in regard to the character of the man, and the principles entertained by him. If it had appeared, or should turn out, that a Whig National Convention, like that assembled at Philadelphia, had nominated a man who was not a Whig in sentiment at all, or who, for defects of character or fitness, was unworthy of the support of a great party, we should certainly hope to see character and consistency enough in the party to reject such a nomination. But we think, at the same time, that a strong array of facts would be required to convince candid Whigs

that a Whig Convention had really fallen into so strange a mistake.

It is undoubtedly true that Gen. Taylor, up to the time of his nomination by the Philadelphia Convention, had not, by any prominent act or action, on his part, identified himself with any party combination whatever. He had been nearly all his life a soldier, living in camps, and serving his country in the field. For many years he had been stationed on service upon our remote Western frontier, or in the Indian countries. He had been in no manner mixed up with politics or political parties. He had not, however, been unobservant of civil affairs; he was not unacquainted with the civil history of his country, or with current events, or with the character and objects of contending parties. He was a reading man, a reflecting man, and a man of close observation. He had been in no condition to take any active part in public affairs, beyond what appertained to his profession of arms. But he was not without his opinions on politics and parties. In a letter dated August 3d, 1847, after stating that he was, what he had been represented to be, "a Whig in principle," he says: "At the last Presidential canvass it was well known to all with whom I mixed, Whigs and Democrats—for I had no concealment in the matter—that I was decidedly in favor of Mr. Clay's election, and I would now prefer seeing him in that office to any individual in the Union."

It cannot surprise any reflecting person that General Taylor, in camp in the face of the public enemy, when first approached on the subject of the Presidency, should have replied to all suggestions and solicitations rather after the manner of an old soldier than a hackneyed politician. The very first letter, so far as we can find, ever written by him in reference to this subject, and which was in answer to a communication addressed to him from Ohio, was dated at Matamoras, July 21st, 1846; and in it he holds this language:—

"I feel very grateful to you, sir, and to my fellow-citizens who with you have expressed the very flattering desire to place my name in nomination for the Presidency; but it becomes me sincerely and frankly to acknowledge to you that for that office I have no aspiration whatever. Although no politician, having always held myself aloof from the clamors of party

politics, *I am a Whig, and shall ever be devoted in individual opinion to the principles of that party.* Even if the subject which you have in your letter opened to me were acceptable at any time, I have not the leisure to attend to it now; the vigorous prosecution of the war with Mexico, so important to the interests of my country, demands every moment of my present time, and it is my great desire to bring it to a speedy and honorable termination."

He continued to be plied with communications on this subject, and he continued to answer, when he thought himself compelled to answer at all, after the same manner. After the letter just quoted, we have seen nothing from him on the subject of a date earlier than the 28th of April, 1847, written from his camp, near Monterrey. This letter was in reply to one which had proposed to tender him a nomination by the "Native American Convention," and in it he said:—

"Even if an aspirant for the Presidential office, (which is not the case,) I could not, while the country is involved in war, and while my duty calls me to take part against the enemy, acknowledge any ambition beyond that of bestowing all my best exertions towards obtaining an adjustment of our difficulties with Mexico."

It is worth observing that, in all his correspondence touching this matter, so long as he was actually in the field and engaged in military operations, so far from manifesting any eagerness for such a movement, he was constantly disposed to discourage the use of his name for President, and especially by any party, lest the effect might be to lessen, in some quarters, public confidence in him as a military commander, and so result in injury to the public service in which he was engaged. "I regret," said he, in June, 1847, "the subject has been agitated at this early day, and that it had not been deferred until the close of this war, or until the end of the next session of Congress, especially if I am to be mixed up with it, as it is possible it may lead to the injury of the public service in this quarter by my operations being embarrassed," &c. In another letter he said: "My own personal views [on questions of public policy about which his opinions had been asked] were better withheld till the end of the war, when my usefulness as a

military chief serving in the field against the common enemy shall no longer be compromised by their expression or discussion in any matter." In another letter still, he held this language:—"If I have been named by others, and considered a candidate for the Presidency, it has been by no agency of mine in the matter; and if the *good people* think my services important in that station and elect me, I will feel bound to serve them; and all the pledges and explanations I can enter into and make, as regards this or that policy, is that I will do so honestly and faithfully to the best of my abilities, strictly in compliance with the Constitution. Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammelled, and be the chief magistrate of the nation and not of a party."

All who remember the correspondence between the Department of War and General Taylor—the want of support of which he had constantly to complain, and the manifest jealousy of the administration towards him on account of his successes—will be at no loss to understand what the General means, when he objects to the agitation of the subject of the Presidency by the use of his name, and especially by any party, so long as he had such high duties in the field to perform, and for the efficient performance of which it was so necessary that he should have, as far as possible, the full confidence both of the country and of the administration. It was not for him, voluntarily, or by any act whatever of his own, to place himself openly before the country in an attitude of political hostility to the President and his administration, under whose orders he was operating in the field against the public enemy. If the people in any quarter should spontaneously move in the matter, he could not help it. He would do nothing to encourage any movement of the sort whatever, and as for political parties, arrayed in opposition to the administration, he would not, whatever might be his private opinions, take such a time to identify himself with any of them. At home, and in civil life, he could say, "I am a Whig, and shall ever be devoted, in individual opinion, to the principles of that party;"

but here I am a soldier, serving my country and my whole country; and here, in the face of the public enemy, under the orders of my constitutional Commander-in-Chief, I am an American—I have no party. My time, my talents, my energies, shall all be devoted to this service while thus employed, and no part of either will I give towards making myself a party to any movement—especially by any political combination—for my elevation to the Presidential office.

It is also true, undoubtedly, aside from the consideration just stated, that Gen. Taylor was then, and has been all the while, averse to his being looked upon by his countrymen as a *mere party man*. He claimed to be something more and better than this, and in giving voice to this feeling, he has sometimes uttered strong expressions, which need to be taken in connection with the character and professional occupations of the man, in order to be rightly understood. As a soldier, on an exposed and responsible post of duty, it seemed to him proper that he should be an American, and nothing else. As a patriot, and one who, though "a Whig, and devoted in individual opinion to the principles of that party," was also a soldier and "no politician, having always held himself aloof from the clamors of party politics," he would have been glad, if such a thing were possible, that once more since the case of Washington, not to mention that of Monroe, a President of these United States might be elected by the common voice of the people, and without their division into rancorous and hostile parties. At any rate, he seemed resolved from the first, so far as he was concerned, not to give encouragement to any mere party organization to make him their candidate. The manner in which he constantly repelled the repeated advances of the "Native American" party, is very significant. But his language was consistent towards all parties. He did not desire to be a *mere party candidate*, or elected to be the exponent of any *mere party doctrines*. If elected at all, he wished to be left at liberty, and he resolved he would be, to "look to the Constitution, and to the high interests of our common country, and not to the principles of a party, for his rules of action." Where the principles of a party

agreed with his own, and squared, at the same time, both with the Constitution and the high interests of the country, of course he would have no difficulty about them, or about his "rules of action;" and this, as we shall see directly, is exactly the state of things, and exactly his position in regard to the principles of the Whig party. Gen. Taylor thought it more becoming the high dignity of such a position as that of President of the United States, or that of a candidate for the Presidency, to declare that "the Constitution, in a strict and honest interpretation, and in the spirit and mode in which it was acted upon by the earlier Presidents, would be his chief guide" in that high office, rather than promise to do the will and bidding of any party. And he thought also, no doubt—and he adhered for a long time, with characteristic and honest pertinacity, to this idea and this hope—that a President, though known to entertain sentiments consonant to those of a particular party, and therefore supported as the nominee of that party, would be all the more fortunate and happy, and all the more likely to be useful to his country, if receiving at the same time a popular support, irrespective of party. They were strictly popular movements, or so they seemed to him, which first presented his name for President, and it was in response to such movements that his assent to the use of his name was first given. Having consented to occupy that position, it was not for him to withdraw from it, though others might withdraw him if they chose. It was not inconsistent with that position that he should receive and accept the nomination of a party, at least of the Whig party, with whose principles his own were in accordance; but then it was necessary this should be done without exacting from him any mere party pledges.

Such, according to our understanding of the matter, was the position of Gen. Taylor down to the time of the holding of the Philadelphia Convention. He was already before the people, in some quarters, as a popular candidate irrespective of party. The question now was, whether he should be made the candidate of the Whig party. To this he was willing to assent; two things, however, being expressly understood. One was, that he could not him-

self withdraw his own name as a popular candidate, in order to stand in the list of candidates before the Convention; but he agreed that those friends of his who came into this Convention with his name, did, by that act, so far as they were concerned, pledge themselves, and were bound, to sustain the nominee of the Convention, whoever he might be. Considering the attitude in which these friends stood towards him, this was virtually a withdrawal of his name wholly from the canvass, in the event of some other person receiving the nomination of the Convention. The other thing to be understood in his behalf was, that in no event should any pledges be exacted of him as the candidate of the Whig party, beyond what might be implied in the sentiments already freely expressed by him.

The question presents itself, whether the Convention had sufficient evidence of the political sentiments of Gen. Taylor, to justify them, as Whigs, in putting him in nomination, in the face of his declaration, that he would give them no pledges beyond the general avowal of his sentiments already before the public. What then was known of his political opinions at the sitting of the Convention? We venture to say, as much was known as could be known of the opinions of any man not actually brought up in the din and strife of party politics. He had already in repeated instances declared that he was a Whig, though he took care uniformly to qualify the declaration with the remark, that he was not an *ultra* Whig. Still he was a Whig, and "*should ever be devoted, in individual opinion, to the principles of that party.*"

But he did not rest finally in this general declaration. After the war was virtually over, and he was withdrawn from the field, he put forth a more explicit and full declaration of his opinions. And we propose now to place that document on record, at length, in this journal, received as it was—in our judgment properly received—as satisfactory to the Convention which nominated Gen. Taylor to the Presidency, and worthy to be received everywhere, by all true Whigs, as an exposition of his principles, highly creditable to him, and wholly satisfactory to them. The letter alluded to follows, and the best

Whig in the land may study it with profit and advantage:—

BATON ROUGE, April 22, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—My opinions have recently been so often misconceived and misrepresented, that I deem it due to myself, if not to my friends, to make a brief exposition of them upon the topics to which you have called my attention.

I have consented to the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency. I have frankly avowed my own distrust of my fitness for that high station; but having, at the solicitation of many of my countrymen, taken my position as a candidate, I do not feel at liberty to surrender that position until my friends manifest a wish that I should retire from it. I will then most gladly do so. I have no private purposes to accomplish, no party projects to build up, no enemies to punish—nothing to serve but my country.

I have been very often addressed by letter, and my opinions have been asked upon almost every question that might occur to the writers as affecting the interests of their country or their party. I have not always responded to these inquiries, for various reasons.

I confess, whilst *I have great cardinal principles which will regulate my political life*, I am not sufficiently familiar with all the minute details of political legislation to give solemn pledges to exert my influence, if I were President, to carry out this or defeat that measure. I have no concealment. I hold no opinion which I would not readily proclaim to my assembled countrymen; but crude impressions upon matters of policy, which may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow, are, perhaps, not the best test of fitness for office. One who cannot be trusted without pledges cannot be confided in merely on account of them.

I will proceed, however, now to respond to your inquiries.

First. I reiterate what I have often said—I am a Whig, but not an ultra Whig. If elected I would not be the mere President of a party. I would endeavor to act independent of party domination. I should feel bound to administer the government untrammelled by party schemes.

Second. The veto power. The power given by the Constitution to the executive to interpose his veto, is a high conservative power; but in my opinion should never be exercised except in cases of clear violation of the Constitution, or manifest haste and want of consideration by Congress. *Indeed, I have thought that, for many years past, the known opinions and wishes of the Executive have exercised undue and injurious influence upon the legislative department of the Government; and for this cause I have thought our system was in danger of undergoing a great change from its true theory. The personal opinions of the individual who may hap-*

pen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy; nor ought his objections to be interposed where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of government and acquiesced in by the people.

Third. Upon the subjects of the tariff, the currency, the improvement of our great highways, rivers, lakes, and harbors, the will of the people, as expressed through their Representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the Executive.

Fourth. The Mexican war. I sincerely rejoice at the prospect of peace. My life has been devoted to arms, yet I look upon war at all times and under all circumstances as a national calamity, to be avoided if compatible with national honor. The principles of our Government, as well as its true policy, are opposed to the subjugation of other nations and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest. In the language of the great Washington, "Why should we quit our own to stand on foreign ground?" In the Mexican war our national honor has been vindicated, amply vindicated, and in dictating terms of peace, we may well afford to be forbearing and even magnanimous to our fallen foe.

These are my opinions upon the subjects referred to by you; and any reports or publications, written or verbal, from any source, differing in any essential particular from what is here written, are unauthorized and untrue.

I do not know that I shall again write upon the subject of national politics. I shall engage in no schemes, no combinations, no intrigues. If the American people have not confidence in me, they ought not to give me their suffrages. If they do not, you know me well enough to believe me when I declare I shall be content. I am too old a soldier to murmur against such high authority.

Z. TAYLOR.

To Capt. J. S. ALLISON.

If we have been at all fortunate in the brief exposition we have attempted in this article, of what constitutes, in our judgment, the sum and essence of Whig principles, the reader who agrees to these principles cannot fail to discern at once, on perusing this letter, that if there be a Whig in this land—his own word being taken for it—Zachary Taylor is one. Let it be remembered all the while, that Gen. Taylor is no partisan—has not been brought up in the school of party—and is taken from the camp and the field, to be our candidate for President. Agreeing with us fully in feeling and sentiment, what should we expect him to say more than he has said in this letter? Do we want him to be the President of a party, and not the

President of the nation? Do we want him to be less modest and distrustful of himself than he appears? Do we want a vindictive party chief in the Presidential office, rather than one who has "no enemies to punish—nothing to serve but his country?" Is it not enough that he has "great cardinal principles which will regulate his political life," and those principles held in exact accordance with our own? Must we exact in the way of pledges from our candidate, be he who he may, "impressions upon matters of policy, which may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow?" Do we want a President who will go into office armed with the imperial power of the veto, and resolved to exercise it as a part of the ordinary legislative authority of the Government; or are we content to have one who regards the veto as "a high conservative power," to be employed only on high and extraordinary occasions? Can we not be satisfied with a President who proposes to allow Congress to do its own work, in its own way, without the exercise of any "undue and injurious influence" from him? What can we ask more than that "the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives in Congress," on the subjects of the Tariff, the Currency, and the improvement of our great highways, rivers, lakes, and harbors," shall "be respected and carried out by the Executive?" Can we ask for a better man of peace than Gen. Taylor, who, soldier though he be, "looks upon war, at all times, and under all circumstances, as a national calamity, to be avoided if compatible with national honor?" And if we are "opposed to the subjugation of other nations, and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest," if we are opposed to the policy which would teach us to "quit our own soil to stand on foreign ground," can we have a better or safer man to stand at the helm of government than Gen. Taylor?

Beyond all reasonable doubt, either General Taylor or General Cass must be our next President. And those who have looked carefully over the whole field cannot fail to see, that the proper Whig strength of the country is abundantly sufficient to secure General Taylor's election over his "Democratic" competitor, at least since the irreconcilable division which has

taken place in the ranks of the "Democratic" party. Of this there does not remain a doubt. The only question is whether the proper Whig strength of the country is to be given to General Taylor, or whether a portion of it—any considerable portion of it—is to be withheld from him, and carried over to what is called the "Free Soil party." The *Free Soil party* of 1844 secured the election of Mr. Polk, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the acquisition by conquest of other vast regions, much of which slavery now claims for her own. The Free Soil party, under its new auspices, may render another like service to the country by the election of General Cass, if it can find Whigs enough to help them. We can understand and entertain some respect for those quondam "Democrats" who, professing to plant themselves on a new issue, in which Hunkerism is their strongest and worst enemy, make up a third party, and present a third candidate, with a present, specific, practical design in view—namely, *the certain defeat of the regular or Hunker candidate*, not through their own success, (of which they have not the most distant idea,) but through the success of the Whigs. But what shall we say of Whigs who join themselves to this movement at this time, with the absolute certainty staring them in the face, that every vote given by them to this third party is just so much done towards securing the election, not of the third party candidate, but of General Cass? We suppose we may say without offence, that Whigs who prefer General Cass for President to General Taylor, for any reason whatever, are certainly no Whigs at all. Their associates in the third party, the "Barnburners," and perhaps all the rest, prefer General Taylor, and go expressly for the defeat of Cass. And certainly they are right, if "Free Soil" is really what they are after. It is Congress that is to be looked to to keep slavery out of the new territories, in the provisions it shall make on the subject of Territorial Government. General Cass will veto any law of Congress which provides for the authoritative exclusion of slavery from these territories. To this he is committed. General Taylor, by the express terms of his letter to Captain Allison, is pledged not to interpose objections—if he should

have any—to deliberate acts of legislation, “where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of Government and acquiesced in by the people.” And precedents are scattered through the whole history of the Government, of legislation by Congress on the subject of slavery in the territories, with the acquiescence of every department of the Government and of the people. We may conclude, unless all present indications are delusive, that no enactment will be made by the American Congress for establishing governments in the new territories, which are now free, without some express provision to keep them free. It is probable that these territories will be sooner left to take care of themselves, in their own way, until ready to knock at our doors for admission into our Union as *free States*. Every indication shows this to be the resolution of the North. General Taylor as President cannot and will not stand in the way of this policy. He will have nothing to do with it, because it is one of those subjects that belong exclusively to the legislative department, and he will exercise no “undue and injurious influence” on that department. Oregon has been taking care of itself, and we suppose that New Mexico and California may take care of themselves in like manner. At any rate, Congress will look after the territories if anybody, and not General Taylor, if he is President. What do Whigs—what do Northern Whigs want more than this? What will they gain, those of them who are wedded to this one idea of Free Soil, by aiding to elect General Cass? for that is the effect of *their* adherence to the Free Soil party, in preference to their own. On all this subject of slavery, and especially in reference to the new territories, the Whigs of the North have only to stand by the compromises of the Constitution, and stand on just national ground, and the Whigs of the South will meet them fairly and generously. Southern Whigs in both houses of Congress, with a single exception in each, went with Northern Whigs to a man, against the policy of acquiring another inch of territory from Mexico. And whatever Whigs of the South may feel compelled to do, on their part, now that such territory has been acquired in spite

of them, in regard to the admission of slavery into it, at least they will expect every Northern Whig to stand up stoutly against it, and they will honor him for doing so. Let the great national party of Whigs have the sway in this country, and the North will have nothing to fear from the encroachments of slavery.

North and South, it is a common sentiment with Whigs that slavery is a great evil, political and moral: they have never done, and never will do, anything to extend and perpetuate it. They endure slavery where the Constitution endures it; but they do not nourish and nurse it as a benefit and a blessing. Zachary Taylor is a slaveholder, and so was Washington; but Washington had no love for slavery, and Taylor has as little. And we believe religiously, that the powers of this Government are as little likely to be employed, or perverted, to extend or favor slavery in the hands of Gen. Taylor, as they were in the hands of the father of his country. We believe Gen. Taylor will do all things well in the presidential office. His character is that of a sensible, just, honest, and humane man. The elements of his composition are all good; he has good instincts and a solid judgment. There is nothing in his nature or in his disposition to make him go wrong; neither envy, nor malice, nor revenge, nor meanness, nor low cunning, nor a spirit of intrigue, nor a wicked ambition. He is a man very difficult to deceive or to mislead. He is apt to be right, he knows when he is right, and he is as iron-willed when he is right as Gen. Jackson was when he was wrong. Such are all accounts of his character. We look to see him supported, not by Whigs only, but by sober men on all sides, irrespective of party. *We* did not advise his nomination, but now that he is nominated, we advocate his election. We believe his election will prove a blessing to the country, and to the whole country; and it will be a double blessing, for it will keep out Gen. Cass, whose policy is that of Spoils at home, and War, Conquest, and extended Dominion abroad. It will stanch the bleeding wounds, and heal the putrefying sores and bruises of this battered Republic, and bring back to us peace, repose, a good name, and an honest prosperity.

D. D. B.

AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK.

PART SECOND.

Now call unto me all the prophets of Ba'al, all his servants, and all his priests; let none be wanting; for I have a great sacrifice to do to Ba'al. And all the worshippers of Ba'al came, and the house of Ba'al was full from one end to another. And Jehu said to the captains and the guard: Go in and slay them; let none come forth! And they smote them with the edge of the sword, and cast them out, and brought forth the images from the house of Ba'al and burned them, and brake down the temple, and made it a draught-house to this day.—2 KINGS x. 19-27.

THE distance between Damascus and Ba'albek is eighteen hours, or forty-five miles, and is generally accomplished in two days. The road winds through the valleys and plateaus of Jebel-Zebdany, the northern part of the Anti-Lebanon, a country more fertile and interesting than that through which the traveller passes on the caravan route by Demas. The morning of the 24th of May was cool and agreeable. We left the Italian hotel at an early hour, and following the road through the suburbs and gardens, we, on the height of Salahieh, took our last farewell of the happy plain of Damascus. The ascent above Salahieh is rough and deeply furrowed through the limestone rock. On our left was the pass of Rabah, through which the foaming Burradâ forces its passage towards the Ghutah. A frightful precipice, several hundred feet high, here overhangs the glen, to which we descended by a circuitous road; and in an hour we arrived at the large village of Dummar, where we crossed the river on a stone bridge. The abundance of water which is led off through the gardens by numberless channels, the rich, loamy soil, and the deep verdure of the valley, protected on the north and west by ridges of the Anti-Lebanon, give a tropical luxuriance to the vegetation. Immense plantains, poplars, and fig, walnut, and chestnut trees, interlaced with vines, overhang the banks of the river, and continue for miles to form a dense and beautiful grove along the road. But instead of following the sinuosities of Wady-Burradâ, we once more crossed the stream, and ascended to the barren and dreary table-land el-Jedid. The wind blew sharply down from the snow-topped Mount Hermon, and we again experienced one of

those astonishing transitions in temperature from the Egyptian heat of the valley, to the Alpine chilliness of the plateau. We were surrounded by distant mountains. North-west the high ruddy peaks of Neby-Abel gradually rose on our sight, as we in four hours approached the village el-Huseiniyeh, lying on the steep offset of the mountain, in an elevated position above the valley of the Burradâ. On its opposite bank, amidst groves of fruit-trees, appeared the convent el-Kanun and several villages. This place is celebrated in Arab tradition. Cain, say the Arabs, having slain his brother, at the altar of Kashioun, in the Ghutah, north of Damascus, where the first parents then dwelt, took the corpse on his shoulders, and not knowing what to do with his brother, whose profound sleep did not yield to his exertions to awaken him, he wandered lamenting along the banks of the river. There he saw a raven scraping, with his beak, a hole in the earth, in which he buried one of his own species; and this suggested to Cain the idea, that the rigid sleep of his brother required a different couch from usual. He then dug a grave on the mountain as a resting-place for the dead. A monument on the top of the mountain was supposed to be the tomb of Abel.

After an hour's delay at the mill of el-Huseiniyeh, we continued our route between the mountain and the steep bank of the river, and soon arrived at the highly romantic pass of Suk-Wady-Burradâ. In the very mouth of the defile are situated two villages in an elevated position above the river, which runs between them. The houses on both sides stand grouped on terraces descending rapidly to the channel of the boiling and foaming river below.

Through a dark and narrow street, the only passage, we turned to the left and arrived at the strait of the pass Suk-Burradá, where an arched stone bridge crosses over to the left bank. Bare and cleft rocks of an immense altitude inclosed us on all sides, and only a narrow path on the river side, where a few resolute men might stop a whole army, led northward through the defile to the open plain of Zebdany. On the precipitous flanks of the mountains are many sepulchral chambers excavated in the rock, which seem inaccessible without the application of ropes and scaling ladders. The portals of these sepulchres or Troglodytic dwellings are ornamented with columns and mutilated statues in relief. Near the bridge is a staircase cut in the rock, and many fragments of columns and square blocks are scattered about. This appears to have been the *necropolis* or cemetery of the ancient city of Abila, which in antiquity defended the pass of the Chrysorrhœas. It was the residence of the *tetrarchs* or princes of Abilene, a principality extending over the Anti-Lebanon, and the north-eastern parts of Palestine, together with the Auranitis (Hauran) and the plain of Damascus. Herod the Great afterwards took possession of the southern districts of Abilene, while Lysanias, the tetrarch, was circumscribed to the northern part of the Anti-Lebanon. Abila was a strong fortress in a nearly impregnable position.* Interesting ruins of the castle, of an ancient temple, and other large structures, are still to be seen on the summit of the mountain above the pass, and have, no doubt, given rise to the Arabian name and tradition of Neby-Abel.

It was a pleasant afternoon. The deep shadows of the barren, reddish-brown precipices in the depth of the defile, and the brilliantly illuminated heights, rearing their peaks in strange and fantastic forms against the azure sky above, rendered the Suk-Burradá the most sombre and wild-looking, but at the same time the most picturesque spot we had yet seen in the whole range of the Anti-Lebanon; and we would have been glad to stop in the village, if we had not expected to find still

better quarters among the hospitable Christians of the pretty little town of Zebdany further on in the plain.

We now arrived at the northern opening of the pass; the mountains at once receded, and a verdant, well-cultivated plain extended before us. Here the Burradá, flowing in a broad and quiet bed from the upper plain, forms a beautiful waterfall, and rushes chafing and roaring into the deep, rocky channel of the glen.

We now left the muleteers with the luggage behind, and pressed on at full speed on a broad, level road, which appeared to be in as good a condition as any on the continent of Europe. It runs among fields of maize, dhurra, and wheat, inclosed with hedges of briar-roses, hawthorn, or sycamores, often interspersed with poplars and fruit-trees. This sight is so rare in the East, and so contrary to the usages of its indolent inhabitants, that I almost fancied myself transported back to the rural scenery of England or Germany. The landscape became more and more cheerful and animated; herds of cattle and sheep were grazing on the banks of the Burradá; Mudaya, Ba'a-ain, and other hamlets were here and there situated on the distant heights of Jebel-Zebdany. Nowhere in the Anti-Lebanon does the traveller meet with so much industry and prosperity as in this happy plain, which forms, as it were, an oasis of verdure among its bleak and desert regions. The inhabitants till their fields by oxen; they stable their cattle during winter, and irrigate their orchards by artificial ditches, which they lead across the fields with much labor and expense. The gardens now thickened to a forest, and beneath a canopy of pear and walnut trees, we entered es-Zebdany, the principal town of the plain. It has a delightful situation on the banks of the small river Zebdany, which a few miles below unites with the Burradá. Our Arabs told us that there was no caravan-serai in the village. Since the destruction of Ba'albek there is but little communication between Damascus and the northern coast of Syria by the valley of Zebdany. We therefore stopped at the house of the Sheik Heby Tall, a kind-looking old man, with a snow white beard floating over his bosom. He received us with the courteous "*Marash ba-bik, Hawadjes!*"—Welcome to you, ger

* St. Luke iii. 1; Joseph. Antiq. Jud. xx. 7; xvii. 11; xix. 5. The city was called *Abila* of *Lysanias*, to distinguish it from another of the same name, situated on the banks of the Hieromax in Peræa.

clermen!—and presently offered us a small, dark, but clean room, opening on the court and garden in the rear of the house. Our drivers soon came up with the sumpters, and all was now bustle and activity in the quiet house of the old sheik. According to my custom, I ordered my own tent to be pitched beneath the peach-trees in the garden, because I always preferred to spend the cool and fragrant nights *à la belle étoile*. The sheik's house stood near the bank of the rivulet, which winds through the village, and is led off through the gardens around. In front of the house the stream forms a small cove, overhung by immense knotty and far-spreading plantains, where a wooden platform, covered with carpets and cushions in the Oriental style, has been raised in the river on piles fixed in its bed. This is a charming place, where the worthy sheik would often pass the sultry hours of the day, smoking his nargilés, and enjoying the refreshing coolness and pleasant murmurs of the brook. Here, too, we received the visits of the well-dressed and good-natured villagers, who were as inquisitive as the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, but less ignorant and troublesome.

Heby-Tall was an intelligent and talkative man. He told me that his family for many years had ruled this village, containing six hundred souls, and some other districts of the plain. He bitterly complained of the exactions of the Turkish Governor of Damascus, though he appeared to have suffered still more during the military occupation of Ibrahim-Pasha, by the continual forays of his troops, quartered in the neighboring plain of Ba'albek. The morning of the 25th of May was fresh and lovely. The atmosphere was filled with the perfume of the small yellow flowers of the oleaster or *zizyphia*, as the Greeks call it, which fences the gardens all around the village. The sheik took me to the terrace of the house where the silk-worms are kept, the raw silk of which is a principal source of revenue to the inhabitants of Zebdany. The view over the plain and distant mountain was most delightful. The sun had just risen above the steep and rugged Kurun-es-Zebdany, or "*the horns*," and skirting the broad valley on the east, glowed on the huge snow-capped crest of the majestic Hermon, soaring high above all the nearer ridges

on the south. On our return, Mustapha had served our excellent breakfast, consisting of coffee, fresh milk, eggs, and hot cakes, beneath the fruit-trees of the garden, while the muleteers were preparing for departure.

Taking leave of our hospitable landlord, we continued our route in a northern direction towards the last ridge of the Anti-Lebanon and the valley of Ba'albek. We followed the banks of the Zebdany river, which we at the time supposed to be the Burradâ; but we learned on the road that this river has its head-source in the western mountains, at a distance of three miles from the village. We then approached the rugged Kurun-es-Zebdany, where a stream forms a fine waterfall, descends foaming and splashing into the valley below, drives several water-mills, and joins its more quiet companion in the plain. In an hour we ascended to the high table-land of el-Sorgheia, and passed another well-built village, surrounded, like Zebdany, by mulberry groves, orchards, and cultivated fields. It lies on the water-shed of the Anti-Lebanon, four thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, though according to appearance, several ridges seem to divide it from the plain of Ba'albek. Before us on the north lay the blooming valley of Yafufeh, to which we now descended through a steep and romantic pass. Another copious brook here forms a cascade; and following the sinuities of the mountains, it forces its passage through a gap in the western ridge, and discharges itself in the Litany, (Leontes,) near el-Merdj, on the caravan route to Beirut. The Wady-Yafufeh soon straitened to a narrow dell, encompassed by precipitous, dark-colored rocks. The river flowed through a thicket of plantains, willows, and poplars, which often blocked up our passage, and forced us in many places to ford the stream. In an hour and a half, we at last emerged from the forest on a small and verdant plain, in front of the last high and rocky barrier of the Anti-Lebanon, overhanging the plain of Ba'albek. This last mountain-belt burst upon us quite unexpectedly, as we had anticipated an easy descent to the Buka'a, but now, to our astonishment, found another barren and rugged ridge before us. The sun was extremely hot in this *cul-de-sac*, and our

horses were so much jaded from the long and toilsome passage through the copse-wood, that we encamped beneath the trees at a short distance from the ruinous and abandoned village of Yafufeh. The whole distance from the plateau of Sorgheia down to the Buka'a is uninhabited, and we did not meet a single human being on the road.

In the afternoon we climbed the steep ascent on our right. The path ran in sharp and short turns to a considerable height. The summit was bleak and bare, appeared as if rent by an earthquake, and was strewn over with immense detached rocks, between which a most lovely view opened upon the broad valley of the Buka'a and the more distant Lebanon. Light fleecy clouds were covering the summits of Jebel-Sunnin; yet, far off in the north-west, the huge Jebel-Makmel pierced boldly through the vapors hanging round its flanks, and pointed out to us the direction of our route to the cedar-forest and the city of Tripolis. The nearer offsets of the Anti-Lebanon cut off the prospect towards Ba'albek, but the lower plain, with the silver stripe of the river Litany winding along its verdant fields, was distinctly visible for many miles.

There is a highly remarkable difference in the aspect of these two parallel mountain-ridges. Some of the higher regions of the Anti-Lebanon are covered with forests, while those of Lebanon are totally bare. The general outline of the former is nearly uniform, except on the *south*, where the gigantic Jebel-es-Sheik, forming in reality the central mass of both ridges, rises high above the loftiest summits of the Lebanon, being elevated more than nine thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Its huge *dome* is covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and in its chasms this never disappears. This mountain forms the most striking object in the scenery of Syria. It is seen far off on the sea and from Mount Garizim in Samaria, at a distance of more than eighty miles. It appears as an immense giant, stretching forth towards the north both his mighty arms, the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The direct breadth of the latter is only one day's journey on the caravan route by Demas, though the more circuitous road along the Burradâ to Ba'albek is double that length. The western

slope of the Anti-Lebanon towards the Buka'a is steep, and in some places precipitous. The eastern, on the contrary, forms a succession of narrow plateaus, which are furrowed by fertile valleys, and descend gradually down to the plain of Damascus, the last terrace, whose numerous streams lose themselves in the desert.

The Lebanon, on the contrary, has quite a different physiognomy. Throughout its full length from north to south, it presents a high barrier, terminating in a narrow and sharp ridge of a grayish limestone, which on both sides, towards the plain of the Buka'a and the Mediterranean, has a very steep descent. All its lateral valleys are deeper and more narrow than those of the Anti-Lebanon, and its culminating point, Jebel-Makmel, having an elevation of seven thousand feet, is situated near its *northern* boundary, while the Jebel-es-Sheik rises on the *south*; and the whole ridge of the Anti-Lebanon gradually sinks down northward to the sandy plain of Homs, where it disappears altogether.

While contemplating this grand and beautiful landscape from the heights of the Jebel-es-Zebdany, a thunder-storm had gathered on the opposite heights of Mount Lebanon. The thunder began to roll, and the blue lightning flashed incessantly through the sombre clouds, which had now gathered in heavy masses around the snow-capped peaks of Jebel-Makmel. The tempest moved across the valley and threatened every moment to burst against the precipitous rocks of the Anti-Lebanon, on which we were standing. We therefore hastened our descent along a zigzag path, conducting us in a quarter of an hour to Neby-Sheet, a small village, inhabited by Metawileh Muslims, situated on the slope of the mountain, immediately above the plain of Ba'albek. The thunder-storm had now reached the side of the mountain; one clap followed another, and the rain began to pour down like a deluge, when we arrived at the door of the Arab sheik. The poor man seemed quite embarrassed at our sudden appearance, as his house was occupied by some Turkish officers, who were going to Damascus. But all difficulties were instantly removed. The Ottoman Bimbashis politely offered us their room during our short halt, and while the storm was raging outside, drenching our mules

and baggage, we were quite comfortably reposing on the divans among the arms and accoutrements of the Turks. The indefatigable Mustapha, in the mean time, prepared our dinner; and when the thunder-shower had passed over, we, in the refreshing coolness of the evening, continued our descent to the plain. Yet sunset overtook us at two hours' distance from Ba'albek; we therefore took up our quarters for the night at the village of Bereitan, situated on a spur of the Anti-Lebanon, commanding a beautiful view towards the plain and the opposite range of the Lebanon. This village is likewise inhabited by Metawileh, whose low, mud-walled houses were clustering on the steep sides of the hill in such a manner, that the *flat roofs* of one range formed the *street* of that above. The villagers, men, women, and children, came thronging around, and followed us to the sheik, who assigned us one of the best houses in the village. The inquisitiveness of the crowds around became now very troublesome, when a handsome young Arab, gaily dressed, and accompanied by some well-equipped horsemen, came galloping up to us, announcing himself as Sidi-Mahmudh, the son of the Emir of Ba'albek. When he saw the despair of Mustapha at not being able to pitch the tents and arrange the baggage, owing to the vexatious curiosity of the idlers around, and the impertinence of the urchins of the village, even beginning to fling stones at the Frank travellers, he threw himself from his horse, and with his whip soon cleared the avenues. He then politely told me that the Emir, his father, invited me to see him at the Kûla'at—the castle. Taking Mustapha with me, I went to the outskirts of the village, where I found the Emir sitting on a carpet before an old tower, smoking his nargilés. He was surrounded by four or five handsome Arabs, whose glittering arms and splendid dress contrasted most strikingly with the squalidness and misery of the rest of the inhabitants. The young warriors wore large white turbans, light blue jackets, and trousers richly laced with gold; and their beautiful steeds, as gaudily accoutred as their riders, were picketed in the adjoining court-yard. The present Emir of Ba'albek is Mar-Kandjar, of the old family of Harfush, who were the feudal lords of the Buka'a, and nearly as inde-

pendent as the chiefs of Mount Lebanon. Mar-Kandjar is a venerable-looking man, with a flowing white beard and a shrewd countenance. He enjoys the reputation of being a brave warrior. The followers of Ali were defeated and almost annihilated during their bloody feuds with the Druzes of Mount Lebanon, as I mentioned in another place. Their beautiful plain was afterwards ravaged by the army of Ibrahim-Pasha, who had quartered the wild tribes of his Bedouin cavalry in the environs of Ba'albek. At last, in 1840, when the Anglo-Austrian fleet appeared on the coast, and Turkish proclamations called on all the mountaineers to revolt against the Egyptians, Emir Mar-Kandjar again armed the bands of his daring horsemen, who were still dispersed among the villages of the Anti-Lebanon, and uniting with the Druzes and Maronites, attacked the retreating Egyptian army and contributed his part to expel it from the country.

It seemed to me as if those handsome young horsemen, the sons of the Emir, were the last of that enterprising people, who with thousands of warriors had swept the plain and extended their conquests to the coasts of the sea. I wondered that the old Emir offered me coffee, a pipe, and a seat on his divan, which are rather unusual compliments with the fanatic Metawileh, as all travellers assert that they never invite strangers of another belief, nor think it proper even to touch vessels or utensils used by them. But the late war and the continual intermixture with European travellers have done away with many prejudices, and begun essentially to change the manners of the East. Mar-Kandjar bade us welcome to his country, and told me that we might at our leisure and with perfect safety visit the monuments of Ba'albek. He then drew forth from his girdle an English telescope, a present which he had received during the war from his British allies, and requested me to put the glasses in order.

Early next morning, the 26th of May, we departed from Bereitan, and descending to the plain, took a northern direction to Ba'albek. Ridges of swelling hills, the last undulations of the Anti-Lebanon on our right, still for a while cut off our view in front; but on our crossing the last height, the stately temple ruins in their command-

ing elevation, like a Gothic castle of the middle ages, and the white dwellings of Ba'albek, with its shattered mosques and broken minarets, now appeared above the surrounding grove at a distance of three miles. Nearer, on our left, was seen a circular ruin supported by columns on a hill behind the village of Duris. We then arrived at the ancient quarries, where the immense blocks of hard limestone had formerly been excavated for the foundations of the temples. Many stones lie perfectly formed for use; others are half cut out from the mountain; and a huge rock, seventy feet in length, though not yet detached from the quarry, is shaped off in an oblong form, and seems to have been designed for the substructure of the larger temple. The city of Ba'albek now lay before us at a short distance. The ancient city walls, which were defended by large square towers, are demolished; but large heaps of stones and dilapidated turrets still indicate their direction along the eastern heights, and their northward curve inclosing the town. A clear, purling brook, descending from the fountain-head of Ras-el-Ain, a couple of miles north of the city, passes around the base of the castle, and taking a south-western course through the plain, discharges itself in the Litany. This rivulet and a scattered grove of walnuts, willows, poplars, and plantains covering its banks and the environs of the temples, highly contributed to enhance the beauty of the scenery; nor is it possible to describe the pleasant sensations it at once called forth. Here we instantly dismounted, and ordering Mustapha to take our horses and attendants to the Greek convent in the town, we crossed the rivulet, and ascended to the temples.

They form, together with the spacious courts, sanctuaries and porticoes, an *entire acropolis*, elevated on an oblong platform, which extends twelve hundred feet in its longest diameter from east to west. The foundations of this platform consist, in some places, of gigantic freestones, between sixty and seventy feet in length. In their enormous dimensions and the similarity of their workmanship, they have a striking resemblance to the substructions of the great platform of the ancient Jewish temple on Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, and thus seem to corroborate the old tradition

of the Orientals, Christians as well as Mohammedans, of their having been a work of the times of Solomon, King of Judah and Israel, who built Hamath and Tadmor in the desert. The outer wall on the north is admirably preserved; it is thirty feet in height. It runs parallel with the platform of the temples, and incloses a deep court or moat, two hundred feet in length, and forty-five in breadth, which is supposed to have served as a *vivarium* or inclosure for the wild beasts, who were kept for the worship of Ba'al, the sun-god, and even in later times for the cruel combats of the sight-loving Romans.* These lions' dens remind us of those kept by the kings of Media and Babylonia in the times of the prophets. The Saracens, after the conquest of Damascus in 636, strongly fortified the temples of Ba'albek. The outer walls were raised higher and strengthened by battlements; on the east, the principal entrance and portico were walled up and flanked by square towers. During the crusades, Ba'albek was bravely defended by the Saracens, and the Christian knights never succeeded in permanently establishing themselves in the Buka'a. It is therefore very probable that these early fortifications, and their elevated and strong position, may have saved the temples from that destruction to which other more exposed monuments have so frequently been subjected. Indeed this Saracenic military architecture of square and octagonal towers, with pointed arches and battlemented pinnacles, though in opposition to the more gigantic and graver monuments of Imperial Rome, do not a little contribute to the inexpressibly picturesque and romantic effect which the castle, as a whole, makes on the beholder on his first approach.

The principal entrance was from the city on the east, but it is at present obstructed and closed up by the more modern walls. In front of it was the first or hexagonal court which is now very ruinous; but the larger quadrangular or inner court is in better preservation. From thence the prospect opens upon the re-

* Lucian, describing the temple of Juno in Hierapolis, says: "In the court of the temple are kept great number of bears and lions, which feed together, and are never known to attack or hurt one; being set apart for the sacred rites, they are always tame." Lucian, de Dea Syr.

maining columns of the immense Pantheon, directly in front, and the smaller but wonderfully preserved temple of Ba'al farther off to the left, while the distant snow-clad ridge of Jebel-Makmel forms a glorious background to this beautiful picture. Both courts present a series of large recesses, alternately square and circular, which seem to have been designed for sanctuaries, and schools of the philosophers and priests, who perhaps had their dwellings in the chambers which are distributed at the angles of the courts.* They are all enriched with architectural decorations, with porticoes of four or six columns, tabernacles for busts and elegantly ornamented niches for statues, while a beautiful frieze of bull's heads and wreaths of flowers and fruits, with a boldly projecting cornice above, gives union and firmness to the whole structure.

Over heaps of rubbish and broken columns, nearly hid among luxuriant shrubs and flowers, we forced our way to the great Pantheon, which according to an inscription on the exterior portico was dedicated to Jove and the great gods—*diis magnis*. This then was the magnificent temple built by Antoninus Pius about the middle of the second century of our era. John of Antioch says, that it was dedicated to Jove and considered one of the wonders of the world. It appears to have been a *decastyle*, with ten columns in the pronaos and posticum, and nineteen in each of its flanks, after the Roman manner; the whole number being fifty-four. The height of the columns is sixty feet, exclusive of the architrave, and with it seventy-two; their diameter seven feet; and the dimensions of the temple were two hundred and ninety feet in length by one hundred and sixty in breadth.† No vestige of the cell or body

of the temple now remains. Only six beautiful columns of the rich Corinthian order, forming part of the southern peristyle, are still standing. The others were thrown down by an earthquake in 1759; their bases may be seen on the platform, while the shafts have rolled down below. The columns have not only preserved their Corinthian capitals, but even their architrave and a highly elaborate cornice. They consist of two or three blocks of a red and black granulous granite, and are so perfectly joined together that their junction can scarcely be discovered. These gigantic ruins stand on an elevated platform on the north-western angle of the castle-wall, where three immense blocks of sixty-five feet in length seem to have excited the admiration of ancient as well as modern writers.*

At the distance of fifty yards stands the second temple, supposed to be that of Ba'al, the sun-god. It was not inclosed within the great court, and forms now the south-western corner of the castle; the Saracens having fortified it like the courts and porticoes with towers and battlements, and a strong traverse, which obstructs the view to the elegant door-way on the eastern front. This temple is still in excellent preservation. It had sixteen Corinthian columns, forming a double row on its eastern and western façades, and a peristyle of fifteen on each side, making in all fifty-four, of which twenty-three with their epistylia are standing at the present day; while the bases and lower frusta of many others are either indicating their place or lying in wild confusion around the platform.

The outer row of six Corinthian columns on the eastern portico, the principal entrance, is demolished, and its fragments cover the broad staircase leading up to the temple. But the second colonnade is

* "A great number of priests wait in the temple, some of whom slay the victims, others pour out the libations; some are called *fire-bearers*, others attendants on the altar. When I was there above a hundred of them assisted at the sacrifice. Their garments were white, and they had hats on their heads, except the high priest, who is clothed in purple and wears a tiara: he changes every year." Lucian de Dea Syr.

† The Olympieion at Athens was larger, being a *dipteros decastylos*, with one hundred and twenty-eight columns of the Corinthian order. It measured three hundred and fifty-four by one hundred and seventy-two feet; the shaft of the remaining columns is sixty feet, and their diameter seven and a half feet.

* These blocks are sixteen feet in breadth and thirteen feet in height. Such an enormous mass contains, according to Professor Russeger, fourteen thousand five hundred and twenty cubic feet, and weighs about one million two hundred thousand pounds.

The Chronicon Alexandrinum, page 303, says that Theodosius converted the great and renowned sanctuary at Heliopolis, that of the *Three Stones*, τὸ τριῶν λίθων, into a Christian Church. This epithet no doubt had reference to the immense substructions of the great Pantheon, thus distinguishing it from the smaller temple of Ba'al.

entire, and presents the highly remarkable feature, that the *corner columns* on the sides are *fluted*, while the six central shafts are plain. One column, perhaps overturned by an earthquake, is still leaning *unbroken* against the southern wall of the cell, thus proving the extraordinary solidity and skill with which the ancient architects united the shafts of their columns. The elevation of column and capital is fifty-one feet, eight inches; the diameter five feet. The temple is two hundred and thirty feet in length and one hundred and sixty in breadth.

It is composed of a glossy white limestone, quite resembling marble, which in the course of time has assumed that beautiful golden hue, so well suited to enhance the picturesque effect of ancient architecture in the warm coloring of a Syrian sky.

The roof of the temple has fallen in; but the coffers of the peristyle—the *lacunaria*—are still lying in their places, and are ornamented with quite a variety of portraits of Roman Emperors and entire figures from the Grecian mythology, such as Leda caressing the swan, Jove with Ganymede, and Diana armed with bow and arrows. The high door-way on the eastern front leading into the body of the temple is twenty-five feet high by twenty feet broad. Its mouldings and ornaments are of an exquisite and exuberant workmanship, representing beautiful *genii* among wreaths of fruits and flowers. On the lintel, in excellent bas-relief, is seen an eagle with expanded wings grasping a caduceus in his talons, and holding in his beak the joined ends of two rich garlands, each of which at the other end is held by a winged victory. At the tremendous earthquake in 1759, the keystone of the lintel forming the eagle gave way, and sinking down eight inches it again became fixed, and is still seen hanging in this threatening position.

The interior of the *cell* is in better preservation than that of any temple I saw in Greece or Italy. It is well known that the only Greek temples which have preserved their cells are those of the Olympian Jove at Akragas, in Sicily, of the Theseum and Parthenon at Athens, and of the Apollo Epicurius in Arcadia, in which latter we still admire the beautiful half-columns in the interior. But in the temple of the Sun in Ba'albek, the four im-

mense *pilasters* of the corners and the twelve fluted three-quarter Corinthian columns, with the intervening niches and tabernacles, surmounted by a rich and elegant entablature adorning the inner wall, give a more distinct idea of the interior cell of an ancient heathen temple; while at the western extremity, the *adyton*, is seen the raised stage with its arch or canopy, supported by two Corinthian columns, which seem to indicate the marble couch—the sacred *thalamos*—in which the symbol of Ba'al was screened from the gaze of the adoring multitude.

The worshippers of the Sun-god, who from all parts of the eastern world flocked by thousands to Emesa and Ba'albek to offer their precious oblations at the shrine of Ba'al, says Herodian, the historian, had no engraven image, *χρῆσις ποίητον εἰκόνα*, no statue of a human form representing their deity, like the Greeks and Romans. Ba'al was worshipped under the name *Heliogabal*, the procreating god, in the form of a black conical stone, which it was believed had fallen from heaven into the sanctuary of the great temple at Emesa. The color and general appearance of this stone, and the tradition of its having fallen from heaven, evidently proved it to have been a meteorolite. The Emperor Heliogabalus afterwards carried it with him to Rome.

Grecian architecture had been my favorite study during a residence of several years at Athens; and my conceptions, therefore, of the monuments of Syria were not very great. Yet, summoning up the different impressions left on my mind from the contemplation of the gigantic architecture of Ba'albek, I must confess that it by far exceeded my expectations in the comparatively pure taste and excellent workmanship of the ornaments and the imposing grandeur of the masses; though it would be improper of course to compare monuments of the age of the Antonines, when the Roman architecture was fast verging to its decline, with the master-pieces of the glorious days of Greece. The noble monuments of the Periclean era stand to this day alike *unrivalled* in their different characters of varied excellence—the most tasteful elegance combined with the most pleasing simplicity—and the vast superiority of the Pentelic marble to the limestone of the Anti-Lebanon! I will nevertheless

readily subscribe to the judgment of a distinguished traveller, who observes with regard to the temples of Ba'albek, that their architecture, though groaning beneath the weight of its own luxuriance and exhibiting in the numerous chapels, niches, friezes and cornices, a display of that minutely finished workmanship, which, neglecting the noble proportions of Hellenic construction, betrayed the decline of art among Greeks and Romans—still leaves a deep and pleasing impression on the traveller, and fascinates his eyes alike by the grandeur of the forms, the exquisite finish of the details, and highly picturesque effects of the general scenery.

All travellers describe the ruins of Ba'albek as superior to those of Palmyra and Gerasa.

On our return we passed through the subterranean vaults which run beneath the large platform, supporting the sanctuaries and the courts. They are built of immense square stones, and are two hundred paces in length and twenty-five in breadth, and communicate with each other by passages. Large apertures for the admittance of air from above, render them dry and cool; and from this cause they were formerly used as an armory and magazine by the Saracens, though they are now neglected and so much obstructed by rubbish and stones, that we had some difficulty in finding our way through their dark recesses to the moat of the castle.

On the south-east of the temples towards the city of Ba'albek, stands a circular building with six projecting columns of the Corinthian order, which support a curious cornice, ornamented with Cupids, holding garlands of flowers and fruits. This little rotunda, which may have belonged to the famous ancient temple of Venus Astarte, the powerful Syrian goddess, was surmounted by a cupola; part of its arched soffit still remains. It is of a white marble or limestone. The workmanship is excellent, but the taste of its architecture very bad, and so affected and odd that it involuntarily reminded me of the *rococo* style of the age of Louis XIV. in France. The Greeks formerly used it as a Christian church, having dedicated it to Santa Barbara; but since the earthquake of 1759, it is in a tottering condition.

At noon we returned to the Greek con-

vent, inhabited by the bishop, the only Christian minister in Ba'albek. A few rooms, open and airy, with a delightful view towards the temples, the plain, and the distant Mount Lebanon, had been provided for us, and Mustapha now attended with an excellent dinner.

In the afternoon we took a ride through the desolate city of Ba'albek, which, nearly abandoned to decay, still exhibits traces of its former importance. Its ruinous mosque, with broken minarets and sunken cupola, has a fine portico of red granite columns; its tanks, fountains, and baths are desolate, and the dark cypresses in the courts seem still to mourn over the fate of the devoted city.

The early history of Ba'albek or Heliopolis is enveloped in almost impenetrable darkness. David, King of Judah, conquered Damascus and held the sway of Syria. Solomon was said to have built Ba'albek and Tadmor (Palmyra) in the desert.* Heliolatry, or worship of the Sun-god, existed there, says Macrobius, in the most remote antiquity; yet the most flourishing period of these cities, the time of the erection of the gorgeous temples, and of the power and wealth of the proud priesthood of Ba'al in Heliopolis, Emesa, and Palmyra, falls within the first two centuries of our era. Syria had then an exceedingly large population, and was full of rich and flourishing cities. Gaza, Ascalon, and Ptolemais, were celebrated mercantile ports. Aelia Capitolina, the venerable Jerusalem, though interdicted to the exiled Jews, began slowly to recover from its destruction, and was re-built by Hadrian. All professions, which required talent, ingenuity, and practice, were flourishing in Syria, and her intelligent and enterprising sons were dispersed over every part of the Roman Empire. The most distinguished musicians, stage-actors, mimics, and dancers, were found in Cæsarea, Tyre, Berytos, and Heliopolis. Laodicea was proud of her inimitable horsemen; Lydda of her purple-dyers. The Syrian linen manufactures vied with those of Egypt. Gaza and Ascalon enjoyed the greatest export of wines and fruits. Science and philosophy flourished in Tarsus and

* And Solomon built Gezer and Beth-horon the nether, and *Baalath* and Tadmor in the wilderness. —1 Kings, ix. 17, 18.

Berytos, where the young Romans crowded the celebrated colleges of law and jurisprudence. The beautiful and populous Antioch was the proud capital of the East, while Tyre and Sidon still exhibited the wealth, ease, and luxury of their more golden days. Emesa and Heliopolis were the great centre of the worship of the Sun-god, and nowhere was Oriental beauty more admired than in the charming priestesses of the great temple of Venus Astarte here in Ba'albek. The victorious campaigns of Trajan in Mesopotamia, the destruction of the Parthian empire, and the re-opened commerce with the countries beyond the Euphrates and Tigris, contributed to the sudden rise of Palmyra, that wonderful city of the desert, which, by her impregnable situation, and the talents of her great rulers, Odenathus and Zenobia, soon formed an independent and powerful empire on the banks of the Euphrates.

This period of two centuries and a half, when all the beautiful countries around the shores of the Mediterranean were consolidated in the well-organized and mighty Roman empire, is generally considered as that of the highest civilization in antiquity; and the peaceful reign of the Antonines, (A. D. 117-180) as the most *happy era* of mankind. And yet—bright, glorious, and peaceful as these times may appear—they were those of the deepest corruption and grossest superstition! History does not present us a picture of greater depravity and degradation among the proud Romans, than that of the triumphal entry of the monster Heliogabalus and his sun-priests into Rome in 218.

When the rebellious legions of Syria, says the interesting Greek historian, Herodian, had raised the high priest of the sun, Bassianus, the son of Soemias, to the imperial throne, the beautiful and vain youth immediately took the sacred name of *Heliogabal* himself, and the triumph of the god of Ba'albek, over all the religions of the world, became the great object of his fanatical zeal and superstitious gratitude. In a solemn and glittering procession he entered the city of Rome. The way was strewn with gold-dust, and the *black stone*, the symbol of Ba'al, set in precious jewels, was placed on a chariot drawn by six white steeds, richly harnessed. The young pontiff held the reins, and, support-

ed by his sun-priests, was drawn slowly backwards that he might continually enjoy the divine presence! A magnificent temple had been built on the Palatine Mount, where sacrifices were celebrated to the Sun-god with all the pomp and extravagance of the East. The most extraordinary victims and the choicest aromatics were consumed on his altars, around which beautiful Syrian maidens performed their graceful dances; while the gravest personages of the Roman state and army, clothed in the long flowing robes of the Phœnicians, officiated in the meanest functions with affected zeal, but their hearts burning with secret indignation! Thus the high priest of Ba'al was the ruler of the world! But the reign of superstition and Asiatic extravagance and perversion was of short duration. The most influential revolution in the spiritual progress of mankind was at hand. The Christian Church had developed itself in its primitive obscurity, and in spite of poverty, contempt, and persecution, had spread throughout Orient and Occident. The Christians were particularly numerous in Antioch, and in all Syria. Constantine ordered the glittering temples of Ba'albek and Emesa to be closed. The re-action was complete, and—although paganism, during the short reign of Julian the Apostate, again raised its banner, and the worshippers of Ba'al, at Heliopolis, once more abused the transient moments of their prosperity—nevertheless the final victory of the Christian faith was triumphantly proclaimed by Theodosius the Great.

The pompous sacrifices at the altars of Ba'al then ceased, the priests vanished, and the zealous Christian rulers of the church now no longer contented themselves with the shutting of the temples, the seizure of the instruments of idolatry, and the abolishment of the privileges of the priesthood, but began a pitiless war of destruction against the most beautiful monuments of Grecian antiquity. In Syria, Marcellus, the bishop, animated with apostolic fervor, says Sozomenos, the historian, took the field against "the powers of darkness," and, accompanied by a numerous troop of soldiers and gladiators, attacked with fire and sword the pagan villages and the stately temples of the diocese of Apamea. Idols, columns, and sanctuaries, now went down in a common

ruin; the most precious monuments of ancient art perished, and the temples of Ba'albek no doubt would have shared the same fate, if Theodosius, himself an admirer and protector of architecture, had not interposed his powerful commands, and ordered the Syrian fanatics to desist. The great Pantheon and the temple of Ba'al were thus preserved and transformed into Christian churches. One hundred and forty-six years later came the Saracens. The Christian sanctuaries of Heliopolis, which by the Arabs again was called by its ancient Syrian name Ba'albek, became the residence of an Emir, and were built up into a strong fortress, which repelled all the predatory incursions of the Crusaders in the plain of the Buka'a. The terrible Timour-Khan, with his Mongols, stormed and took Ba'albek in 1401, on his march to Damascus. He found there immense stores of provisions and arms for the troops of the Mamluke Sultans of Egypt. The town continued flourishing even so late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Its central situation between Damascus, Beirut, and Tripolis, must have secured it some profit from the extensive trade carried on through the interior of Syria to the coast of the Mediterranean.

The Chevalier d'Arvieux, who visited Ba'albek in 1660, gives an interesting description of it in his memoirs of that time. The city was then large, and defended by walls and towers, which the hand of time and the indolence of the Osmanlis were leaving to decay. The houses were, on the contrary, though ancient, still in excellent condition. It seemed evident to the Chevalier that they had been built with taste and care by a people who had an affection for architecture, and knew how to appreciate its beauties. "We were all comfortably quartered in the khan," says he, "and we visited several houses belonging to our Arab acquaintance, where the arrangement of the apartments, and their distribution, embellishments, and furniture, were all kept up in the ancient Roman style. The inhabitants were Greek Christians. They had an archbishop, and several churches. The greatest number of them were cotton-weavers and dyers, who sent their manufactures to Damascus and Tripolis."

The well-known English pilgrim, Henry

Maundrell, passed through Ba'albek in 1697, but appears only to have visited the ruins.

"The city," says he, "enjoys a most delightful and commodious situation on the east side of the valley of Bocat. It is of a square figure, compassed with a tolerably good wall, in which are towers, all round, at equal distances. It extends about two furlongs on a side. Its houses within are all of the meanest structure, such as are usually seen in Turkish villages."

In the year 1751, Ba'albek had still five thousand inhabitants; but it was nearly destroyed by the tremendous earthquake in 1759, which demolished a great part of the temples. The continual feuds of the Emirs Jusuf and Diezzar brought new misery over the fair plain. The sudden prosperity and rapid conquests of the wild Metawileh terminated with their defeat. Emir-Beshir, and his victorious Druzes, laid Ba'albek in ashes, and forced the Islam heretics to seek refuge in the Anti-Lebanon.

Thus the twelve hundred miserable inhabitants, whom M. de Volney saw in Ba'albek, are now reduced to a few families. During our stay there in 1844, we hardly met with a human being. There were neither bazars nor khans, but heaps of rubbish and ruins everywhere. Even the present Emir Mar-Kandjar has retired with his family and few retainers to the more populous village of Bereitan. According to the barometrical observations of Prof. Russegger, the city lies 3,490 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Its site at the base of the Anti-Lebanon is picturesque and romantic in the highest degree; its climate is healthful, and its territory, well watered by the Litany and other rivulets, extends twelve hours through the upper plain towards the desert of Homs and the termination of the Anti-Lebanon. This more hilly part of the soil is stony and less fertile, but the southern tract towards Zahleh was formerly covered with cornfields and vineyards, which in the latter years have been destroyed during the encampments of the Egyptian troops in these regions.

It had been our intention to ascend Mount Lebanon by the road to Ainaiteh and the ancient cedars; but the Greek bishop, who, besides an elderly woman, was the

only denizen of the convent in which we lodged, dissuaded us from undertaking this route, not only because the passage of Jebel-Makmel was still covered with deep snow and no traveller had yet descended to Ba'albek by that road during the spring, but particularly because rumors had spread of a rebellion in that part of the mountain against the Turkish government. He therefore advised us to take the road to Zahleh, where on learning the true state of affairs in the country, we might cross the mountain by the easier pass of Jebel-Sunnin. Another difficulty arose: Mustapha, our dragoman, had never visited this part of Syria: he was therefore ignorant of the road, and we could not get any other guide in Ba'albek. We consequently resolved to pass through the plain to Zahleh. Having spent the whole evening and next morning most delightfully, among the temple ruins, we took leave of our hospitable bishop and left Ba'albek at eight o'clock. We then crossed the rivulet, which in the plain unites with the Litany, descending from its head-spring at Tell-Hushbein, a hill three miles west of the town. At an hour's ride from the temples we stopped a few moments near a curious octagonal building called Kubbet-Duris, which is evidently a modern fabric, made up with excellent materials from the ruins. It is surrounded by eight columns of a fine red granite; some have been placed with the upper part down. The architrave formed an octagon, and the cupola had fallen in.

The seven hours' ride through the Buka'a to Zahleh, situated in a narrow deep dell of the Lebanon, is exceedingly pleasant. The morning was bright; a light breeze swept across the open fields. Not a tree was to be seen, but a rich verdant carpet, checkered by brilliant flowers, covered the whole expanse. In the distance these fresh green tints were changed into a transparent lilac-colored haze, which softly enveloped the two mighty mountain-ridges, while the glittering snow of Jebel-Makmel and Sunnin and the deep clefts of Mount Hermon presented the sharpest and most distinct outline against the azure sky. Here and there herds of cattle and horses were grazing. We passed near the villages of Beit-Shamar and Temnin, and arrived at ten o'clock at the ford of the Litany, where in crossing the river the

restive mules broke loose from their drivers, and precipitated their burdens in the water. Canteens, trunks and tents, all went down in the greatest confusion, until the horsemen of our party with some difficulty recaptured the frolicking culprits, and collected the drenched luggage. We therefore encamped on the river-side, and in the afternoon continued our route along the base of Mount Lebanon to Kerak, a ruinous village looking out from a fine grove of cypresses, where Mohammedan tradition places the tomb of Noah. The building consists of two towers connected by a long portico of slender arches, which resembled more an aqueduct than a sepulchre. The Arab traditions from Genesis are numerous in this part of Syria. The abode of Adam, in the plain of Damascus, the altar and sepulchre of Abel, the tombs of Noah and Nimrod, and that of Moses on the mountains of Judah, are all consecrated by cupolas and tomb-stones, where the wandering Muslims dismount and devoutly perform their prayers. It is a curious tradition, that the ark of Noah rested on Jebel-Sunnin, where traces of it are still to be seen!*

We now arrived on the banks of the Barduny, a copious and limpid stream, issuing from a narrow glen in the Lebanon. Zahleh, a large city inhabited by eight or ten thousand Maronite Christians, is situated in a very picturesque and healthy site, on both sides of the river, in that part of the valley where it opens upon the plain of the Buka'a. Immense poplars skirt the banks of the stream, and give quite a northern character to the scenery. Crossing a high stone bridge, we at five o'clock dismounted before the Greek convent, in which several well furnished rooms were most hospitably offered for our accommodation. The view from the terrace of the monastery towards the high frowning rocks of the Jebel-Sunnin, to the deep dell on the north-west, where on a precipice appears another convent, embosomed in a grove of black cypresses and beautiful vineyards, and over the thriving town of Zahleh, east-

* The Greek priests believe that ruins of the ark still exist on the summit of Mount Ararat in Armenia. When my friend Papa Ktenas learned that I was going to the Holy Land, he quite seriously requested me among other relics to bring him back some splinters from the ark of Noah!

ward to the distant plain and the opposite range of the Anti-Lebanon, is exceedingly interesting. But the troublesome Zahleans did not permit us to enjoy this delightful prospect in quiet. The greater part of them are exiled Christians of the Armenian and Syrian Greek churches, who during the persecutions at Damascus and Halep, have fled with their families to Mount Lebanon, and thus contributed to the rapid increase of the city. They are very good-humored, and the most lively and industrious inhabitants on the mountain. Many are weavers and tanners, all agriculturists and gardeners, who most sedulously plough the terraces of the hills around and lay them out in vineyards and mulberry groves. We had hardly appeared on the terrace, before the entire population as it seemed, men, women, and children, began to lay a regular siege to the convent. Courts and staircases were crowded; from all sides they pressed in upon us, exclaiming in Italian, "Buon giorno, Signori! Siamo Cristiani, anche noi."—"Welcome, gentlemen! we too are Christians." There was no possibility of escaping from the crowd; all the efforts of the monks were in vain, and we were at last obliged to take our pilau and tea in the presence of the wondering multitude. Next morning we were in the saddle at an early hour, and began the ascent of the mountain by a steep path running along the precipices of Jebel-Rihan. The rocks were clothed with a variety of fine shrubs and trees, fir, chestnut, and the blooming oleander. In an hour and a half we reached the height of the pass. Here we met an armed band of Maronites, who told us that a serious insurrection had broken out in the district of Bsherreh. The apparent cause of this rising was an order of the Pasha in Beirut, that the conscription of young men should take place for the regular Turkish army. The consequence was, that the whole valley of Kadisha had taken up arms and driven the Ottoman officers and employees out of the mountain. The Turks of Tripolis were preparing an expedition against Bsherreh, and this general disorder had caused the Maronites and Druzes of the districts of el-Metn and Kesrawan, through which we were now travelling, likewise to arm and observe what turn affairs would take. The confirma-

tion of this news decided us afterwards to change the direction of our route. The prospect from the pass of el-Sunnin is extensive, and more wild and dreary than any I had seen on the Lebanon. We were surrounded by gray, totally barren limestone rocks, forming precipices from which numerous streams and rills, foaming and chafing in continual waterfalls, descended in picturesque variety. At a great distance below, we distinguished the village Biskinta, and beyond it the broad bosom of the sea. From the upper table-land we descended upon a second terrace, where we stopped at a solitary hut. A Maronite shepherd, who was guarding his flock of goats and sheep on a meadow among the patches of snow still covering this part of the ridge, offered us a platter with *lebben* or sour milk, and a wreath of fragrant violets and Alpine roses, which he had gathered from the beautiful bushes of *rhododendron*, growing luxuriantly in these elevated regions. Our horses were extremely fatigued; we left them grazing, and after an hour's rest we descended through dense pine forests by a steep and dangerous pass to the bed of the river Nahr-Salib. Evening was already closing before we gained the opposite heights of el-Mezra'ah. The scenery was sublime; the sun set on the glittering expanse of the distant sea, and suddenly illuminated with hues of the deepest purple the snowy crest of Sunnin, rising majestically above the surrounding pine woods. In a few moments all was darkness again. Our weary horses, panting and snorting, stumbled slowly along the rugged path, and we did not arrive at Mezra'ah until a late hour in the night. Our muleteers had lost their way, and toiling up and down the hills, they at last found a guide who accompanied them to our quarters. The roads in the mountains of el-Metn and Kesrawan are bad beyond description. I have passed over horrible roads on Mount Etna, near Modica in Sicily, and on Mount Taygetos in Greece, but those of Lebanon are by far the worst of all. "When a traveller penetrates these mountains," says M. de Volney, "the ruggedness of the roads, the steepness of the declivities, the depth of the precipices, have at first a terrific effect; but the sagacity of the mules which carry him soon inspires him with confidence, and enables

him to examine, at his ease, the picturesque scenes, which succeed one another, so as almost to bewilder him. There, as among the Alps, he may travel whole days to arrive at a spot which was in sight when he set out. He turns, he descends, he winds round, he climbs; and under this perpetual change of position, one is ready to think that a magic power is varying at every step the beauties of the landscape." The truth of this lively description we fully experienced on our perilous ascent to el-Mezra'ah. The old sheik of the village received us very cordially, and we passed a comfortable night after the fatigues of the day. Mezra'ah consists of some sixty houses, and appeared to be a thriving place. The steep descent towards Ajelun in the valley of Nahr-Salib is terraced and planted with mulberry trees, silk being the principal produce of the Kesrawan. At two hours' distance from Mezra'ah lie the interesting ruins generally called Kula'at Fakra, or the castle of Fakra, which we visited next morning. These ruins occupy a most singular site on a barren hill, immediately below the frowning heights of Jebel-Sunnin, in a wilderness of rocks, waterfalls, and perfect solitude. The walls consist of large square blocks, and are in some parts well preserved. We entered on the east into the interior, and found there the ruins of a temple; three bases of columns are still standing on the platform, a few frusta, parts of an Ionic capital, and interesting fragments of the entablature are lying around. Other ruins, in total desolation, are seen outside the castle, or fortified temple. As to the period to which these temple-ruins belong, and their real name, history is silent. Strabo, the geographer, mentions several castles, such as Sinnan and Borrhama, in this part of the higher regions of the Lebanon: perhaps these castle ruins may have belonged to one of them.

An ascent of twenty-five minutes brought us to the Issr-el-Bughaleh, or Issr-el-Hajr, the famous *natural bridge* of Mount Lebanon. The great distance from the coast, and the fatigue of the rocky roads, must certainly be the cause why this remarkable scenery, the most terrible and romantic of the Lebanon, is so seldom enjoyed by Syrian travellers. Few climb to the snowy regions, except to see the

ancient cedars and to cross into the valley of Ba'albek. And yet no landscape of Greece or Italy can in wildness and sublimity be compared with that of the source of the Libnan and its passage beneath Issr-el-Hajr. Immediately below the highest crest of Jebel-Sunnin, the copious river bursts forth from a deep grotto and rushes through a cleft between immense precipices with headlong speed toward the bridge. A rocky ledge, rising more than two hundred feet above the river, has been perforated by nature, and formed into a huge arch, through which the chafing torrent forces its way among detached rocks hurled down by an earthquake into the chasm below. The bridge is of so regular a formation that one would at the first sight suppose it to be the work of human hands. It offers a far grander spectacle than the celebrated *Ponte di Lupo* near Tivoli in Italy, or the *Teufelsbrücke* in the Alps, and bears a striking resemblance to the natural bridge in Virginia, though the wild and barren mountain-scenery of the Lebanon has a sterner and less pleasing character, than the beautiful wood-clad hills of the "Old Dominion." The Issr-el-Hajr is situated 4,926 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, according to the admeasurement of Colonel De Wildenbruch, at that time Prussian Consul-General at Beirut. Dr. H. A. De Forest found the water of the fountain 41° Fahrenheit, while the air at the time was 57°.

Along a very rough path we followed the course of Nahr-Libnan, and descended to the woody region of Meiruba. Large pine-forests covered the sides of the mountains; rocks and water-courses were adorned with large masses of *rhododendron*, or laurel rose, which, by its white and violet flowers and rich foliage, distinguished itself from the more common purple oleander in the valleys on the coast. We crossed the deep bed of Nahr-Assil, where all on a sudden three magnificent waterfalls burst on our sight. The cascades came thundering down the steep declivities from the snowy top of Jebel-Sunnin; the spray of the dashing waters rose in a hazy cloud through the wild chasm, and, reflected by the meridian rays of the sun, launched a most glorious rainbow, like an aerial bridge, across the gloomy glen below. A more splendid sight I never saw.

Great are the hardships of the traveller who in the early months of the year traverses Mount Lebanon; but he is *amply rewarded* by a freshness of vegetation, a variety of coloring, of light and shade, a picturesque relief of glittering snows and foaming waterfalls, all which he would look for in vain during the later season, when the gray, colorless limestone rocks around, and the cloudless burning sky above, will soon force him to seek a refuge in the mulberry groves of some village or monastery on the western hills nearer the coast, and enjoying the refreshing breezes from the sea. At an early hour in the afternoon, we arrived at the pretty village of Meiruba, pleasantly situated at the foot of Jebel-Shebrub, high above the deep and narrow Wady-Salib. We alighted at the house of the Sheik Feris-Chassim, who politely offered us accommodations for the night; but the evening being lovely, we preferred to encamp beneath the mulberry trees, which form a fine grove around the village. At Meiruba we saw the first cedars, which only distinguished themselves from other fir-trees by the remarkable length of their branches; they were far inferior to the splendid cedars we a few months later saw at Warwick Castle, and on the lakes of Westmoreland, in England. While Mustapha and the muleteers were pitching the tents, we followed the sheik to his house, on a ledge overlooking the valley, where a most curious scene took place. In all the villages in Syria the houses are stone-built, with flat roofs, and doors so low that the person who enters is obliged to stoop. This custom, said our landlord, had been adopted as a protection against the haughty Turks, who, finding a high door-way, would enter the houses on horseback, and quarter their steeds in the best part of the dwelling. It happened to be a holy day at Meiruba, and the Maronite Christians, men, women, and children, in their festal dresses, were paying visits or enjoying themselves among the trees. The women, particularly, were distinguished by the *tantur*, a high silver or brazen horn, which is attached to the forehead, and covered by a long white veil hanging down at full length behind. We had hardly been seated, and lighted our *nargilés*, before half a dozen *horns* all at once appeared at the low entrance, at-

tempting to enter. They crossed each other, got entangled, and occasioned such a confusion, that it lasted a good while before the first lady could disengage herself and her horn, and enter the room. The whole party then came on, one by one; but sitting down on the cushions spread out on the floor, they were obliged to pay constant attention to the movements of their neighbors, and bring their own horns in harmony with theirs. This *tantur* is the most inconvenient, silly, and unbecoming head-gear I ever saw; but the ladies on the mountain are exceedingly fond of it, and a prohibition to wear it on the part of the husband, they say, would most seriously endanger the harmony of the family.

Meiruba is surrounded by the wildest mountain scenery of the Kesrawan; the ascent to it is by the worst of roads, and yet it became the battle-ground between the Egyptians and Turks during the war in 1840. The old sheik gave me an animated description of those military movements in a region where a mule can hardly find its way along the precipices. The united Anglo-Austro-Ottoman fleet had disembarked an army of twelve thousand troops, with a numerous artillery, in the bay of Juneh, on the main road leading along the coast from Beirut to Tripolis, and northern Syria. A fortified camp had been thrown up, and a communication opened with the mountaineers of the Lebanon, Druzes, and Maronites, when Ibrahim-Pasha, at the head of eight thousand of his best troops from Zahleh, in the plain of the Buka'a, passed the mountain by the pass of Summin, and descended along those horrible paths, so well known to us, by Biskinta and Mezra'ah to Meiruba, where he encamped. From thence he sent off different columns across the deep glen of Nahr-el-Salib towards the coast to reconnoitre the Turkish camp, and take position for a general attack. But on those nearly impassable ridges he was suddenly attacked by several Turkish battalions, led on by daring British officers, and, at the same time, discovered the armed Druze and Maronite mountaineers from the heights in his rear on all sides descending towards Meiruba. The Egyptian troops, therefore, after a short and ineffectual resistance, were forced to abandon their camp and baggage, and in wild dis-

order, pursued by the light-footed Druzes, to find their way across the heights of Jebel-Sunnin to the main body of the army encamped in the plain of Ba'albek.

On the 30th of May, we descended to the coasts of the Mediterranean. We had complained of the former roads in the higher regions of the mountain, and yet this last journey proved the most fatiguing. We were obliged to dismount and to lead the horses by the bridle over rocks, where they hardly found a footing, and every moment seemed in danger of being precipitated into the valley below. From every turn of the path, splendid views of the most varied scenery opened to the interior valleys of the Lebanon. These lower regions were beautifully clothed with wood; laurel, myrtle, arbutus, thymelæa, holm-oak, different species of pines, and other evergreens, formed a thick-set forest, above which here and there arose a venerable cedar spreading its dark branches far away over the precipices. In three hours we reached the last mountain terrace overlooking the deep valley of the river Adonis, the Wady-Nahr-Ibrahim, and the distant coast of Jebail. The heat at noon became oppressive. We therefore stopped at the convent Mar-Deina, the only inhabited place we had seen since we left Meiruba in the morning; and, pitching our tents beneath the beautiful trees on the very edge of the rocks above the valley of Adonis, we awaited the breeze in the afternoon springing up from the sea. These woody highlands were in mythology the favorite haunts of Adonis, the hunter, the Phœnician personification of the Sun-god, and lover of Astarte, who was killed by the wild boar, and by the sorrowing goddess transformed into a rose. The Greeks afterwards took up this pretty Syrian fable, representing the return of the sun after the autumnal equinox, and the withering approach of winter, and instituted the worship of Adonis at the splendid temple at Byblos.

The prospect over the sea from the height of Deir-Mar-Deina is fine, and it increases in beauty as the traveller descends towards the bridge crossing the Adonis, at the base of the mountain. The interior of Lebanon we had found a solitude; here at once we met with life and movement. On the banks of the river,

thickly covered with the fragrant white and blue agnus-castus and purple oleander—the glorious *tricolor* of all the valleys of Syria—stood a camp of Turkish cavalry. The Arab horsemen were galloping along the sands, throwing their lances, and wheeling about their rapid and beautiful chargers, in the presence of some grave-looking Turkish officers in European uniforms, smoking their chiboukis before the khan on the bridge of Nahr-Ibrahim. What a picture for an artist! The variegated moving groups on the yellow sands, the sea-green tents with their red streaming bandrols, the high vaulted bridge over the deep glassy river, the wood-clad mountains, and the glittering sea, all illuminated by the soft and mellow hues of a Syrian sky! And yet interesting as is the scenery of Mount Lebanon, we felt extremely happy here on the sandy shore with the foaming surge and the broad horizon of the Mediterranean before us, after our toilsome and perilous scrambling among the rocks; nay, even our horses seemed to partake of our delight, and carried us at full speed along the rocky coast towards the ancient towers of Jebail, which invited us from afar. In an hour and a half we reached the gate, and, saluting the grim-looking Albanian warriors, who formed the garrison, with their own usual greeting, "*Lesu gja besa*," (truce be between us,) we passed them unmolested, and dismounted at the Armenian convent. This establishment was inhabited by five or six monks, and looked as gloomy and uncomfortable as the city of Adonis itself. Jebail is surrounded by walls and towers, which seem to have been built during the crusades with ancient materials. The castle has a strong situation on the south of the city, near the coast, and forms a massive square, built up with enormous blocks. All the lower courses are evidently the work of antiquity; but the upper part is Saracenic, and the whole was in a totally dilapidated condition. In the interior is a Gothic Christian church, now used as barracks for the Arnaut garrison. A fine orange grove extends from the castle towards the shore, where the British marines suffered a severe repulse in 1840. A squadron having anchored off the coast, began to batter the fortress; and, meeting with no resistance, a body of

marines landed, and marched through the orange garden straight towards the castle, which they supposed evacuated by the enemy. Yet close to the walls, they were suddenly received with a well sustained fire from the long Albanian *toufekis*, which sent death and destruction into their ranks. The proud red-coats, who had neglected to reconnoitre the environs, now at once perceived the impossibility of scaling those high and strong walls beneath a galling fire from invisible foes. They attempted in vain to rally, and bring up some field-pieces. The stout Albanians continued their terrible fire, and soon forced the British with a heavy loss to make a speedy retreat to their boats.

Jebail is the ancient Byblos, which, according to Strabo, lay on a hill at some distance from the sea. Its inhabitants were good mechanics; they particularly excelled in the art of working in wood, and are said to have been employed by the Tyrians, and even by the Jews in the building of the great temple at Jerusalem.

The present town is the seat of poverty and misery. The harbor is destroyed and covered with ruins; commerce has fled; the bazars are shut up and abandoned, and the khans and public places are filled with marauding Albanian soldiery. The few inhabitants mostly live in the fields; they are Maronite Christians, and cultivate that famous *black tobacco* so well known in the Levant by the name of *Jebail*. It is aromatic, of an exceedingly pleasant flavor, and inferior only to that of Latakia, (Laodicea,) a city situated north of Tripolis.

The unsettled state of the northern parts of Syria, the sedition in the valley of Kattisha, and the military movements along the coast, caused us at present to renounce our visit to the cedars, and next morning, May the 31st, to return to Beirut.

We left Jebail at seven o'clock, and after pleasant ride of three hours along the coast, we passed the promontory of Klimax, and arrived in the fine bay of Juneh. Further south, along blue ridge, studded with white specks, the houses of the distant city of Beirut, reminded us of the limit of our Syrian travels. Juneh consists only of a row of magazines and store-houses for the export of the silks and productions of Zuk-Mekavil, the thriving little

capital of the Kesrawan, which has a most romantic and beautiful situation on the hills, overlooking the valley of Anturah and the sea. We here left the coast and ascended to Zuk through a grove of high Italian pines. Its Maronite inhabitants pressed around us, and offered us hospitality with an earnestness not often to be met with in this country; the greatest part of them are silk-weavers, saddlers, and shoemakers. Almost every house has a loom. The people here are industrious, intelligent, and in consequence, better dressed and lodged than in other parts of the mountain. The whole region is thickly planted with mulberry trees. The silkworms are kept in separate houses, or bowers, made of branches, and are attended with particular care. Charming as are the views from the hill of Zuk-Mekavil, those from the nunnery of Deir-Sidi-el-Bsherra are still far superior. A road lined with hedges of prickly pear, and here and there adorned with clusters of majestic pines, leads to the convent lying on a high hill commanding an extensive horizon over sea and land. Deir-el-Bsherra contained at the time of our visit twenty-five nuns. It is a large, solid, square building of hewn freestone, with many small windows carefully closed by Turkish verandahs, and surrounded by gardens, well watered, and filled with fig, lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees. On our arrival, a Maronite clergyman politely bade us welcome, and conducted us to a small neat house on the southern terrace of the convent, where the guests, the *mousafirides*, are lodged. Coffee and pipes were brought, and in the afternoon a savory dinner was served. It consisted of several dishes, the usual pilau, *kapamas*, or lamb with tomatoes and onions, boiled fish, fruits, sweetmeats, and some bottles of delicious *vino d'oro* from the Lebanon.

We obtained permission to visit the church and the convent-garden, but did not see any of the Maronite nuns, though we inferred that they were willing to get a look at the fair-haired Anglo-Saxons, as we heard them talking and tittering from behind their wooden *kafasi*, or Turkish blinds. They are said to be well treated and happy. At certain hours of the day they work in the garden and tend their silkworms.

The environs of the convent are terraced, and form one continual mulberry grove. Silk appears to be its principal wealth. The upper terrace commands a magnificent panorama : numerous monasteries and villages are seen crowning the prominent ridges, all separated by deep and narrow ravines, or by sloping fertile valleys. Groups of dark cypresses and pines, relieved by pale olive woods, give quite an Italian character to the landscape. Northeastward, on an elevated brow, stands the large Maronite convent Bkirky, where the patriarch resides during winter ; still higher on a steep conical hill rises Harispa, with towers and battlements, the Franciscan monastery. At an hour's distance in the charming valley below, lies the well-known college of Anturah, and beyond it Deir-Mar-Elyas, many other cloisters, and above them the soaring snow-capped masses of Jebel-Kumeyseh, one of the loftiest summits of Lebanon. Beirut itself is not seen ; it lies hid by the promontory of the Dog river, Ras-Nahr-el-Kelb ; but the dark expanse of the sea, with the fine deep bay of Junch, complete this panorama, which hardly has its equal even in Syria.

Next morning we sent off our muleteers with the tents and baggage directly for Beirut, while we paid a visit to the French in Anturah. The college was originally established by the Jesuits, and on the dissolution of that order in 1764, it was transferred to their successors the Lazarists, like all other establishments and possessions belonging to that order in Greece and the Levant. There were four professors, several Arab teachers, and fifty-eight students, all very comfortably lodged in the convent. The house is airy, and built in the style of architecture of Southern France. The rooms are furnished in the European manner ; library, bedrooms and refectory are remarkably clean and well kept, and every attention paid to the health and comfort of the students. Several European travellers, studying the Arabic, take their board and lodging in the convent. Among the French missionaries, who in this college prepared for their vocation, were two young Lazarists, with whom I had made the passage from Smyrna to Beirut the winter before. In the latter city the order possesses another convent.

Anturah has been well chosen for a seat of study on account of the seclusion, the salubrity of the climate, and the beauty of its environs. From the terrace of the college, which is shaded with magnificent orange trees, lofty as chestnuts in other countries, and covered with thousands of their golden fruit, we, for the last time, viewed this wonderfully charming scenery of Syria. We here heard of the arrival at Beirut of the Austrian steamer, which, in a day or two, was to take us back to Europe. This obliged us to decline the invitation of the professors to dine with them at college, and after a short visit we mounted our horses for the last ride. Our road lay through groves of pine and chestnut, and extensive vineyards ascending to the pretty villages and convents, which everywhere, here in the Kesrawan, crown the tops of the hills. We left on our right Zuk-Mekavil and Musbah, towards the mountain Deir-Tannis, and descended from the plateau by a most dangerous zigzag path to the deep and shady valley of the Dog river, Nahr-el-Kelb. Several melancholy accidents had happened here. A few years ago the Pope's legate to the Maronites was precipitated, by a stumble of his horse, into the deep glen below, where he perished. We prudently dismounted and conducted the trembling animals over the most dangerous places. All went on well ; we reached the banks of the glassy and voiceless Nahr-el-Kelb, whose headspring we had seen some days before among the foaming water-falls of Wady-Salib on the bleak table-land of Jebel-Shebruh. What a wonderful change of scenery, climate and vegetation does the traveller meet with in Syria ! The Dog river flows in a deeply contracted gorge of high perpendicular rocks, leaving only a narrow margin on its right bank covered with trees and rushes. On our sudden appearance in the ravine, some horses which were grazing on the river side, took fright and galloped on before us, and although we attempted to get up with them and bring them back, the narrowness of the path did not permit it, and they continued their headlong career to the opening of the valley, at the embouchure of the river, to the great despair of the little Arab horse-boy trudging along in the rear.

In an hour we arrived at the termination of the gorge. The southern ridge here sinks abruptly down to the sea, and forms the famous pass of Ras-Nahr-el-Kelb. The river is crossed by a stone bridge of six arches, a fabric of the celebrated Druze prince, Fakr-ed-Din, who by the treachery of the Turks was taken prisoner in Beirut, brought to Constantinople, and beheaded in 1631. As the promontory allows of no passage between it and the sea, an artificial road, two yards in breadth, has with infinite labor been cut along the rocks at a height of eighty feet above the level of the water. The clefts of the precipice have in several places been filled up by masonry of great strength, forming a parapet for the security of the passengers. An inscription in large letters engraved at an elevation on the side of the rocky wall, informs us, that Antoninus Pius ordered this road along the impending mountains—*montibus imminetibus*—to be opened on the banks of the Lycus. This interesting monument of the benevolent Emperor is as perfectly preserved as a similar Roman inscription on the rocks of Mount Ossa, in the celebrated valley of Tempe in Thessaly, and can be distinctly read from the Via Antoniniana below. The mouth of the Lycus is shallow and obstructed by rocks precipitated from the promontory above. The caravans therefore generally descend and ford the river instead of following the more circuitous passage of the bridge. On the roadside near the bridge stands an ancient pedestal, which the Arabs believe to have supported the statue of a *dog*, and at a short distance from the shore they point out a huge black rock, rising from the sea, as being the idol in question, which gave name to the river. Thus the ancient appellations in all this tract of the coast, from Tyblos and the Adonis river southward to Erytos and Sidon, the Caleb or Kelb (log) of the Hebrews, the Lycos (wolf) of the Greeks and Romans, and Sidon (Zidon, the hunter) of the Canaanites, seem all to refer to the *astronomical legends* of the sinking and death of Adonis, whom Venus is fabled to have loved and lamented.

In remote times, before Antoninus Pius opened this lower and more convenient passage, a steeper and more difficult path led higher up in sharp turns across the cape. Here are found those curious rock sculp-

tures, which have excited so great an interest among the modern antiquarians. On the rocky wall overhanging the ancient pathway at different distances on the ascent, we admired six or seven large tablets with curious figures, sculptured in the gray limestone rock. Dismounting and ordering the dragoman to lead our horses down to the beach on the south side of the promontory, we climbed up to these relics of antiquity. They differ in character and preservation. Some have been so much corroded by exposure to the atmosphere and the hand of time on the rough surface of the limestone, that their figures and inscriptions have become nearly obliterated. Yet the two larger tablets standing close together on the highest point of the passage are wonderfully well preserved. The northern monument presents a highly ornamented Egyptian door-way surmounted by the winged globe, symbolical of the spiritual fire that moves and actuates the universe, according to Egyptian philosophy. Within the door is seen a hero in the Egyptian costume holding a bow in his right hand and brandishing a battle-axe in his left. The figure is fiercely striding forward, and in the act of immolating a kneeling prisoner in the presence of a high-capped Egyptian deity. These sculptures have a decided resemblance to those of the great procession on the walls of the Ramsessium at Thebes, in Upper Egypt; and what is still more important, the hieroglyphic mouldings on the door-way contain likewise the well-known characters of Ramses the Second, the great Sesostris of the Greeks, that formidable conqueror of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, who during nearly half a century (1560–1490, B. C.) spread the terror of his name from the deserts of Nubia to the shores of the Pontus Euxinus. This discovery, made some years ago by the artist Bonomi, is highly interesting; and it may now be regarded as a historical fact, that the great Ramses on his march northward through Syria caused this monument of his deeds to be sculptured on the mountain at the mouth of the Lycus, where he is supposed to have embarked in his fleet and crossed over to the island of Kittim or Cyprus. All this coincides with the relation of Herodotus, who mentions that he saw rock-sculptures

man, who bound the feet of the bird together with a line. The bird saw a rabbit and pounced upon it, but the animal crept into the skull of a buffalo and escaped; and as the line from the claws of the bird described a semicircle in the air, so was the rainbow formed.*

"The Housatonic Indians," says Hopkins, "believed the sun to be God, or at least the residence of the Deity. They also believed that the seven stars were so many Indians translated to heaven in a dance, and that the stars in Charles's Wain were so many men hunting a bear; that they begin the chase in the spring and hold it all summer; by the fall they have wounded the bear, and the dripping blood turns red the leaves of the trees; by winter they have killed it, and the fat makes the snow, which, being melted by the heat of summer, makes the sap of trees."

The Cherokees believed that there were many thunders, stationed at different points of the heavens, and each charged with specific duties. "They venerated the morning star, but rather as an object of fear. They say that very long ago, a wicked conjurer committed murder by witchcraft. The people combined to slay him, but divining their purpose, he gathered the shining implements of his craft around him, and sprang upwards to a great height, where his apparatus makes him seem a star. He then became fixed in his position, and his aid is sought by all who endeavor to kill others by necromancy. The Cherokees also regard the seven stars with peculiar reverence. There are no prayers addressed to the cluster, but there is a wild legend of its having sprung from a family of eight boys, who were wont to steal into the town council-house and beat the drum which was kept there for public solemnities. Some of the elders reproving them for it, they took offence, and seizing the drum, sprang upwards, beating it in defiance as they ascended. On the way, however, one came down with so hard a fall that his head stuck deep in the ground. He was immediately transformed into a cedar, which is to stand forever, and which bleeds like a human being

when cut. The others mounted on high, where they now are."*

The semi-civilized nations, as well as the savage tribes, had similar legends, of greater or less interest, connected with the planets, the constellations, and the elements, which it would be impossible to recite. If these were collected, they would open to the world a new view of the aboriginal mind.

Every one who has looked upon the face of the full moon has seen there the faint outline of a human form. Many think it is the image of a man, whom they call the "man of the moon;" and some dull people, peering idly through glasses and long tubes, very learnedly protest that there is no man there, and that the outlines which we see are only mountains of scorched and blackened rocks, deep and gloomy caverns, where no life nor verdure is seen, not even a blade of green grass to relieve the utter desolation. But the clear eye of the Indian can penetrate further than the glass of the astronomer, and the Ojibway hunter and the Ojibway maiden can plainly see in the faint outlines on the disk of the moon, the graceful form of the beautiful *Ne-she-kay-be-nais*, the "*Lone Bird*," whom the great Manitou transferred from the lodge of her father to the heavens, where she dwells in the embrace of the moon. The story of the *Lone Bird* is known to the inmates of every Ojibway wigwam, and thus it was told by *Kah-ga-gah-bowh*, the "*Firm Standing*," as seated beside our camp-fire on the shores of the great lake, we watched the harvest-moon slowly rising from the bright waters before us.

Very many snows ago, before the pale-face invaded the lands of the Indians, the Ojibways were great and strong, and numerous as the leaves of the trees. They chased the buffalo on the meadows of the West, they trapped the beaver and hunted the deer in the forests around the great lakes, and struck the salmon in the rivers that flow from the mountains towards the

* Travels in North America, by Maximilian, Prince of Weid, pp. 369, 398.

* John Howard Payne, Esq., MSS. on the Cherokees.

rising sun. They were feared and respected by their enemies, and beloved by their friends: the Great Spirit was pleased with his children, and they were happy.

It was then by the shores of Ojibwa-kechegon, which the pale-faces call Superior, dwelt Wah-bon, the "Dawn of Day," and his wife Me-ge-seek, the "She Eagle." They had an only child, a daughter, mild as the mourning dove, and beautiful as the day. She was tall and graceful as the fir-tree, and her step was like that of the spotted fawn. Her eyes were dark and clear as the fountains in the shade of the forest, and her voice was like the song of the stream in the evening. Very beautiful was Ne-she-kay-be-nais, the "Lone Bird," and though the Ojibways were numerous as the leaves of the forest, and their daughters many and fair, yet amongst them all was none to compare with the daughter of Wah-bon. From all the villages of the nation came the young warriors to seek the favor of the Lone Bird, that they might bear her from the lodge of her father; but she looked coldly upon them all, and it was in vain they recited their prowess in war, and their success in the chase. The fame of her beauty spread to the neighboring nations, and the sons of great chiefs brought presents to the lodge of Wah-bon, that they might gain the affections of his daughter; but the heart of the Lone Bird was like the ice of the winter, and the young chiefs were compelled to return lonely and sad to their distant homes.

Wah-bon saw the coldness of his child, and expostulated with her; he praised the young warriors whose bravery and skill he knew and trusted, and he told her that no daughter of the nation had so proud an array of lovers from which to choose a husband. But the Lone Bird laughed aloud when her father ceased to speak, and she asked—

"What care I for the young braves? I love them not. Has not the daughter of the She Eagle her mother to love? Is not the arm of Wah-bon strong, and can he not cherish and defend his child?"

Wah-bon heard the laugh of his daughter and was silent. But next morning he went forth from the village of his tribe, and as the young warriors gathered round to ask concerning the Lone Bird, he pro-

claimed aloud that at a certain time they should all gather together on the smooth shore of the lake, and the fleetest of foot should bear her to his lodge. Great was the joy of the young braves, and much of the intervening time they spent in preparation and in prayers to the Great Spirit that he might give them the swiftness of the prairie deer, and the agility of the mountain cat.

When the sun came up on the morning of the appointed day, there was gathered on the shores of the lake a great assemblage, for the news of the race that was to happen had spread all over the nation, and it was known that the beautiful daughter of Wah-bon was to be the prize of the victor. The young men were all there in their bravest array, painted, and plumed with the feathers of the wild turkey and the eagle, and when they moved the noise of their ornaments was like the fall of the dry leaves in the autumn. The old men were there, for they were to judge the race and award the prize. The women too were there; the mothers to encourage their sons, and the daughters that they might look upon the young braves of their people and receive their admiration. But nowhere was the Lone Bird to be seen; she sat in the cabin of her parents and wept, for she loved none but her father and mother, and desired not to leave them.

The bounds of the race were fixed, and the judges silently took their places. The young men stood side by side, leaning breathlessly forward, every muscle quivering with excitement and impatient for the struggle. The signal was given, and they dashed forward like the frightened deer when the hunter breaks from his covert, and with a sound like that of the storm when it treads over the mountains. But soon it was seen that Me-te-quab, the "Bending Bow," and Mazho-tungk, "Who strikes the Game," both of whom had long loved the Lone Bird, gained widely on their companions. They were fleet as the wind, but neither could surpass the other, and when they came to the end of the race, the old men could not tell which was the victor. Then it was that the two young braves ran again, but again they came in side by side. Again did they struggle, and still again the old men could not tell

which was entitled to take the Lone Bird to his lodge. It was then proposed that they should leap: they did so, but neither could surpass the other the breadth of a hair. They were directed to go into the forest and hunt, and the Lone Bird should be the prize of the most successful. They went, and next day the Bending Bow returned bearing the scalps of twenty bears that he had slain, and they all cried aloud, the Bending Bow will bear the Lone Bird to his home! Just then an exulting shout was heard in the forest, and Who-strikes-the-game bounding into their midst, also threw twenty scalps of the bear at the feet of the old men.

Then was Wah-bon troubled, for he saw in this the hand of the Great Spirit. And he sought his lodge, and there he found his daughter bowed to the ground, and her eyes were red with weeping. He raised her up kindly, and asked, "Wherefore dost thou weep, my daughter?" And the Lone Bird answered:

"Are you not my father? Is not the lodge of Wah-bon large enough for his daughter?"

Then was the heart of Wah-bon moved; he kissed his child, and he said, "Never shall the Lone Bird leave the lodge of Wah-bon." And he returned to his people on the shore of the lake, and told them it was the will of the Great Spirit that his daughter should not leave him; and the old men responded, "It is the will of the Great Spirit!" and the young warriors and the women all returned to their homes. Then were the eyes of the Lone Bird filled with gladness.

The summer and the autumn passed, and the snows of winter began to melt, and Wah-bon went forth on the sunny slope of the hill to make sugar. His daughter accompanied and assisted him, and in vessels of bark gathered together the sweet juice of the maples.

One day when the smoke was curling slowly up from her father's fire on the slope of the hill, and the warm sun shone mildly down among the trees, that seemed to live beneath its glow, the Lone Bird seated herself on a bare rock, and looked around her. And though all was bright and beautiful, yet she was sad. She thought of her father and mother; they still lived, but their heads had grown gray

and their steps were slow, and she knew that they must soon die. She leaned her head upon her hand, and she felt that she was all alone. At her feet the sun had melted away the snow, and the young flowers of spring looked modestly up in her face; and then she saw, for the first time, that they grew in pairs, two on a stem, and that they seemed to lend beauty one to the other. "It is strange," said the Lone Bird, "I have never noticed this before—it is very strange!" Just then she heard a merry chirping above her head, and looking up she saw that the birds were returning from the south, and again spreading themselves through the forests of the north. She saw also, that they nestled together, two and two, and she exclaimed, "Neither do the birds sing, nor the flowers blossom alone!" At that moment swept over a great flight of water-fowl, and with much noise they alighted on the bosom of the lake. She looked as they flung up the spray on their glad wings, and lo, they glided over the water in pairs!

And then the thoughts of the Lone Bird returned to herself again, and she felt her loneliness more than ever. And she reflected on her coldness to the young warriors of her nation, and thought of the reproof of her father, and she said despondingly: "Oh, I love not! I love not! I am all alone! Alas! why did the Great Spirit fill the breasts of the birds with that love which he denies to his daughter?" and she bowed her head and wept.

The Lone Bird sat long, wrapped in her meditations, and when she rose to go home, it was evening. The full moon had just lifted its disk of silver, without a spot to mar its brightness, above the waters of the great lake, upon which the tiny waves leaped up joyously as if to catch the slanting beams upon their crests. The Lone Bird gazed upon the moon, and her face grew radiant under its mild light, and stretching forth her arms as if she would clasp it, she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful thou art! Would that I had such as thee to love; then would the Lone Bird no longer sorrow in her loneliness!"

The Great Manitou heard the voice of the Ojibway maiden, and no sooner had she uttered these words than he transferred her to the bosom of the moon

where her image is seen to this day. Great was the lamentation in the lodge of Wah-bon, because the Lone Bird returned not; but when her father lifted his eyes to the Great Spirit in heaven, he there saw his daughter in the embraces of the moon; then Wah-bon sorrowed no more for the loss of his child.

Many, very many snows have passed, and the Ojibways have become small and weak; the stranger occupies their hunting-

grounds, and the graves of their fathers are unhonored; but still the spring comes, the little flowers still blossom on the slope of the hill, the birds nestle together among the budding branches, the wild fowl toss up the waters on their wings, and still the Lone Bird looks down upon the daughters of her nation, who trace her form in the disk of the moon, and tell her strange story by the light of the lodge-fire, in the long nights of autumn. E. G. S.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life."

BEN JONSON'S POETASTER.

"Godwin, greater none than he."

SHELLEY'S LETTER TO MARIA GIBBORNE.

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

WILLIAM GODWIN was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of his time. The boldness of his opinions, the force and sincerity with which he enunciated them, the graphic force, unflagging interest, and sweet melodious style of his novels, contrasted strangely with his quiet, retired course of life, taciturn habits in society, and his evenness and complacency of temper. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d day of March, 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious non-conformist. He was thus nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without much reverence for existing authority, and with little love for "gay religions full of pomp and gold." He was educated at the dissenting college at Hoxton, and afterwards undertook the charge of a congregation in the vicinity of London, and also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. His intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures displayed itself in after life, in the shape of apt quotations, which gave a grand and solemn air

to his stately prose. About the year 1782 he settled in London, and from that time to his death applied himself solely to literature. His first production was entitled "Sketches of History, in Six Sermons." We have not been able to obtain this work, having searched in vain among the libraries and bookstores, and can give no account of it; but it is said to be painfully dry and uninteresting. Even almost from boyhood he was prone to exclaim with Cowley—

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

He assisted in the *New Annual Register*, and had become so zealous a political reformer, and his talents were so well known and appreciated, that he obtained £700 for his next publication, the famous "Enquiry concerning Political Justice and its influences on General Virtue and Happiness," (1793.) This work contained a glowing advocacy for universal philanthropy, and the superiority of mind over

matter, and of the perfectibility of man. Private affections and interests were to be merged in the public good. He was for establishing a glorious intellectual republic, and was also desirous of producing a work from the perusal of which no man should rise without being strengthened in habits of sincerity, fortitude and justice. Hazlitt justly and finely observes, that on the publication of the *Enquiry*, Tom Paine was considered as a Tom Fool in comparison with Godwin; Paley, an old woman; Burke, a flashy sophist. Throw aside your books of chemistry, said Wordsworth to a young student in the Temple, and read "*Godwin on Necessity*." The fault of Mr. Godwin's philosophy was too much ambition: he conceived too nobly of his fellows, and raised the standard of morality above the reach of humanity, and by directing virtue to airy and romantic heights her path became dangerous, solitary and impracticable. Godwin was earnest in the matter even "to the red heart's core," and with no shadows of misgiving. The style is persuasive and glowingly eloquent; "faster than springtime showers comes thought on thought." The *Enquiry* was highly successful. The entire tone and spirit of the book will clearly appear from the following extracts, which speak for themselves.

"If there be any meaning in courage, its first ingredient must be the daring to speak the truth at all times, to all persons and in every possible situation. What is it but the want of courage that should prevent me from saying, 'Sir, I ought to refuse your challenge. What I ought to do, that I dare do. Have I injured you? I will readily and without compulsion repair my injustice to the uttermost mite. Have you misconstrued me? State to me the particulars, and doubt not that what is true I will make appear to be true. Thus far I will go. But, though I should be branded for a coward by all mankind, I will not repair to a scene of deliberate murder. I will not do an act that I know to be flagitious. I will exercise my judgment upon every proposition that comes before me; the dictates of that judgment I will speak; and upon them I will form my conduct.' He that holds this language with a countenance in unison with his words, will never be suspected of acting from the impulse of fear."

"Virtue alone is happiness. The happiness of a brute that spends the greater part of his life in listlessness and sleep, is but one remove from the happiness of a plant that is full of sap, vigor and nutrition. The happiness of a man who pursues licentious pleasure is momentary, and his intervals of weariness and disgust perpetual. He speedily wears himself out in his specious career; and every time that he employs the means of delight which his corporeal existence affords him, takes so much from his capacity of enjoyment. If he be wise enough, like Epicurus, to perceive a part of these advantages, and to find in fresh herbs and the water of the spring the truest gratification of his appetite, he will be obliged to seek some addition to his stock of enjoyment, and like Epicurus to become benevolent out of pure sensuality. But the virtuous man has a perpetual source of enjoyment. The only reason on account of which the truth of this assertion was ever controverted is, that men have not understood what it was that constituted virtue. It is impossible that any situation can occur in which virtue cannot find room to expatiate. In society there is continual opportunity for its active employment. I cannot have intercourse with any human being who may not be the better for that intercourse. If he be already just and virtuous, these qualities are improved by communication. It is from a similar principle that it has been observed, that great geniuses have usually existed in a cluster, and have been awakened by the fire struck into them by their neighbors. If he be imperfect and erroneous, there must always be some prejudice I may contribute to destroy—some motive to delineate—some error to remove. If I be prejudiced and imperfect myself, it cannot, however, happen that my prejudices and imperfections shall be exactly coincident with his. I may, therefore, inform him of the truths that I know, and even by the collision of prejudices truth is elicited. It is impossible that I should strenuously apply myself to his mind with sincere motives of benevolence without some good being the result. Nor am I more at a loss in solitude. In solitude I may accumulate the materials of social benefit. No situation can be so desperate as to preclude these efforts. Voltaire

when shut up in the Bastille, and for aught he knew for life, deprived of books, of pens, and of paper, arranged and in part executed the project of his *Henriade*."

"It is by no means certain that the individual ever yet existed whose life was of so much value to the community as to be worth preserving at so great an expense as that of his sincerity." "We should be upon all occasions perfectly ingenuous, expressing with simplicity the sentiments of the heart, and speaking of ourselves, when that may be necessary, neither with ostentation and arrogance on the one hand, nor with the frequently applauded lie of a cowardly humility on the other. There is a charm in sincerity that nothing can resist. If once a man could be perfectly frank, open, and firm in all his words and actions, it would be impossible for that man to be misinterpreted."

"Xerxes was not more unreasonable when he lashed the waves of the sea, than that man would be who inflicted suffering on his fellow, from a view to the past, and not from a view to the future."

"The genuine propensity of man is to venerate mind in his fellow-man. With what delight do we contemplate the progress of intellect, its efforts for the discovery of truth, the harvest of virtue that springs up under the genial influence of instruction, the wisdom that is generated through the medium of unrestricted communication. How completely do violence and corporal infliction reverse the scene. From this moment all the wholesome avenues of mind are closed, and on every side we see them guarded with a train of disgraceful passions—hatred, revenge, despotism, cruelty, hypocrisy, conspiracy, and cowardice. Man becomes the enemy of man; the stronger are seized with the lust of unbridled domination, and the weaker shrink with hopeless disgust from the approach of a fellow. With what feelings must an enlightened observer contemplate the furrow of a lash imprinted upon the body of a man. What heart beats not in unison with the sublime law of antiquity—'Thou shalt not inflict stripes upon the body of a Roman.' There is but one alternative in this case upon the part of the sufferer; either his mind must be subdued by the arbitrary dictates of the superior, (for to him all is arbitrary that

does not stand approved to the judgment of his own understanding;) he will be governed by something that is not reason, and ashamed of something that is not disgrace; or else every pang he endures will excite the honest indignation of his heart, and fix the clear disapprobation of his intellect, will produce contempt and alienation against his punisher."

The *Enquiry* was followed in twelve months by a novel, "*Things as they are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams*," in three volumes, with the motto—

"Amidst the woods the leopard knows his kind;
The tiger preys not on the tiger brood;
Man only is the common foe of man."

His object here was to inculcate his favorite doctrines, and to comprehend a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man. Caleb Williams tells his own story. The character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious compositions. It is undoubtedly a production of the highest originality and power. There is in it the material, the overpowering energy, zeal, and enthusiasm, "to have animated a hundred schemes for the weal or woe of the species." This work has always been regarded with an unusual degree of favor by the public, and is said to be altogether the most popular novel to be found in the Circulating Libraries of England. At the publication of *Political Justice* he was compelled to consider his pen the sole instrument for supplying his current expenses, and Mr. George Robinson's liberality supplied him with means to live for ten years before this period, while Godwin was writing different things of obscure note, which he willingly let sink into oblivion. In 1791 he projected his favorite work, *Political Justice*, and from that time gave up every other occupation that might interfere with it. Robinson provided for his wants at a specified rate while the book was in the course of composition; and on the day of its publication, as far as regarded means, he was very little beforehand with the world. He then thought he would write a work of fictitious narrative in some way distinguished by a very powerful interest.

He wrote the third volume of Caleb Williams first, then the second, and the first last. In the third volume he bent himself to the conception of a series of adventures of flight and pursuit—the fugitive perpetually apprehensive of being overwhelmed with the worst calamities, and the pursuer by his ingenuity and resources keeping his victim in a state of the most fearful alarm.

He was next called upon to conceive a dramatic and impressive situation adequate to account for the impulse that the pursuer should feel incessantly to alarm and harass his victim with an inextinguishable resolution never to allow him the least interval of peace and security. This he apprehended could best be effected by a secret murder, to the investigation of which the innocent victim should be impelled by an unconquerable spirit of curiosity. The murderer would thus have a sufficient motive to persecute the unhappy discoverer, that he might deprive him of peace, character, and credit, and have him forever in his power. This constituted the outline of the second volume. The subject of the first volume was still to be invented. To account for the fearful events of the third, it was necessary that the pursuer should be invested with every advantage of fortune, with a resolution that nothing could baffle or defeat, and with extraordinary resources of intellect. Nor could the purpose of giving an extraordinary and overpowering interest to the tale be answered, without his appearing to have been originally endowed with a great store of amiable dispositions and virtues, so that his being driven to the first act of murder should be judged worthy of the deepest regret, and should be seen, in some measure, to have arisen out of his virtues themselves. It was necessary, so to speak, to make him the tenant of an atmosphere of romance, so that every reader should feel prompted almost to worship him for high qualities. Here was ample material for a first volume. He conceived this to be the best plan to produce a unity of spirit and interest to give it a powerful hold on the reader. He devoted two or three weeks to the imagining and putting down hints for the story, before he engaged seriously and methodically in its composition. On these hints he began with the third volume, then proceeded to the second, and

last of all grappled with the first. He wrote but a small portion in any single day. He only wrote "when the afflatus was on him." He held it for a maxim, that any portion written when he was not in the vein, told for considerably worse than nothing. He wrote by starts, sometimes for a week or ten days not a line. On an average, a volume of Caleb Williams cost him four months, neither less nor more. His mind, during this time, was in a high state of excitement. He said to himself a thousand times, "I will write a tale that shall constitute an epoch in the mind of the reader, that no one after he has read it shall ever be exactly the same man that he was before." When he had written some seven-tenths of the first volume, he was prevailed upon by the extreme impotency of an old and intimate friend to allow him the perusal of the manuscript. On the second day he returned it with a note to this purpose: "I return you your manuscript because I promised to do so; if I had obeyed the impulse of my own mind, I should have thrust it in the fire. If you persist, the book will infallibly prove the grave of your literary fame." Fortunately Godwin had the good sense and firmness to persevere. A pleasant writer observes that he well remembers his first reading Caleb Williams. He began it about nine o'clock at night in a lonely room; he read on and read on, forgetful of time, place, and of the fact especially that his candle was going out, when lo, at one of the most enchainings of its situations, the candle suddenly dropped down, and he was in darkness. The family were all asleep, not a spark of light to be had, and there he sat with the book he had been devouring in his hands, pressing it in enthusiasm to his breast. This happened, he says, in his seventeenth year, "but we were up with the dawn and tearing out its heart." We read it for the first time, years ago, on a winter's night, when the snow was driven against the windows by short, fitful gusts, in a little room

"Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers joined
To cheer the gloom;"

and at times we raised our eye from the volume to gaze upon a fine portrait of

Godwin, from a painting by Northcote. There was no giving up the work after commencing it, and we read till morning. We saw palpably before us the stern, brutal Tyrrel, the gentle Miss Melville, the gay, gallant and accomplished Falkland, the inquisitive Williams, the honest, manly Hawkins. Scenes of thrilling interest agitated us, such as the abduction of Miss Melville by her clownish admirer. We perceived Williams worming himself into the confidence of Falkland, learning his secret, and then experiencing all the tortures of a prison. We witnessed the escape of Williams from his dungeon, his finding a home with the robbers in the forest, the attempt of an old hag to murder him with a butcher's cleaver—a being loathsome in the extreme, “outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild”—his various disguises and hair-breadth escapes on his journey to London—his many places of concealment in that huge metropolis—the keen scent and unceasing pursuit after Williams by the bloodhound Jones—the death of Falkland—all these incidents written in an unpolished, but in vehement and expressive language, charmed my senses and witched me from myself. A powerful interest is sustained throughout, the “energy divine” never slackens; the miserable system of prison discipline, the law’s delay, are bitterly depicted and unsparingly condemned. Talfourd observes, “Perhaps this work is the grandest ever constructed out of the simple elements of humanity without any extrinsic aid from imagination, wit, or memory.”

Godwin next appeared in a pamphlet entitled “*Cursory Strictures on Judge Eyre’s Charge to the Jury.*” Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others were thrown into the Tower on a charge of high treason. Godwin, however obnoxious to the party in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws. He was now ready to defend his friends with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the Grand Jury, laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter immediately published his Remarks, “the legal acuteness of which,” says Hazlitt, “would have raised any briefless barrister to the height of his profession.” This temporary effusion did more: it gave a turn to the trials for high treason in 1794,

and possibly saved the lives of twelve innocent individuals at a time when ministers, “in synod unbenign,” determined to crush all liberal principles. Horne Tooke afterwards, at his own table, called Godwin to him, took his hand and pressed it to his lips, saying, “I can do no less for the hand that saved my life.” This pamphlet we have never been able to procure, nor have we ever seen a copy of it. “*The Enquirer: Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of Essays.*” appeared in 1797, and was republished in Edinburgh in 1823. Godwin, in the advertisement to the later edition, remarks: “More than twenty-five years have passed since these essays were written. It is, perhaps, twenty years since I have perused them. My bookseller has invited me to the task, and I owe it to the public not again to commit them to the press without some revision. But I have little leisure for the business. My mind is at this moment wholly engrossed in a work which, if my life and my faculties are sufficiently prolonged, and the precariousness of my outward circumstances will admit it, I should gladly finish, and make it perhaps my last legacy to my fellow-men. In reading over these essays, I find scarcely a thought that is my present thought, or which, at least, if I were now called upon to write upon their subjects for the first time, I should not express somewhat differently from the way in which it is here expressed. Our minds change like our bodies by insensible degrees, till they cannot, but with some looseness of phraseology, be called the same. Twenty-five years ago, I was in the full vigor of animal life. I am so no longer, but in a green old age. When I wrote these essays, I was a bachelor; I have since become a husband and a father. Yet the difference here expressed, and the thoughts I now entertain, are not fundamental, and to a careless observer would in most instances be imperceptible. Nor do I wish to change the texture of the publication. To those who feel any interest in my writings, such a change would scarcely be acceptable. In the volume to which these lines are prefixed, I appear such as I then was, and in a dress correspondent to the period of life I had reached. In what I may yet publish, there may perhaps be found something of

the garrulity of age, and I hope also something of gray-headed reflection, and a more mature and well-ripened cast of thought. But, alas! to what does it all amount? The toys of childhood, the toys of manhood, and the toys of old age, are still toys. And if it were hereafter possible for me to look down upon them from a future state, I should find them to be all alike laborious trifles. As it is, and seeing with my present imperfect organs, I am more than half inclined to despise them. But I know not that I could have done any better." These essays, some twenty-eight in number, afford food for much reflection, and are sufficiently varied to please all tastes. We remember that somewhere in the volume he exclaims, "When I read Milton, I become Milton; when I read Thomson, I become Thomson. I find myself a sort of intellectualameleon, assuming the color of the substances on which I rest."

Godwin's *Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft* are minute in their detail, and possess much interest, but interest of an unpleasant kind. She was a woman of genuine talents, fearless and persevering, and formed in a generous mould; but unhappily she chose to live on the most intimate terms with the ruder sex, without going through the usual preliminary foras of marriage, and "she bore unhusbanded a mother's name." She and Godwin were married merely to *legalize* their offspring, and the only child by the marriage was the accomplished Mrs. Shelley.

In 1799, "*St. Leon, a Tale of the 16th Century*," was issued from the press. The brilliant success of *Caleb Williams* induced publishers to solicit Godwin again to try his hand on a work of fiction. He hesitated long, despairing of finding again a topic so rich in interest and passion. In those days it was deemed a daring thought to attempt to compose a novel with the hope that it might hereafter rank among the classics of a language. Godwin succeeded in his bold attempt, and in "the gross and scope of our opinion," produced the most magnificent romance ever written. Count St. Leon's campaigns in Italy under the command of Francis I., his total surrender of himself to the vicious and debasing habit of gambling, his leaving France, the description of the storm among the

mountains of Switzerland, the obtaining the philosopher's stone, his escape from the officers of the Inquisition, his renewing his youth by means of the elixir vitæ, his interview with his children, where "he stifles the mighty hunger of the heart," are passages of incredible interest, pathos, and beauty; and as to the language, we know nothing like it for melody and beauty. The short, plain sentences are clear as crystal, "woven close, both matter, form, and style." St. Leon's wife, Marguerite de Damville, is a pattern for all women, wives, and mothers; an example of as pure, generous, and devoted love, as ever warmed the human heart. Hazlitt thinks that it is not improbable that the author found the model of this character in nature. We hope so. It makes one proud of existence to think that a being of such lofty purposes, wisdom, kindness, radiant loveliness, consoling her husband, cleaving to him in his broken fortunes, watching over the welfare of her children, and moving about like a guardian angel, ever had existence here on earth. Bethlem Gabor is a terrific character,

"Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill."

He glares around like the lightning on a murky night, and where he stalks, death and ruin follow in his footsteps.

Godwin, perhaps from his great success as a novelist, now turned his attention to the drama; and in 1800, produced a play with the title, "*Antonio, or the Soldier's Return*." It was accepted, and announced for representation on Saturday, the 13th of December, 1800. Lamb supplied the epilogue. Talfourd writes, in his *Life and Letters of Lamb*, "Alas, for human hopes! The play was decisively damned, and the epilogue shared its fate. The tragedy turned out a miracle of dullness for the world to wonder at, although Lamb insisted it had one fine line, which he was fond of repeating, sole relic of the else-forgotten play. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the brother and sister of the drama, toiled through four acts and a half without applause or disapprobation. One speech was not more rapid than another, and so dead was the level of the dialogue, that, although its destiny was seen from afar, it

presented no opportunity of hissing; but as the play drew towards a close, when, after a scene of frigid chiding not vivified by any fire of Kemble's own, Antonio drew his sword and plunged it into the heroine's bosom, the 'sad civility' of the audience vanished: they started as at a real murder, and hooted the actor from the stage. 'Philosophy,' which could not make a Juliet, sustained the author through the trial. He sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; 'the proper season of applause had not arrived;' all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted calm. His friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And though he did at last admit the great moment was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood. Notwithstanding this repulse, Mr. Godwin retained his taste for the theatre to the last. On every first night of a new piece, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce, whether of friend or foe, he sat with gentle interest in a side box, and bore its fate, whatever it might be, with resignation, as he had done his own."

Charles Lamb, in a letter to his friend Manning, gives a most facetious description of Godwin's ill luck. Campbell, in his *Life of Siddons*, thinks that "a potent drama" might well have been expected from the author of *Caleb Williams*. It went, however, only through three nights. Godwin, in two respects, may compare notes with his brother novelist, Fielding. They both tried the drama without success, and they could both afford to pay for the disappointment out of their ample fame for original genius. By the kindness of Edwin Forrest, Esq., we read Antonio, and certainly a duller play was never exhibited. We searched in vain for the line that Lamb was in the habit of quoting and calling it good. It has neither plot nor language. We have not been able to obtain a copy of Faulkner, (1807.)

Godwin's other play. The *Biographia Dramatica* says it was deservedly condemned after a few nights' performance. It was founded on the novel of *Roxana*, or the *Fortunate Mistress*. The story wanted variety to make it interesting, and as to the morality of the piece, the less we say the better. Hazlitt remarks on these dramatic productions, "Peace be with their manes."

Godwin's next work was "Thoughts occasioned by the Perusal of Doctor Parr's Spital Sermon, preached at Christ's Church, April 15, 1800: Being a Reply to the attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, the author of an *Essay on Population*, and others. London: 1801."

This is a well written and able pamphlet. There is nothing in Godwin's character that pleases us more than his forbearance and dignity when his principles were unjustly assailed, and his calm, gentlemanly, and eloquent replies to his assailants; all of whom seemed to have adopted the practice of Croaker, in Goldsmith's comedy, who philosophically declares, "When I am determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm." We cannot resist giving one quotation from this publication:—

"I know that Dr. Parr and Mr. Mackintosh look with horror upon this doctrine of the progressive nature of man. They cling with all the fervors of affection to the opinion, that the vices, the weaknesses, and the follies which have hitherto existed in our species, will continue undiminished as long as the earth shall endure. I do not envy them their feelings. I love to contemplate the yet unexpanded powers and capabilities of our nature, and to believe that they will one day be unfolded to the infinite advantage and happiness of the inhabitants of the globe. Long habit has so trained me to bow to the manifestations of truth wherever I recognize them, that, if arguments were presented to me sufficient to establish the uncomfortable doctrine of my antagonists, I would weigh, I would resolve them, and I hope I should not fail to submit to their authority. But, if my own doctrine is an error, and if I am fated to die in it, I cannot afflict myself greatly with the apprehension of a mistake, which cheers my solitude, which I carry with me into crowds, and which adds somewhat to the pleasure and peace of every day of my existence."

In the *Life of Geoffrey Chaucer*, Godwin displayed great research, though he has

added but little to our previous knowledge of the poet; but he has given a complete history of that period, the history of the English stage, the diversions of that time, the state of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and excellent criticisms on Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling, was published in 1805, and re-printed by Bentley, London, 1832. The title is an unfortunate one, for it brings to mind Mackenzie's tender story with its pathetic interest, and its hero, the mild, gentle and charitable Harley, and the sweet character of Miss Walton, with "a gush of household memories." We take but little interest in Godwin's hero, who is a self-willed egotist with a strong infusion of insanity, who has no claims on our sympathy, and whom we are disposed to regard with considerable aversion. Fleetwood's early life, passed in Merionethshire, at the foot of Cader Idris—his rambles—the mountain scenery, with its wild torrents—the clear, sweet, bracing atmosphere, producing health and vigor—his college life—his amours in Paris with the charming Marchioness and the Countess de B——, are glowingly described. M. Ruffigny's narrative, his Swiss home, Fleetwood's first meal with him, when the table was spread before the cottage door on the smooth turf, and they feast on melons, grapes, wall fruit and bread, with a flagon of wine, and their tour afterwards on the lake, are deliciously written, with a pure, genial and refreshing tone. "*Essay on Sepulchres*," (1809.) This was a favorite work of Lamb's. Its style is sweet and subdued, full of refinement and beauty, with musings on life, death, fame and immortality. Godwin dwells with fond delight on his reading, one fine evening in the beginning of autumn, Spenser's beautiful Hymn to Love under the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey—"And it is incredible how much sweetness the sentiment gained, by contrast with the sacred and austere chastity once professed there, with the monks who formerly dwelt within those walls, and still who slept beneath my feet." "*Lives of Edward and John Philips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton*," were published in 1815. This work contains a portrait of John Bradshaw, William Lilly, (the astrologer,) and Titus Oates. These Philipses were in-

dustrious and patient writers, as is shown by their translations of the never-ending novels of d'Urfé, Scuderie and Calprenede. In the age in which they lived they were as well known, and as much objects of attention to literary men, as falls to the lot of authors of a subordinate class. Edward Philips's life of Milton is the foundation of all the memoirs of the poet. His personal knowledge of the bard authenticates all that he relates of him, and yet "how much more interesting it would have been had it been written in the amiable and sentimental, though half-gossiping, style of old Isaac Walton," as Sir E. Brydges truly observes. This work also contains excellent and judicious remarks on Cromwell, Charles II., and Judge Jeffreys, and some loving commentaries on the sterling merits and eloquence displayed in the old English translations, especially in "Shelton's Version of Don Quixote," "Mornay's Worke concerning the Trewnesse of Christian Religion," by Sir Philip Sidney and Arthur Golding, "Phaer's Virgil," and he observes, "It is to our version of the Bible that we above all things are indebted for the sober, majestic and copious flow of our English tongue." "The old English translation of Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Thomas North, published in 1579, has the disadvantage of being avowedly taken from the French of Amyot, and yet, I must confess, till this book fell into my hands I had no genuine feeling of Plutarch's merit, or knowledge of what sort of a writer he was. The philosopher of Cheronea subjects himself in his biographical sketches to none of the rules of fine writing—he has not digested the laws and ordonnance of composition and the dignified and measured step of an historian; but rambles just as his fancy suggests, and always tells you without scruple or remorse what comes next in his mind. How beautiful does all this show in the simplicity of the old English. How aptly does the dress correspond to the tone and manner of thinking in the author. While I read Plutarch in Sir Thomas North methinks I see the gray-headed philosopher full of information and anecdote; a veteran in reflection and experience, and smitten with the love of all that is most exalted in our nature, pouring out without restraint the collections of his wisdom; and he reclines

in his easy chair before a cheerful winter's blaze. How different does all this appear in the translation of the Langhorne's. All that was beautiful and graceful before, becomes deformity in the finical and exact spruceness with which they have attired it."

"It is time that tries the characters of men. It is not indeed what some persons have given it out to be, the universal touchstone, the infallible head of the church of truth! There are inveterate errors handed down from age to age, which it seems as if no lapse of years had force enough to destroy. But though time cannot do everything it does much. The character of Milton is one of those which appears to gain by time. To future ages it is probable he will stand forth as the most advantageous specimen that can be produced of the English nation. He is our poet. There is nothing else of so capacious dimensions in the compass of our literature (if indeed there is in the literary productions of our species,) that can compare with the *Paradise Lost*. He is our patriot. No man of just discernment can read his political writings without being penetrated with the holy flame that animated him. And, if the world shall ever attain that stature of mind as for courts to find no place in, he will be the patriot of the world. As an original genius, as a writer of lofty and expansive soul, and as a man, he rises above his countryman; and like Saul, in the convention of the Jews, 'from his shoulders and upward he is higher than any of the people.' I know not how it is with other men; but for myself I never felt within me the power to disjoin a great author from his work. When I read with delight, the production of any human invention, I pass irresistibly on, to learn as much as I am able of the writer's personal dispositions, his temper, his actions, and the happy or unhappy fortunes he was destined to sustain."

"Mandeville, a Tale of the 17th Century in England," in three volumes, was published by Constable, in Edinburgh, (1817,) with the following dedication. "To the Memory of the Sincerest Friend I ever had, the Late John Philpot Curran, (who, a few days since, quitted this mortal stage, I affectionately inscribe these volumes. October 25, 1817." This is the

only dedication that appears in all of Godwin's writings. If there is a falling off in the interest of this tale from the former ones of our admired author, there is none in the sustained dignity of its style, "the long-resounding march and energy divine." The jealous feelings of Mandeville; his vindictiveness are carried to a painful extreme—but amid many bursts of passionate feeling, fine reflections, and a profusion of rich imagery. It has been well said, that unless an author surpasses himself, and surprises the public as much the fourth or fifth time as he did the first, he is said to fall off, because there is not the same stimulus of novelty. Henrietta, the sister of Mandeville, is a bright sparkling portrait, beautiful, and winning in herself, doubly so from the surrounding gloom. Whenever she is near to Mandeville, the heavenly dew of her gentle nature falls on his arid heart with a healing power. There is a "star-like nobleness" in all her actions; an attractive grace that insensibly steals our hearts away; she becomes "ensky'd and sainted" in our imagination, and we unconsciously bless the genius that produced this beautiful creation.

Oh what a jewel is a woman excellent
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman.

In 1820 Godwin published a work on Population, in reply to Malthus, which was followed by his *History of the Commonwealth*,—the production of his mature life. Notwithstanding the rich materials afforded him by the subject, he has failed in making it interesting. The chief recommendation of the history is its impartiality.

"Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries," London, 1831. This volume contains twenty-three essays, on various and interesting subjects. The author attempts to give a defined and permanent form to a variety of thoughts which had occurred to his mind in the long course of thirty-four years,—to a mind deeply imbued with a sincere and ardent love for the human race. But I must hasten on, and conclude this article, which is growing to an unreasonable length. Godwin next tried his hand at the "*Lives of the Necromancers*," an interesting subject; and he gives a melancholy delineation

tion of the credulity of the human mind. Queen Elizabeth sent to consult Dr. John Dee, the astrologer, respecting a lucky day for her coronation. King James the first employed much of his leisure upon questions of witchcraft and demonology, in which he fully believed. And, alas for poor human nature, in the year 1664, Sir Matthew Hale caused two old women to be hanged upon a charge of unlawful communion with infernal agents. Sir Thomas Browne, "the superlatively eloquent and able author of the *Religio Medici*" was present, and took part in the interesting proceedings. Sir Thomas was appealed to by Hale, somewhat extra-judicially, for his opinion, and decided that they were guilty, "and enforced his position by something that had lately occurred in Denmark."

Cloudesley, a novel, appeared in 1830. This work might have been written "under the roof blue Italian weather." Its tone is sweet and interesting, and fervently eloquent. Irene is one of the fine female creations of Godwin, and the work bears the marks of unmistakeable talent and disciplined powers. There is also another novel of our author's, called "*Deloraine*,"—and his long and laborious life terminated in London, in April, 1836. He held a small post under government, conferred upon him by Earl Gray's ministry. It is

impossible to do justice to Godwin in a short sketch. He was a noble specimen of a man, just and sincere. He never truckled to the world. He took no advantage of the caprice of the public, by appealing to its weak side, or pampering its frailties. He told bold and startling truths in polished and vehement language. He spoke with the fire and grandeur of inspiration. His powers were versatile, and he acquired laurels in the fields of fiction, biography, and history.

"Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change."

His novels have charmed the world.

"Applause delighted stands
And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands."

The *Essay on Sepulchres*, and the *Lives of Milton's Nephews*, books that he wrote to gratify a private sentiment, and for his own enjoyment, were coldly received by the public, and were calculated to cure him, if he had been liable to the intoxication of vanity. He had self-reliance in a high degree, and nothing could daunt his enthusiastic nature. He loved his fellow-man with a hearty zeal, and beheld in every human creature a spark of the divinity. "Once more hail and farewell."

G. F. D.

INSANITY—HOW FAR A LEGAL DEFENCE.

THE common law (which is ours except so far as we have modified it by the statutes) has adopted two widely different rules on the subject of insanity; one having relation to civil affairs, and the other referring entirely to criminal cases. By the first, a man whose mind is deranged, his intellects having become insufficient to conduct the common business of life; his property will be taken from him, and trustees appointed to take care of and manage his estate. By the second, strange as it may seem, the same man, who has been adjudged incapable of conducting his own concerns on account of insanity, may be held responsible for criminal acts, provided he possess a mind capable of distinguishing right from wrong. In legal effect there are, therefore, two kinds of unsoundness of mind—an unsoundness which is partial, and destroys one's capacity for civil affairs; and an unsoundness which is total, and utterly destroys the moral responsibility; so that the deranged is no longer a reasonable and accountable being. In contemplation of law, partial insanity simply reduces a man to the condition of a child, a minor under age; who cannot be compelled to fulfill his contracts, but is still answerable for crimes committed. His position is similar to that of the habitual drunkard—he is deprived of the management of his property, because manifestly disqualified by his habits to take care of it judiciously; and similar, also, to that of the man whose mind falls into decay by reason of advanced age, and the apparent failure of the mental power.

According to the early writers, to excuse a man from the consequences of his act, he must have been at the period when he committed the offence, wholly incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, or comprehending the nature of what he was doing. If he be but partially insane, the law does not excuse him, but holds him to a rigid accountability; making it necessary for him to show that at the time the deed

was committed, he was absolutely incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. As Lord Hale, one of the sages of the law, expresses it, if he possess as great understanding as ordinarily a child of fourteen years hath, he may be guilty of treason or felony. It is well known to most of our readers, that the principles of what is termed the common law, are ascertained from the decisions of the courts; our own first, and those of England secondly by way of illustration. The reason of this is found in the fact that we hold our laws, like our literature and language, in common with that country, having derived them thence with our very being. For as the statesmen of the revolution contended, the men who first emigrated to this country, brought with them the rights of freemen, and the laws and privileges of their own country. Instead of coming forth a loose, disjointed and confused congregation of reckless men, like the Spanish into Mexico and Peru, impatient of control and thirsting for gold, they came forth freely and soberly, a well-appointed community. In place of an arbitrary government of undefined civil and military powers, they brought with them charters of liberty, civil officers, an organized government, and a society firmly knit together, wearing, as a garment, the common law of England.

When, therefore, we quote the decisions of the English courts, they are not referred to as binding precedents, and authority to which we must yield obedience; but rather as the historical evidence of what the law was, or still continues to be; they are, as Coke termed them, the witnesses of the law. To whose testimony, on the subject of insanity, we will now briefly refer.

In the case of Edward Arnold, indicted and tried at the Surrey Assizes, in England, for shooting at Lord Onslow in 1724, the court, in charging the jury, use these words: "It is not every kind of frantic humor, or something unaccountable in a man's actions that points him out to be such a madman as is to be exempted

from punishment ; it must be a man that is totally deprived of his understanding and memory, and doth not know what he is doing, no more than an infant, than a brute, or a wild beast ; such a one is never the object of punishment." Upon this charge it is scarcely necessary to say the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he received the sentence of death ; though there was no question of his partial insanity. It is worthy of remark, that at the period of this trial, the accused, in such cases, were not allowed to come into court with counsel, except upon the special grace and favor of the court. In the case of Earl Ferrers, tried and convicted of the murder of John Johnson in 1760, the same rule was enforced. On this occasion, the highest solemnities of the law were observed. George II. issued a special commission to his chancellor, Henly, recited that the king considering justice an excellent virtue, and pleasing to the Most High ; and concluded with making him Lord High Stewart, with authority to preside in the august court thus organized. Upon the trial, the solicitor-general, quoting the law as laid down by Hale, (whom he terms the wise judge and great lawyer,) says, that the result of his whole reasoning stands thus : "If there be a total, permanent want of reason, it will acquit the prisoner. If there be a total temporary want of it when the offence was committed, it will acquit the prisoner ; but if there be only a partial degree of insanity, mixed with a partial degree of reason ; not a full and complete use of reason, but a competent use of it, sufficient to have restrained those passions which produced the crime ; if there be thought and design ; a faculty to distinguish the nature of actions ; to discern the difference between moral good and evil ; then upon the fact of the offence proved the judgment of the law must take place."

The case of James Hadfield, quite as interesting as the one first mentioned, was tried in 1800. The indictment was for shooting at the king in a crowded theatre, just as he entered his box, and the audience was rising to cheer him. The rule, as to responsibility for crime, administered in this case, was substantially the same as quoted above ; though Mr. Erskine commented upon the rule insisted on by the attorney-general, that to protect a man

from criminal responsibility, there must be a total deprivation of memory and understanding. He admits it the very language of Coke and Hale, but contends it cannot be applied in a literal sense, for in that case such thing as insanity seldom if ever occurred.

It appeared on the trial that the prisoner had been a soldier, and wounded in battle by a blow upon the head, breaking the skull and injuring the brain ; that immediately after the wound was received he became crazy, and continued so occasionally up to the time of his attempt to kill the king ; his insanity being intermittent. Prior to his receiving the wound, the witnesses proved him brave and loyal, and the jury acquitted him on the ground of insanity.

It has been sometimes said that the law does not understand, or knows no distinction between different kinds of insanity. This is not strictly true, as is proved by the case of John Bellingham, tried for the murder of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, before chief justice Mansfield, in 1812. The rule, as laid down in that case, exempts the prisoner from responsibility, provided he is found deprived of all power of reasoning, so as not to be able to distinguish whether it was right or wrong to commit the most wicked transaction. But this, he adds, must be proved, and the jury must find it as a fact, beyond all doubt, that at the time he committed the act with which he stood charged, he did not consider that murder was a crime against the laws of God and nature. There was no other proof of insanity which would excuse murder or any other crime.

After speaking of other kinds of insanity, the judge then goes on to say, "There was a third species of insanity in which the patient fancied the existence of injury, and sought an opportunity of gratifying revenge by some hostile act. If such a person were capable, in other respects, of distinguishing right from wrong, there was no excuse for any act of atrocity which he might commit under this description of derangement."

On the trial of Hadfield, mentioned above, it was contended by Mr. Erskine, on behalf of the prisoner, and may be assumed, as admitted by the court, that where the prisoner labored under a delusion

connected directly with the subject matter of the transaction for which he stands indicted, he cannot be convicted of crime, even though he be not deprived of all power of reasoning. This distinction, however, when examined, fades away into the original color, and leaves to the jury still the same simple inquiry, whether the party, charged with the offence, *knew* that the very act he committed was criminal.

Having referred to a few of the leading cases on the subject of insanity, enough to show what the law now is, and how far it enforces human responsibility, we arrive at the point where we have a right, and are bound to speak for ourselves. With a proper estimate of history we cannot be indifferent to the past, and those various influences out of which have arisen our present social relations. We go back to the sources of civilization with pleasure, and trace, with delight, the increasing and expanding volume as it emerges from the wild and mountainous regions of romance, and opens on the unobstructed plain of history. We listen to its many voices, and make ourselves acquainted with its wisdom. We go out of ourselves and the present time, to learn the thoughts of those who have preceded us. We gather instruction from their deeds, and a wise forecast from their folly. It is thus we trace the progress of opinions, and the slow though constant and firm advance in the tone and temper of law—that high and sublime march of a people, in which there are few hasty changes, and no magnificent strides; but a modest and steady progression, keeping time with the music of intelligent thought. It is not a romance, nor an epic poem; it is no picture of the imagination, nor republic of Utopia; but a system of principles that spring up out of the national mind, and adapt themselves to every condition and circumstance of life. Flexible in their nature, and always closely surrounding us, we are generally unmindful of their presence till the very moment we need protection, so easily and naturally do we wear them as an armor of defence.

Like our political institutions, they come down to us from the past, associated with the events and scenes of history; imperfect in particulars, but in the main breathing the earnest and manly spirit of times

when men stood upon their rights, maintained the claims of the citizen against the sovereign, and established the law upon the rough and rugged field of battle. They come to us dressed in the style of an early day, but with a universal and catholic authority, comprehending the past, present and future. They command respect and elicit our regard in infancy and childhood, long before we are able to understand them or appreciate their excellence. It is thus the common law becomes a part of the common mind, intimately blending itself with the thoughts, and entering into the judgments of each individual; so that it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that on general subjects the common opinion of the law is the highest and best evidence of what that law is.

There is a strange and wonderful interest attaching itself to every description of insanity. The subtle relation existing between the material and immaterial man, that intimate association of mind with body, acting and reacting sympathetically upon each other, is at all times a subject of interesting and curious speculation. But when examined in connection with derangement of the mental powers, it becomes a mystery passing the ken of human knowledge, around which the light of science sheds no illumination, and gives token of no discovery. On other subjects, investigation repays us with a fixed and satisfactory result; we congratulate ourselves with the discovery of truth, and the establishment of those general principles upon which the sciences are based. It is a pleasure that springs out of certainty and system, and a harmony that rises from many voices mingling in unison. But on this subject we have no system; it is all mysterious and uncertain, complex and wonderful, as are the operations of the human mind. For though we are able to understand many of the influences that operate remotely to induce insanity, though we can speak of the phenomena that attend it, and sometimes point out the *causes* that seem to have produced it, though we can trace its stages through disappointment, melancholy, wakefulness, and a sad brooding over real or imaginary wrong, observe the freaks of fancy, the odd conceits and strange devices that occasionally denote the source of madness,

though we can sometimes discover and pronounce upon the subject around which the brittle thread of reason was broken, our skill is at fault, and fails us when we attempt to classify the causes, or speak with accuracy of a general origin of mental disease. Each case is so peculiar, it furnishes a law for itself.

In the tragedy of Hamlet it has long been a question among critics whether the great master intends to portray actual or assumed madness. Soon after seeing his father's ghost, we find him swearing his friend Horatio to silence and secrecy; intimating his intention "to put an antic disposition on," the better to cover his proceedings. Directly we hear him lamenting his feebleness and lack of spirit in such a style, as convinces us of the deep melancholy that has settled on his mind, and darkened his prospects. He is called to a mighty work, and feels himself incompetent to the task. His nature is noble; he has been accustomed to believe in the sincerity of his companions, and to trust the integrity of the king. He has been surrounded from infancy with flatterers, and those who have courted him as the heir apparent to the crown. He has yielded himself to the protestations of friendship and to the soft, winning accents of tenderness and love. The gaieties of life have thrown a charm around him, and his youth has passed away like the sweet influences of spring, the bloom and beauty of the year. He has not known disappointment, nor anticipated danger; the smooth current of his being has flowed like the river.

From such a life he is suddenly aroused to new thoughts. The death of his father was not natural—there was a strangeness about the circumstances, a solemn show of grief, a haste to close over the grave, and a grasping of the crown that threw a shadow and a doubt over him that wore it. There are no witnesses to the deed—the act was done in silence. No eye saw it, and no tongue has spoken of it. But it was a bloody deed, and cries for vengeance. The ghost of the murdered man cannot rest in his grave, but wakes to walk the earth at night, and whisper of the foul treason; how he was cut off in the blossom of his sin, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head,

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled."

The manner of the murder is known, and Hamlet is commissioned to revenge the most foul and unnatural crime. Henceforth he is a new man; the pleasures of life pall on his taste, and the objects that have occupied his attention have been changed, as by the touch of magic, into the veriest baubles. His deep spirit has been stirred within him, and one great passion controls and masters every thought. His mind is unnaturally active, but his purposes are weak, and dispose him to meditation. He believes, and yet he doubts, and so devises a scheme to catch the conscience of the king, and assure himself that he is not beguiled by the devil; for he is still uncertain about the character of the fearful and dread apparition. In this state of suspense, everything becomes suspicious and questionable. The world is not what it used to be. Hamlet contemplates suicide, and runs over in his mind the prospects of a future life, the sleep of death, the dread of something after death, the clouds and darkness that hang over the undiscovered future; he then glances at the evils of the present life, multiplies them, and magnifies

"The scorns of time

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the laws delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

By-and-by in his interview with his mother, he undertakes to speak to her of her crimes, grows warm with the theme, utters words of burning sarcasm, bitter hatred, terrible and scathing rebuke. When in the very height of his passion and fiery denunciation, his father's ghost again appears, charging him,

"Do not forget. This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

The mother observes his manner as he listens to the strange visitor, and questions him, that he bends his eye on vacancy, and holds discourse with the incorporeal air, and calls his vision, the very coinage of his brain, an ecstasy. To this he indignantly replies:

"Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness

That I have uttered: bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your tresspass, but my madness speaks.'

He is by turns desponding and energetic. When alone, he seems to question the source of his information, and wonder whether he is not acting under the instigation of some dark and mysterious agency. When in the presence of his mother or the king, no doubt any longer lingers about his mind. The enormity of the crime alone impresses him; his speech becomes impassioned, and he grows impatient of delay; but his stormy zeal seems to vent itself in vigorous and violent language, and resolution dies the moment he is left alone. In speech, like all madmen of his mind and temperament, he is perfectly terrible, but in action as weak and unsteady as a child. There is method in his madness, and he appears to act with a preconceived design; but for all that there is a fickleness and irresolution about him, and a wildness that casts suspicion over his whole character, and leaves us at times in doubt whether we are listening to the insane ravings of a madman possessed of a strange and mysterious plot, or following the course of an injured prince who seeks redress of a wrong beyond the power of the law, and justice upon the head that wears the crown.

We had intended to inquire somewhat carefully into the nature of insanity, the condition of mind, and real ability of the insane. But our limits on this occasion forbid us to do more than simply refer to the subject; and point out the fact that among the insane, there are but few, not more, perhaps, than one in a hundred, who are *totally* insane, so that a jury might with propriety pronounce them incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. Most of those confined in our asylums are what we commonly call monomaniacs—their insanity being connected with particular subjects. They are insane on religious questions, on money matters, love affairs, and schemes of speculation; from sickness, disease of the brain, loss of friends, and a thousand other causes, some of which we are acquainted with, while others escape observation.

At present we confine our attention to the legal and moral responsibilities of the insane. And here, if we mistake not, had no rule ever been adopted, and the ques-

tion were now for the first time presented whether the law should make any distinction in its treatment of the insane, between what is termed partial and total insanity, there would, we apprehend, be but one opinion. The impossibility of drawing the line between them, would alone be sufficient to demonstrate its impolicy, if not injustice. Besides, on a matter of so much moment and practical importance, a rule that is to be enforced, ought to be clearly drawn; so that the distinction need not be left to the jury to make, according as their prejudices or the circumstances of the case may incline. The language of the law should be clear and definite, such as may not be misunderstood by judge or jury. As the rule now stands, the administration of it, is exceedingly difficult; it is plain enough *theoretically*, but practically, infinitely difficult to be applied. The witness shows the conduct of the prisoner to be insane; the judge declares that if he be *so* insane as not to know what is right, he cannot be convicted of crime. Here the jury take the case with almost legislative powers, and set themselves to inquire about the prisoner's capacity to distinguish between good and evil—an inquiry where insanity is shown, involving difficulties to the jury and dangers to the citizen, to which neither should be subjected under wise and just laws.

Now under the old principle, as laid down by the early writers, it is quite possible that the law be rigidly enforced while the most monstrous injustice is perpetrated; and this fact alone demonstrates the propriety of such an amendment as will forever render it impossible to commit so grievous a wrong in the sacred name of justice. Under the present decisions of our courts, they are understood to hold that an individual may be insane in respect to money affairs, and still capable of committing the crime of murder or arson; and so of all monomaniacs. On the immediate subject of their delusion, they are considered moral agents; on all others they are held to a strict accountability. The man I saw in the asylum at Utica, who considered himself the great financial agent of the state, controlling the operations of Wall street, and the slightest transactions in the market, coining gold and silver, and sending them forth as a convenient cur-

rency for the accommodation of community—that man, under the legal rule, would not, perhaps, be deemed capable of theft or robbery. The particular nature of his delusion would render it impossible. Not so in reference to other subjects. True, it is thought by some that such an unsoundness destroys the idea of moral responsibility. The law, however, is more rigid and stoical; it holds there may be insanity and a moral sense still remaining in the mind with a responsible judgment; and makes the circumstances of each particular case determine whether the moral sense be entirely destroyed, or only affected by the general unsoundness. If the individual labor under a single delusion that will not yield to evidence, and remain otherwise sane; the philosophy of the law, as at present expounded, assumes that upon questions in which the delusive ideas are not necessarily involved, they will have no influence upon the mind. So that if there remain the bare knowledge of right and wrong, the person is capable of committing crime, no matter how strange and absurd may be the action of his passions.

The man, Mr. Erskine, mentioned in the Hadfield trial, who believed himself the Christ, evidently could distinguish right and wrong. His standing a severe cross-examination so long, baffling the utmost skill of counsel, as well as his complaints against the committee of his estate, showed his sense of justice, and that he appreciated, to some extent, his own rights and relations to others. But for all that, who would think of holding him capable of crime? He really believes himself the Saviour of mankind, and as such empowered to forgive sins. Shall such a man be punished for the dreamy speculations and uncertain action of a shattered intellect? It would be a monstrous doctrine to maintain, and still more monstrous to enforce. And yet, under the rule, the jury must either make the law what the justice of the case requires, and thereby liberally construe the oath they take, to render a verdict according to the evidence, into a general obligation to do what is right in the particular case; or they must find the unfortunate man guilty of a crime at which nature shudders.

The true rule, it should seem, would

hold that if a man be insane, the law ought to regard him as an infant, incapable of crime. It should not be a question whether he knows right from wrong, but whether he be sane or not. For if he be a monomaniac, he should not be punished, even though a jury be able to say, upon their oath, that he knew the act he performed was wrong. The association of ideas in the mind of the insane, is too subtle for our comprehension, and the mystery of his motive too profound for our investigation. We assume to punish guilt, because we understand what constitutes crime in the case of a sane man; possessing, as we do, his thoughts and feelings, with enough of his motives to enable us to pronounce upon his conduct. But in respect to the insane, who knows the operations of his mind, or what dark power reigns over him? Who can enter into his spirit, or explore the labyrinth of his inconceivable thoughts? Who can become so like him as to take upon himself *the very feeling of insanity*, and understand him as we understand each other? We are none of us able to do so. Would it not then be modest in us to waive a principle of law implying such knowledge.

In children we frequently discern (or think we do) a knowledge of right and wrong long before any man of sane judgment would think of holding them responsible for crime. The moral sense seems to grow with the faculties. It is at first feeble, its existence barely appearing to our observation. Gradually it becomes stronger, as the mind itself approaches the stature of manhood; so that the time when it assumes the guidance of conduct, and the child becomes capable of contracting guilt, is always doubtful and difficult to fix; depending, as it does, so directly upon the mental growth, the complete and harmonious development of each attribute and quality of mind. The moral sense—what is it indeed in any case but the simple judgment of a mind in which the intellect and sentiments unite in healthy activity? As we speak of it sometimes, a stranger to the common phraseology would think us talking of some imaginary being above and beyond us; when, in reality, we mean to discuss simply the mind's capacity of feeling and acting rightly; a capacity depending equally upon the natural action of the

passions, and the perfect use of reason. This is our reasoning when we speak of children; why should we not apply the same principles, and allow ourselves to be

governed by an equal sense of justice when we come into the presence of reason-bereft and strangely afflicted children of misfortune.

SADI, THE PERSIAN POET.

The Persians have been called "*les Français de l'Asie*." They are certainly a curious medley of genius and passion, spirit and flesh, especially when considered in a poetical point of view. The imagination seems to attend not only to the embellishments required, but even to take unto itself the arrangement of more serious matters. When the fantastic little sprite mounts its own Pegasus and urges him on with all his speed of hoof and wing, we do not wonder so much at the exhibition. But in Persian poetry it often seems as if the mischief-loving Fay bids Reason to take a nap for awhile, then mounts the heavy philosophic stock-horse, driving him over litch, and over hedge with a rapidity and glee quite unseemly in an animal of denure habits. The result of this is sometimes striking and happy originality, sometimes bold and successful innovation on travelled ground, and sometimes—as the extremes of sublimity and flatness meet—decided rhodomontade, or ridiculous puerility. Hence that constant veering of the Persian Bards from licentiousness to the highest morality, from noble and graphic description to minute and misplaced levity, from thrilling, inimitable abruptness, to rambling and drowsy verbosity.

Still, if we can forget the defects of Persian poetry for the sake of the beauties of which they are the vehicle, we often find in their writers passages unsurpassed even by the Bards of Greece and Rome. Arabic literature stands at the head of what the East has been able to produce, and Persian poetry absorbs the merit of all the families of the great Arabic idiom. The temperament of the Persian is a

highly poetic one. Naturally indolent and languid, he delights in passing his time in a dreamy contemplation of the beauties of nature, but his penetrating, and refined intellect requires something more than sensual enjoyment. Fond of the marvellous, and a believer in superstition, he listens willingly to the legends of ancient days, and to the wild rehearsals of events which transpired in the land of the fairies and the genii, even before the time when Ali split the moon in halves with one stroke of his ponderous scimitar. Sentimental as all indolent people are, he is found to be even tender and melancholy, ready to melt into tears at the recital of stories which his better reason informs him are merely fictitious. His hot oriental blood will mount to his cheek, his bright dark eye will flash at the recital of wrong and oppression, so that not only the reciter of the tale allows his feelings to become so strong as to accompany his words with violent gestures, but even the listener clenches his hand, strikes his breast, shakes his turbaned head, or grasps impetuously the hilt of his sabre at the different stages of the soul-stirring narrative.

The extreme richness and variety of the Persian tongue, its wonderful flexibility, and peculiar softness was the effect and became an apt vehicle of these qualities, feelings, passions, and impulses of the "*Children of the Sun*." There is perhaps no oriental language to which a foreigner wholly unacquainted with it, can listen with so much pleasure, and with such a clear perception of its harmonious cadence, and sonorous rotundity, as to the Persian. We have often found ourselves delighted at the declamation of some extract from

Ferdousi or Hafis, without understanding the meaning of a single word. This accounts in many instances for the free introduction of Persian names and words in English verses.

We have all been delighted with the Peri, the Gul, and the Bulbul, before we knew what they were, and the ear as well as the eye is pleased with "Oman's green water," the "Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's Stream," and the enchanting valleys of Cashmere, Shiraz, and Chilminar. A rose by another name would *not* smell half so sweet—in poetic description at least—and in fact we doubt very much whether the above-named places would seem half so beautiful, although in fact, perhaps, they are just equal, if they were called Throg's Neck, Haverstraw, Tarry town, or Sleepy Hollow.

Though enjoying the advantages derived from the intercourse with other nations of the East, the Persians are in many particulars distinguished from them, a fact which gives an original character to their literature. They had no sympathy for the ruder and grosser votaries of the Khoran, and had the greatest contempt for their ignorance and want of refinement. They hated the first Caliphs as the enemies of their country, and their successors they considered as foreign barbarians. They detested their chief law-givers as the murderers of the religious and generous Ali, avoiding their followers as schismatics and heretics, and refusing especially to participate in the ceremonies and rites of their worship. From these general remarks let us pass to say something in particular of Saadi, a fair specimen of the literary Persians.

Shiraz, the birth-place of our poet, is famed in history and song. Its name, says Chardin,* derives from *shir* or *sherab*, one of which words signifies *milk* and the other *wine*. It is the metropolis of the Province of Farsistan, and is beautifully situated on the banks of the river Bendemeer. The climate of this gifted region is proverbial for its mildness and clearness. The city is surrounded by orchards laden with the choicest fruits, vineyards from which a wine is obtained, famous all over Persia, and meadows

green throughout the year. The folds of the neighborhood of Shiraz yield the best milk of the country. Extremely proud of the advantages possessed by their city, the inhabitants see a testimony of praise given to it by numerous foreigners, who flock there from all the commercial cities of Asia. According to the accurate German geographer, Hubbner, the ruins of Persepolis, the celebrated capital of ancient Persia, are yet to be seen in the vicinity of Shiraz, and the mouldering remains of its royal palace, destroyed at the instigation of a woman, by Alexander, in a drunken fit, are still pointed out to the stranger.

"Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persians' great abode,
Where sceptred once an earthly God.
His power-clad arm controlled each happier
clime,

Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy
soars sublime!"

Ogilvie. *Ode to Time.*

In this delightful region, hallowed by the memory of departed greatness, was born the author of the *Gulistan*, about the year 553, of the Hegira, A. D., 1175, in Christian parlance. He was called Meslahiddin, but his surname Sadi, "The Happy," or, as the Orientals call him, Scheick-Sadi has outlived the other. Being of noble lineage he was, it appears, brought up and initiated in the literature of the country at the court of Persia, and under no less personage than Scheabeddin, "magni nominis Doctore," "a doctor of great name," a Guadagni somewhat equivocally entitled him.

Scheick-Sadi was one of those dry souls who seem to be most seriously inclined just at the very moment they are going to utter the oddest allusions. Of the subjects to which the old poet used to revert in after life, was the fact of his having been born under an unlucky star. Many sly things are said thereupon, and sundry cunning allusions made to his name Sadi, or, "The Happy," he contenting, for the innocent diversion of the reader, that the surname was ill-applied, ironical, that it should have been the unlucky, etc. etc. How could a true poet be otherwise than unhappy, or how could a man who had never been unhappy be

* *Voyages en Perse*, Tom. 2. p. 146.

true poet? Leaving the reader to settle these questions, we will continue our narrative.

In the brightest of his career, Sadi was obliged to abandon the court in consequence of a war between his country and the barbarous inhabitants of the Caspian coast. Sickened at the scenes of bloodshed which he was not unfrequently obliged to witness, and desiring a life of quiet retirement afar from all noisy and turbulent proceedings, he resolved to quit his native country, and increase his stock of knowledge by travelling. To pass along without being observed or questioned, and perhaps to solicit the aid of the rich more successfully, having lost his possessions from the asperity of the times, he disguised himself as a Dervish. In this garb he visited the principal cities of Asia, crossing wild and waste to examine the ruins of ancient towns and castles, and ponder over the brawling tendencies of mankind which had caused their destruction.

We are not especially informed of the places visited by the Poet. Kœmpfer* relates that during his wanderings he touched the shores of Italy, and there acquired a knowledge of the Latin language understood by all educated persons and even spoken by the people, although corrupted by the Romancio, or Provençal from which Italian and French were subsequently formed. We are even told that the author who pleased him most was Seneca. No doubt the indocile imagination of the Persian was fed by the "*dulcia vitia*" of the tumid Cordovan, and his serious contemplative turn of mind well met by his sententious wisdom. Certain it is that he studied deeply the Eastern languages, tracing them back to their origin with the exactness of a man of science.

We have said that Sadi did not dislike a joke when it crossed his path, although his disposition was taciturn and serious. During his travels, one of those singular scenes took place which were common amongst his learned cotemporaries, who often discovered a poet or a philosopher in a man who recommended himself only by smart repartee, or an agreeable piece of

bantering. Entering a public bath in one of the chief cities of the Levant, he met a certain Tabriz, a Persian, and popular poet of his day. Tabriz told Sadi, during their conversation, that he was from Tauris. To this the other replied, with some contempt, that he was a native of Shiraz. While bathing Sadi took off his turban, and showed his head, according to the custom of his people, perfectly bald. Tabriz, who wore long hair, lifting towards him the smooth, convex part of a drinking-cup, much used in the East, asked him why the heads of the Shirazians were such a perfect copy of the *outside* of that cup? Sadi, nothing discomposed at the sally, raised his cup, and, pointing to the bottom of it, asked Tabriz why the heads of the Taurisians were so much like the *inside* of it. Now, although the accusation of having an *empty* head is worse than that of having a bald one, this sharp answer caused no ill-feeling between them. They mutually disclosed their names, and were ever afterwards sincere friends. What great people those ancient poets were!

Poor Sadi soon got into hot water much worse than that of the bath-room. He had reason to repent of his fondness for travel, and to repeat with Hassani, the camel-driver, in Collins' Oriental Eclogues,

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way."

He was extremely fond of roving over hill and dell, losing himself meanwhile in the mazy paths of his own boundless imagination. While indulging this vein one day, according to his wont, among the woody mountains of Palestine, the poet not only lost the thread of his subject, but in a most woful manner strayed from the path, and got completely bewildered in the windings of the forest. For a long time he rambled hither and thither in the hopes of meeting some habitation, or falling in with some human being. He was finally gratified in his latter wish, for he first heard the tramp of horses, and then discovered a small band of soldiers walking towards him. Great was his delight thereat, but how unspeakable was his surprise and dismay when he discovered them to be band of marauding Franks, who belonged to some strong-hold built upon those h

* Amenitates Exoticæ. Fascicul. ii. Relat. 7, § 3.

by the Crusaders. The charms of oriental imagery, and the sweet fluency of Persian and Arabic verses, would have been completely lost upon these worthies, and had Sadi even quoted his friend Seneca, for their edification, it is extremely doubtful whether that would have done much good. Their business was to forage for provisions, and, in the meanwhile, make any prisoners they might chance to catch, so poor Sadi had to submit to his fate, and follow them most unwillingly to their castle. Ever since the time of Godfrey de Bouillon they had maintained some fortified places all along the frontiers of Syria. At that time they had a numerous army at Ptolemaide, or St. John of Acri. Sadi was soon fettered and sent to Tripoli, where he was obliged to toil with the other captives upon the fortifications, thus exchanging his accustomed occupation of inditing verses, and tumbling over ancient manuscripts, for the vile labor of digging entrenchments and transporting earth. And thus, says his Latin biographer, Guadagni, "The same wars which caused such exultation amongst the Italic Muses by the birth of Tasso's Jerusalem—by the captivity of Sadi overwhelmed the Persian Muses with unspeakable grief,"—"dato in captivitate Sadio Persicas Musas mœrore prostravit."

They were refreshed and consoled by the generosity of a rich merchant of Aleppo, who soon after paid the ransom of the poet to the Christians, and was so much pleased with his good breeding and wisdom, that he gave him the hand of his daughter with a handsome dowry. Ransom from captivity, a rich heiress, and a bag of ready money, was a windfall, sufficient, it might be supposed, to satisfy a needy poet, who had not only begged his bread in the dress of a Dervish, but done hard work without wages in the bargain. But, alas! for poor human nature, and Sadi, or "the Happy!" The poet's new bride turned out such an incorrigible termagant that poor Sadi had no comfort from morning to evening. His contemplations were all broken and disturbed, his long, smooth Persian lines gnarled and twisted, and so desperately hen-pecked was he, as to express a doubt whether his former captivity, or his present liberty were the harder to bear. We find other

expressions, in his works, of unqualified and bitter disgust at his new felicity, his rich bride, and of hatred and aversion to the whole sex. How Sadi escaped from this new misfortune, whether he deserted, was driven away, or paid his ransom from this second captivity, we are at a loss to know. She may have died in the interval, for we find him not long afterwards a great favorite in the Court of Abubekir. Here it was that he enjoyed fully that contemplative tranquillity he had for so long desired, and here he wrote, or finished at least, the work which has rendered him immortal.

Gulistan—the name he gave to his book—signifies a bed or collection of roses, strictly, a Rosary. Its name is derived from the incident which first led to its publication. Walking with one of the few whom he admitted to his conversation, or, as others have it, whose importunity he could not get rid of, he referred to a bunch of roses his companion had collected, admonishing him to reflect how soon they would wither and die, and how much worthier of being carefully gathered, and diligently preserved, were those roses which never fade, and never lose their beauty and their fragrance. By this style of comparison, familiar amongst the Easterns, he meant to indicate the precepts of moral philosophy, illustrated from various sources, which formed the usual subject of his musings and his discourses. His visitor instantly cast away the flowers he had collected, and told Sadi that he desired nothing more than to possess those ever-blooming roses of which he spoke.

The plan of the work, of which this incident was the occasion, is very simple. It is divided into short sections, includes every variety of metre, and even passages of prose. Each section is an epigram, a fable, or a short ode, as the case may be, containing some moral maxim, mostly illustrated by some of the observations of nature, of which Sadi's mind was a perfect store-house. Sometimes he is facetious, sometimes sublime, often descriptive, and always accurate and keen. Amongst Sadi's anecdotes, pious aspirations, and original comparisons, some striking sentences are found. A quotation from him now quite common, are the lines which Mahomet II. is said to have repeated a

the taking of Constantinople. "The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar, and the owl stand sentinel in the watch-tower of Afrasyab." His advice sometimes is tinged with a satirical dye. As a stratagem for getting rid of importunate friends, he says, "Lend to those who are poor, and borrow from those who are rich." Elsewhere, he says, "Take your wife's opinion and act in opposition to it."

He gives an account in one place of an adventure which happened during his less palmy days. He was chaffing with a merchant for a house which he desired to purchase, when a neighboring Hebrew came up, and with great volubility of tongue assured the poet that the price requested was reasonable, and the house without a single defect, as he well knew, for he lived next door to it. "How can it be free from defects," said Sadi, "when it is so ill-starred as to have thee dwelling near it." And turning to his friend—"You ask," said he, "seventy-two pieces for this house. Now, by Ali, I would not purchase it for a mite. But when this Jewish knave is hanged, as he will surely be one day, I will not only pay down the seventy-two pieces, but present you with a penny or two into the bargain."

The Gulistan forms the book of meditation of the Persians, who even now frequently meet in their Khawakhanas to imbibe the moral wisdom of the Bard of Shiraz, along with copious draughts of highly-flavored coffee. It is the favorite book of the nation at large, is frequently met with written on parchment, with arabesqued margins, and gilt edges; and the oriental ladies carry portions of it pendant from the neck, as the western ladies do their smelling-bottles.

The work has been translated into several languages. A copy of it in the Moorish tongue, written in Persian letters, was brought to Europe from India by Monsieur Anquetil Du Perron.* George Gentius published a Latin translation of it at Amsterdam, in 1651. It has been also translated into the Turkish idiom, and here is an English version of it taken probably from the Latin of Gentius. Guadagni and Sir William Jones have

translated portions of his Gulistan and Bostan, i. e. "Orchard" into Latin; and Professor Wilson, in the "Asiatic Review," has rendered some passages into English.

In French there are several versions of the Gulistan. The best known is that of the Abbé Gaudin; the oldest that of Monsieur De Ryer, published in Paris, anno 1634. A Persic Anthology, published by the Academy of Vienna, in 1778, contains extracts from his works in Persian, with a literal version in Latin. Besides his Gulistan and Bostan, we have another work of Sadi's, entitled "Molamaat," a word signifying beams, or sparks.

Voltaire, in his usual flippant manner, takes it upon himself to say that the Gulistan "ne vaut pas grande chose" after all. But Voltaire did not understand Persian, and the extract he gives is the best refutation of his judgment. He probably translated it from the literal version of Gentius, and gives us Sadi's idea of the Supreme Being:—

"Il sait distinctement ce que ne fut jamais—

De ce que n'entend pas son oreille est remplie;
De l'éternelle burin de sa prevision
Il a tracé nos traits dans le sein de nos mères.
De l'aurore au couchant il port le soleil;
Il sème de rubis les masses de nos montagnes.
Il prend deux gouttes d'eau, de l'une il fait un homme,

De l'autre il arrondit la perle au fond des mers.
L'être au son de sa voix fut tiré du néant.

Qu'il parle et dans l'instant l'univers va rentrer

Dans les immensités de l'espace et du vide:
Qu'il parle et l'univers repasse en un instant
Des abîmes du rien dans les plaines de l'être."

There is a fable in the Bostan the purport of which has been transferred to every language. The Latin translation by Sir William Jones is so beautiful that we are sure the classic reader will thank us for transcribing it. The fable is referred by Chardin, (*Voyages de M. Le Chevalier Chardin en Perse*. Amsterdam: 1735) and is quoted by Addison. Sir William's elegant and accurate version we take from his "*Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarium*," which has now become a rare book:—

"Rigente molles imbre campos Persidis
E nube in æquor lapsa pluviz gattula est,
Quæ cum modestus eloqui sineret pudor

* See his Zendavesta, Tome I. Appendix, page 9.

Quid hoc loci ? inquit, quid rei misella sum ?
 Quo me repente ali quo redactam sentio !—
 Cum se verecundanti animula sperneret,
 Illam recepit gemineo concha sinu ;
 Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio.
 Nunc in corona læta Regis emicat
 Docens sit humuli quanta laus modestiæ.”

That the plain English reader may have an idea of what is going on, in default of a better, we will give him the sense of the fable in a version of our own :—

From a cloud a lucid droplet
 Falling toward the summer main,
 Like a tear upon a mirror,
 Sought concealment, but in vain.

“Where,” exclaimed the tiny stranger,
 “Where, poor outcast, shall I fly ?
 There’s no place in this vast ocean
 For so mean a wretch as I !”

Self-despised the little rain-drop
 Thus its lowliness confessed,
 When a shell its wreathed chamber
 Gently oped to yield it rest.

In that cool retreat the droplet
 Soon became a precious gem.
*Humility’s reward proclaiming
 It now adorns a diadem.*

The writer was once acquainted with an old Chaldean, named Dinha Bar Yunan, who was full of odds and ends from the Persian poets, and frequently quoted them for the amusement of his friends. He used to talk of Enweri, and Ferrehî, as if he had met them ; named Sheik Ferdousi with great veneration, and spoke of “that old rogue,” Sheik Sadi, with as much familiarity as if he had gone to school with him. One of the stories he used to tell about Sadi may not be unacceptable to the reader. It ran somewhat in this strain :—

“One of the queerest peculiarities that queer old rascal Sheik Sadi possessed was, that he hated the Jews, and could not bear to meet a Jew without getting into a flaming passion. Well, once upon a time, Sheik Sadi was travelling on board of a ship, in company with twenty-nine passengers, thirty counting himself, and, singular to say, one half of these passengers were Mussulmans, and the other half of all the wide world what should they be but Jews. Bye-and-bye, a terrible black storm

came on such as had never been seen or heard of in those seas before. The ship pitched this way and that way, and tossed and jumped, until every body thought they were going down to the bottom of the sea as quick as they could. They threw into the sea every thing they had on board, and finally, the danger still increasing, the captain, like a great big brute of an unbelieving infidel, told them that it was no use making a long story of it—that the passengers must be decimated, so that part should be thrown overboard, or the whole would certainly die ; for that with such a multitude of people on board he could not reach the port. You may imagine the horror and dismay of those luxurious Turks and grovelling money-worshipping Jews at such an announcement. But there were no two ways about it. If the captain were obeyed, there was hope for some of being saved—certain inevitable death for all was the alternative.

The fat Mahommedans tried to wheedle and coax the Jews to make heroes of themselves—show the force of their religion by despising danger. They offered them money, and then tried to overawe and browbeat them into submission. All to no use ; for the Jews would do any thing to please their highnesses, but as to pitching themselves to the sharks for any body’s sake this they stoutly refused ever to listen to. The danger pressed, and finally, the terrible mode of ballot was resorted to. Old Sadi was chosen to conduct the affair of which life or death was the result, and in which he was himself involved. With admiral coolness he signified to the companions of his religion to keep good courage, and not fear being made bail-water of, while any Jewish flesh formed part or parcel of the cargo, but to occupy promptly the places he would assign to them. He then selected nineteen for the counting, and asked the Jew whether they desired him to begin by Jew or a Mussulman. “A Mussulman, of course,” was the reply. He then announced the number chosen ; and then after having agreed that every ninth man up to fifteen should submit to his fate for the salvation of the rest, he disposed them in order for the counting. Every man was obliged to keep the place which had fallen to him. Sadi proceeded to count

one, two, three, up to nine, and it was a Jew: nine more another Jew, another, another, and another. "To be short," exclaimed Dinha Bar Yunan, "all the fifteen were Jews, so that all the Jews, and none but the Jews, were thrown splash into the waves. How did this happen? This was the secret, and if any of you can find it out you may. Ha! ha! ha! he! hoo!" said the old Chaldæan, throwing himself back in his seat, laughing and chuckling until the tears ran down on his beard.

The secret was contained in six Persian verses, (which are found in some editions of the *Gulistan*;) and which the old Chaldæan explained to the writer on condition that he would put them in Latin. This was done, as well as could be, in the following epigram. The reader must remark that wherever any *white* object is named it signifies a Mussulman—wherever any *black* object it means a Jew. Now for our epigram:—

Bis duo sint Turcae—quinque Indi—sint duo
Græci—

Post quos turpis erit rite locandus Arabs,
Tres lucas—nox una—dies una—et duo
noctes—

Falconesque duo—tresque fuant Coraces
Pone venit lunæ similis—tum corpora, quorum
Sintque duo ex ebano—sintque duo ex ebore.
Ultimus Hebræus. Nonum tunc expule quem-
que

Semper et Hebræus sic perimendus erit.

This, though we say it ourselves, is pretty decent Latin. We must give a literal English version of it. Shade of John Walker smile on the desperate effort!

Put first four Turks—then five of Indian face—
Two Grecians—and one ugly Arab loon—
Three days—one night—one day—and two
nights place—

Two falcons—three crows—and a silver
moon—

Two of ebony—two of ivory—one more Jew.
Eject each ninth, and you'll kill Jews all
through.

Whew!—Try it, reader, with thirty
pomineaux, or chess-men. Put white for
Turks, and black for Jews, according
to the number given: then, count, and
count, and count, ejecting every ninth,
and, after fifteen rounds, you will find that
you have thrown out all the blacks, and
retained the fifteen whites.

What was a mystery to the people who heard of this incident, and to our worthy friend Bar Yunan, came from the adroit collocation of the men. If you want the mathematical reason of all this, you can find it by putting down thirty white chess-men. Begin then to count from the first, and, when you come to the ninth, remove the white man and put a black one in his place. Then count on to the ninth again; displace him with a black one, until you have removed nine whites and put in nine blacks. Then count again, rejecting all the nines, and "you'll kill Jews all through." Undoubtedly, this is the way in which Sheikh Sadi found out his plan for giving the Jews a cold bath.

We happen to have at hand another extract from Sadi's *Bostan*, which, as it contains a beautiful moral, we will transcribe for the edification of the readers. It is copied from a foreign Review:—

"Smile not, nor think the legend vain,
That in old times a worthless stone
Such power in holy hands could gain
That straight a silver heap it shone.
Thy alchemist contentment be
Equal is stone or ore to thee.

"The infant's pure unruffled breast
No avarice nor pride molest;
He fills his little hands with earth,
Nor knows that silver has more worth."

"The Sultan sits in pomp and state,
And sees the Dervish at his gate;
And yet of wealth the sage has more
Than the great King with all his store.

"Rich is a beggar, worn and spent,
To whom a silver coin is thrown;
But Feridun was not content
Though Ajum's Kingdom was his own."

Sadi is represented as a man of very pure and simple habits. He shows frequently in his writings a strong devotional feeling—a longing for something to fill his heart, sickened at the worthless vanities of this worldly-minded world. He performed several times the pilgrimage to Mecca, seeking the friendly intercession of the Great Prophet at the throne of Allah. And certainly if he had really been a prophet sent upon earth to recall the straying children of Ishmael to the worship of their Creator, it would be hard to blame Sadi for thinking that even in Paradise he

would continue to feel an interest in their welfare, and that Allah would not turn a deaf ear to his supplications in behalf of his former disciples. Probably, however, his love of romance was the chief motive of these voyages; and however much we may admire a pilgrimage to some hallowed spot where the Almighty was once pleased to manifest his power, when undertaken with feelings of unostentatious humility, and sincere devotion, we can see nothing but common-place sentimentality in the roving of a worshipper of self who goes a long distance to adore an idol he can always find at home.

Sadi reached a very advanced period of life, having passed his hundredth year. He was buried with great solemnity on a mountain near Shiraz, where a garden and lake sacred to his memory are guarded by a brotherhood of *Derwishes*, under the protection of the governor of the city, so inviolably that even the fish of the water honored by the memory of Sadi are never molested or extracted with impunity.

Century after century has rolled away, each burying the tomb of the bard, as it were, beneath a new stratum of earth, and yet the name of Sadi is lisped by the children of his country as familiarly as a household word. Few have heard of the glory of the Sapers, and fewer still of the proud expeditions of *Yesdedgerd*. No one cares about the Caliph *Kader Billah*, although he was a great prince, and nobody troubles himself about *Mahmoud Sebettighin*. Yet the glory of Sadi, who had once to beg his bread in the sack of a *Derwish*, will survive long after the *Derwishes* are forgotten, along with the creed itself, which once threatened to bear the blood-stained ban-

ner of conquest from the rising to the setting of the sun. Here in a new continent, gentle reader, thou hearest of Sadi, feelest pity at his reverses, smilest at his facetious remarks, which excited the Persian to mirth long before the *Sophi* took his seat upon the throne of *Ispahan*. What knew Sadi of our Review, which, after all, is merely the best issued from a continent unheard of until a few centuries ago? Still, long may you wait before we will spare any of the space given to a record of Sadi's wanderings, to register the forgotten exploits of the *Bouyah* dynasty, the combat of *Rustem* and *Afrasyab*, or even the later campaigns of *Thamas Kouli Khan*. Those who once fed the poor bard in the hour of hunger, owe their glory to his undying strains. The fame of monarchs and warriors, to be preserved, must be embalmed in the fame of the poet. What remains of them is merely a lifeless corse; but the glory of the bard is the myrrh and the incense, the aromatic gin which preserves them from corruption. Oh, if people wish to be immortal, why do they not become poets? Or, as this is impossible, why do they not love the sweet strains of the muse, that loving them in return, she may reward their devotion by immortality, which all their exploits tend merely, not to seize upon by themselves, but to merit of heaven. "There were heroes," says the Latin Saadi, "before *Agamemnon*, but because no poet told of their valor, they have been lost and forgotten in the obscure night of time."

"Vixere fortes ante *Agamemnona*
Multi: sed omnes *illachrymabiles*
Urgenter ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia Vate sacro."

Horace, lib. vi., ode 9.

ON THE USE OF CHLOROFORM IN HANGING.

WE propose to consider this subject categorically. That is, we design to start from a fixed point in intellectual space, and produce ideas in an absolute right line to another point. The order of the category will be new, and by no means syllogistic, yet we hope to proceed by a natural gradation, and, if the reader will be indulgent, we will endeavor to make it pleasant to follow.

It will be thought, perhaps, a very remote point from the one indicated by the title, to begin with an essay on MANNERS. But we rely on our ability to make it appear not so as we go on.

MANNERS, then, are necessary to man because of his possessing a conscious soul. The brutes that lack discourse of reason are without them. They do not think what they do, nor do they seek to affect their kind otherwise than through the various blind instincts with which they are endowed. Even among those orders possessing the largest amount of brain, and presenting in appearance the nearest resemblance to humanity, we discover only rude indications of manners. Among the great herds of apes who throng the wildernesses of South Africa, travellers have not been able to observe any indications of an aristocracy based on other grounds than that of superiority in strength and ferocity. Neither can monkeys be taught manners, in any true sense of the word. True, we remember a monkey who used a large wooden eyeglass, and took off his cap on being presented with pennies, but it did not appear that he fully comprehended the purport of his actions, and the courtesy which is manifested under the dread of immediate personal chastisement is not of the right breed. The Caffrarian chimpanzees exhibited at the museum have had as good opportunities as any of their kind with whom we have been personally acquainted, yet beyond a childish way of showing displeasure by pouting out the lips, they appear quite destitute of manners. We make an exception in the case

of the Sumatra orang-outang: that he has no manners does not arise from incapacity, but a philosophical indifference; it is impossible to gaze on that sublimely abstracted countenance and not feel in the presence of a profound thinker. Generally speaking, however, monkeys, and all the inferior brute creation, are an unmannerly order of existences. They are simply "earnest creatures." Whatever they undertake to do they set about zealously, and without the least regard to appearances. They belong to the physical force party. They have no presiding consciousness, no sense of position, no respect for character, no ideas of propriety, grace, or beauty. Man can only resemble them when he is, not insane merely, but in a state of ecstasy, acting from pure impulse.

For it is impossible for a man, whether savage or civilized, to divest himself of his faculty of seeing himself as an object, and knowing that others can read his character in his looks and actions as well as in his words. That there are men who approach very nearly, in this respect, the brute condition, who are so indifferent or obtuse as almost to lose this personal consciousness, is no argument against the general truth. These are exceptions. The mass of mankind have an ever-present sense of propriety and impropriety in the motions of their bodies and limbs. They control themselves in their attitudes with respect to the opinions of those around them, and their own notions of elegance. They know that qualities of character convey habits to the body, and they naturally wish to appear well to each other. Hence every nation has its code of manners, and as human nature is the same in all, so the general ideas of what manners express are much the same the world over. A dignified carriage is the same in Persia, in China, in civilized Europe, and on the western prairie. The manly heart is conquered by revelations of tenderness given through graces not much varied by fashion in every quarter of the earth

Custom does but reach the outer rind of manners. It shapes clothing, and perpetuates many conventional ceremonies. But within, there is an universal language of manners that is everywhere understood, and is the same now that it was years ago. The bearing of men towards each other in the daily contacts of life must have been in Greece and Rome very much what it is in New-York, and not materially different even in the antediluvian period. Our bodies being of the same general mould, and the various passions and purposes of the soul being generally ressemblant, it is not very wonderful that there should be a general consent in all the great families of mankind as to the elements of manners. The race have concluded, (with but a single exception that we ever read of,) that it is more becoming to carry about this forked body on its two legs than upon all fours. In no part of the globe would it be considered a token of respect for one to strike another in the face. Moreover, we all, or nearly all, wear clothes. Who teaches men, in climates where it is not needed for protection, to cover themselves with these superfluous lendings? Who but the Power whose care teaches the water-fowl his way through "the desert and illimitable air?"

In other words, we are *so constituted* that we cannot put away our reason. We must preside over and control ourselves, and hence we require these concealments. Lay aside our clothing and the reservation imposed on us by manners, and in what should we differ from our cousins the apes? There would be no other mode of settling disputes than to fall to, pell mell, and fight it out. This would be an extension of the inalienable rights of freemen to which we may be confident the species will never attain, through all its phases of progression. Whatever the French madams may write, woman is still an intellectual creature, possessing the faculty of choice, and capable of deep affection. She desires to keep the world quiet, and in such a condition that her finer nature shall have room in which to develop itself. She has reason, and she does not wish to be under the dominion of might. Hence she shames men into addressing her in the respectful forms of manners. Man also, as age comes upon him, and those that he loves and would

make happy spring up around him, finds a necessity that he should intrench himself within the barrier of ceremonies. In fine, manners are the first fruit of our conscious reason. The first act of human intelligence, after the animal impulses, is to clothe the body; and this clothing is the first evidence of the living soul. The existence of manners is the next.

We cannot "utter ourselves," as it is called, except through these old modes. We may, it is true, strive to avoid reason, and resolutely talk nonsense, or assume strange eccentricities. Men constantly contrive to exhibit their folly in one way or another. One swings his arms and utters paradoxes in a pulpit; another, in his closet, cold-bloodedly murders the Queen's and the President's English; another is content to disfigure his countenance with a "great peard." Even these, though they persist in such absurdities till habit makes them almost second nature, are not so ignorant of their oddity as they would often appear. It is not so easy a matter for men to escape themselves, and make themselves believe that they are somebody else.

Whatever we do, or say, or think, is under the *superintendence of the conscious reason*. When we "utter ourselves," we know what we are uttering. When we allow ourselves to be intoxicated with passion or with wine, we know it before and after, and often at the time, though we will not then perchance admit it. The life of our souls is such that *we see ourselves*. We know all the while, to use a New England expression, "what we are about." We are obliged to contain ourselves, and put on clothes and conform to manners. The infinity of our faculties is subject to the nobility of our reason. Tempests and whirlwinds pass over our being, to which we must not succumb. The evil of the world breaks our wills, breaks our hearts; were it not for the judgment, and the strong bonds of the manners it imposes upon us, the common experience of life *should* make savages of us at once, and set all the world to cutting each other's throats.

What is the use of living? Is it for the hope of enjoyment? The aged tell us that is but a dream. Experience teaches the same lesson. Each passing year brings on a heavier burden than its predecessor. Let

any one look forward with unblenched gaze into the probable future, and ask himself what he is likely to gain by cumbering the earth a few years longer. Care and sorrow increase with age, and most of the wisest who have declined far into the vale have been glad to lie down and rest. We all know the *sors inevitabilis*. Preachers are telling it to us; funerals meet us in the street. The poet has expressed the voice of humanity in Hamlet's soliloquy. Our painter has shown us the Voyage of Life. Why should we live? Is there any motive, when we look into the very truth of things, which should hold us here any longer? Can we by argument convince ourselves that it is not better to be out of the world at once?

Suppose, then, we were to yield to what appears most reasonable, and truly "utter ourselves," what other could we say than "Let us depart in peace?" The united voice of mankind would testify that there is nothing in life worth living for. And he same voice would also bear witness that as far as appears to our reason, there is no life beyond the grave.

But this is written for a Christian audience, and here is no place for a sermon. The point is this: we have seen that manners are the fruit of the conscious reason. But they and the reason which controls them are not all of us. We are imperfect, in an imperfect world, and our religion teaches us to bear up bravely to the end, in spite of reason.* We are here, in short, and it is noble as well as our duty to make the best of life till the king of terrors comes and takes us away. We must look onward. We must persevere in those ways which are best for ourselves, and kindest for those around us. We must remember in whose image we were created, and not hate our fellow-men. We must imitate the loftiness of our great poets, and never lay down the love of knowledge and

beauty, and the heart's gallantry. Age must not wither us, nor the petty cares of existence break our spirits.

Or if we must consider life apart from the all-commanding precepts of our religion, there is a proud satisfaction in bearing the banner of strength as a signal for others, and in saying, "We feel—we feel it all, but we will not yield!"

"The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Considering it, not as a duty, but as a natural impulse of our nature, we do feel a satisfaction in giving others as much as possible of the fruit of our experience. Every one that is not a bad man wishes well to those around him. He desires to help in the work of progress, to instruct those who know less, to learn of those who know more, to make the world he lives in happier. He has compassion for suffering, and pity for ignorance. He wishes to smooth the asperities of the rough journey to himself and all with whom he is brought in contact.

Now, the question is, in what way can we accomplish most to the purpose? It must be recollected that every one, how benevolent soever he may be, must live the greater portion of his life for himself. He must attend to his business, and he has a right to domestic comforts. What is the best mode of bettering others with the least inconvenience to oneself?

If manners, using the word as heretofore, in its most comprehensive sense, are not a conventional affectation, but a necessary consequence of our conscious presiding reason, it would seem that so potent a means of influence might be brought to bear without unlawfulness. In other words, we have as much right to assume a certain deportment towards those whom we desire to benefit, as we have to operate on them through their understandings or their fears. Manners are catching. The world readily distinguishes those who have been well associated. Good communications refine bad manners, as well as evil corrupt good ones. In a word, *since by the constitution of our nature we are objective to ourselves as well as to each*

* Perhaps we shall be sneered at for not omitting in a literary article the religious consideration which here naturally arises. Some remnant of Christian faith is, however, not inconsistent with literature. The following from Shakespeare's will, sounds as if not intended as merely an idle form of words:

"First. I commend my soul into the hands of my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, though the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, I be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

other, we each one of us have the right, in spite of all our sinfulness and badness, to assume the air of an imagined loftiness of being, and thus to use the respect of others to make them better. To conquer conceit we have a right to assume dignity; to assist timidity we may put on a feigned familiarity. We are at liberty to retain with all a personal reserve which shall permit us to be alone everywhere, which shall be, if possible, impervious to the most searching glance of man or woman. It is permitted us to take for granted the certainty of what we know, and to use our knowledge either through arguments, similes, or personal sway, not as uttering ourselves, but as working a machine, while standing aloof, in a secret, undisturbed serenity.

And it is in such a use, we apprehend, that the true answer is to be found to the question propounded in the previous paragraph. All grades and conditions of life are separated by manners. The rude have one species, the refined another. The best manners, those which are most graceful, while they permit, when it is needed, the completest personal reserve with the utmost delicacy towards others, are at once the *offspring* and the *defence* of refinement.

When it is needed, we say, that is when our comfort or our benevolence demands it. But in general the endeavor to conform to certain manners has a reflex influence upon the character. What is at first assumed, in time becomes more real, and habit finally makes it almost second nature. Thus the consciousness of manner, which we can assume at will, is not ever-present with us, and hence this personal reserve, which we are at liberty to use in circumstances trying to the nerves, or for the purpose of improving others, is not by any means to be confounded with an intolerable self-inspection. We are as unconstrained with good manners as with bad ones; the only difference is in the magnitude of our sphere. With the manners of a clown we should feel uncomfortable (supposing we had the wit to distinguish) among gentlemen; but with the manners of a gentleman we are not to be disconcerted by the presence of clowns. We can affect ease, and retire into ourselves.

To recur now to the question, "what is the best mode of bettering others with the

least inconvenience to oneself?" We answer, not by teaching alone, not by argument alone, or persuasion or authority, or any laborious agitation, but by the silent power of the imagination operating through our deportment. There are many young around us all agog with shallow philosophy; we cannot spare the time to explain everything to them; they won't believe us if we attempt it. There are many old also quite ignorant and opinionated—many conceited who can argue forever—many stubborn, unpleasant, malicious, coxcombical: must we tell the whole truth to every one, and be set down for an impertinent meddlesome fellow? No. Yet we owe it to ourselves, no less than to our Maker, to do as much good as we can in our day and generation. And so wisely ordered is the system of the universe, that we can accomplish much through our simple behavior, and without interrupting seriously our own business or interfering greatly with our rational enjoyment—merely in the course of our daily walk and conversation—by means of our MANNERS.

There are two sorts of manners, good manners and bad. Just as in the world among all classes there are two sorts of men—one including those who keep the world up; the other those who bear it down. These sorts of men and manners exist under all conventionalities and in all forms and races. The roughest old sailor that ever sailed the sea may be a good man and may have good manners. That is, he may be an honest fellow, full of high resolution, hope, progress, and all that, without knowing it, and may so bear himself as to have a certain healthful and sustaining influence upon his shipmates. He may be incapable of littleness or meanness, and his nervous system (for comes to that in the extremes of existence) may be so firm that he shall impart life and vigor to those who are brought in contact therewith. On the other hand, a man may be nursed in the usages of the most refined society, and still be very bad-mannered—a perpetual irritation to his associates.

This does not affect our doctrine of the necessity of manners and the lawfulness and advantage of good ones. Neither does it admit that manners, though in sense dependent on character, cannot

considered and discussed separately. All good men are not good-mannered, nor all bad ones perceptibly ill-mannered. There are many benevolent persons who make themselves and every one else rather worse than better for being with them; and there are also plenty who by the charm of manners deceive eyes as keen as Uriel's,

"The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven."

Hence it is not only lawful to use manners as a means of improvement, but we *must* do so, if we would not have the battle fought in our own country instead of the enemy's. Hence also it is not enough to know much and mean well, and then to set out to argue and vex and perplex the world under the notion of reforming it. Hence, in fine, there is a *reason* for putting on the best manners, and a reason why the disregard of manners is wrong. We have no right to condescend to equalize ourselves with our inferiors in endless word-conflicts, when, by maintaining towards them a benevolent and polite intangibility, we may encourage them to strive for a higher position. We have no right to degrade our rank in social life. A man who after long study and rough experience has gained a position where he ought to claim some respect, is not at the mercy of every talker; it is his *duty* to keep himself where he knows he belongs. It is impossible to be refined and at the same time to imitate the unrefined. *True progress, to speak in abstract words) gives birth to deportment which attracts the inferior to the superior, to a dignity in the high which is most beneficial in the low to emulate, to manners which elevate by the force of imitation.*

Suppose A., for example, to be a gentleman of learning and good taste; let B. be also a gentleman of a little learning and less taste, but very much disposed to evaporate in opinions. Their relative rank on the intellectual scale shall be expressed thus—

A.
|
B.

Now A. descends to B., places himself with him as an undisguised "self-utterer,"

and endeavors to talk him up, he only lowers himself. Thus—

A. B.

For B. does not like to be taught when he thinks he knows; he is only confirmed in error by the discovery how well he can use his battledore with A. Whereas if A. remains quietly in his original position, by-and-by B. begins to admit that what used to seem conceit to him, seemed so only on account of the point from which he viewed it. He lives on and finds out more and more that A. has been before him in many particulars, and gained some true ideas. Thus in process of time he gains in knowledge and refinement, till he stands where A. did when the progress commenced. Thus—

A.
|
B.

B. is now in his turn leading on C. And thus we obtain for a result a constant advancement; whereas by the other course we fall into perpetual declension.

That it is a difficult and often an unpleasant duty to preserve a high station, need not be remarked to those whom circumstances have compelled to mingle much with their inferiors in social rank. For persons of quick sensibility and genial temper, it is a very hard matter to sustain sufficient aloofness from all sorts of people with whom they are brought in contact for the good of either. Some, it is true, can "keep up their dignity," as the saying has it, quite instinctively; but the very ease with which they accomplish it arises from a want of sympathy, and hence is of little benefit to others, while it prevents them from profiting by the knowledge that others are improving through their example. These sort of people care very little, in fact, whether either are being bettered or made worse; they think only of themselves, and love display or power. Such dignity as theirs belongs not to good manners; it is not politeness, but the indulgence of selfish egotism. In the young it is the upstart propensity which it is part of the business of the truly well-mannered to check and eradicate. In the old it is pomposity, which it is not in every instance against good manners to ridicule.

In presuming, however, that we are addressing sensible readers, we avoid the necessity of making over-nice distinctions. The "high station" and "aloofness" which superiors ought to maintain towards inferiors is not a stiff, haughty, or reserved demeanor, a painful rigidity of muscle, speech, or action. Such manners separate the parties too far, and give rise to a reciprocity, not of good feeling, but of contempt. The true dignity is assumed out of kindness and tempered with sincerity. It is of the kind which separates the orders of the angels in Heaven,

"Where honor and due reverence none neglects."

It is a behavior put on and worn out of benevolence to others. Or, if we must have everything from selfish motives, to *keep one's nerves quiet*.

Every man acquires somewhat of this by the compulsion of experience. Among schoolboys it is not regarded too great familiarity to strike one another over the back, or make one's wishes known by tweaks and pinches. Very soon, however, except in the most vulgar and promiscuous castes and among intimate companions, young men find it necessary to fence themselves about with ceremonies. Sudden blows and grips disturb the nerves, and wound the self-respect. Most people have, or ought to have, too good an opinion of themselves to permit their persons to be treated with so much indignity. *Noli me tangere* should be the first precept of gentlemanly etiquette. The only contact of man with man should be a brief pressure of hands, or touching of noses, such as is practised among the New Zealanders. Frenchmen may embrace one another—pah! One should as lief embrace a boar or a bear as the best friend he has in the world. We knew a man who made it a cause of instant reproof when another slapped him on the knee—and justly, too. Such familiarities are unbecoming in gentlemen; not because they are against the code of etiquette, but because they do not comport with the refined individuality which gentlemen wish to preserve. Indeed we are not certain that there is not in such extreme freedoms, as we have instanced, a perceptible magnetic repulsion. At all events, they *shock the nerves* to that

extent that they are inadmissible in refined intercourse.

Some will say, "What foolery is this! As if it made much difference how we behave towards each other among friends, so long as we are decently clad and disposed to be agreeable!" Well, it is not for such persons that we are writing. They will not be able to follow the thought in this piece, and will be ready to throw the Review aside and doubt whether they will subscribe another year to such a missnancy production. But there are some very influential individuals who have nerves as well as we. We allude to the American Fair. We mean not to be schoolmasterish or precise, but only to show, that in desiring us savages to have some regard for each other's feelings and behave with courtesy to one another, our sisters and cousins are less unreasonable than they are aware of.

In Cincinnati, perhaps, several years ago, we lived at a large boarding-house, where among other guests was a poor actor, whose name was—well—Matthews; a mere walking gentleman on the boards, a "perfect stick," in fact, somewhat advanced in years, but made up with care, and looking ordinarily a pale and somewhat careworn bachelor of thirty-five or forty. He was as poor as poverty; his salary in the best of seasons could not have been more than ten dollars per week, and more frequently it was nothing at all. How he contrived to keep on good terms with the landlady was a mystery; yet he did so, and so far as was known spent no man's money but his own. In coats and hats he was obliged to economize, and one might behold the same individual on the stage in the evening whom he had seen of the side-walk in the morning. But in linen he allowed himself more latitude and after his landlady's, the next heavies of his bills was probably that of his laundry dress. Poor Matthews! And yet, without his presence Mrs. Feedum's house would not have been fit to live in. For he sat at the foot of the table and carved the turkey, and was the medium through which everybody endeavored to amuse everybody else. He was esteemed by everybody, and everybody on arriving at the house was told that Mr. Matthews was a "gentleman," which, as rarely happens

happened in this instance to be the truth. For this was Matthews's strong point. The first belief of his mind and the first purpose of his will was, that he was and would be "a gentleman." Poor, broken down, apparently, (for he was educated above his circumstances,) without much, certainly, to look forward to, nothing could make him forego this pleasing hallucination. He was "a gentleman." He would talk and act in accordance with this idea. And his idea of gentility was by no means a low one. Probably from acting them so often, he fancied himself some such a person as Horatio or the brother-in-law of Beverley. Nothing could disturb the fixedness of this notion. You might jest with him, (he was a shocking punster,) or you might differ in opinion and outargue him, but you could not (*you* would not try) make him understand low or mean allusions; and when the wild young fellows about him suffered themselves, as they sometimes did, to fall into not very refined expressions, he would stare at them with such an expression of ignorance on his face, such incapacity to perceive the point, that they could not but be confused. But this was not from innocence always, for actors are perhaps as familiar with and keen-scented to unsavoriness as any class in the world. It was his *manner*. When any tempers were by chance ruffled a little, he was sure to break in with something gay and familiar, as though all had been smooth as oil. Sometimes the young fellows in the house would annoy him sorely, but they could never quite master him. Once one of them, for some reason, was going to insult another and provoke a duel. Matthews took him aside and said, "Now that won't do. If you offer to do that I will never speak to you again as long as I live. It is *ungentlemanly*." The duel was ever fought. To another, a very ignorant, impudent boy, he was one day obliged to say, "You are impertinent!" and did the boy more good than if he had been talked with for an hour. Matthews had a great loyalty towards the Queen, and once lost his equanimity when a narrow-minded Yankee would persist in ridiculing her personally, after he had urged that it was unpleasant to his English ears; finally, said he, "Because I am an actor and you are a merchant, I suppose you

think you can insult me with impunity; but I can avoid it; I can leave the table;" and he did so in evident anger. The Yankee, who meant no harm, made a proper apology after dinner, and the next day Matthews grew eloquent upon the character of Washington and the perfection of the American Constitution, for both which he entertained a high respect, though no persuasion could ever induce him to presume so much as to be naturalized and vote. A thousand such little occurrences were perpetually happening, out of which he always came not merely untarnished, but with increased brightness.

The single high notion of what his life ought to be, sustained him through poverty, and enabled him to command respect and esteem in a profession which is looked upon with peculiar suspicion. It also had an elevating effect upon those about him, which may have been the means of preserving some of the younger boarders who used to sit near him from contracting vulgar associations. Much of this was due to his good sense and kind feeling, but his profession led him to cultivate *good manners*, and those gave him the means of accomplishing what his sense and feeling prompted. He was an example of a true artist in manners.

—In Jeffersonville, not quite a hundred years ago, there was and is still published a paper called the Oracle, edited by a genius whose name is—Job Stew. This Job Stew is the sort of creature whose presence is enough to vulgarize a whole county. Let any one who has ever been at Jeffersonville think of the place, and instantly comes up the image of Job Stew. For Job is determined to be conspicuous, and to have somewhat to say respecting the management of everything. He takes part in all public meetings—he discusses in his paper all sorts of topics, Mesmerism, Abolition, Homœopathy, Swedenborgianism—no matter what—always settling them forever, without the least trouble. On the saltpetre Question he was particularly positive, and brought out many technical words to show that saltpetre either would or would not explode, to use his forcible expression, "under any circumstances whatever." He affects great fairness and candor, all the while he is as cunning as a fox. In the opinion of the bet-

ter sort of people he is ambitious and conceited; in that of the ignorant he is extremely wise and independent; for it is to the ignorant that he looks for support. He does not think of desiring the respect of the educated or the refined. Indeed, he hates all who are better instructed than himself. It does not suit him that any should know more than he. His first notion seems to be that the world lay in ignorance till the era of his birth, and that he was sent here to teach it. Consequently he combines in himself all knowledge, and has reasons for all topics. If ever he disclaims to know the Whole, it is with some such remark as "We have not looked into this subject yet, but when we do, then there will be an end of it." He thinks he has discovered a mode of reforming the moral Universe, and is more arrogant in arraigning the wisdom of the Creator than was the ancient king of Arragon. The attitude in which he places himself towards all superiority is one of defiance.

Of course Job is a "friend of Humanity." He is the friend of whatever is Down. He overflows with benevolence for anything he can Patronize. He is eager for the admiration of the undiscerning, but cares not how much he exposes himself to the ridicule of the refined. He is never able to reach a satisfactory level of humility. A plain man he—so modest! One of the mass—nothing more.

His style of writing, which is his manner before the public—which we have watched it go down and down, in proportion as Job has grown Notorious and Meek. He writes now in the spirit of a persecuted saint, and in the phrases of the streets and bar-rooms. He does not keep up *good manners* in his style, but appeals to the sympathies of the coarse.

When we observe the low phrases that occur so frequently in that newspaper, and more particularly, mark the *whining spirit* which pervades it, we cannot but regret that it goes every morning to so many breakfast-tables in Jeffersonville. For its tendency must be to encourage littleness of thought and coarseness of speech. Its manners are vulgar, and such communications, the copy-book teaches us, are to be shunned. There are several other papers published now in Jeffersonville, neither of which (of those that can claim to be re-

spectable) exercises so debasing an influence upon the public taste, and tends so directly against refinement, as the Oracle.

Job Stew must be a man the very antipodes of our old friend Matthews. He is an artist in ill manners.

By the first of these two examples we have intended to show how healthful may be the influence, under every disadvantage of position, of an elevated ideal of character and a firm persistence, in the manners and habits growing out of it; by the second, how necessary it is that we should endeavor to keep up the distinctions of manners, when it is so common for the unrefined and unscrupulous to obtain a vulgar popularity by disregarding them. Next to the duty of procuring an honest subsistence, there is hardly any that presses more specially upon men than that of preserving the character and bearing of gentlemen. It is taught by Christianity and by the nobler part of our nature. We are not to yield too far to the importunity of sympathy, or the pride of ignorance. We have a right to enjoy the higher life of refinement, while we encourage others to do the same. We surely may be permitted to select our company, and to surround ourselves with what shall tend to promote our comfort and quiet. We may avoid those contacts that offend our sensitiveness and disturb the repose of our nervous system.

It would be better for all mankind if we could control our passions and vicious propensities, and live in a millennial peace. Our reason as well as our religion says, "Be ye perfect." The only true progress is the progress towards perfection. But now the inquiry arises, which way lies this perfection, and how shall we make towards it the surest and speediest advances? for that we are now at a considerable distance from it is generally admitted. This brings us back at once to the question before propounded, viz., "What is the best mode of bettering others with the least inconvenience to oneself?"

We apprehend that what has been said of manners, with respect to individuals, is applicable by the most natural analogy to societies; and that hence, in order to preserve a high state of refinement in a nation the educated classes must seek to elevate and purify the uneducated, not by going

to their level and yielding too far to natural pity, but by preserving themselves in quietness, and influencing them by the force of example. For to refine a nation, there should be an elevated national feeling. A gentlemanly nation should be of a noble spirit, anxious to be just within itself and to its compeers, free in thought, speech, and action, not intemperate or quick to be offended, but severe towards crime. In barbarous states of society, men mangle each other's bodies, or knock each other on the head, and the punishment of the injurer is left to the relatives of the injured; the public takes no note of it. Here the only law is the permission to avenge. If in New Zealand a man eats his friend, his friend's friends may eat him. Men there have enough to occupy their attention to prevent being devoured. In all countries where the rights of the person are not strictly watched over by society, there is more or less apprehension constantly present, to embitter life and put back the growth of the arts of peace. Few individuals in demi-savage states ever attain to the enjoyment of "an elegant leisure." The majority are occupied in providing food, acquiring barbarism's rude substitutes for civilized luxury, or waging war upon each other.

"What is refinement?" some Athenian may inquire. "For my part," he may say, "give me the rude, healthful life of chivalry or the border wars. Or let me, since these are past, push away for the prairie, and follow the Oregon trail. I am tired of living cooped in by these iron bars of ceremony." All this may be, without touching general truth. In fact, one's very refinement, coupled with poverty and extreme sensitiveness, whereby he lacks the power to keep up manners, may lead him to prefer a life of adventure, with the sweet repose of solitude, to one of security, with the harassing annoyances of vulgarity. This is refinement existing with constitutional weakness, for which it is in no sense answerable.

The true refinement is simply *the largest life*. It is preserving as long as we can the youth of the soul, the vision and the dream. It is keeping up through experience those old poetic states which all go through at some time or other, though some appear to outgrow them in the cra-

dle. It is avoiding, as far as possible, the necessity of strictly curbing ourselves with reason. It is putting far away the evil day when the bright flush of youth must be supplanted by the gray wisdom of age. The great poets, who are the true pioneers of refinement, are the strongest of all men. They see and feel more than others, and trail the clouds of glory further down the declivity of time. Oh, let not us, who are yet in the vaward of youth, believe that with them the cold judgment always kept uppermost—that the whole soul did not at some time move together in harmony.

They, the high priests of Love and Beauty, keep alive upon the earth the worship of those care-charming divinities. With them, though time brings the inevitable knowledge of good and evil, there remain golden memories, and they enjoy a second youth in the sympathies of those who succeed them. There *are* old men who live upon the strength of the young, who are ever eager to lift the veil from before the face of innocence, and plant in hearts where confidence grows wild, the poisonous herb suspicion. These are they who carry into age nothing of life's prime; they presume that all must be as seen through their bleary eyes. Hence they think they do wisely in teaching hypocrisy and deceit, and in making the young resemble themselves. Hoary impostors! Some such every observer must have seen, who seemed kept alive on the verge of time by some presension of that fire which is to be their element hereafter. They linger here breathing death over life after the period when they might look for oblivion to shield them from our execrations. With such and the young there is no bond, no sympathy. Their ways only excite awe in the weak, and contempt in the discerning. They are by themselves. They are double-faced. They can pass from the performance of the most sacred duties in public, to private sensual indulgence. The manners of such are only to conceal deformities.

But with the wise who retain the esteem of youth, there must also be concealments. They do not wish to tell everything too soon, but to impart strength to meet the evil day bravely. They exhort us to sobriety, continence, patient labor; but they leave us to drink the cup of life alone.

They do not command our respect; we yield it unasked. We are glad to reciprocate with them the seemingly distant forms of friendship, and to be provoked by their example into high thoughts.

Now these influences of man upon man, by which the good and wise may in some sort entail their spiritual wealth upon their offspring, and leave legacies thereof to their friends, cannot be transmitted in an atmosphere that is chilled with horrors. In times of war and anarchy, the arts have little power, and the manners are under a rough discipline. The theatres were lately closed in Paris, and the galleries had few visitors. Existence there was, in the course of a few weeks, compressed into such narrow limits that all who could do so left the ill-fated city. If such a chaotic state of things continues, the nation must go backward in refinement, even from where they are now. There is too much anxiety there, too much necessity of consuming the whole time in arguments. With perpetual din and clamor, how can there exist a high-toned social condition? How can we have leisure to let the soul expatiate in noble or beautiful thoughts, when all is hubbub and chatter, and we are obliged to give our whole time to the dry business of legislation?

The municipal duties are laborious, and they occupy of necessity, and especially in such a government as ours, a good part of every one's time. They stand on the same footing with the duty of getting a living. That is the best mode of providing for ourselves by which we gain most with the least trouble; and that is the best government which gives us most security and enjoyment with the least interruption of our leisure. But a government may interrupt our leisure not simply by insecurity, but by compelling us to waste our days and nights in perpetual discussion. A government that leaves us no time to ourselves is little better than one that takes no care of us.

But in order to be little interrupted, we must not, nationally as well as individually, descend too far from the conscious elevation of at least a low stage of refinement. With all mankind it has been agreed, that when a man deliberately attempts to kill another or any of his friends, the other has the right to kill him to pre-

vent it, or if he has done it, to prevent his doing such a thing again. This offence and some others have ever been regarded as such *unpardonable breaches of good manners* as to place the persons committing them too low down in the scale for sympathy. They are considered crimes which nothing can justify or palliate, due allowance being made for the heat of passion, and that hence the only inquiry is as to the fact. Civilized society, which has assumed many individual duties, has taken the responsibility of ascertaining this fact, and then relieving itself of the offender. It is found best to deal with these great crimes in that summary and effectual manner, in order to preserve the public mind in a condition of healthful quietness necessary to refinement. There are some crimes upon which humanity would gladly close its eyes; it is enough that murder has a name. It is quite sufficient for our debasement to know that assassins walk the earth. The gentle damsel may not see without horror a poor drunkard reeling along the street; but we confess to no effeminacy in desiring to be excused from shaking hands with a murderer. Let him have his trial: if proved innocent, well; but if guilty, let us hear no more of him. Let us preserve our nerves in that condition where we cannot permit commiseration for such a dreadful crime. To have sympathy with such agonies and extremes of passion as murderers go through, is to inoculate ourselves with bad blood. We may anatomize them as a study, but it should be a duty we owe to the dignity of virtue to resist all ruth for those who yield themselves to such atrocious wickedness.

It is, as we have just observed, necessary to the social health, that it should be so. There are limits to human investigation. With our best endeavors we must leave much to the justice and mercy of Heaven. That there may be murderers who will go away into life everlasting, it is not profitable to inquire. We only know that the world cannot endure them, nor bear the presence of any who are cruel to those who are protected by all true men's love. We cannot bear their presence, *because the agitation of their guilt or innocence tends to keep society in a low state of refinement.* They are on a level to which

the pity of other men will not reach ; we only degrade the general tone of manners in going down to improve them. They are enemies to life, outcasts to the first law of nature, deniers of the privilege of breathing, spoilers of the organs of existence and continuance. The universal voice of humanity says, "Away with them!"

Moreover, the same profound abhorrence of such wretches, which makes it necessary for the living to put them away, requires also that they should be deprived of life in some ignominious mode, some form of death which shall express that they have placed themselves without the pale of humanity, and are to be treated as aliens to the race. This is necessary, because the crimes which they have committed are so unspeakably pernicious, it is proper that the whole force of the human character should be exerted to prevent their recurrence. The reason should condemn them, the fancy recoil from them, and the pride scorn them. All that can spring from the deepest determination to wipe out such stains from humanity, or express the universal strong disgust which they inspire, should be brought to bear against them. Mankind are bound to affect towards them the manners of loathing and horror.

To affect, we say, for we are all aware that we are such weakly organized creatures, it is more owing to circumstances than to original difference in power of control that we do not ourselves fall away into crimes. One feeling, therefore, with which we regard our fellow-men who have rendered themselves dangerous to life, is that of compassion. The blood stills in our veins as we look at them ; if they are of those that we have known, our tears flow fast for them. "The pity of it" almost persuades justice to break her sword. But to yield to these feelings is to yield to death. We must strive (for it is best for the health both of our body and soul that we should do so) to feel as if it were far beyond the limit of possibility that we ourselves could be tempted to become spoilers or destroyers. We should steel ourselves against pity as we should against grief for the dead ; both are natural impulses, but "that way madness lies ; let us shun that." Or to take another sentence from the same speech of Lear:—

"When the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. *Thou'dst shun a bear.*
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth."

If we familiarize our hearts to compassion for murderers, we learn to palliate the crime, and are more likely to become such ourselves—to say nothing of the unquietness thereby forced upon us by the added sense of insecurity. Both these and every effect of encouraging this natural weakness tends directly against life—against simple naked life. And how much more against the refined life, the tranquil freedom, gladdened by homefelt delights, the pleasures of intercourse, contemplation, and the beautiful arts! It is plain that the bear must be met "i' the mouth." We must overcome sympathy for what is directly against *life*. Hence the same considerations which have been urged as showing the necessity of keeping up the distinctions of manners in social intercourse apply here with the strongest force. It has been shown that the best mode of bettering others with the least inconvenience to ourselves requires that we should keep in our station, and elevate them by example. But when we come to killing, the series ends. We cannot better killers, because it is too great an inconvenience to have them about us. In other words, the lowest form of existence, *mere Life*, is bound to preserve *its* elevation, and not communicate with Death. It is enough to tolerate maiming and wounding on the same level with life, that is, the common orb ; but to manifest towards murder any other feeling than is implied by putting the committer of it out of the way in some ignominious mode, *is yielding too far in those who would keep alive to those who would make dead* ; it is an extension of levelling which amounts to social suicide.

But there are always in every society plenty who from ignorance, self-confidence, or other infirmities, are constantly, with no consciousness of a bad purpose, lowering the standard of refinement. Indeed, with our best endeavors we all come far short of what we can fancy of true greatness. The world wears upon our nerves, and breaks us continually down, so that the great poets, artists, and scholars have much ado to keep us above the low forms of sensual enjoyment. And it is upon

these extreme limits of the social scale, where the line must be drawn with so much boldness and firmness that all who are of sound mind may see it, that the general downward tendencies most universally fasten. That men should be sent to prison for stealing moves the sympathies of but a small class; the crime is so common that the majority have often suffered from it, and the treatment due to it (the manners of honesty towards dishonesty) seems none too severe. But when a man is hung like a dog for a crime which touches not one family out of thousands, the sympathies of a larger number prompt them to exclaim at once against the severity of the punishment. They do not consider the nature of the crime, the measure of its guilt, or the consequences it involves. There are not a few who hold the blessing of life so cheaply, that they are willing to go down and cast pearls before assassins and ravishers. They would have creatures men shudder to think of kept among us to breathe this air of summer, and walk upright beneath this blue canopy—as if mankind were composed of isolated individuals, each of whom was omniscient and capable of restoring the dead to life. For the extension by society of these privileges to such criminals involves the assumption of no less powers.

But we are considering the subject only in a single point of view. After what we have above remarked respecting the necessity of affecting towards crimes which touch life, manners which express the most extreme aversion and horror of which the mind can conceive, we must not here rehearse and argue against the common views of pitiers of the hanged or to be hanged, since if the considerations we have urged do not sufficiently instruct them upon the point, it were better that we should leave them to other teachers. We need but remark how very much temptation there is to yield to the impulse of pity when the punishment is so severe; and then it will be quite enough for us to propose a means of lessening this temptation so far as regards the compassion excited by the fancied pain of strangulation.

The office of Jack Ketch is, as it should be, little envied; Heaven forbid that we should write a line tending to render it a whit more desirable. Still, it has its de-

grees, and if any one's relatives or friends were sentenced to be hanged, he might be excused for preferring to have the criminal suffer under the hands of an experienced artist, rather than undergo unnecessary torture from those of a bungler. So far sympathy might lawfully extend. Suppose, gentle reader, our political opponents were to suffer (as some of them appear to deserve,) (and plainly it would be better for the country that they should)—it would be well when 'twere done it were done quickly; and to that end we might cheerfully, in the delay which would be necessary for their repentance, subscribe and import an operator from Tyburn. Still, it would not be well to have the punishment of death inflicted with too much *apparent* kindness, or with any the less ignominious accompaniments than those which surround it already. The object should be to make it not only death, but death abhorred and despicable.

But must it be made more painful than is absolutely necessary? If so, at what limit must the infliction of pain cease? The answer will be, at just that which is required to render the death fearful and shameful. But is not the apprehension sufficiently terrible, coming in the midst of life, and surrounded with all that is revolting? That this is the received opinion in the present state of manners need not be argued. It is conceded to irrepressible pity that the greatest criminals should be hanged as kindly as possible.

But we have often thought what a horrible moment must intervene between the cutting of the rope, *which the criminal cannot but hear*, and the dislocation of his cervical vertebrae. The time is long enough for him to say in words—"I hear the axe; I am going!"—of pure mental torture. Those who know how much suffering can be compressed into such a brief instant, may be pardoned for wishing both to save him the agony, and deprive those who have the bad manners to argue against the death penalty, of one suggestion by which they operate on the nerves of others. If there can be any mode devised which shall spare the death-sentenced this moment, the bare imagining of which makes the seated heart knock at the ribs

"Against the use of Nature,"

and which shall also leave the execution all its infamy, then certainly (or at least so far as concerns the considerations derived from *manners*) it ought to be immediately applied in practice.

Either so, or we should hang them up in rough old fashion, steeling our nerves against pity with the insensibility which characterized the time when gibbeted skeletons shook their chains on every common and lonely highway in merry England. But though that was an age of much health and strong sense, it was not a time of general refinement, either in mind or manners. Or at least, it would hardly be thought a change for the better, were society now to relapse into what it was in the days of Smollett and Fielding, or even a period considerably later. That we have grown more sensitive in some respects does not prove that the age is degenerate or effeminate. In a word, with all respect for the simple vigor of the olden time, one may now cease to venerate all their usages, and consider what they would have done, situated as we are.

Our ancestors abolished torture, and, finally, all those barbarous modes of punishment, such as drawing and quartering, and the like; why should not we, now that science has found a means of alleviating extreme physical suffering, follow their example by allowing the benefit of it to the miserable wretches whom we simply wish to cast contemptuously out of existence?

If we have a right to hang a man at noon-day on the 15th of September, then it follows that we have a right to give him CHLOROFORM at noon-day, and hang him immediately afterwards, while under its operation. The time that his soul is in abeyance, neither dead nor alive, is so inconsiderable that it need not be taken into account. On that score, therefore, there can be no objection.

By this means we avoid for him, not only the pain of the actual killing, but the agonizing instant of certain apprehension. The sponge is applied to his nostrils, and all that he is aware of is, that he sinks calmly (perforce) into a sleep, out of which he is to awaken on the other shore of the river of death; in

“The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns;”

—a journey which some of the very spectators of his exit may envy him the privilege of making so soon. All that is left of him is a senseless carcass, which it is fittest should be used for the advancement of a science whose object it is to save life and mitigate pain.

It seems that this could be accomplished with all the manifestations of abhorrence which it is necessary for the health and refinement of society to maintain towards the most heinous crimes. All might be the same as now, except such a contrivance that the criminal might be seated ere drawn up to the beam. As for the actual pain of death, the present mode is little more awful, save in the horrid instant preceding it, which is not physical but mental torture. The prevailing opinion among the medical profession is, that the pain of dying is mere loss of consciousness, which those who faint easily have often experienced. A gentle loss of consciousness against a sudden one is all the difference between an easy and a violent death. The pain of hanging, or probably the worst tortures, is nothing to what is undergone in fevers.

But no one who has witnessed death in its sudden and awful forms can help feeling that there is a reason in nature for the petition in the Liturgy, to be delivered “from sudden death;” and it seems a shame to deprive a fellow-being of life, however necessary it may be to do so, and howsoever just his doom, by a mode which we instinctively desire to be delivered from, when we have another at our command. We surely ought to have more compassion for the worst of men than for a dog; and any of our readers who reciprocates the attachment of one of those affectionate creatures, if he should be obliged to destroy him, would hardly deny poor Tray a few sniffs of the magical ether. If he would, he ought not to have a dog of any kind; and a man unworthy the esteem of such large-hearted creatures as Maida or Bevis, never ought to have his fire-side graced by the presence of a Charlotte or an Alice.

Moreover, the necessity of preserving social health, which demands the penalty of death for sinners against life, demands also that the penalty be inflicted with no avoidable torture, either bodily or mental. The infliction of any such torture is unkind.

revengeful, tending to disturb the nervous peace, which is the support of refinement—in a word, it is *contra bonos mores*—against good manners, and unbecoming in a civilized Christian people. The gradual abolition by our ancestors (already alluded to) of cruel modes of punishment, is a consequence of gradual progress in refinement; though the hearts of men be the same now as ever, we are certainly better acquainted with the laws of the universe than they were, and more delicately sensitive in our nervous organization. They made the “taking off” as easy to the criminal as they knew how to do, and it is lowering ourselves to the level of rude nations not to follow their example.

But the *soi-disant* philanthropists who are not ashamed to waste sympathy on capital offenders, are also not ashamed to expose their superficiality by arguing that as the penalty of death has been inflicted in milder and milder modes, it would be a great step in progress to abolish it altogether. As if because we go clad in finer raiment than our fathers, it would be an improvement to go naked! Or as if because we sin under plated gold we should do well to break at once the strong lance of justice! These thinkers do not consider that the laws of life are immutable, and that with all our inventions and changes we do not alter the constitution of nature. We advance in philosophy, and learn to control the elements; we contrive to exist under less and less irksome restraints of government. Thereby we spread over the earth, and multiply, replenish, and subdue it. But we do not change one single law of nature. We do not alter any quality of the air, earth or sea, nor can we mould anew the fearful and wonderful fabric of our life. We are the same all through. Murder bears ever the same relation to life, and life to death. Refinement has nothing to do with the moral part of us, except it be removing us from the temptation to coarse vices, and rendering us more susceptible to upward influences. Progress is like one of those curves which forever approach a parallel without a probability of ever meeting it.

But, as remarked previously, if what we have observed above, respecting the manners necessary to be assumed towards crimes which are directly against life, be not sufficient to put sundry common objections to rest, it is demeaning ourselves too much to answer them further.

Or suppose them all granted. Suppose capital punishment a cruel relic of barbarism which a few more years will do away with. Surely those who think so will not object to the use of Chloroform, so long as hanging endures. They may sign petitions for pardons, and add thereto other petitions, praying that if criminals be not pardoned, then the mildest form of death be used which modern science has discovered. This would involve no inconsistency.

It has not been our fortune to have had any near relative or friend who rendered himself so obnoxious to the public health as to require to be suspended indefinitely from society, nor can it be supposed that this will meet the eyes of many who have been thus circumstanced; yet we can fancy that should it do so, no such persons will think we have discussed this topic too elaborately or too earnestly. We have sought to avoid those passionate displays often indulged in by writers on capital punishment, and in their stead link together such a chain of suggestions as should conduct the reader irresistibly to our conclusions. That the argument or category, here framed, will be intelligible to all minds, we are not so inexperienced as to hope; there must be many who will be unable to follow it, many whom a spirit of cavilling will hinder from proceeding in the path of candid thought, many whom we shall be unable, through inability to express what struggles tumultuously for utterance, to reach. But we cannot help hoping that some of these chance suggestions may be of some avail to *manners*, even if their reference to the particular subject be denied. So far the article may be acceptable to those who disbelieve as well as to those who believe in the necessity of capital punishment.

G. W. P.

MEMOIR OF THE HON. SAMUEL F. VINTON.

THE biography of the public man who has sought rather to be useful than to be voiced in the popular din or in party excitements, is, for the greater part, to be read in quiet measures, a regular policy, laws too soberly cast to beget a strife; and not in those things of agitation, to have borne a part in which, enables men to serve themselves, but seldom to accomplish any good for others. The fame of civil life seems, in truth, to spring best out of those questions which have been barren of everything but contention; and it is rather the public passions than the public services of the day which bestow reputation and power on the living politician. Herein Renown would seem, for the time, as ill-judging as Fortune herself: falsely, however; for if the politician of the hour's passion win the noisier, the legislator achieves the more durable name; and, writing it deeply upon the permanent form of things—upon systems which, besides that they preserve themselves, the nation will not let die—cannot well be forgotten.

Anticipating all this—as it is the good task of cotemporary history to do, when it can—we are about to give such memorials as we have been able to collect of the life of a living man, whose long public labors have been as useful as they were little ambitious; and who will live as much in certain lasting parts of our public policy as others have vainly attempted to do in contentions, the eager but short-lived memory of which, fades continually before fresher ones, themselves, happily, soon to be forgotten in their turn, however much each, for the moment, imagines that it is long to all the world's eye and be its wonder.

SAMUEL FINLEY VINTON was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, on the 25th September, 1792. His parents were of that excellent class, the upper yeomanry of New England, whose intelligence, whose morality, whose religious habits, whose industry and thrift make them a population not equalled by any in the world, except the Scottish and Swiss; whom they

greatly resemble and perhaps exceed, in the characteristics which are common to them all. He was the eldest of many children; his father a substantial farmer, at ease in his circumstances, as far as they can be whose ease is the gift of frugality and personal toil.

We do not learn what the youth's earlier education was; but it was, no doubt, that of his condition—nay, of nearly all conditions in New England at that time—the education, we mean, of the old Common School, that admirable popular system which has bred up lawyers, physicians and merchants, for so large a portion of this Union. We need hardly add that the system is one eminently practical, eminently adapted to the wants of New England; if it were not practical, she, the least fanciful of countries, would long since have done with it; if not what she wanted, she would soon have had what she did want.

Whether, however, that there the prevailing competency bestowed on nearly all by universal thrift and the extreme subdivision of the land, be narrow, or that the habits of the people enforce upon all, from childhood, a participation in bodily labor, it is certain that this system of schooling mixes with itself long and frequent intervals of work on the farm or at the trade. Which is to be considered the vacation, we of a Southern region cannot well judge. We may imagine, only, that it is the book or the field, according as the pupil's muscle or brain predominates and invites him to this or to that. At any event, the institution must afford a sort of Spartan holiday, where the discipline at home was purposefully so secure that an actual campaign appeared to the youth a relaxation.

Of a frame originally feeble, young Vinton did not well support, though always full of industry and prompt to every duty, the fatigue and exposure of rural toil in that rigorous climate, and upon that illiberal soil. Though he shared, up to his sixteenth year, his father's occupations, he was evidently unfit to make them the suc-

cessful pursuit of his life ; besides that, his capacity and his inclination ran in another direction. His head seemed to have stolen the vigor from his arms ; that was as indefatigable as these were weak. Excellence in all that was to be learnt in the common school, an early love of study, marked him out for something more than what Bloomfield has, in his sheepish strain, celebrated—"the farmer's boy." Nature had evidently designed him for effort of the mind, not the body ; for a professional and public career, not the obscure if useful avocations of the husbandman. And if the condition of his father, straitened as it was by the incumbrance of a large family, forbade the expenses of a higher education, our hero had the New England boy's resource—himself. He could teach what he knew, in order to find the means of learning what he did not know. At sixteen, then, probably with his father's assistance in the outset, he entered Williams College, (Massachusetts,) and during the next six years, literally worked his way up to graduation by at intervals keeping school. It is happy (is it not ?) thus to see a man forging, out of the ignorance of others, arms with which to vanquish his own. This manly process, however, is quite common in New England, and, indeed, not unknown in Old, though taking in the latter a more humiliating form ; for sizers (as they are called) are admitted into the universities, who are released from all further fees by the rather unscholarly service of waiting upon the other students at their commons.

His degree thus obtained, our youth, upon the same "self-sustaining principle," proceeded to the study of the profession which he had meantime chosen, that of the law. For this purpose he entered, upon the usual terms, the office of a distinguished pleader of Connecticut, Stephen Titus Hosmer, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. Two years after, that is to say, in 1816, he was admitted to the Connecticut bar, an errant knight, armed cap-à-pie with the law, and ready, being first well-paid, to do battle (further fees being in prospect) for innocence—or, indeed, guilt—in distress. Meantime, however, all the giants and dragons in Connecticut, whom a young champion would have burned to encoun-

ter, were bespoke for combatants more tried ; and our youthful acolyte of pleas was fain, like other maiden knights of old, to issue abroad in quest of an attorney's adventures.

He bent his steps to Ohio, then the most inviting of the young fields of the West. It was fruitful of soil, and likely, therefore, to be fruitful of suits ; the latest Hesperia of migration, which is ever finding some fresh

"Terra antiqua, potens armis utque ubere glebæ,"

where it may build new seats. As to the "potens armis," its Turnus, Tecumseh, had now been subdued ; in the "ubere glebæ," the future staples of corn and pork, blessings that Æneas had never heard of, and which she of wheaten cake, Ceres, never knew, were now bursting into abundance. As to law, earlier settlement takes, no doubt, little of that along with it ; the van-guard of marching mind is brutal enough—the front of civilization quite as savage as the barbarism which it chases ; but this sort of civilization had now pushed on further, and milder things, cultivation and civility, were rapidly following. New England, who, with the better conquests of industry and order, brings up the rear of frontier exploit and violence, was pouring thither the teeming growth of her active population, diverted, by a more congenial sky, from its preceding course upon the South ; and was sending thither, not individual adventurers, but

A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Dunaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge o'er the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

To be plain, our young "limb of the law" made his way to the rising town of Gallipolis, which we might have called simple Frenchtown, but that among our backwoodsmen, who christen cities for us, there has always raged a fury for polysyllabic, and especially for Greek names. At Gallipolis, then, and not Frenchtown, our hero fixed himself, unconnected and uncommended, to try unassisted his professional fortunes.

Excellentlly prepared for his pursuit, he

must have been, in addition to possessing in an unusual degree the personal qualities which at once attract confidence ; for we find that his first efforts at the bar drew public attention, and that the end of his first year of practice saw him in the enjoyment of a large and prosperous business. To it alone, then, and to the assiduous study which it demanded, he gave himself up for the next six years of his life. It had almost at once accomplished for him success, reputation, friends, the command of a good income—all that hopes the most sanguine could have promised him ; and so much had all this outgone, in its rapidity, whatever a modest mind could shape to itself of ambition, that he seems thus far never to have had any thought, any aspiration, but of the pursuit in which he was so fortunate. For what we call public life in particular, that is, party politics, he had not the smallest inclination. He had not, to be sure, forbidden to himself (no good citizen can well do it in a republic) all concern in public affairs, but he had taken, and desired to take, little personal share in them ; none with a view to his own advancement.

It was, then, with more of surprise than pleasure that, in the year 1822, he suddenly found himself, without any agency or wish of his own, nominated for a seat in Congress by a large meeting of the people of his electoral district. The distinction was every way such as could not well be resisted. It was a voluntary token of the popular esteem ; and it then no more implied solicitation after, than intrigue before it. Men had not then, to gain a place in the national counsels, to stoop low just in proportion as they meant to rise high. It was their previous lives that canvassed for them, not base compliances to the lowest of the mob, nor the calumniating of an adversary. In short, if it was not quite the golden age of virtue and of Washington, it was still the silver century of our politics, the time of Monroe ; the iron era of Jacksonism had not yet fallen upon us. Party scarcely existed out of Virginia, to whom we owe that happy and wise Jeffersonian invention banished under the healing administration of the second President after him. In the contest, friendly and fair, which ensued, our young nominee had two formidable competitors ; the one then

held the seat in Congress for that district, the other has since been the Governor of the State. Mr. Vinton, however, bore off the election from both ; and for fourteen years, by a merited confidence from the constituency, continued to be returned with increasing majorities, which at last rose to between three and four thousand, until, in 1836, he voluntarily withdrew from public life, firmly determined not again to engage in its arduous but then apparently fruitless struggles, which seemed capable, at the sacrifice of private, of accomplishing so little public happiness.

During this long interval, he took a part equally useful and active in nearly all the great questions which, following each other in a quick succession of new and violent measures, agitated and corrupted the country from soon after 1823, when Heroism first began, down to 1837, when it merged into the after-reign of its sycophancy ; that dynasty during which Gen. Jackson seemed almost to have verified the threat of Charles XII. to Sweden, and to have sent his jack-boots to govern us.

From the first, that power of labor, and that prompt instinct of the useful, of the substance of things, which had so quickly made Mr. Vinton a leading lawyer, rendered him an efficient representative. He applied to each question, as it arose, his strong powers of investigation ; and as he was never the man to waste his time or that of the House on attempts at display or efforts to shine, the plague of our councils, he soon mastered the main business of legislation, contributed to perfecting it where the young member can best serve as he learns, in committees, and early began to make himself felt in the origination of substantive measures of importance.

The first of these was in the year 1826, when he brought forward and carried through the House of Representatives a modification of the Land Laws as to whatever, by the original ordinance of 20th May, 1785, was set apart in order to found, in all the future States to be formed out of the national domain, a great system of popular instruction. By this ordinance,* was reserved from sale, in each township, for purposes of public education, one section of land, (640 acres ;) that is, one thir-

* See Laws of the U. States, Vol. I. p. 565.

ty-sixth part of the whole surface. But this endowment and its beneficent purposes was proving—like so many other fair conceptions among us—a sad failure, the waste of local mismanagement, or the spoil of local combinations. A wretched system of leases and tenantry had, in particular, arisen under it, and would long have defeated, if it did not destroy, the wide social benefits which were destined to flow from this noble appropriation. The corrective which Mr. Vinton brought about began, prudently, with an experimental change in his own State; his law empowered the legislature of Ohio to sell the school-lands within her borders, and to invest the proceeds in some permanent productive fund, the income to be forever applied to the support of schools, within the township for whose use the land was originally reserved. Becoming at first the law of Ohio only, the benefits of this bill have been extended in succession to the rest of the new States, and have thus rescued this great humanizing interest, this great patrimony of Knowledge, from the dilapidation and spoliation which have flung away so large a part of the general public domain. Few of our legislators have had the good fortune to achieve a public service greater than this, or which will more be felt by posterity in that which will forever make its dearest part—its moral and intellectual being.*

Mr. Vinton's next great public service consisted in not an enactment brought about, but a cunningly-devised scheme of legislation foiled and defeated. During the latter term of Mr. Monroe's Presidency, it will be remembered that the restless genius in whose head so much mischief has hatched (Nullification, Annexation, and of late a Southern Convention) presided over the War Office; to the administration of which he is reputed (we know not how justly) to have *first* given order and efficiency. To that department (we need hardly say) is attached the bureau of Indian affairs—the government of our Indian tribes. Well: during this his Secretaryship, Mr. Calhoun had conceived a scheme of very specious-looking humanity;

a plan for preserving and civilizing the Indian races then remaining within any of the States, by eliminating them into a common territory, which was to be guaranteed them forever, and where, under a special government established for them, they were by association to unlearn all their mutual feuds, by association to contract new affinities; and, in short, under the white man's guidance rather than compulsion, by not constraint, but a sort of moral insinuation, they were to rise, before very long, into a very pretty red man's Utopia. This project was set forth,* in a somewhat elaborate paper from the War Office, dated January 24th, 1825. It displays the numbers of the aboriginal tribes within the States and Territories—collectively about 97,000, without including those in the west of Michigan and north of Illinois; the lands which they occupy, amounting to a surface of about 77,000,000 of acres; and the general condition of these septs, which, though already enjoying, through the efforts of missionaries and the contributions of benevolent societies, something of education and a tinge of civilized arts, could never become incorporated with the whites nor form an independent social advancement for themselves; they were continually swept back from their seats, by the pressure of a stronger population, with which the denial of civil equality did not permit them to fuse; and permanence of habitation being thus impossible to them, progressive improvement—which can only grow out of permanence of habitation—could never be brought about for them. All this was, as we have said, pressed upon the attention of Congress; an appropriation of \$125,000 for the objects recommended was asked, and, meantime, treaties and such other preparatory arrangements as are in the power of the Government, were concluded or set on foot. A great political scheme was thus organized, under the mask of humanity towards the savage. To help it on its way, a passion more active and practical than benevolence—interest—was appealed to: the boon of the Indian lands within the States was held out, to render the plan popular; and

* For the debate on this Bill, Gales and Seaton's Register may be consulted, Vol. II., part I., page 839, 1st Session of 19th Congress.

* See Document 64, 2d Session of 18th Congress, H. of R.

the ultimate, the sectional aim, was carefully kept out of view; so that it remained undetected during the remainder of that Administration. Congress failed, however, through other causes, to act upon the project.

The ensuing administration of the War Department under Gov. Barbour, found this policy actively organized, and in the process of silent and sure execution: it seems, therefore, to have regarded it as a settled one; and it adopted and urged the scheme, in a project for "the preservation and civilization of the Indians," communicated on the 3d of February, 1826, to the Hon. John Cocke, chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, in answer to a request to that effect.* In this paper, the considerations that favored this great, and as yet ill-understood measure, are developed still more earnestly and seductively than before; no doubt with much conviction on the part of Secretary Barbour—a man really full of the warmest humanity and purest good faith. More fully to explain the details of the plan, was, however, to enable far-sighted men to detect the consequences, for the bringing about of which it was originally devised. Mr. Vinton soon penetrated them, and was able finally to defeat them, by making them apparent to others. It was, it seems, intended that, under the plea of the impossibility of carrying out this great work of benevolence otherwise than by uniting the Indians in a single region, that region was to be drawn on the west and north of the line of the Missouri Compromise,† so as to cut off the formation of any further free States in that direction; while the tribes of the South, translated almost entirely north of the parallel of 36° 30', should leave the slave States an open frontier, across which to extend themselves indefinitely west. This astute plan would, one may now easily see, if executed, have secured to the South that permanent political ascendancy, of late attempted afresh, to be compassed, by the same subtle contriver, through a bloodier method, at the expense of another unhappy race, the Mexican.

Except in that part of Michigan (then a territory) which lies within the peninsula of the Lakes, no free State could ever have been formed in the West on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Thus the growth of the free and great West would have been annihilated, its weight as a section of the Confederacy destroyed, and the entire adjustment under the Missouri Compromise reduced for them to naught.

As we have said, active and sure steps had been silently taken to carry to its consummation, unperceived, this gigantic project. The public, suspecting nothing, accustomed to look without interest upon Indian affairs, and averse to the trouble of understanding them, took no alarm. Even in Congress, few had the inclination or the time to labor through the mass of War Office papers, and sift out from them a distinct comprehension of what was going on in the Indian Department, beyond the ways and almost the care of civilization. At last only were documents drawn out by call from the archives, which gave to view the project and its progress. Mr. Vinton's attention became directed thither, and he discovered the reach of the scheme, as well as its bearing upon the interests and power of the West. He determined, at once, to apply himself to its defeat. The Committee of Indian Affairs had, for two or three successive sessions, reported bills for carrying this policy into effect; but those bills had, through the press of business, either never reached, or not been acted on by the House. In this state of things, at the first session of the 20th Congress, (in the year 1827-8,) Mr. McDuffie—then Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—moved, as an amendment to the Indian Appropriation Bill, the appropriation of the sum of 50,000 dollars towards removing beyond the Mississippi the Cherokees and such other Indians as might consent to migrate. The real object of the measure was not the appropriation itself, but something more important, to commit the country and draw it into this policy.

To counteract and expose the movement, Mr. Vinton offered an amendment to Mr. McDuffie's proposition, attaching to it the following conditions: That no Indian or Indians living north of latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes shall be aided in removing

* See Doc. 102, House of Rep., 1st Session, 19th Congress.

† Settled in 1820, four years before the avowal of this Calhoun scheme for avoiding it.

south of that line, nor any living south of it to be aided in removing north of it.

Upon this amendment Mr. Vinton made a speech, in which he examined and developed the whole plan, its effects upon the Western States, and its relation to the balance of political power, as between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. His discourse,* full of weight and sense, but marked with the firmness and moderation which have always distinguished him, told at once upon the public attention; and although his amendment was voted down, yet the debate and the subsequent opposition which it formed to the scheme of transferring the Southern Indians north, under such territorial guaranties, ultimately compelled the abandonment of the plan; and, ever after, the aborigines, of whatever latitude, when removed west, have been carried forward (as Mr. V. proposed) upon the parallels to which they belonged. To him, then, the West owes the subsequent admission into the Union of both Wisconsin and Iowa, and will owe that of the two or three more free States that must, at no distant day, spring up north and west of them. In his efforts for these purposes, Mr. V. was zealously seconded by Mr. John Woods, then a member of the House from Ohio, and now its State Auditor.

In 1833, when that session's celebrated Tariff bill—made so by the Nullification movement out of which it grew—was under discussion, Mr. Vinton took a prominent part in that debate. In his chief speech on the question,† he examined how far there was any justice in the complaint of the South, that the commercial policy of the country imposed upon that region more than its due share of the burthen of taxation. He also discussed, in the same discourse, the *self-sustaining power of the Union*, the subversion of which was then threatened by the Nullifiers. His main adversary was here again Mr. McDuffie—formerly a special contemner of all these ultra sovereign State Rights,‡ which, passing to

the opposite extreme, he now vindicated as supreme against the federal legislation. To this mutable statesman, this politician of paradoxes, the economist of the "Forty-bale theory," the most violent of all the enemies of Annexation, and afterwards as fiercely its friend—an orator always vehement, but most vehement of all where he argued for all that he had once denounced—there could not well be opposed a better contrast of argument or of public character than Mr. Vinton; a man of no political conceits, or sophisms, or vagaries, or violences; the friend of eminent leaders that were as deserving as eminent, but the slave of nobody's solecisms, the pack-horse of no one's errors; as calm as the other was heady, as logical as the other hypothetical, as sagacious as the other fanciful, as practical as the other wild or dangerous. The one was a man to confound every legislative discussion and turn what should be deliberation into fury; the other calm, collected, candid, conciliatory, always the master of his own reason, and never to be moved except by that of others.

During the same session, Mr. Vinton made leading speeches on other topics; two on the cotton duties proposed in the Tariff bill already mentioned, and one on the Indian Appropriation bill.*

Upon one great branch of legislation, the care and disposal of the public lands, Mr. Vinton has long made himself to be looked to as the leader in the House of Representatives, we might safely add, in Congress, of the party who have watched over their right administration, or averted their waste. During all the period over which we have thus far proceeded, and especially after the accession of Gen. Jackson, unceasing efforts were made—now by speculators, now by demagogues, next by a natural coalition of the two, and lastly by the auxiliary influence of the Administration itself, which was largely made up of both speculators and demagogues—to incorporate into the Public Lands system such changes as would, without any compensating increase of our population, have ruined that branch of the national revenue, and broken up entire the great machinery of which that system is composed. The

* See it reported at large, in Gales & Seaton's *Register of Debates*, Vol. IV., part II., p. 1568.

† Reported in the *Register* as above, Vol. IX., part I., p. 1273.

‡ He had published, about 1821, under the signature of "One of the People," a series of essays, asserting, in their strongest form, the doctrines of what is called Consolidation—the antithesis of the State Rights theories.

* See *Register of Debates*, Vol. IX., part ii., p. 1732; *idem*, p. 1749; *idem*, Vol. X., part iii., p. 2508.

subject, important as it is, has engaged the attention of few of our public men. It is uninviting to the ardent politician, because it is so complex and wide; to the ambitious man, because the public has always been supine about it. On the other hand, it gives much scope to the seekers of a bad popularity, to men who are, or legislate for, land speculators; so that he who enters into it merely from the love of duty is fain to encounter much labor, not a little reproach, and to accept these for almost his sole reward. Mr. Vinton deliberately adopted this latter part, and made himself master of all that could enable him successfully to play it—the history of the public domain, and of the policy which has governed its disposal; its management as a great branch of the national revenue; its relation to other high questions—the progress of our population, the enlargement of internal commerce, and the connection of all these subjects with the social development of that vast central region, destined probably in the end to control the fortunes of this Republic. It is not going too far to say that, but for his able and vigilant resistance of every new scheme for the purpose—but especially of that which calls itself “graduation and reduction”—laws would have been passed, near twenty years ago, which would long since have resulted in the extinction of that source of public income, have flung open the whole of these wide territories as the scene of a general scramble for plunder; have corrupted still more our Government; and have brought about the almost equal evil of wild, and wide, and long-continued land-speculations, almost the greatest curse that can visit a country. All this would have been the more deplorable, as Mr. Vinton has repeatedly shown that no innovation, no inroad upon the wise old policy of our original land system, has ever hastened the population of the new territories, or benefited our own poor; but only enriched the speculator, or served to support the demagogue, by affording a subject for rabble-delusion.

The country, we know, but little conceives the wisdom of this good old land system, or the value of the public property which it protects. Intrinsically, that property is worth, by the best computation, one thousand millions of dollars; and in this estimate we do not include our new

acquisitions, the plundered provinces of Mexico, which, we suspect, would be an exceedingly bad bargain, at the sole expense of a boundary commission, to run its liminary lines. Of that we'll say no more, however; but only bid our readers, like him passing a nameless group of the damned in Dante, look, and pass on. The great leading features of this old policy are the gift of the wise men of our Revolution; it is one of their ablest works, and older than the Constitution itself. It was designed to accomplish two great ends, both which it had admirably effected: first, to provide for the impoverished federation a steady source of income; and second, to promote a rapid but healthy expansion of our population. The past history and present condition of the Western States show how well it has performed the latter function; while the great amount of income which, in spite of all recent mal-administration, it has yielded, fully vindicates the accomplishment of the former.

If Mr. Vinton's labors were thus so much more usefully than ambitiously bestowed where the public service most needed an able man's help, we may be sure that he devoted himself much to that obscurer work of legislation which silently shapes it in the committee-room, and embodies, out of details, conclusions. Accordingly, his diligence, conscientiousness, power of systematizing, have ever made him highly efficient, as he was active, in all that important part of the Congressional duties. It was his known excellence in this line which assigned to him the difficult post which he holds in the present House of Representatives, that of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

In 1837, as we have already seen, he withdrew from Congress, with the purpose of never again taking any active part in public affairs. For six years, with perfect contentment, he gave himself to the happiness which private life must ever yield to a temper so amiable and modest. In 1843, he was again drawn reluctantly back into the public counsels. The rival pretensions of several highly respectable candidates in his district seemed to admit no concord but in the compromise upon one to whom all were willing to give place; and Mr. Vinton was, against his known wishes, nominated by a Whig Convention

of the constituency. He was elected ; and has since then continued in Congress, under a strong sense of duty, down to the present time ; when, once more, he has, to the great regret of all that know his faithful and excellent public service, announced his intention of retiring, after his present term.

We have written thus far for such as are neither children nor without memory ; and shall not, therefore, as if our readers knew nothing of events almost yesterday's, recite Mr. Vinton's part in the occurrences since his return to Congress in 1843. It has been, however, active and important, such as the abilities of the man, his faithfulness to his duties, and the Congressional deference for him which these have created, were sure to make it. We might mention his various efforts in the House, as, for instance, his speech on the 2d of Feb., 1844, against the strange Congressional nullification of its own Act, in admitting to its seats members returned by general ticket, not election from separate districts, (see Appendix to the *Congressional Globe* for that session, p. 312 ;) or that on the admission of Iowa and Florida into the Union, in which, among other topics, he discussed the question of the cohesive power of our confederacy, and especially the great central influence of the Western States towards that end, (11th of July, 1845 ;) or the series of his speeches on the several bills for breaking down the system of the public domain, (bills usually

taking the popular pretence of "graduating and reducing the price of the public lands,") in which he always stood easily the master of the subject and the debate ; or his share in the discussions of the "River and Harbor Bill ;" or, as chairman of the "Ways and Means," that on the 16,000,000 loan, and other financial measures. We might the better speak of his exertions during this period, because we have personally witnessed them, seen the value of his labors in all that with which he mixed himself, and learned to know his virtues and his worth as a public man, than whom, in the present day, we have known none of greater integrity, of more useful parts, of more solid judgment, of sincerer love for the public good everywhere, or more exempt from the political vices of the day, a want of moderation, of probity as to party objects, of a view to something more permanent than the contest for momentary power ; of, in fine, what may be called a wise and right catholicity of every public aim. Ours has never been a pen of panegyrics ; alas, it has found but few whom it could commend up to the measure of what should be a statesman's eulogy. And, as to this excellent man, whose withdrawal from public life is announced, perhaps, in all that we have said,

"We come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

E. W. J.

TO SLEEP.

KIND sombrous power, Oblivion's gentler child,
Sole nurse of life, comfort of grieved care ;
With downy plume that fannest, slow and mild,
The nodding dame that wavers in her chair ;
Forever brooding in that dusky bar
Which is our night, thou hauntest earth and sea :
And the lone mariner, steering by his star,
Nods at the helm, and dreads thee, loving thee ;
Now eager industry, defrauding night,
Dreams at his task, lapses and wakes again ;
Remembered, by your power, of nature's right,
And thine, dear recompense of grief and pain !
Where glide your dusky wings, the nations fall,
Deep breathing, unharmed, until dawning call.

MENDELSSOHN.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, whose recent death is still a matter of regret, not only to those who enjoyed the peculiar happiness of his personal friendship, but to all who love the art of music, is regarded, in Europe, as one of the great universal geniuses of our time. Although only a few of his compositions are known here, it may still be presumed that a review of the labors of such a man will be found neither uninteresting nor uninstructional.

It was perhaps not in his lifetime, not until now, that we can review the whole of his works collectively, regarding them rather as one chain of ideas that develops the progress and the entirety of his genius, than as so many separate compositions, that the world is capable of assigning to Mendelssohn his true rank as a musician; but, now that we have before us a complete panorama of his mind in the whole of its productions, we feel justified in the impression so long entertained, that his grade is with the highest, and that we must own in him the true associate of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. His claims to this eminence lie in the purely classical character of all his writing, by which is to be understood not merely cold correctness, but irresistible beauty in the highest style of musical expression; and in the striking originality that so obviously manifests itself in all his works as to give them an individuality which, it is not too much to say, is not to be found in the music of any of the great composers with whose names his is here classed, and which, devoid of mannerism, can hardly be attributed to the collected works of any other musician.

This assertion is so strong, and includes so much, that it may require some explanation to justify it; and, as this individuality forms a most important characteristic of Mendelssohn's genius, it may not be superfluous to enter somewhat at length into its discussion. Let it then be first understood what is here meant by originality in

music. A composer is by no means to be charged with a want of originality who may have written a phrase that is more or less like, or even identical with, some phrase that has been written by another. Of such accidental coincidences examples are innumerable in the works of the most esteemed masters; for instance, one of the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Bach, the chorus "And with his stripes" in the *Messiah* of Handel, the second movement of the *Requiem* of Mozart, and the *Adagio* in the Overture to *Faust* of Spohr, are all constructed on the same subject; the chorus "Happy we" in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* is a popular Welsh national air; the Page's song, "Voi che sapete," in Mozart's *Figaro*, is unmistakably like the Sicilian hymn "Adeste fideles;" the trio "Zitti, zitti," in Rossini's *Barbiere*, is note for note the same with the air "With joy th' impatient husbandman" in *The Seasons* of Haydn; and the introductory chorus, "Light as fairy foot," from Weber's *Oberon*, opens with the same melody, and the same, somewhat remarkable, harmony, with a principal passage in the first movement of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven: but for all this we surely condemn not Handel, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, as plagiarists and imitators.

Style may be said to consist rather in general characteristics than in particular ideas; in a composer's habits of thought, and the forms of construction and elaboration in which such thought is developed, than in any peculiar, perhaps exceptional, passage. It is the unlikeness of the style of an author to any archetype that constitutes his originality, and not the resemblance of any one or more of his phrases, however originally treated, to some phrase previously known, that constitutes his want of it. There may not exist a parallel passage in the works of two authors, and yet what is seen to constitute the style of both may be so similar as to deprive him who wrote second of a claim to originality, at least to such originality as will distinguish

his music from all that preceded it. Thus we find the colossal masses of elaboration, in which the genius of Bach declares itself to the wondering student of the present day, are composed in the form, and made up of the passages which were conventional in his time. The same thing is more noticeable in the works of Handel, as with his contemporaries we are more familiar; and although this composer founded that grandest of musical works, the Oratorio, and in his *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, produced in it a degree of sublimity that can never be exceeded, if indeed ever approached in this form of composition, and in the matter with which that form is filled up, he but extended and surpassed what was prevalent before and about him. In Haydn, again, we find the phraseology of his age; his first violin quartets are nothing more than so many series of minuets and other dance tunes, less pretensive, indeed, than the suites de pièces, sonatas, and other instrumental compositions that preceded them: by degrees he modified his form, until in his later quartets and symphonies he produced what the adoption of all his great successors and the opinion of all the world prove to be the perfect model of instrumental composition, which, as there will always be the example, not only of his own orchestral and chamber works, but also of those no less imperishable of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, cannot but remain, like the division into five acts, and the other accepted rules of construction in dramatic poetry, the approved form and classical model of instrumental music. Mozart, with all his excellent beauty, walked but in the footsteps of Haydn; he may indeed be said to have overtaken his illustrious friend, who was both his predecessor and his follower; for though Haydn founded the form of instrumental composition, and so set Mozart the great example, himself wrote all his best works after Mozart had shown him of what extreme beauty that form was capable. It was with Mozart equally with his predecessors, not only in the mould in which his great works are cast that his likeness to his age is observable; in his phraseology, in the idiom, so to speak, which he employed, we trace the same habit of thought as is expressed in

Handel, Gluck, the classical Italian writers, and that host of composers who, because Mozart has so entirely excelled them in their own manner, having little of excellence but this *manner* in their works, are now wholly or nearly forgotten. Beethoven—to proceed chronologically in the examination of musical greatness—so completely adopted the style of Mozart, that his compositions for the first third of his career may be mistaken for productions of this great original, and even what is regarded as peculiar in them is evidently the development of a portion of the style of this master, which was by himself least exercised; so that when we find examples of it in his own works, such as in the last movement of his great Pianoforte Sonata in C minor, we are forced to describe it by the expression Beethovenish. In what critics designate the second and third periods of the expansion of Beethoven's genius, there is a striking breaking away from this style of his predecessors, and of his early self, which, were the present object an analysis of this composer's works, would afford matter for much discussion; as it is, however, it will be sufficient for the purpose to advance that it is by no means a single opinion, that the peculiarity which pervades his later works is rather the result of a wilful endeavor to be unlike others, which, with a less exalted mind, could but have produced a total failure, than the involuntary outpouring of an original invention. These great men, all individual in their greatness, and each unlike the others, as separate from all the world in their surpassing excellence, are each like all in their *phrases* and in their *forms*, both being gradually modified by the progress of the art, and even the fashion of their respective periods. After enlarging so much upon the want of originality, in a certain sense, of these great masters, it is necessary for the entire explanation of what is meant by the rare characteristic here attributed to Mendelssohn, to adduce some instances of musical composers that have also possessed it. Before all then must be mentioned Purcell, who, as being the first to break through the purely scholastic trammels of the ancient diatonic school to enter upon the exhaustless field of the beautiful that lie open to the modern musician in the inex

haustible resources of chromatic harmony, and as the first to apply musical sounds to the poetical expression of words, and to the delineation of the wildest of the passions, is to be considered as the most truly original composer the world has known. It must be granted, indeed, that his speculations, as they must be esteemed, in the previously unattempted combinations of chromatic harmony, are occasionally failures, producing effects equally harsh, unsatisfactory, and inexplicable; and that his expression sometimes degenerates into ludicrous word-painting: but with all the experience that has intervened, the same things are to be remarked in the most approved writers that have succeeded him; and that his genius was not always at its happiest power, detracts not from the infinite honor that is due to him for the many exquisite beauties he has left us, and for the incalculable services he rendered to the art by the new direction he gave to its cultivation. Let us lastly instance Weber, whose peculiarity of phraseology, singular application of certain harmonies, and novel conduct of his dramatic pieces, decidedly constitute a style—one that cannot be imitated, (since all who have attempted its adoption have fallen into the most vapid musical bathos,) and one that was in no respect anticipated. Most fascinating has proved this Weberish style, no less to the public than to the host of composers who have failed in the attempt to write in it; but, in spite of its irresistible charms, an investigation of all its peculiarities could lead only to the conclusion, that however teeming with originality, it is greatly wanting in what may purely be termed classicality.

This long digression is important to the subject, inasmuch as it goes to explain the application of a term which is meant to convey the chief idea of Mendelssohn's excellence, and as it may serve to illustrate the position that this composer takes in relation to those who have preceded him. It will be now to demonstrate, so far as he want of musical examples leaves it possible to do so, what are the peculiar claims to originality that Mendelssohn's music possesses. First, then, his phraseology is quite his own, but, while it is made up of such particular progressions as make it always recognizable as his, it has the

general clearness, fluency and force that associate it with all our ideas of what is beautiful. This phraseology is rendered the more powerful and striking by the support of harmonies which, though not unusual in themselves, are peculiar in their rhythmical distribution and sometimes in their progression and resolution. It is a favorite practice of Mendelssohn sometimes to continue one note through a long succession of chords—sometimes to continue one chord through a long succession of what can only be described as passing notes, but which are of such importance as entirely to influence the effect of the harmony: to select at random two striking examples, reference may be made to the opening of the ottet for string instruments, and to a passage in the chorus "Ye Spotted Snakes," in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A more general remark upon his harmonies will be perhaps more to the purpose, which is, that he produces a peculiarly novel effect by the frequent introduction of the combinations, or, more particularly, the progressions of Bach and his era, as the basis and accompaniment of his own original phraseology, or of less individual modern passages; and it is not only that he employs these ancient progressions, but, entering into the spirit of them, he extends its exercise beyond even what Bach himself with all his infinity of contrivance ever practised.

More striking in itself, and far more important to the art, is his resolution of certain chromatic discords upon a principle occasionally hinted at in the middle and later works of Beethoven, but never carried to such an extent as it is by Mendelssohn in his earlier works; such for instance as the chord of the minor ninth on the tonic to the chord of the seventh on the dominant, with the progressions of the intervals of the seventh and ninth of the first chord to the third and fifth of the second, and many others which it would be here tedious to describe. There is the more merit in these innovations—discoveries they would be better named—on account of their being in direct violation of all pre-existing rules of harmony; and they evince the greatness of his genius as a philosopher no less than as a musician, by showing him capable of penetrating through the ob-

security and prejudice of the schools to the truth of nature, and by his most successful practice to lay the foundation of a theory which in intelligence, in usefulness, in comprehension, and in what constitutes true philosophy, surpasses all that had ever before been advanced in musical and (so far as connected with music) acoustical science—a theory which translates the province of music from art to nature, and so dignifies its investigation in the scale of human study and research from the learning by rote of the arbitrary trammels of bygone times and obsolete schools, to the examination and comprehension of a subject the principles of which are as deeply rooted as those of perspective or of light itself.

Mendelssohn is again remarkable for great originality of construction; and this, while he preserves the general outline, or certainly its chief features, to which in what has been said of Haydn and his influence on the art allusion has already been made, manifests itself in the novelty of detail with which this classical outline is filled up. The Intermezzo or Scherzo of Mendelssohn is a form and style of movement entirely his own. To illustrate that his originality was identical with his genius, and not, as was the case with Beethoven, a gradual modification of the style of others, we find an example of this novel conception in his very first published work, the set of Pianoforte Quartets dedicated to Goethe, that were composed and printed at a very early age while he was yet in his pupilage to Zelter, whose correspondence respecting him with Goethe contains such highly interesting particulars of the development of his extraordinary mind. Those who are acquainted with Mendelssohn's music will recognize the originality alluded to in the Scherzo of the Ottesto for string instruments, which, when he produced his symphony in C minor for the first time in London, he arranged for the orchestra, and introduced in the place of the original minuet and trio; the first of his instrumental movements in his dramatic music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; in the third movement of his symphony in A minor, and in the Scherzos of both his pianoforte trios; of all which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out the happi-

est example. The ceaseless excitement, not only of continually springing beauties that each flashes upon the hearer before his attention is released from that which precedes, but also in the intrinsic passion of the music itself that characterizes these movements, produces an effect more irresistibly captivating than anything that can be compared with it in the whole treasury of the art, and more completely carries one out of oneself, out of the world around, out of the cares, the thoughts, the very passions of the inward heart, identifying one's whole consciousness with the feeling it engenders, in a manner that only a work of highest genius can affect the human sympathies—more completely and unanimously unites an audience with the author than perhaps any one course of thought, or habit of thinking, how variously developed soever, that has ever found expression in musical composition.

Another brilliant originality of Mendelssohn is the purely poetical overture, the intention of which is to achieve more a musical than a dramatic effect, and to convey an impression more comprehensive than the critic can receive from the notes alone, without the will so far to meet the author in his meaning as to incline his mind to the suggestiveness which constitutes the chief feature of the work. Something to the same purpose had previously been accomplished in that marvellous masterpiece, the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, at least in so far as that purpose is to convey the musical expression, without words, of the influence upon the mind of actual things, and actual characters; but in the manner of effecting that object, and in their method of appealing to the sympathy of their hearers, the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Isles of Fingal*, and the *Schöne Melusine*, may be said to stand quite alone.

Mendelssohn again exhibits an original style in his oratorios, which is manifest in the generally more dramatic character they possess than the previous works of that class, in the effect of contrast to the other pieces, and solemn repose in themselves, which he produces by the introduction of his chorales; and more particularly in Elijah, in his avoiding all the conven-

tional, and one may almost say, the, in these days, pedantic parade of fugue-writing, which, by long acceptance, had begun to be recognized as an essential and unexceptional part of the constitution of an oratorio; retaining all of contrapuntal elaboration and ingenious and effective imitation that were necessary to show the earnestness of intention by giving solidity of character to the work, to produce the massive and imposing effect that the subject required, and to give that important musical interest to the composition which was to rank it with the grandest things of its class, rejecting all the mere forms of school-learning that fetter the genius of a composer and encumber the effect of his work.

In lighter music Mendelssohn has originated a great source of delight, to all who have true musical feeling, in his Songs without Words, for the pianoforte, which as elegant, nay more, often highly impassioned and always exquisitely melodious trifles, have nothing to exceed, and scarcely to parallel them; their form is quite their own, and their matter wholly their author's.

To the Concerto Mendelssohn has given an entirely original character; in the first place by the omission of the first Tutti, which, albeit in a great number of instances of the previous Concertos of some of the best writers for their various instruments, the most interesting portion of the composition, and always the most important, as containing the proposition or announcement of the subjects of which the remainder of the movement was constituted, was still always felt to be a somewhat anomalous delay of the commencement of the Solo, in which, and in the performer, must rest the chief attention and interest of the audience; and in the next place by the joining together of the three movements, reserving the only complete and satisfactory termination of the work until the entire conclusion. This second feature of Mendelssohn's Concertos, which belongs also to his Symphony in A minor, was partially anticipated by the occasional union of the Adagio and Rondo in the works of the same class of other composers; but in these instances the slow movement may generally be said to form rather a somewhat extended introduction

to the last than an entirely developed, self-interesting portion of the composition, as is the case in the Concertos of Mendelssohn, and in the separated movements of his predecessors: there is closer example for it in the Symphony in C minor and the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and in several of this composer's chamber works, where the Scherzo and the Finale, each being in itself complete as a separate movement, are so connected, the one so entirely growing out of the other, that they cannot be detached in performance. This is the sort of connection that Mendelssohn makes between his different movements; but what Beethoven does with the two last, Mendelssohn does with the whole work. To Beethoven may also be traced the idea of opening the Concerto with the introduction of the solo-player, of which we find examples in his pianoforte Concertos in E flat and in G; but only in so far as the idea was to draw at once the attention of the audience to the principal executant, can it be referred to this original, for in the examples alluded to, the introductory Solo for the pianoforte is purely prelude, and leads to the usual Tutti, which is of the length and importance to the rest of the movements as a sort of proem or argument to the whole, that it was and always had been the custom to make it, whereas in Mendelssohn's Concertos the solo instrument at once announces the chief subject of the movement, and so not only awakens the attention, but excites the interest of the audience at the very outset.

Before quitting this branch of our subject, particular mention must be made of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture; which, as an example of originality, must always be a perfect marvel of the human mind. A careful examination of all its features, and a comparison of them with all that had previously existed in the writings of other composers, must establish the conviction that there is more that is new in this one work than in any other one that has ever been produced. In the first place, it is a complete epitome of its author's style, containing the type of all the peculiarities of idea, character, phrase, harmony, construction, instrumentation, and every particular of outline and detail for which his style is remarkable; in the second place it presents many novelties, more

than are contained in any other one work, of harmonious combination and progression, and of orchestral arrangement and effect. In the last place, the first thought, the idea, the intention of the work, is as wholly novel as the manner in which it is carried out; and to sum up all, these many and daring novelties are not introduced with the speculative hesitation of an uncertain experimentalist, but with the confidence in result of one who had gathered them from the study of a lifetime of the experience of ages. And yet Mendelssohn was but sixteen when he produced this marvellous masterpiece! Thus does genius leap at once to the long-sought and carefully digested conclusions of philosophy.

In fine, Mendelssohn wrote in every class of musical composition, and with equal success in each; and by the peculiar coloring of his mind, no less than by the novelties of form and detail he employed, he imparted an original novelty to all.

Enough has been said to illustrate the originality of Mendelssohn as a composer; to prove his greatness is less in the power of words to accomplish, and to this end it would be vain to offer more than a general list of his principal works in the various branches of composition, with only such remarks upon each, as the writer's interest in the subject renders it difficult to forbear, since an analysis of the whole would necessarily much exceed the limits of the present article, and without the opportunity for copious extracts would be not only tedious, but unintelligible to any who might not have at hand for reference, either in their memory or their library, all the works upon which remarks should be made.

To commence, then, with the most important, there is his Oratorio of *Elijah*, which exhibits all the profound skill of the accomplished musician, all the brilliant imagination of the enlightened poet, and all the earnest solemnity of one imbued with the sublime dignity of the subject. The text is selected from Scripture, with merely such modifications of the narrative to the dramatic manner of relation as the occasional alteration of a single word effects; and in its selection, its disposition and arrangement, and in its distribution

into separate movements, not only the greatest skill and judgment, but the highest epic powers are evinced. Without parade or preparation, or any sort of introduction, the Oratorio begins by Elijah denouncing the terrible curse, "There shall not be rain nor dew upon this land for three years;" and thus the person of Elijah, his character of a prophet, the great event which is the precursor and the immediate occasion of all the events, natural and supernatural, that constitute the history of the chief instrument of God's wrath and mercy, and form the subject-matter of this delineation, are at once introduced. Then follows the instrumental overture, which depicts the sufferings of the afflicted people; and so on, throughout the work, not a movement, a phrase, a note, is introduced, that is not intended to and does not successfully bear upon and aid in the development of the great design of the whole. The recurrence in a subsequent portion of the work to the musical phrase upon which the words of the curse are uttered, in a place where the effect and the consequence of this awful denunciation described, and which is then elaborated into an extensive and complicated chorus, is one of the many instances throughout the work in which the musical expression is made in a wonderful manner to bring out, enforce and even elevate the dramatic interest. The stupendous chorus in E flat, at the end of the first act, when, after the great trial of power between the prophet of the Lord and the Baalim priests, the rush of waters comes to quench the scorching drought, to relieve the repentant multitude and to declare the omnipotence of the Most High, "Thanks be to God," is one of the grandest, most powerful and impressive, and in all that imagination can suppose or criticism describe, most beautiful compositions, that enrich the art. In this Oratorio the most surprising musical effect and the most profound poetical justice go hand in hand throughout, in the powerful contrast of character that is everywhere preserved between the different personages of the story: thus we have the majestic, awful dignity of Elijah, which in various phases still manifests itself, whether in his curse, in his resignation, in his command, or in his prayer; the pure devotion of Obadiah; the incensed

and violent fury of Jezebel ; the sufferings of the afflicted people, and their exultant rejoicing on the removal of the curse ; the fanatic madness of the priests of Baal, and the beatific serenity of the choir of angels. Volumes might be written in praise of this extraordinary creation, which would leave still volumes more to be written, and all would but convey this obvious truth : the more we understand the greatness of his work, the less can we understand, but the more must we reverence the greatness of the author.

Mendelssohn's other Oratorio, "*St. Paul*," is only second in the scale of this composer's works, because *Elijah* is before it ; no other mind could have produced another work to stand beside it. In this the devotional solemnity of the Chorales is eminently true to the subject, which is mainly to depict the calm and fervent zeal of the early teachers, whose simplicity was the decoration, by the display of which they held such influence upon the minds of men as to lay the seeds of a faith that has since grown and spread over so large a portion of the earth. Contrasted with these are the lighter music of the heathen people, who worship Paul and Barnabas as incarnate deities ; the choruses of the multitude, sometimes wondering, sometimes accusing, sometimes in busy whispers eagerly inquiring among themselves of the truth of the things they see, of the personality of him that does them, sometimes devoutly praying ; the impressive music of Paul, which, from the great penitential song, "O Lord, have mercy," to the most unimportant passage that he has to utter, is quite in keeping with the character of the great apostle ; and the great scene of The Conversion, the highest praise of which can only be that it truly embodies the extraordinary scene it is designed to depict.

In comparing the two, it may be suggested that *St. Paul* is more of a historical, *Elijah* more of a poetical work ; this more of an imaginative, that more of a religious creation ; and yet it must be felt that the truth, the devotion, the imaginative refinement and the poetical comprehension that characterize so much the author's mind, as displayed in his writings, all give a great and a varied coloring to both of these, the largest and grandest efforts of his genius.

The next, perhaps, in importance, of his sacred works, is Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, the *Hymn of Praise* of the English version. This is somewhat on the plan of the grand Choral Symphony of Beethoven, inasmuch as it is a combination to a certain extent of the essentials of instrumental and of vocal music, but differs from this work in the vocal portion being by far the more important of it. There is also a more earnest, since a decidedly religious, character in the work of Mendelssohn than of Beethoven, and the three instrumental movements are more in accordance with, and more decidedly a prelude to the song of laudation which they introduce, than are the first three movements of Beethoven's Symphony ; from the gloomy grandeur and pensive melancholy of which the *Ode to Joy* bursts as a powerful contrast, as the upheaving of a depressed spirit in the exultant dilation of a confined heart. The ancient chorale with which the *Lobgesang* opens displays at once the solemn intention and sacred character of the whole, and these are throughout never lost sight of ; but the "praise" is that of a great mind, which feels that the pouring out of its best feelings and its noblest, is the devoutest homage : thus we find all conventionalities are eschewed completely ; no form or style because it has the name of sacred is employed to impose a false character of devotion upon the hearers, and the effect of the whole is grand and impressive, because of its beauty, and not because of any accepted form of technical treatment.

Next may be named his psalm, "As the hart pants for the water-brooks,"—a work more or less in the form of the English Anthem or Motet, consisting of choruses and solos, which, as in a whole and in all its parts, is a composition of exquisite beauty, comprising passages of the greatest supplication, the tenderest pathos, and the most exciting grandeur. There are also the psalm, "As Israel out of Egypt came," and another, neither of which entirely equals in interest the first mentioned ; and there is also one as yet unpublished, which was written by his request to the new English version of Dr. Broadley, by whose permission it was lately given at one of the benefit concerts in London ; on which occasion the most accomplished musicians spoke of it in terms of the warmest inte-

rest. There is a *Te Deum* for the service of the Church of England, several Motets for a choir of female voices, and a number of detached choral pieces composed for various occasions, which are all worthy of the master.

His orchestral compositions for the concert-room are—his first symphony in C minor, which, notwithstanding the many beauties it possesses, has much the air of an early work; his Symphony in A major, which is still in manuscript. This work was composed for the Philharmonic Society of London some fifteen or twenty years ago, played with success, and but once repeated in all these years, until the present season, when, as a tribute of respect to his memory, it was revived, to the great astonishment of all musicians, who were surprised to find in a work that had been so long hidden, one of the happiest efforts of its author; and the excitement it created was so great as to cause its repetition at a second concert during the same series. There is the Symphony in A minor, which work of exquisite beauty is in itself sufficient to place its composer on a level with his three immortal predecessors in this class of writing. His Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, though since appropriated to theatrical performance, was originally written for and performed in the concert-room, which is perhaps its fitter sphere, for its unusual length would, were it not for its more than unusual beauty, and probably also for its being so generally well known and appreciated, render it unsuitable to a theatre audience. His Overture, *The Isles of Fingal*, was written on the occasion of his visit to the Hebrides in 1830, and expresses the emotions excited in him by the extraordinary, wild, picturesque, and terrific scenery of this remarkable cluster of islands: they could not fail to create a strong impression upon the most obtuse mind; in Mendelssohn they seem to have stimulated the very highest powers of his imagination, and the result is a work teeming with excessive beauty, and perhaps the most romantic in its character and effect of anything the world possesses; in it the true spirit of poetry speaks with the tongue of music the admiration of an inspired mind, in contemplating the wonders of a scene that presents, as it were, the supernatural of na-

ture. The next in order of his Concert Overtures is *Die schöne Melusine*, founded on one of the legends of Germany, which tells of the loves of a knight and a water-nymph, and which has suggested to the poet-musician such a series of lovely phrases and picturesque ideas as exalt the simple fairy-tale into a work of the most glowing imagination. The last in order of these beautiful conceptions is the Overture *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, illustrative of one of the very short poems of Goethe, which, possessing certainly less musical beauty than either of the others, is not less remarkable than the best of them for its truth and power of description. To this list may perhaps be added the Overture to Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* in C major, which was written at the command of the King of Prussia for a performance of the play in Berlin, so that it cannot be strictly classed as a work for the concert-room; and being unpublished, and having never been played since the occasion for which it was written, it is impossible to give an account of it. There is also an Overture for a military band, but little known.

His compositions for solo instruments with orchestral accompaniment, as they are all written with an idea no less of musical excellence than of executive display, must be classed, like those of Mozart and Beethoven, in that very high branch of writing to which the importance given them by their length and construction, supported by their great beauty, ranks them. These are—for the pianoforte, the Concerto in G minor, and the Concerto in D minor, between which absolute inspirations it is impossible to choose for excellence; the Andante and Rondo in B minor, and another work of the same form in E flat, which are both, especially the former, highly effective for the player and interesting to the musician and, for the violin, the Concerto in E minor, which is not only one of the best compositions of its author, but one of the first solo pieces for the instrument extant. This was written for Ferdinand David, the Concert-meister of Leipzig, a particular friend of Mendelssohn, and an eminent violinist and it was introduced in London at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, where it was played by Sivori with prodigious success. The originality of plan in the

Concertos has already been remarked upon, to which observations it is necessary in this place to add, that these works abound with the most novel and beautiful efforts of instrumentation; the Concerto for the violin in particular being no less remarkable for the felicity and newness of its orchestral combinations, than for the exquisite ideas of which they are so successfully the coloring. There is one other work for the concert-room of equal if not superior importance to any of the rest, *The First Walpurgis Night*, a most powerful and dramatic and truly beautiful setting of the Ballade of Goethe, so named; to do justice to the beauties of which would occupy more space than the present article. It would be, however, impossible to give any idea of its character to those unacquainted with it, except by presenting at least a brief sketch of the subject, and the manner in which this is conducted.

The celebrated *Walpurgisnacht*, as is well known, is the occasion of the annual great festival of all the supernatural beings that constitute the fanciful machinery of German legends, when it is said the great meeting of the whole takes place in the Brocken, the chief of the Hartz Mountains. Goethe has treated the subject in one of the most extraordinary of the many fantastic scenes of his dramatic poem of *Faust*; the ballad which forms the text of Mendelssohn's masterly composition, which is also to a certain extent in a dramatic form, portrays the origin of all the wild legends on the subject. It describes the Druids assembling the people for the annual consecration of the sacred oak on the first of May, and the celebration of the return of Spring; the terror of the people, who apprehend the interference of the Christian soldiery, whose furious zeal stimulates them with the most tyrannic violence to prevent the heathenish, but simple and peaceful ceremony; the retirement of the assembly into the recesses of the mountains to escape observation; the pursuit and search for them by the soldiery; the stratagem of the steadfast and persevering multitude to frighten away their oppressors, which consists of raising such wild and extravagant noises and appearances as to give the Christians the belief that the whole world of spirits is broken loose upon them, so that they accordingly

retreat, and leave the Druids and their flock to pursue their pastoral devotion. Here was ample scope for the play of an imagination like Mendelssohn's, and in an equally extraordinary manner has he given wing to his ideas, to fly the full extent of the field thus opened for their exercise. The overture (in A minor) is a masterly composition, designed to represent the troublous close of a stormy winter, from which, in the music as in nature, the opening of spring bursts upon us with extraordinary beauty. The other most striking portions of the work are, the contralto solo of one of the people who is trembling with fear of the tyrants; the chorus of Christians who are pursuing their midnight search in the mountains; the most wonderful and wholly indescribable chorus of the people that represents the origin of all the stories of witches on broomsticks, kobalds, goblins, Zamiels, bottle imps, and the rest of the pleasing and almost endless variety of unearthly personages who give the chief interest and the whole character to the popular tales of Allemanian fiction; lastly, the solemn, earnest, but joyous bass solo and chorus of the chief Druid and the multitude, who thus, when no longer molested, pour out their heart's devotion.

Of the dramatic music of Mendelssohn, the work first in importance and in excellence is the music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which consists of entr'actes, choruses, and melo-dramatic music. This work was composed at the command of the King of Prussia, to whose instigation we owe many of its author's happiest efforts. The universally acknowledged beauty of the overture to Shakspeare's magical comedy suggested to the Mæcenas monarch the idea so happy for the world, that he who had produced a musical commentary upon this wonderful dramatic poem, so exquisite as to be an embellishment even to the work of Shakspeare, should make similar illustrations to the whole play. The beauty of this work must be known to be understood, but there is one thing remarkable about it which may well be described, and which must cause it to be regarded as a curiosity in the history of the art. This is, that though composed at an interval of many years after the overture, at a period when

busy experience had ripened the author's precocious powers into maturity, it is written, not only with all the same youthful pithiness and vigor, but in the very spirit and feeling of the overture, so much so as to make it appear to any one unacquainted with the different dates of the composition, that what may now be regarded as the two portions of the one work, were written continuously at the same period. The dramatic music is also interesting as forming a sort of key or index to the overture, as by repeating the several subjects of this at those situations of the drama that each is meant to depict, it verifies the generally unanimous supposition as to what were Mendelssohn's intentions in the description. The music for the *Antigone* of Sophocles is another work, for the suggestion and instigation of which, the world is indebted to the good taste and liberality of the King of Prussia. The idea was to revive in Germany, with all their peculiarities of stage arrangement, and with all the perfection that the various resources of the country could afford, the master-pieces of the ancient Greek drama. Mendelssohn's music may truly be said to emulate the excellence, which, in these days of the refinement of the art, we may almost consider fabulous, that old writers attribute to the ancient Greek music, if not to restore its wholly forgotten style. It adds in the highest degree to the effect and the interest of the drama, and is in itself eminently beautiful. The Hymn to Bacchus is a composition of the most powerful and exciting character. The choral recitatives, a thing that had not before been to the same extent attempted, have a most imposing effect, and the instrumental accompaniment to some of the most impassioned portions of the dialogue of the principal characters gives them a force that the most powerful declamation alone, even of these most powerful passages, could never produce. The success of this work led to the production, under similar circumstances, of the *Edipus* of Æschylus, and the *Athalie* of Racine, for both of which Mendelssohn wrote music; but as these are still in MS., and have never been played but at the palace of Potsdam, and at private performances before the Queen of England, to whom the Prussian sovereign had presented a copy of the scores, it is possible only to quote

the court gossip of their excellence. There is an opera entitled *Camacho's Hochzeit*, which was written when the composer was but twelve years old, performed one night with success, and withdrawn at Mendelssohn's own wish, who was so nervous respecting it, that he rushed out of the theatre during its representation, unable to witness it to the end. Of this the overture only is known, which is very spirited and effective, and, for the work of a mere child, a truly wonderful production. There is an opera in one act that was written for, and performed by, a party of friends on the occasion of his mother's birthday, which contains several charming pieces; but this also is unprinted, and therefore a secret to the world. Lastly, there is a considerable portion of an opera upon which he was engaged at the period of his death, his devotion to which at the time when his physicians had ordered him repose and relaxation, it is feared hastened his end. Respecting this unfinished work, the liveliest and most interesting curiosity is entertained, as it would have been in this accepted field of dramatic music only that Mendelssohn could truly have been said to enter the lists as a dramatic composer.

Mendelssohn's great work for the organ, his set of six sonatas, is one that in itself is sufficient to establish a composer's reputation. For this instrument he has also published a set of fugues of great excellence, and some few single pieces.

Of concerted chamber music, he has left us an extensive treasure, consisting of his ottet in E flat, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, his quintet in A, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, and another quintet, which is still in MS., and has never been heard in public; his five quartets, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; his three quartets, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, one of which, in B minor, although such an early production, is a great favorite with all eminent players of classical pianoforte music; his trio in D minor, for pianoforte violin, and violoncello, and his trio in C minor, for the same instruments; his duet in B flat, and that in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; his sonata in F minor, for pianoforte and violin, an early and somewhat inferior work; and one or two small

er pieces for various instruments. For pianoforte solo, the dilettanti of this instrument have to thank him, not only for the origination of a new style and a new form of music, but likewise for almost innumerable specimens of his genius, that make him to the pianist alone an oracle of excellence. There are his six books of songs without words, on which it would be vain to offer a word of comment, so well known and so duly appreciated are their beauties; his fantasia in F sharp minor, a work with all the regularity of construction to constitute it a sonata, and with all the refinement of beauty to make it anything that the caprice of the composer might induce him to name it. There are his three capriccios, dedicated to his friend, Mr. Klingemann, that might be named, from their form and importance, overtures for the pianoforte; his six preludes and fugues, most admirable specimens of the free style of contrapuntal writing; his seven characteristic pieces; his sonata in E; and more shorter pieces, of various form and character, than there is here space to enumerate. Of vocal music, there are almost endless books of six songs; there are many single songs; there are the six two-part songs, and some other duets, all with pianoforte accompaniment. Of all these, it is impossible to choose the loveliest, impossible to light upon one that is devoid of interest.

There is one thing worthy of remark about several of the sets of songs, which is, that they contain many that are the composition of Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny, whose initial being the same as her brother's, there was less of imposition than of equivocation, and very little of either, in the appearance of her songs and his, without distinction, in the same publication, as productions of F. Mendelssohn Bartoldy. No higher praise can be given to this lady and her musical capacity, than the relation of the fact that the world is ignorant of, and unable to suppose, which are the songs of the brother, and which of the sister.

There are a great many four-part songs, mostly for male voices alone, but some for male and female voices, and there are many other concerted vocal pieces, all without accompaniment, that are all in their particular style equally meritorious.

Before closing this extensive list, mention must be made of Mendelssohn's organ part to Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, a work of no less importance to the art, and perhaps of even greater truth to the composer's meaning, than the celebrated additional orchestral accompaniments to *The Messiah* of Mozart; and of his pianoforte accompaniment to some of the Violin Solos of Bach, a work of greater contrapuntal ingenuity and greater musical curiosity than the other, inasmuch as Bach's elaborate solos are not only complete in themselves, but so full in their completeness that it would seem impossible to add a note to them, and Mendelssohn's no less intricate accompaniments not only make no inappropriate interference with the original, but greatly increase its beauty and effect; whereas the score of Handel is avowedly left imperfect, it having been the custom in his time for the organist to extemporize his accompaniment, which might have been very well when Handel was the improvisator, but in our degenerate days it is infinitely better to have the written ideas of Mozart and Mendelssohn than the extemporaneous performances of the best organists in the profession.

Thus we see that Mendelssohn wrote in every class of musical composition, and with equal success in each; and by the peculiar coloring of his mind, no less than by the novelties of form and detail he employed, he imparted an original novelty to all.

Having spoken at such length of the merits of Mendelssohn, it will be but justice to him and to others, and to the reader, to adduce what have been pronounced to be his faults. A very few words will dismiss them, and so the heaviest portion of the critic's labor will become the lightest of the reader's. It is true that his melodies are often more fragmentary than continuous—that his compositions abound more in detached, though beautiful, phrases, than in streaming, unbroken and unquestionable tune; and it is no less true, that he is generally less successful in the composition of slow movements than in those of a more exciting and bustling character; but there are so many brilliant exceptions to these remarks as to make it a matter of question with his enthusiastic admirers whether the peculiarities referred to were not points of

design with him rather than of inability to avoid them.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place, nor uninteresting, to state what few personal matters of Mendelssohn have come within the writer's knowledge. He was grandson of the famous Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, a distinguished Hebrew commentator and the author of a much esteemed German version of the Book of Psalms. Thus his father may be said to have been a bridge between two celebrities, with no reputation of his own, but that of leading from the one to the other, which he was wont to illustrate by saying jocosely, that in his youth he was everywhere distinguished in society as "the son of the great Mendelssohn"—in advanced life he was no less distinguished as "the father of the great Mendelssohn;" but in no part of his own life did he himself enjoy any distinction whatever. The great composer of Elijah spent a large portion of his early life in Hamburg, where his nearest neighbors were Madame Du-leken, the eminent pianist, and her brother Ferdinand David, the violinist, who were his constant playmates. Mention has already been made of the precocity of his musical abilities, of which they both relate many examples. Moscheles, the distinguished pianist and composer, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, though some years his elder, tells how the father of the then almost infant genius was incredulous of the confident predictions he made of his son's brilliant career, and that this incredulity was warranted by the modesty of the boy himself, although the wide circle of his musical acquaintance was unanimous in his admiration.

At this time, and for many years, he pursued the art only as an amateur, the wealth of his father, an opulent banker, rendering him independent of professional pursuits. It was not till the time of the great commercial panic of about twenty years ago, in which nearly all the great business establishments of Europe were shaken, that, he being then in England, his father advised him, in consequence of the condition of his own affairs, to turn to profitable account those powers which were already the source of pleasure to all musical society. It was then, for the first

time, that he applied for pecuniary emolument to the London publishers for his works, and then, great as had been his success, and rapidly growing as was his reputation, even he was subject to some of the disappointments, from which it appears no circumstances can exempt an author. The honors that afterwards attended him in public and private, and the homage that was paid to him by the great of all classes, whether of talent or of rank, and even the profound respect he latterly experienced from his publishers, must have amply made up to him for his early crosses. With all his honors, he always retained his boyhood's modesty: no one had ever a more enthusiastic reverence for the great men in his own art that had preceded him; no one a more courteous deference to the talents of his cotemporaries; no one a more encouraging kindness to those aspiring young musicians who sought the sunshine of his approval; and no one a more manly diffidence of his own abilities. With his marvellous executive powers he would not perform any piece that he had not carefully studied, saying, that whatever it was worth while to play, it was worth while to understand, and understanding came by reflection, not by inspiration. He was a man of the most careful habits in every particular, in his composition, in his hand-writing, in his correspondence, in his manners, and in his personal appearance; but with all this there was an ease and fluency in everything that he did and said that could only result from a highly cultivated intelligence, and the confidence this must always inspire of equality to any society and any circumstances in which its possessor can be placed. Besides speaking three or four of the living languages fluently as his own, he was an accomplished classical scholar, and on many subjects besides music evinced very unusual abilities.

To conclude, whether we regard him as a musician or as a man, as a poet or as a friend, as an artist or as a companion, the world has known no one more worthy to laud while living, more to be regretted now that he is dead, or more to be honored as only a great genius can be honored, by the pure study and true appreciation of his works, than FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

EDWARD VERNON.*

It is curious to observe how much circumstances influence the judgment. The same individual, in a fashionably-cut suit, shall appear more amiable than in a garment of shabbiness. Ladies in Broadway bow or look distant simply according to the presence or absence of this not very sure evidence of gentility. So in regard to a thousand matters—indeed, with all matters of taste, we find that we are very apt to be swayed and biased by what is altogether extraneous and irrelevant.

This little story presents a case in point. When the author first began to write letters to the *Courier* and *Enquirer* newspaper, we remember thinking that he used an uncommonly vigorous and weighty style. The contrast of his letters with the commercial articles, leading editorials, and excessively stupid and ill-written musical and theatrical criticism, (stuff that we always wondered the readers of that journal tolerated so long as they did—marry, it was ill-tempered as well as stupid; the writer of it never *could* keep his temper,) was so striking, we recollect often surmising that the author must be paid a larger sum per line than was received by any regular member of the corps of hacks and reporters. We pictured to ourself some individual high in wealth and station, rolling in gold and luxuries, and dealing in observations of foreign countries as the Rothschilds deal in funds; not in small dabs, but in oceans' worth at a time. His periods rolled off with an apparent solemnity and sonorousness that gave importance to their matter, and gravity and dignity to their tone. Could we have made acquaintance with the *proof-reader* of the establishment at that time, we felt sure we should find the correspondence of "A States' Man" written in a large, round hand, unlike that of many other editors in this "unsuttn world," which is never very plain, and sometimes

totally illegible. At a later period, also, we have marked these letters, and those of one or two other of the *Courier's* correspondents, as bright oases in its great ten-column Sahara of puff and politics, and wondered how they came to find a place amidst such general aridity; how the scorching and sterile influences which prevail in that region permitted their existence.

But now that the author has dropped his incognito, and presented the American public with a story—now that he appears without the advantage of his original setting, no longer in dreary, yard-long columns, but by himself in fair pages—we are a little chagrined at the suppleness of our judgment, and from this feeling, very probably, are now in danger of under-estimating what formerly appeared under too much advantage. Now, his style, which erst seemed so full of majestic dignity, appears ponderous and inflated, even to tumidity; and the thought, which used to march with so much original, reflective strength, now moves quietly along in the beaten path of common sense. The writing of "A States' Man," in fine, has, with us, lost whatever it did possess of a poetic effect; it is rather heavy reading.

And yet there is much in it that is worthy of the highest praise. It is the language of a man of elevated feelings and purposes; and that is more than enough to make tolerable its verbosity and occasional prosiness. Besides, the thought, if not remarkably wide-ranging and beautiful, is at least clear and sensible. The author writes like a gentleman and man of experience. He is one with whom, if we do not expect much, we yet feel safe. Though his style is faulty, even to the verge of caricature, it has the great merit of showing that care has been bestowed upon it, and it is too well sustained to be other

* Edward Vernon: *My Cousin's Story*. By E. V. Child, Author of Articles in the "London Times" and "New York Courier," signed "A States' Man."

than natural. On the whole, this kind of writing is much more grateful to our old-fashioned taste, than any of the common affected chaff that is daily thrown into the public manger.

Notwithstanding its many manifest defects, therefore, one may run through this little tale with considerable satisfaction. It is not very artistically put together; the incidents are too wide apart. But it is in a good school and is wrought with ability.

The principal events occur in Boston, the West Indies, and Europe. In one of the chapters depicting fashionable life in Paris there are many just observations, upon some of which it will be a service to the class for whom they were intended to confer the honor of quotation. The author is evidently writing from actual survey, and his pictures of the extravagancies of some American residents in what used to be styled the "gay capital" are not, it is probable, much overwrought:—

"The family to whose kindness I was so much indebted on my first arrival in Paris being of the *Faubourg Saint Germain* aristocracy, as is called that portion of society which, notwithstanding it still clings to the fallen fortunes of the elder branch of the Bourbons, is allowed to take rank of every other, I experienced no difficulty, under its powerful auspices, in gaining access to all inferior circles of fashion; and as in these there is always a most abundant sprinkling of foreign residents, English and American above all, my curious attention was constantly engaged in ascertaining what effect transplantation and intercourse with strangers had produced upon them, and especially upon my own countrymen.

"The English, for the most part, seemed to be neither of the highest nor lowest of those who lay claim to respectability and fashion in their own land, but rather men of shattered means, whose desires had outstripped their resources, or presumptions upstarts, who, after vainly struggling to reach a more elevated place than belonged to them at home, had left their country in the hope of forcing themselves up in the world by dint of self-assurance or lavish expenditure, skillfully brought to bear upon the indifference and ignorance of strangers; and later experience has taught me that many individuals of both these classes not only succeed in gaining the position they desire, but that they contrive to fasten themselves there with leech-like tenacity, sometimes by one means and sometimes by another, but never unaided by sumptuous entertainments, where an unsparing profusion of costly wines drowns even the

whisper of censure. Long occupancy, as with intruders upon real estate, gives them at length a sort of title, and even should some witness of their former lowly condition come wandering by, enviously intent upon exposing their ill-founded pretensions, his story is conveniently disbelieved, or is washed out of an unwilling remembrance at the next day's feast.

"Never having been in the company of a nobleman in their own country, except, perhaps, on a race-course or at a county meeting, whenever they address any of their acquaintance to whose name is attached the slightest indication of rank, the title is sure to be well mouthed out by them, particularly if an associate of their less prosperous days be standing by to bear testimony to the exalted state at which they have arrived. And yet their sycophancy is very fitly rewarded by bare toleration, there being no sympathy between them and those among whom they are permitted to dwell. Their coldness of demeanor passes for insensibility, and their bluntness of speech for rudeness, while they themselves are regarded as aliens, and would be treated accordingly, were it not that, among the great *Few*, as among the insignificant *Many*, gilded, if not golden opinions are always to be had for a valuable consideration. Floating upon the surface of a society to which they do not rightfully belong, they make unceasing efforts to keep up with the current of it, catering to the tastes, and pampering the appetites of thousands who are ignorant sometimes even of their persons, and indifferent to their merits.

"Now all this, attracting my notice in individuals of another nation than my own, though it excited a passing feeling of pity and contempt, did not fail in a certain degree to amuse me; but when I perceived that undisguised rank-worship had its besotted votaries among Americans to quite as great an extent as among Englishmen, a sense of shame completely mastered every other emotion." * * *

"But Mr. Livermore was by no means the only American that laid his daily sacrifice of time, and gold, and self-respect before the gilded calf of high French fashion. Following successfully his example, closely upon his heels, and in advance of all others, there was a Mrs. Chase, with her husband, originally very decent people of obscure origin, whose acquaintance I had made some years before on board my own vessel going to the West Indies.

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"Before meeting him, however, in the French capital, but not before the fame of the extravagant dinners which prefaced his great first ball had reached my ears, I chanced one evening to encounter Mrs. Chase in the *foyer* of the opera house on the way to her box. She so evidently recognized me that I should have impulsively addressed her as an old acquaintance, had I not fortunately discovered, in good time, that a

merchant sea-captain was not a personage of sufficient consideration in her esteem to be deserving of notice. I passed out, therefore, with a smile to myself, in quest of other companions less exclusive in their humors than my fair country-woman, and was, an hour or two later, standing not far from the entrance of a saloon on the aristocratic side of the Seine, when who should present herself but the very lady that had just shown such a convenient loss of memory respecting my identity.

"She had certainly gained some tact since her residence abroad, or, at least, had not left uncultivated that which Nature gave her, for, without betraying the slightest embarrassment at our second meeting, she greeted me most cordially, exclaiming, 'Why, Captain Vernon! is it you? I am so delighted to see you!'

"Call me *Mister* Vernon, if you please, madam," said I, in a playful under-tone, not unwilling to renew our former intimacy of ship-board birth, although quite aware that I owed the lady's new-born favor to the quality of the company in which she found me. 'Call me plain Mister, or I shall lose myself among so many titled gentry. But, seriously speaking,' I continued, 'as I have no right to dub myself captain, I cannot consent to render the name of American more ridiculous than it is already made by the show of borrowed or stolen plumes.'

"How absurd you are," she replied, 'not to avail yourself of that which belongs to you quite as much as do their titles to half of the people one meets on leaving our faubourg! Why, do you know that not a few of this would-be nobility have no more right to the rank they assume, than I have to the little aristocratic *de* I put before my name, to distinguish me from the common herd of Americans which abound in Paris? Do you know that there are men and women moving with impunity in good society, who have attained to a marquise of their own creation, or even something better, by dint of sheer effrontery?'

"I was not aware of these facts," I answered. 'But the herd of Americans, as you call it, is it then so great? and those composing it, are they also aspiring?'

"I should call their name legion, were it not that the English of the same stamp far outnumber them," was her reply. 'They come and go like locusts, and sometimes leave as disagreeable traces behind them; and as to their aspirations, it is really amusing to see how fond Republicans are of anybody higher in rank than a commoner. If by chance, as is the case with several I know, they can claim the slightest relationship to any French family of note, one is wearied with their eternal self-glorification. Then there is no end to their indignation if they are not entertained at the Tuilleries, dined at their embassy, and caressed by American residents, whether known to

them or not. Their ignorance, too, of the forms of society, and their pretensions to polite accomplishments, are miraculously astounding. One, for example, leaves a card on his majesty, and another, equally erudite in the lore of courts, compliments the queen on the good looks of her husband. No offence, of course, is intended, nor is any taken, that I am aware of; but what folly it is, through stolid indifference or wilful ignorance, to violate conventional rules to which we have voluntarily subjected ourselves. I, however, am fortunate in knowing only a few of the savages, or my house would be overrun by them.'

"Are they, then, so fond of society?" I inquired.

"Actually ravenous for it," she answered; 'and they fearlessly thrust themselves into any they can enter, although their knowledge of the French language hardly suffices to provide them with the common necessities of life. But to my set, thank Heaven, they can never gain admittance; for, even with my three hundred thousand francs a year, the difficulties I met with in getting into it were inconceivable, and it was only through a fortunate acquaintance which I made at a watering-place that I succeeded at last. To the Tuilleries, however, I am told, they rush in crowds, though of this I know nothing, as I never visit those headquarters of vulgarity.'

"Perhaps they go there merely as strangers to a raree-show," I remarked.

"I could easily believe it," she replied, 'if a first, or even a second exhibition contented them; but the truth is, they never let slip an opportunity of basking in the smiles of royalty and rubbing against nobility. Then the dresses they assume on such occasions, notwithstanding a very modest costume has been prescribed to them by custom, are sometimes fantastically absurd, and often the cause of ludicrous, if not painful consequences. It was only last year that a reverend father of holy Church, who had bedecked his time-worn person in the uniform of a general officer, was completely dumbfounded on being asked at the palace what rank he held at the termination of the last war with Great Britain. He was followed on one side by a respectable physician, enacting the character of a colonel of dragoons, and on the other by an eminent lawyer, personating a major of infantry, neither of whom, even if addressed in his vernacular, could have uttered a single sentence understandingly in reply to the simplest question on military tactics.'

"But the man that most excited my informant's admiration, and whom he recognized as a celebrated hair-dresser of New York, surpassed everybody else in producing a scenic effect. Through pure ignorance and love of finery, he had tricked out his really handsome person in a magnificently-embroidered green suit, so much resembling the livery of a *chas-*

seur, as is called an ambassador's footman, that it was the subject of universal wonder how he could ever have been permitted to enter where he was. By calling himself, however, the captain of a state rifle corps, he was allowed to pass the doors; and, as far as mere personal appearance went, he was certainly the most presentable among all the Americans.'

"Granting, madam," said I, 'that there is no exaggeration in what you have repeated to me on the authority of your friend, still it all seems very harmless, provided that neither in this nor in any way do our countrymen amuse themselves at the expense of others.'

"But, unfortunately, they do," she quickly rejoined; 'for, not content with making fools of themselves, the envy and censoriousness which they indulged in at home, instead of being thrown aside, have become a matter of notoriety in a foreign country, where a cultivated taste teaches better things.'

"I will not attempt to conceal from you that my husband was formerly a tradesman, for you know all about it; but where was the use of proclaiming to all my French acquaintances that he was once a cabinet-maker? It certainly mortified me, and I should have trembled for the consequences, had I not felt assured that few would believe the story, and that all preferred good dinners to inquiring into the truth of it.'

"Yours," said I, thinking of her recent temporary blindness in the opera passage, 'was, perhaps, a peculiar case. Maybe you had hurt the feelings or wounded the vanity of your defamers.'

"Not at all," was her answer; 'I could give you many instances of the like, and, among others, that of a young gentleman whom you will, I trust, meet at my house. Though the owner of a large fortune, which he spends liberally, he is of the most unpretending nature, and the refined simplicity of his manner, I have heard good judges say, would be pronounced positive elegance in a person of gentle blood. And yet, because he once worked at a handicraft, he is slightly spoken of by many of his countrymen, who never neglect an opportunity of referring to his humble birth.'

"Their delight seems to be in backbiting each other, in searching out and retailing private histories, and that, too often, with little regard to truth. Within a month, I have twice heard, on American authority, much to the surprise of Mr. Chase and myself, that we were under the necessity of returning home to escape the consequences of our extravagance; and an intimate friend of ours, whose large property is daily increasing in value, has been several times reduced to poverty by slanderous stories of kindred tongues, without being poorer by a single sixpence.'

"Now all this, you will admit, is vulgar as well as vexatious, and calculated to lower us

in the esteem of foreigners, who naturally receive their impressions respecting us from portraits drawn by ourselves; and yet, only suggest to an American the idea that his is not the greatest nation on the face of the earth, or that the Americans are not the most accomplished people under the sun, and he instantly fires up to the explosive point, and is ready to burst, as it were, with a sickly and monstrous vanity, which casts even that of a Frenchman into the shade. And this he calls patriotism!

"But I am keeping you too long from our amiable hostess, whom I see approaching. So adieu for the present, but call on me to-morrow, and remember that every Sunday evening I am at home." So saying, the elegant *Madame de Chase* moved off, exchanging compliments right hand and left with every other person she met.

"All, or very nearly all, the strictures I had been listening to, proved, on inquiry, to be richly merited by not a few of those against whom they were directed; and it might have been added, that *the wanton impertinence and recklessness with which letters of introduction are sent to Europe, at the expense of those there who have, more hospitably than wisely, entertained the writers of them, ought to be held up to universal reprobation.*"

The italics in the last paragraph are the author's. We have no doubt of the truth of what they emphasize. Yet the evil is one which is beginning to remedy itself. Our diplomatic and other well known gentlemen who have resided abroad, are becoming more scrupulous in giving letters of introduction to those who may possibly disgrace them; while at the same time such letters are not looked upon as they used to be by the recipients. Formerly our public agents were besieged by the family of every student going to Paris; and in not a few instances probably letters have been given which, if attended to, would place individuals on a footing abroad to which they could have no claim at home, simply to buy influence. But if we are not misinformed, a better understanding now subsists on both sides of the water, and there is a greater reciprocity of good faith.

One other extract we must be excused for quoting, at the same time taking the opportunity to thank the author for the account it gives of what must have been an actual interview with one of whom the least particulars are to us, and we hope, to our readers, never uninteresting:—

"After the crier had made his usual proclamation, the judge entered with his suite, and in it, unremarked for aught I saw, came, slowly halting, Sir Walter Scott!! He appeared to be very lame, but, as I afterward discovered, he walked without pain, and had, he told me, travelled with ease twenty and thirty miles a day on foot. The stick on which he leaned seemed to be a stout Malacca joint, with a crutch head, and the dress he wore was a black silk gown over a suit of the same color. He seated himself at a table, and, after looking unconcernedly around, went quietly to work signing papers, which a subordinate attendant handed to him in quick succession. I gazed at him, as may be well supposed, with feelings of no ordinary nature, and could hardly realize that the hand I now saw engaged in the drudgery of a quarter session was the same that had created the dashing but affectionate Diana Vernon, the gentle Alice Bridgnorth, old Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, and Meg Merriellies, with an endless host of warm and animate beings, who live in our fancy, almost our belief, as life-like and far more vividly than the real characters of history itself.

"The court adjourned early, and I, curious to know what attention its clerk attracted in the street, as well as to ascertain the place of his residence, followed him at a respectful distance. Few, however, of those he met, took any notice of him, although he had to walk a considerable way. The indifference of its neighbors to the Falls of Niagara came across my mind. An hour or two later, when I thought he would be at leisure, for I knew that the morning was his busy time, I rang at the door where I had seen him enter, and, on being told by the servant that his master was at home, desired him to carry in my card and Mr. Kinnaird's letter. While waiting in the ante-chamber, my eyes chanced to fall on a well-worn hat of no ordinary dimensions, with the name of Scott rudely scrawled upon the lining, and I remember regarding it much more curiously than I have since the famous *chapeau* of Napoleon, which his faithful valet Marchand exhibited to me among other relics of his idolized master. I was ushered into the study of the greatest man alive. He had just finished sealing a large packet—the manuscript, perhaps, I thought, of one of those immortal works which the reading world was at that time always anxiously expecting. He rose as I entered, advanced, and, cordially taking my hand, said, 'I am very much obliged to my friend Kinnaird for the pleasure his note has procured me.'

"'It is also to a mutual friend of his and mine that I owe the honor I enjoy,' was my answer; 'for I assure you, sir, I should never myself have ventured to ask it, knowing, as I do, what value the world sets upon your time.'

"'Oh, never mind all the stories which the

world would have you believe,' he gaily replied, 'for after twelve o'clock it is a holiday with me. You have arrived, I am glad to say, at a happy moment, as the pleasant weather has at length set in, though I have no right to complain of our variable climate, since it has not kept me within doors a single day for a long time.'

"'Your health, then, is good?' I asked.

"'Yes, very good, and I am quite hearty now: but I came within an ace of bidding the world good-night a while ago.'

"'The world ought to be very grateful to you for deferring your bidding,' said I, smiling.

"'Oh, the world and I are not quits yet,' he laughingly replied. Then, catching at the word *pioneers*, which I happened to use in answer to an observation of his respecting the influence of forest clearing on climate, he continued, 'That reminds me of a work which pleased me, by a countryman of yours, Mr. Cooper, who has thrown a great deal of light on American subjects.'

"'Having heard that a slight misunderstanding had occurred between the gentleman spoken of and Sir Walter, I merely observed that we were all proud of our distinguished novelist, but that it had never been my good fortune to meet him.

"'I will tell you, then,' said my knightly interlocutor, 'that besides his merits as an author, he is a very good-natured man, and that I have heard of many kind things of his doing. His advantages when a youth, it is true, were not as great as they might have been, but he always had the genuine germ within him. He told me, for example, that, when a boy, he left his home without leave, and went to sea with only a few dollars in his pocket, which he expended, on reaching London, at the Tower and other places worth seeing, instead of buying a new jacket and breeches, which his companions glibly said he stood in need of. In that, the boy showed what the man would be. He preferred filling his head to covering his back.'

"'It has sometimes seemed to me,' I remarked, 'that his fame would have been greater if he had deferred writing some ten years longer.'

"'That is a hard penance to undergo,' replied Sir Walter, laughing; 'for when a man has ten fingers,' at the same time illustrating his words by extending his own well-formed, but by no means Byronic digits, 'and feels it in him, it is no easy matter to keep it from coming out.' Then, looking for a moment as if he thought he had pictured his own case rather too pointedly, he instantly added, 'There is another American whom I like very much—Washington Irving. I knew him before he began to write, and always admired him as a man, as I now do since he has become an author.'

"The above remarks, made by Sir Walter Scott respecting Mr. Cooper, and they were

unsolicited on my part, I have extracted from my journal, to show how entirely mistaken was Mr. Lockhart in what he once said about the relations subsisting between these two distinguished persons, and how far from the truth he was when he intimated that the great Scotch novelist had any narrow prejudices against Americans or American authors. But even if some slight dislike had been entertained by a man who knew the value of time as well as he, against a set of idle, sight-seeing Yankees, habitually striving, as I have sometimes heard it acknowledged by themselves, to gain access, without good warrant, to the presence of remarkable or eminent individuals, there is nothing in it that should excite our surprise.

"I rose to depart, fearful of remaining too long, as it was yet early in the day, and I thought his labors might not be terminated. He rose too, and again taking my hand, said, 'Come and dine with me to-morrow; and if, during your stay in Edinburgh, I can be of any service to you, it will make me most happy. In the neighborhood of it, I can give you the "open Sesame" everywhere.'

"His manner toward me, during my short visit to the Scotch capital, increased in kindness, if possible, every day; and he seemed never to weary of conversation, whether we were by ourselves, or in the company of others. But I have space for only a few of the many interesting observations he made, and the curious anecdotes he told, all of which I jotted down at the time.

"Speaking one day of his powers of performance, notwithstanding his lameness, which, by the by, appeared to give him no concern on the score of vanity, as a similar misfortune did another fellow-poet of immortal renown, he said he had often traversed the Highlands on a pony and afoot, at some risk and much trouble, long before coaches or any wheel vehicles were known there.

"The fear of death happening to be the subject of conversation, he remarked that men very easily made up their minds to meet the event when once convinced that they must die. 'I remember,' he continued, 'a client of mine, when I was at the bar, who had been condemned to death for burglary for the third or fourth time, and had broken every jail in the country. He sent for me at a time when I supposed I had done with him, to give me, in return for my services, which he declared his anxiety to repay, two pieces of advice, which were, never to trust for protection in a country house to a large dog out of doors, as he could always be got rid of by poison; but to a little one within doors, whose barking at the lightest noise could not be stopped; and always to have a heavy, strong lock, with a stiff spring, instead of a small, well-oiled, patent one, because no skeleton key could turn it. "I do not care a baubee," he added, "for these iron fetters and stone walls;

but do you see those sentinels? They are, one or another of them, always awake." It struck me,' concluded Sir Walter, with his usual shrewd twinkle of the eye, 'that there was no small tincture of vanity in the fellow's communication, although he was in such a sad extremity; and to death he appeared perfectly resigned.'

"The case of a person was mentioned that had acquired a fortune in much the same way as did a gentleman once in Boston, who, by the advice of a professed hoaxer, shipped a large quantity of warming-pans to the West Indies, and gained two or three hundred per cent. on them by their being turned into sugar-dippers, which happened to be scarce there at the moment. 'And I dare say,' remarked my host, whose keenness and vivacity seemed never to sleep, 'that he was as proud of his wealth, as if it had been made by his own desert.'

"He had taught, he told me with animated delight, Mademoiselle Sontag how to wear the tartan on the stage, and, criticising her voice, supplied, notwithstanding his son-in-law's assertion that he could never turn a tune, an expression which I had often felt the want of while listening to her in Paris. 'It lacked,' he said, 'the poetry of music.'

"I remember asking him which he would prefer as followers in any hazardous and uncertain enterprise; six men of tried moral firmness and constancy, or twelve of mere animal but undoubted courage.

"'Oh, the former, by all means,' was his reply; 'because they would not fail me, however unexpected the peril; while the latter, in some new and unthought-of danger, might be panic-struck.'

"A Neapolitan gentleman chancing to observe that his countrymen of the lower orders could not be induced to labor by any offer, however great, when once they had earned enough money to support them through the day, Sir Walter, as if charmed at the idea, burst into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, 'They are what I should call true practical philosophers.'

"When the time for my departure had arrived, resolved that my kind entertainer should know that it was something better than idle curiosity which had brought me to Edinburgh, I told him how grateful I felt to him for the happiness his writings had given me, both in sickness and health, while there was not a house within the American borders in which they were unknown. He had accompanied me to the street door, my hand in his. 'Such being your kind sentiments toward me, my young friend,' he replied, with almost a tinge of sadness in his tones, 'the best way for you to show your sincerity is to come back to us again, and remain a longer time in Auld Reekie.' And so I bade adieu—one never to be repeated, alas—to the man whose like the world will not soon look upon again."

MIDNIGHT.

Now all the dreams have issued from their caves—

Remorse, and haggard Care ; wan Stratagem,
Incubus, cold ; exulting Fancy raves

Like a 'scaped maniac ; delusions swim,
Gray, in the air, the bodiless brood of death.

Now bloodshot meteors out of darkness start,
Appalling the lone wretch, who checks his breath,
And stands and hearkens to his beating heart,
While the life oozes at his trembling lips.

And now by cottage hearth, whose purple blaze
Wanders and flares, the cunning kitten skips ;

Nor dares the trembling, dream-pressed rustic raise
His pillowed head, half addled by her fun,
Lest night to that dread hour of ghosts have run.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE accounts received relative to English affairs have not been important. Some fresh attempts at Chartist agitation have been made, but these were on a comparatively small scale, and not attended with any results of moment ; indeed this party seems at present to be powerless. In Liverpool apprehensions were felt that an outbreak of the large body of Irish residents there and of sympathizers was intended, in aid of the insurrection in Ireland, in consequence of which the military were reinforced in that town, and a large number of special constables sworn in to preserve the peace, but up to the latest advices their services had not been required. The proposed visit of the Queen to Ireland was given up on account of the state of that country.

The attempted junction of the moral and physical force Repealers has entirely failed. The proceedings of the latter at the time of the endeavor to establish a general "League" of Repealers, were of a character so directly tending to insurrection, that the leaders of the "Repeal Association" declined to join with them, and Mr. John O'Connell and others have publicly refused to concert with them, and have openly denounced their acts as impolitic and hopeless of success. After the

conviction and transportation of Mitchel there was a short period of tranquillity in the country, but this was of short duration. The organization of clubs by the physical force party was extended throughout the South and West ; incendiary speeches were made at various public meetings, and the Felon and other newspapers of the party evinced a reckless violence amounting to frenzy. Dublin, Cork, Waterford and other places were placed by special proclamation under the provisions of the act for preserving the peace, and proceedings were taken for disarming the disaffected. Mr. John Martin, the proprietor of the "Felon" newspaper, Mr. Duffy of the "Nation," together with O'Dogherty and Williams of the "Tribune," were arrested in Dublin and committed to Newgate, charged with felony, and all published copies of their papers were seized by the police. Notwithstanding their incarceration they continued to write, in prison, articles as inflammatory as those for which they were under prosecution, until prohibited by the authorities, who ascertained that their writings were sent out under pretence of being communications with their legal advisers. Since the late active measures for quelling the insurrectionary movements, which will be presently

referred to, the publication of these papers has been prevented by the government. The trial of these prisoners was appointed to take place on the 8th August, and at the last accounts the jurors had been summoned and arrangements made for that purpose. Similar threats have been made by the clubs to those which preceded the trial and conviction of Mitchel, that if convicted the sentence should be forcibly prevented from being carried into execution, but the government are determined to persevere in the prosecutions. Mr. T. F. Meagher and several other persons have been arrested and held to bail for sedition, but even if they surrender, they cannot be tried for a considerable period.

In consequence of the extended arming and organization of clubs for the openly avowed purpose of insurrection, publicly announced by the leaders to take place so soon as the harvest should be gathered in, and which was to be seized upon to supply the insurgent commissariat, the government considered it necessary to apply to Parliament for additional powers to enable them, by arresting the leaders, to crush the spirit of rebellion which was being fermented through a great portion of the country. On the 22d July Lord John Russell, upon notice, moved in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill empowering the Lord Lieutenant to apprehend and detain, until the 1st of March next, such persons as he shall suspect of conspiring against the Queen's person and government. After expressing his regret at the necessity of suspending the constitutional liberties of Ireland, he traced the history of the "Confederation," and showed from the avowed manifestos published in the "Felon" and "Nation" newspapers, that the fixed intention of the confederates was to subvert entirely the Imperial government—to annihilate all rights of property—to hold up the hope of plunder to those who would join in the rebellion, and the threat of depriving all those of their property who remained faithful to their allegiance. One of these manifestos entitled "The value of the Irish Harvest," set forth that there was growing in Ireland produce of the value of eighty millions sterling, and declared that it would be for the new Irish Council of Three Hundred to decide how this should be apportioned; thus showing that by one sweeping confiscation the masters of this Red Republic were prepared to disregard all existing social rules, and reduce everything to anarchy. He stated that notwithstanding all persons of property and the clergy of all denominations were earnestly laboring to prevent an outbreak, no moral influence could prevail to deter many thousands of the younger men from joining in the proposed insurrection. The motion, which received an almost unanimous support from all parties, was carried on a division of 271 to 8, and the bill passed through

all the stages on that evening. On the second reading Sir Lucius O'Brien, brother of Smith O'Brien, declared that although his relative might be the first person affected by the measure, he considered it necessary and could not withhold his support. On Monday the 24th July the measure passed the House of Lords, and on the following day received the royal assent.

Immediately after the receipt of a copy of the act in Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant issued numerous warrants for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the conspiracy, but most of them had made a precipitate retreat from that city, spreading themselves over various parts of the unaffected provinces. Rewards were advertised for the apprehension of Smith O'Brien, Meagher and others. It having been ascertained that the former had passed the night of the 28th July among the colliers, or "Black Boys" of Boulagh Common, near Ballingarry, in the county of Tipperary, an Inspector of Police named Trant, with thirty-seven men, proceeded there for the purpose of capturing him, where he was found with a large body of armed followers prepared to give battle. The police not being sufficiently numerous to withstand the threatened attack, retreated to and took possession of a small house on a cross road, where they were quickly surrounded, and O'Brien advanced and demanded a surrender of their arms, which was refused. Some parleying took place, after which the insurgents proceeded to pile straw and other combustible materials about the building for the purpose of compelling the police to surrender. A Catholic priest in the neighborhood, hearing of the affray, came up and used his utmost exertions to persuade the people to retire, but without success. After some time the police fired, killing and wounding several, the number being variously estimated at from five to a much greater amount. The firing was heard by another detachment of police, who hastened to the rescue of their comrades, on seeing whom, the mob made a quick retreat. O'Brien is said to have ridden off alone, and at the last accounts active measures were in progress for insuring his capture. This is the only outbreak of which information has been received.

The state of siege is still maintained in Paris, which under its *régime* continues tranquil, the unaffected being kept in check by the vigorous measures under Gen. Cavaignac's administration. Numerous arrests are however made as the disclosures relative to the outbreak of June progress, and the disarming of the portion of the National Guard whose loyalty is suspected, is being carried on with vigor. Assassinations are of frequent occurrence, and it is said the Communists look forward to the time when distress among the laboring classes will render them the ready tools for another insurrection. At present these doctrines have met with a de-

cided check in the National Assembly. M. Proudhon introduced a measure to confiscate a third part of all property. He openly advocated the measure as the beginning of a new state of things; property according to his views being inconsistent with the principles of the revolution, and the one being inevitably destined to destroy the other. For the purpose of giving a quietus to questions of this sort, the proposition was referred to a committee, who made a strong report against it, on the reception of which the Assembly passed a resolution of a most denunciatory character, and on the division M. Proudhon was left in a minority of two! only one other member affording him a support. The National Guard of Lyons is being disarmed.

A decree has been passed requiring security to be deposited by the publishers of journals. In the departments of the Seine for all published more than twice a week a deposit of 24,000 fr. is to be made in the Treasury; those twice a week 18,000, once a week 12,000; more than once a month 6,000. In other places the amount of deposit is regulated by the population. Major Constantine, one of the officers charged to investigate the facts relative to the insurrection of June, has been arrested, having been recognized by several of the insurgents as having repeatedly come to encourage them at the barricades, disguised in a blouse and a *casquet*: according to their statements he was to have been the minister of war had the insurrection been successful. Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and Caussidière are charged before the Assembly with being implicated in the various risings since the Revolution. Lamartine is said not to be suspected. The government has effected a loan of 150,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. from the Bank of France, at the price of 75 1-4 with other advantages which make the interest about 7 per cent.

The published table of receipts of taxes for the first six months of the present year shows a decrease of 61,818,000 fr.; compared with the year 1846 the decrease is 67,652,000 fr. The returns of the customs duties collected during the month of June last, shows 5,890,163 fr. They produced in the corresponding month of 1846, 12,612,579 fr.; and in 1847, 11,180,163. The receipts of the customs during the first half year of 1848 did not exceed 38,150,854 fr., whilst they had amounted in 1846 to 74,676,750; and in 1847 to 65,956,675. The number of French and foreign vessels which entered the harbors of France during the first six months of 1848, was 6,395, measuring 881,295 tons; or 3,905 vessels and 521,373 tons less than in 1847. The number of vessels of all countries which sailed from French harbors during the last six months was 5,684, measuring 675,363 tons, or 815 vessels and 94,884 tons less than in 1847. The committee on the Constitution

are proceeding rapidly to a conclusion of their labors; and it appears they will recommend the election of the President to be made by universal suffrage, and not by the Assembly. The Constitution will be presented by the committee to the National Assembly, and as that body proposes to adjourn for a month it will yet be some time before there is any regularly established government existing in France.

In Venice a grand popular demonstration was made in favor of Charles Albert, and on the 3d of July the Assembly met, when the junction of that territory with Upper Italy was proclaimed amid great enthusiasm: some Piedmontese troops have arrived in Venice. Seven engagements were fought between the Austrians and the troops of Charles Albert on the 24th and 25th July, with great loss on both sides: the result of which was that the latter were worsted and compelled to retire to the line occupied by their reserve on the Mincio. A further battle took place on the 26th, at which the Piedmontese were completely routed. It is said that Charles Albert has formally applied to the French Government for military assistance. Rome appears to be in a distracted state, the workmen who, in French fashion, were employed by the government, causing great uneasiness. The Pope has lost popularity from his opposition to the war with Austria: the war government under Miani as prime minister, is said to be dissolved, and the church party are intriguing to regain their lost power. The Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert, has been chosen King of Sicily, and the government of Naples are making large preparations for the invasion of that island.

The Archduke John, brother of the Emperor of Austria, has been installed head of the Germanic confederation, with the title of "Vicar of the Empire," which has caused great dissatisfaction in Prussia: the armed force of the empire is to consist of about 900,000 men. In 1820 the public debt of Prussia amounted to 205,000,000 dollars, since which time it has been reduced to 126,000,000, and the Minister of Finance stated that the domains of the State were far more than sufficient to cover this sum. Attempts to establish an armistice between Denmark and Prussia have failed, but negotiations for a settlement of the Schleswig Holstein question are still in progress. The constituent assembly of Austria assembled at Vienna is composed of a motley crew, many being mere peasants understanding no language but their own provincial Italian, German or Bohemian; many can neither read nor write, and three-quarters are said to be extremely ignorant and incompetent; the king has not yet returned to Vienna. A ministry has been formed, which has begun with sweeping alterations among all placeholders, and appears to be actuated by a thoroughly radical and democratic spirit.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the New York Historical Society. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848.

This work is so suggestive of amusement, that we very much regret the necessity of letting it go by with only a passing notice. The title sufficiently explains its object, which is, not to distinguish all the pure Americanisms, but simply to collect "all the words usually called provincial or vulgar—all the words, whatever be their origin, which are used in familiar conversation, and but seldom employed in composition—all the perversions of language and abuses of words into which people, in certain sections of the country, have fallen, and some of those remarkable and ludicrous forms of speech which have been adopted in the Western States."

The author states that on comparing familiar New England words "with the provincial and colloquial language of the Northern counties of England, a most striking resemblance appeared, not only in the words commonly regarded as peculiar to New England, but in the dialectical pronunciation of certain words, and in the general tone and accent."

"In fact, it may be said, without exaggeration, that nine tenths of the colloquial peculiarities of New England are derived directly from Great Britain; and that they are now provincial in those parts from which the early colonists emigrated, or are to be found in the writings of well accredited authors of the period when that emigration took place. Consequently, it is obvious, that we have the best authority for the use of the words referred to.

"It may be insisted, therefore, that the idiom of New England is as pure English, taken as a whole, as was spoken in England at the period when these colonies were settled. In making this assertion, I do not take as a standard the nasal twang, the drawling enunciation, or those perversions of language which the ignorant and uneducated adopt. Nor would I acknowledge the abuse of many of our most useful words. For these perversions I make no other defence or apology, but that they occur in all countries, and in every language."

The work appears to be quite full, judging

from one's inability to remember many common words and phrases which it is found not to contain. For the political slang and other phrases, the author acknowledges himself indebted to John Inman, Esq., editor of the Commercial Advertiser. The best idea of the manner of its execution, may be gained from a few examples; the list of authorities is often laughable enough:—

ABSQUATULATE. To run away; to abscond. Used only in familiar language.

W.—was surrendered by his bail, who was security for his appearance at court, fearing he was about to *absquatulate*.—*N. Y. Herald*.

ALL-FIRED. Very, in a great degree. A low American word.

The first thing I know'd, my trowsers were plastered all over with hot molasses, which burnt *all-fired* bad.—*Maj. Jones's Courtship*, p. 87.

Old Haines sweating like a pitcher with ice-water in it, and looking *all-fired* tired.—*Porter's Tales of the Southwest*, p. 50.

I was woked up by a noise in the street; so I jumps up in an *all-fired* hurry, ups with the wiindow, and outs with my head.—*Sam Slick*.

You see the fact is, Squire (said the Hooshier), they had a mighty deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all-fired* easy it is to make money in it; but it's no ham and all hominy, I reckon.—*Pickings from the Picayune*, p. 67.

I'm dying—I know I am! My mouth tastes like a rusty cent. The doctor will charge an *all-fired* price to cure me.—*Knickerbocker Mag.* 1845.

TO AXE. (*Ang. Sax. aesian, axian.*) To ask.

This word is now considered a vulgarism; though, like many others under the same censure, it is as old as the English language. Among the early writers it was used the same as *ask* is now. In England it still exists in the colloquial dialect of Norfolk and other counties. A true born Londoner, says Pegge, in his *Anecdotes of the English Language*, always *axes* questions, *axes* pardon, and at quadrilles, *axes* leave. In the United States it is somewhat used by the vulgar.—*Forby's Vocabulary. Richardson's Dic.*

And Pilate *axide* him, art thou Kyng of Jewis? And Jhesus answeride and seide to him, thou seist.—*Wicklif, Trans. of the Bible*.

A poor lazar, upon a tide,
Came to the gate, and *axed* meate.—*Gower, Con. Anc.*

Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, in a letter to her son, Henry VII., concludes with—

As herty blessings as ye can *axe* of God.—*Lord Howard*.

In the next reign, Dr. John Clark writes to Cardinal Wolsey, and tells him that—

The King *axed* after your Grace's welfare.—*Pegge's Anecdotes.*

Day before yesterday, I went down to the Post Office and *ax'd* the Post-master if there was anything for me.—*Maj. Jones's Courtship*, p. 172.

I have often *axed* myself what sort of a gall that splendid Lady of the Lake of Scott's was.—*Sam Slick in Eng.* ch. 30.

To KNOW *b* FROM A *bull's foot*. It is a common phrase to say, "He does not know *B* from a bull's foot," meaning that a person is very illiterate, or very ignorant. The term *bull's foot* is chosen merely for the sake of the alliteration; as in the similar phrases, "He does not know *B* from a *broomstick*," or "*B* from a *battle-door*." It is a very old saying; Mr. Halliwell finds it in one of the Digby MSS.

I know not *A* from the wynd myne.
Ne a *B* from a *bole-foot*, I trowe, ni thilself nother.
Archaic and Provincial Glossary.

CLAM-SHELL. The lips, or mouth. There is a common though vulgar expression in New England, of "Shut your *clam-shell*," that is, Shut your mouth, hold your tongue.

COUPON. A financial term, which, together with the practice, is borrowed from France. In the United States, the certificates of States stocks drawing interest are accompanied by *coupons*, which are small tickets attached to the certificates. At each term when the interest falls due, one of these *coupons* is cut off (whence the name); and this being presented to the State treasurer, or to a bank designated by him, entitles the holder to receive the interest. The *coupons* attached to the bonds of some of the Western States have not been cut off for several years.

Loco-foco. The name by which the Democratic party is extensively distinguished throughout the United States. This name originated in the year 1835, when a division arose in the party, in consequence of the nomination of Gideon Lee as the Democratic candidate for Congress, by the committee chosen for that purpose. This nomination, as was customary, had to be confirmed at a general meeting of Democrats held at Tammany Hall. His friends anticipated opposition, and assembled in large numbers to support him. "The first question which arose," says Mr. Hammond, "and which would test the strength of the parties, was the selection of Chairman. The friends of Mr. Lee, whom we will call Tammany men, supported Mr. Varian; and the anti-monopolists, Mr. Curtis. The Tammanies entered the hall as soon as the doors were opened, by means of back stairs; while at the same time the Equal Rights party rushed into the long room up the front stairs. Both parties were loud and boisterous; the one declaring that Mr. Varian was chosen Chairman, and the other that Mr. Curtis was duly elected the presiding officer. A very tumultuous and confused scene ensued, during which the gas-lights, with which the hall was illuminated, were extinguished. The Equal Rights party, either having witnessed similar occurrences, or having received some intima-

tions that such would be the course of their opponents, had provided themselves with *loco-foco* matches and candles, and the room was re-lighted in a moment. The 'Courier and Enquirer' newspaper dubbed the anti-monopolists, who used the matches, with the name of *Loco-focos*; which was soon after given to the Democratic party, and which they have since retained."—*Hammond's Political History of New York*, Vol. II. p. 491.

To ROW UP SALT RIVER, is a common phrase, used generally to signify political defeat. The distance to which a party is *rowed up Salt River* depends entirely upon the magnitude of the majority against its candidates. If the defeat is particularly overwhelming, the unsuccessful party is *rowed up to the very head waters of Salt River*.

It is occasionally used as nearly synonymous with to *row up*, as in the following example, but this application is rare:

Judge Clayton made a speech that fairly made the tumbler hop. He *rowed* the Tories up and over *Salt River*.—*Crockett, Tour Down East*, p. 46.

To *row up Salt River* has its origin in the fact that there is a small stream of that name in Kentucky, the passage of which is made difficult and laborious as well by its tortuous course as by the abundance of shallows and bars. The real application of the phrase is to the unhappy wight who has the task of propelling the *boat* up the stream; but in political or slang usage it is to those who are *rowed up*—the passengers, not the oarsman. [*J. Inman.*]

SMALL POTATOES. An epithet applied to persons, and signifying mean, contemptible; as, 'He is very *small potatoes*.' *Small potatoes* are not fit for eating, and except for the feeding of hogs and cattle, are worthless; hence the expression as applied to men. It is sometimes put into the more emphatic form of *small potatoes and few in a hill*; see *Sam Slick in England* for an explanation of the latter, ch. 6.

Give me an honest old soldier for the Presidency—whether Whig or Democrat—and I will leave your *small potato* politicians and pettyfogging lawyers to those who are willing to submit the destiny of this great nation to such hands.—*N. Y. Herald*, Dec. 13, 1846.

The very incidents of the meeting, and the names of the speakers [noticed by the Washington Union], induce a strong suspicion that it was rather *small potatoes*.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*, April 15, 1848.

SISTERN, for *sisters*. A vulgar pronunciation sometimes heard from uneducated preachers at the West.

"Brethern and *sistern*, it's a powerful great work, this here preaching of the gospel, as the great apostle hisself allows in them words of hissin what's jest come into my mind; for I never knowed what to preach till I ris up"—*Carlton, The New Purchase*, Vol. I. p. 203.

(We have heard in a conference meeting a speaker desiring to "hear something from the *female breetheren*!")—*ED. REV.*)

TOOTIES. A common term in nursery language for the feet. A corruption of *footies*, i. e. feet. Used in England as well as with us.

One luckless day last week the poet met
 A maid of such perfection, such a face,
 Such form, such limbs, such more than mortal grace,
 Such dark expressive eyes, such curls of jet,
 Arched brows, straight nose, round chin, and lips a Prince
 Might sue to kiss—in brief, so many beauties,
 Such hands, such waist, such ankles—O such *tooties* !
 He really has not been his own man since:
 Rum-punch will not restore his appetite,
 Nor rarebits even make him sleep at night !—*Am. Rev.*
 July, 1848.

There are two words, or rather applications of words, which we rather wonder should have escaped the author. One is "moderate," pronounced *mordrit*, which is much used in New England to express any amount of diminution either directly in bulk or quality, or metaphorically in mind or character. After hearing old Deacon X., for instance, declare that the new minister was "*ruther m-o-r-drit*," we should feel positive that a few months would witness a change of dynasty. The other is the Pennsylvania "ordinary," pronounced *or-nary*, and applied in much the same way as the Yankee "moderate." That young lady in a backwoods village would not be a very desirable acquaintance, respecting whom the neighbors should unite in saying "*she is or-nary*."

Every reader will probably call to mind similar examples which this collection does not contain; still it is as complete, perhaps, as could be expected for such a work, and may serve a good purpose in separating the language of coarseness from that of elegance.

Literary Sketches and Letters: being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, never before Published. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

It is almost superfluous to promise an extended notice of this welcome book as soon as time and space permit; we hope there are not many readers who would readily forgive the omission of one. At present it is sufficient to say that the volume is mostly composed of Lamb's letters, not before published, to Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and others of his friends, and that they are quite as delightful as those which have already embalmed his memory. They authenticate the report of his own early insanity, and the story, which, before, we had resolutely believed to be the sport of some horror-loving invention, about poor Mary Lamb's having murdered her mother in a fit of frenzy, and the subsequent recurrence of her disease at intervals through life. They also place Lamb's character in a new light, and enable us better to do justice to his excellence. They show him as a religious person as well as a humorist, as a resolute, self-sacrificing man as well as the most genial of wits, and the most acute of critics.

The portrait in this volume is much more like him, that is, as we see him through his letters, than the one which was given in Talfourd's former life of him, published several years ago. The reprint is as it should be, a very neat one, and cannot be long in finding its way to the admirers of Elia.

A Manual of Grecian and Roman Antiquities. By Dr. E. F. BOJESSEN, Professor, &c. Translated from the German and edited by the Rev. THOMAS KERCHEVER ARNOLD, M.A. rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Revised, with additions and corrections. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is no doubt the best school work of the kind we have. It is clearly arranged, and conveys all or nearly all that is known of the laws, manners, religion, &c., of those ancient nations, in a form that is well designed to aid the memory. This edition is supplied with occasional notes, and a complete series of questions. It is so compact and well arranged as to form a book interesting not only to students, but to general readers.

The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connection and Historical Development. By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the fourth German edition, by CHARLES M'CLINTOCK and CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL, Professors in Dickinson College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

"The immediate occasion of this work," say the translators, "was the publication, in 1845, of Strauss's Life of Christ, a work which, as every one knows, created a great sensation, not merely in the theological circles of Germany, but also throughout Europe." "Notwithstanding the dread with which German theology is regarded by many English and some American divines, it was not in German soil that the first seeds of infidelity took root. It was by the Deistical writers of England, in the early part of the last century, that the authenticity of the sacred writers was first openly assailed. The attacks of Toland, Chubb, Morgan, &c., &c., were directed mainly against the credibility and sincerity of the sacred writers, and their blows were aimed avowedly against the whole fabric of Christianity."

English skepticism passed over into Germany. Among the various sects or classes of unbelievers, the most learned and numerous are the Rationalists, who endeavor to interpret Scripture by mere logic and science. They seek to free it from everything supernatural. Strauss

conceived the bold idea of regarding the whole New Testament history as a mythical narrative, like the story of Prometheus, or of Osiris. "All Germany became infected with the mythomania." Strauss, however, gave a deadly blow to that dry and ignorant rationalism which treats the Scripture as a common book of morals and anecdotes. The views of Neander, on the contrary, unite the learning and profound spiritualism of the best school of interpreters, with the evangelism of modern enthusiastic Christianity, as it appears in the orthodox churches of New England and Germany. His work has become indispensable to theological students, and all who wish to understand the doctrines of orthodox Protestantism.

The Life of Oliver Cromwell. By J. T. HEADLEY, author of Napoleon and his Marshals, &c. &c. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

The history of Cromwell and his times, so often handled and with such various success, must continue to interest the world while the spirit of liberty remains in it. Mr. Headley's successes as a historical writer have tempted him to try his hand upon this inexhaustible topic. His design seems to have been to give a rapid and brilliant sketch, such as may excite and interest the uninformed upon these topics. He has made it a popular history, in which all those qualities appear that have made his previous works among the most profitable literary enterprises of the day. The style is rapid, fluent, and exciting to the fancy; the action, we need hardly say, well sustained. It will doubtless be extensively read. The work is in one volume, small octavo, with an excellent portrait of Cromwell.

Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull; prepared from his Manuscripts, by his Daughter, Mrs. MARIA CAMPBELL: together with the History of the Campaign of 1812, and surrender of the post of Detroit, by his Grandson, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

The following is extracted from a letter of Jared Sparks, Esq., the historian of Washington, to the Rev. James Freeman Clarke:—

"DEAR SIR:—I have perused the manuscript which you sent me, relative to the Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General Hull. The whole appears to me to be written with close attention to the facts of history; and it derives great value from the circumstance of its contain-

ing a record of the observations of General Hull himself, on numerous public events in which he took a part, or with which he was personally acquainted. * * * I have also read with a lively interest, the chapters on the Campaign of 1812. The narrative is clear and full, and whatever judgment may be formed of the result, the particulars here set forth give evidence of having been drawn from the highest sources, and they are exhibited in such a manner as to present the controverted points in a just light."

This work of Mr. Clarke's must of course find a place in every historical library, and is necessary to complete one's reading on the later periods of our history.

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, comprising the results of extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. SQUIER, A.M. and E. H. DAVIS, M.D. New York: Bartlett & Welford. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James.

This long expected work, which constitutes the first volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," published by the Smithsonian Institution, is announced for publication on the first of September. Imperial quarto, size and style of quarto "Exploring Expedition," illustrated by fifty quarto plates, and two hundred and ten engravings on wood. Furnished only to subscribers. Price \$10.

Modern French Literature. By L. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR, formerly lecturer in the Royal Athenæum, Paris, &c., &c. Revised, with Notes, alluding particularly to writers prominent in late Political Events in Paris. By WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE, A.M. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1848.

To those who do not read French, this work will supply a very clear and fair view of Modern French literature. It was prepared some time since for the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, to whom the public are indebted for many books calculated to interest readers and spread the love of knowledge. The author has for many years resided in England, and writes in English. The notes, which refer particularly to writers more talked of since the revolution, appear to have been judiciously made. Without assenting to all that is said respecting the character and tendency of many writings which are noticed, we think the author writes in a candid spirit, and is entitled to general credence. It is to be hoped the portrait of Lamartine prefixed to the title is a more correct one than that in the shop win-

dows; it makes him look less theatrical, and more like a sensible gentleman.

An Universal History, in a Series of Letters; being a Complete and Impartial Narrative of the most Remarkable Events of all Nations from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Forming a Complete History of the World. Vol. I. Ancient History. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1848.

This is a large volume, issued in a cheap style, and intended for popular circulation. The letter-press is very well, but the wood-cuts are not so good. The full length of Adam posterior to the fall, which officiates as frontispiece, is particularly disagreeable. The work contains much valuable information; it is a matter of regret, however, that such compendiums, instead of serving as they ought merely to interest readers and draw them on in study, should so often be used by smatterers, and what are sometimes miscalled "self-taught men," for their own purposes. But that is not the fault of the books. All writing, according to the Chinese doctrine, is sacred; so we may consider that all popular and entertaining histories are good—if people only make a right use of them.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the death of Queen Caroline. By JOHN LORD HERVEY. Edited from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

To readers of English history this will prove one of the most acceptable reprints of the day. Lord Hervey was one of the wits of a not very rigid or refined court, and his memoirs present a curiously diversified scene of politics and intrigue, like the letters of Walpole and others. Fancy a Senator, any of the most gallant and accomplished of those who adorn the halls of Polk the First, secretly penning day by day a narrative of the plots, schemes, and occurrences he is mixed up with, to be given to the next generation, and we can imagine the interest which such a work must have for antiquaries—those who live a century behind their time, and are the spiritual cotemporaries of their great-great-grandfathers. Books like this let us more completely into the Past than the after record of History.

Story of the Peninsular War. By GENERAL CHARLES WILLIAM VANE, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the Second Regiment of Life Guards. New Edition, revised, with considerable additions. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This is a very neat reprint of a standard work which was lately republished in England with many additions. Lord Londonderry was unable to bring down his work to the close of the war, having been compelled by ill-health to return to England after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. The additions to the present edition supply that deficiency, and bring down the history to the Peace of 1814. In this work the narrative of movements, &c., has the advantage of coming from an eye-witness; the latter half of the volume, from the battle of Corunna and the death of Sir John Moore, our readers need not be reminded, includes many of the Duke, then Lord, Wellington's most celebrated military triumphs.

CORRECTION.

The following correction is important. The writer of the article alluded to was misled by a newspaper report.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 26th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—In the July number of the "American Review," on the 6th page, I find the following paragraph:

"Six names were offered to be voted for, namely, those of Messrs. McLean, Clayton, Webster, Scott, Clay, and Taylor. The whole number of votes cast was 279. Of these Judge McLean had two votes, one from Ohio, and one from Iowa."

This paragraph does great injustice to Judge McLEAN and his friends. His name was *not* before the Convention to be "voted for." As a delegate from Indiana, I presented his name, but it was immediately withdrawn by Mr. GALLOWAY, of Ohio, who was authorized by the Judge thus to act.

May I ask you to give this note in the September number of the Review? Were yours a mere newspaper paragraph, it would not, probably, be worth the trouble to correct it; but it is a different matter when found in a magazine of the character sustained by the Review. Yours, &c.

JOHN D. DEFREES.

James D. Whelpley, Esq., editor of the Am. Rev.

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for October.

PARTY DISCONTENTS,	331
MILLARD FILLMORE,	341
SUMMER AFTERNOON. By W. Gilmore Simms,	*346
THE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY. By J. M. Mackie,	345
CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY,	361
THE SHORE,	366
"WOMAN'S RIGHTS." By Rev. John W. Nevin, D.D.,	367
LAMB'S LETTERS,	381
MANABOZHO AND THE GREAT SERPENT. By E. G. Squier,	392
THE WAR OF CHIOZZA,	399
GHOST STORIES. By G. W. Peck,	411
WIT,	420
VANITY FAIR. By C. A. B.,	421
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	432
CRITICAL NOTICES,	435

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NO. IV.

PARTY DISCONTENTS.

At the great meeting held in New York by the friends of Mr. Clay, previous to the assembling of the Convention at Philadelphia, resolutions were read and speeches were made, in which the favorite candidate was recommended as the choice of the Whigs of New York, "*subject*," however, and with a remarkable emphasis on the word subject, "to the decision of a *National Convention*." The resolutions and the speeches were heard with acclamation; all sensible men admired in their hearts, and some even incautiously boasted of, the superior sense and sagacity of the New York Whigs, of their "fine enthusiasm, tempered by so great discretion and wisdom," with observations in the style of a De Tocqueville, on the grand spectacle of "ten thousand assembled freemen," who, if they had chosen, could have gone mad on the instant, and displayed the most horrid or ridiculous conduct, conducting themselves, nevertheless, with propriety, and submitting to the voice of reason and a National Convention. "Noble spectacle," cried those philosophers, "and that ought to make tyrants blush, to see ten thousand men in one place, with nobody to govern them, behaving with decency, and talking of submission! Sight gratifying to the hearts of patriots!"

But these admiring De Tocquevilles did reckon, to use a common phrase, without their host; they were not aware that nine thousand out of the ten thousand so styled "friends of Mr. Clay," rending the air with acclamation, came there either to see a crowd and exercise their lungs, or else to pledge themselves to a forbearance which they could not maintain.

If it were not that the very name of "party honor" or "party morality" excites a smile, it might be worth one's while to adduce the propriety of keeping up a certain credit and consistency in these proceedings. But since the new "movement," started by the discontents, it has become necessary to use other and more appreciable arguments.

What then are the grounds of the discontents, and what remedy do they propose? A stranger, unacquainted with the spirit of our politics, or who had studied our institutions in the dignified writings of Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson, on beholding so vast an assemblage as that which met lately in New York to denounce the Philadelphia Convention, would no doubt believe that some article of the Constitution, some grand bulwark of Liberty, had been attacked, and that General Taylor and his friends were

the instruments of some tyrannical faction whose design was to overthrow the government, and break up the Union.* With what a revulsion of feeling would he learn the fact, that this assemblage came together only to defeat their own party, from which they differed in not a single article of faith or practice. Unable to believe at once in so much folly, he would address himself, perhaps, at the close of the meeting, to some one of the assemblage, whose face and conduct showed intelligence, with the question, "Sir, I am a stranger in your country, but eager to understand your institutions; will you inform me of the purpose of this vast and enthusiastic assemblage?"

Citizen. These citizens are the friends of Mr. Clay. They have assembled here tonight to do him honor.

Stranger. How? By acclamation?

Cit. Yes, and by other means. They mean to defeat the election of General Taylor, the opposing candidate.

Str. Ah! I understand. The famous general, whom all the world knows, is the candidate of the opposite party, Mr. Clay of the Whigs.

Cit. No, sir, (*courteously*.) General Taylor is the candidate of the Whigs.

Str. And were there no other candidates of the Whigs?

Cit. There were two others—Mr. Webster of Massachusetts, and General Scott, the favorite of the West.

Str. I suppose, then, that the friends of Mr. Webster will hold a great meeting in Massachusetts, and the friends of General Scott in the West, for the same purpose, to honor their own candidate and defeat General Taylor?

Cit. By no means; that would be ridiculous.

Str. Why then is it not ridiculous in the friends of Mr. Clay? Does he occupy a position so peculiar, that what is proper for his friends is ridiculous for those of Mr. Webster or General Scott?

Cit. The case needs explanation. You have heard, perhaps, of the Philadelphia Convention?

Str. No.

Cit. The Whigs of the Union, after a great triumph over their adversaries in Congress—a triumph, sir, of principle, in which the majority of the nation heartily sympathized with them—believed that if they could select a proper candidate, they might possibly elect him to the presidency, and by that means secure a Whig ascendancy in the national councils. They met accordingly at Philadelphia, by delegates from all the States, and proceeded to ascertain who, of all the candidates, was the people's choice; that is to say, who of them would have the majority of voices. For, it was agreed, by the party, that whosoever received the majority of votes in a fair convention, should become the candidate of the whole party. The majority voted for General Taylor. Their choice lay between four candidates, two of whom were military men and two statesmen. Of the two statesmen—who were, indeed, the recognized leaders and representatives of the party—one, Mr. Webster, though a man of vast ability, could not be taken as a national candidate, because it was very certain that his nomination would not be popular in the South. And it was necessary to the success of the party that the candidate should have a nearly equal and diffused popularity throughout the nation—that he should have political friends, strong in numbers and in spirit, in every State of the Union. Now, Mr. Webster's popularity, though sufficient to carry every Whig in New England, was not as powerful in the South. If you are acquainted with modern history, the reasons of this need not be explained to you. The South do not, perhaps, thoroughly understand their own interests; else Mr. Webster would be as popular there as in New England. Southerners regard him as the representative of the East; which, indeed, he is, but by-and-by they will know that he is also the representative of the nation. That, however, is a difficulty which time only can cure. Mr. Webster, in brief, could not be taken as the sure candidate.

The next candidate in promise was General Scott. You have heard of his splendid achievements in Mexico? Ay, Well, this commander is held by those who know him to possess all the qualities of a great soldier and a gen

* A faction pursues an interest which is not supposed to be the interest of the whole. A party pursues the interest of the nation, as they view it.

tleman, and he adds, moreover, an accomplished skill in the management of difficult negotiations, that require courage and magnanimity, tempered by judgment and tact. General Scott is the favorite of the army: our returned officers constantly echo his praises. His popularity was very great, and his friends supposed that he was the best candidate. But it did not prove so. Out of all the votes given at the Convention, he received about a fourth. The body of these votes were from the West. The choice lay now between Mr. Clay and General Taylor—between the commander and the statesman. Both of these had passed their lives in the service of their country: one in the field, defending our frontiers against the incursions of the Indian tribes, and latterly, in carrying on a war of fearful danger, and against the greatest odds, in Mexico; the other in a battle of opinion, equally arduous and important—sustaining the cause of liberty and nationality, as it was sustained by Jefferson and Madison, those grand patrons and founders of our institutions. In the Messages of President Jefferson you will find expressed, in great part, that protective and beneficent policy of which Mr. Clay is the distinguished advocate.

Each of these great men represents a phase of the heroic character; their qualities are heroic, and yet contrasted. Each is admirable, but they affect us differently according to our predispositions.

The generous pride and lofty pre-eminence of Mr. Clay's character; his aristocratic bearing, his haughty eye, and his irresistible grace, both of manners and of speech, show him one of nature's noblemen, a man born to lead and to command. His instinct of character, which is perfect and instantaneous, places him at once in a relation of friendship or enmity with those who come into personal contact with him. His enemies are constant and sincere: his friends are enthusiastic and devoted: their attention is drawn toward him with such intensity, because of his wonderful qualities, they soon forget everything in the man, and too easily lose sight in him of the principles and interests which he advocates. The crowd of citizens whom you saw assembled in this room just now, are most part ardent politicians, strongly engaged on

the Whig side, and for the support of Whig principles, and yet such is their affection for Mr. Clay, they would sooner ruin their party, (which they are now striving to do,) and even with that, ruin the vast interests of commerce and manufactures, nay, ruin themselves even and their private fortunes, than not vote for Mr. Clay. This was the object of the present meeting. These citizens, who are among the best Whigs in the Union, were assembled here to defeat themselves, for the love they bear to Mr. Clay. You may judge from that circumstance, what must be the power and personal influence of the man. He is the minority candidate of the party. It is necessary for the success of the party that the minority candidate should be given up, and that all votes should be united on the other candidate; but sooner than do this, the friends of Mr. Clay have resolved to throw their votes into the sea.

Str. Sir, you astonish me. But is it not supposed that Mr. Clay has himself instigated this movement?

Cit. That is impossible. He has refused the use of his name to any faction. The honor of the party is his honor.

Str. Why should he do that? If he thinks himself entitled to the Presidency as the reward of his long service—

Cit. You mistake. Men are not called to the Presidency in the acceptance of a reward, but in the performance of a duty. Mr. Clay has no such contemptible opinion of his country's offices as to claim them as one would a salary. As they are honors, they must be freely given, but not demanded: as they are duties, they must be entered upon with anxiety and reluctance, not seized as a perquisite.

None know better the true spirit in which to regard these things, than the minority candidate; he has said "that he would rather be right than be President," meaning, perhaps, that as the *most* desirable of all things, in point of credit, is to be right, the *next* is, to have one's merit recognized by some great testimony, as by an appointment to the Presidency.

Str. It strikes me now that his friends' opinion of him was not commensurate with his greatness, or their honor, that they should make a movement by which he was invited to defeat his own party.

Cit. Ah! sir, he is too good a patriot

for that, and too great a mind to give in to any littleness. Mr. Clay's honor, as one of the candidates of the Convention, would have been sorely compromised should he have yielded an instant to their suggestions. When the name of General Taylor was offered at the Convention, the principal objection raised against it, and which, while it remained, was insuperable, was that he did not freely commit himself into the hands of the Convention; but it was thought, that if rejected by them, he would allow himself to be made an independent candidate, and by that course divide the party, and defeat the election. This objection, urged with great vehemence by the friends of Mr. Clay and others, was removed by General Taylor's explicit committal to the Convention; he would be theirs wholly, to do with as they pleased. Of course, if one of the candidates for nomination was thus bound, all were bound; but our discontented enthusiasts here, seem to have forgotten that point, if indeed they ever took it into consideration. Should it be agreed by one half the Whig party, to set up Mr. Clay, he would not allow himself to be made their candidate; neither would Mr. Webster, nor General Scott. All votes given for these gentlemen are thrown into the sea, and go so far to elect the adversary.

Str. Do you mean the "adversary of souls?"

Cit. No, sir; the adversary of peace. To continue. General Taylor will draw after him a number of democratic votes. Democratic committees have offered him, *unconditionally*, the votes of their caucuses, and he has very properly accepted them. The vote of a Democrat is as good, or better, to elect a Whig President than the vote of a Whig. And this, too, was known to the Convention, and it had great weight in procuring the nomination of the General; for when a man is popular with *both* parties, and is a firm adherent of *one*, other things being as they should be, he is *the* candidate, the expediency candidate, as the new phrase has it. You cannot choose but take such a one; to do otherwise were a proof of more enthusiasm than discretion.

Str. I cannot leave meditating the indiscretion of those mistaken citizens! That they should have deliberately gone about

disgracing themselves and their venerated leader, by making him the puppet of a faction!

Cit. Never concern yourself. He is not bound to be keeping a hospital for insane politicians. Let it pass. The shame of it is enough, and will last long enough. But we may learn some good lessons from the folly, and so at least give it value as a part of history. Conventions are but just beginning to be understood. They are an essential part of our system. We cannot dispense with them. But we must learn to organize them properly, to conduct them fairly, and finally to acquiesce in their decisions. To violate the faith of a Convention should be regarded as a kind of minor treason, and such politicians as fail of their just and honorable adherence should suffer a political death; should be read out of our books, or be set down as mercenaries. Why, if the party is established for the country's good, is it not contrary to manhood and to virtue, to divide, corrupt, or deceive it? A great deal is urged by these discontents about *principles*—about adhering to our principles. We had better never be in power, say these astute moralists, than sacrifice a single principle. Very good, very heroic, is that saying. But unless we at some time acquire power to carry out our principles, they are almost a dead letter. I know, indeed, that a vigorous minority, with right on their side, may bring the country to their mind, and with public opinion to aid them, may effectually obstruct and even change the policy of a corrupt administration; but in doing this, they have not done all. If the Whigs are never to be in office, they will by and-by cease to exist as a party.

Nor are they to insist with a childish pertinacity that their candidate shall give in to all and every point of policy that was ever entertained by a Whig. If their candidate is sound at heart, and on difficult questions defers to the opinion of the majority, what more can they ask of him? To ask more were the height of folly—it were even an indecency, and a kind of tempting of Providence, who will surely visit such exacting electors with a DEMAGOGUE. What Whig will deny the name of Whig to any elector because he does not think well of prohibitory duties, or of a national bank?

On these questions men exercise a latitude of opinion; but if any man advocates a conquest policy, or acquiesces in the unrestrained use of the veto, or holds the doctrine of *laissez faire*, let alone, denying government all power to protect or extend trade, or to engage in works of national benefit, for the aid of commerce, agriculture, or manufactures,—why, then, we deny that he is a Whig—he is a Democrat of the bigot school, in a mischievous sense *conservative*.

But it is proper, perhaps, that I should put you on your guard against a very common error, an error, too, of great magnitude, and of the most injurious effect. It is growing more to be the opinion of our citizens, that the success of their policy depends upon the election of such or such a person to the Presidency. Under democratic rule, the President exercises a twofold legislative power. Under Whig rule he is not supposed to exercise any such power. An ultra-democratic President regards the veto-power as unconditionally his, to be used at his good pleasure, for his own or for his party's benefit. He assumes a truly legislative position. Moreover, he thinks it politic to use as much personal influence, by giving and withholding patronage, by the promise of aid, and by pledging himself to such or such a line of policy; and still more, by a means not rightly understood as yet by the people, the power of destroying the political character of any weak member of Congress, or any aspirant to office, by corresponding with his constituents, or through newspapers in the employment of the party—a vast and potent means of influence; I say he thinks it politic to employ all these means to control elections and create a ministerial majority in Congress, to carry out any measure of government that may seem good to himself and his friends. He will demand of his officials to be active on the eve of an election, in the support of some nameless adventurer, who has wriggled himself into favor at Washington.

Str. Stop a moment, if you please; do you mean to say that office is obtained in this free nation by intrigue, the intervention of women, bribing, and button-holding?

Cit. To my sorrow, I do, sir. You

must know that we have a peculiar and very numerous class of citizens in this country, who go by the name of office-seekers. These unfortunate persons are visited for their sins with a peculiar longing—the longing for office, if it be the most miserable starveling function in the world,—still if it be an office under government they long. A more singular and uncomfortable malady than this is not to be found noted in the books. It can be compared with none but that dirt-dyspepsia which afflicts the negroes of the West Indies, when they long to eat dust and earth, and will even sweep the floor in order to devour the sweepings. The office-dyspepsia sometimes seizes upon men at middle age in the full vigor of health, and they will even throw up a good business, sell a farm, pawn their mortgages, and hypothecate their stocks, to scrape money to spend in the hotels of Washington, soliciting the miserable boon of a clerk's place, with a salary of six hundred a-year. Such instances are not rare. Sir, I am afraid you will not believe me when I tell you, that for every one of the hundred thousand persons in the pay of government, there are probably five or six who are sick of this odious malady. Thus you have at least half a million of men, and an innumerable multitude of their sympathizing friends, reduced to a condition of moral atrophy, their free-wills extinguished in that of their monster-tyrant the government. Now, on the eve of a democratic election, this vast body is converted for the most part into an electioneering army: they persuade and draw over the neutrals, and so turn the scale. As a remark, by-the-by, let me suggest, then, if the Whigs, who have been so long out of power, should gain the next election by a bare majority, their *real* numbers must be enormous and embrace two-thirds of the nation at least; seeing that their adversaries, with the aid of this electioneering army, and all other means to boot, could not outvote them. But I grow tedious.

Str. O no; your account is painful but not tedious.

Cit. Now it is a part of good policy that this dreadful endemic of office-seeking, which not only corrupts our government, but creates the greatest unhappiness and

discontent, should be abated—at least, that the government itself should cease to be the patron and promoter of it for the evil purposes of faction. To this end all that is necessary, is that our President should, in the first place, make all promotions in the army and navy in the regular order of the service, not allowing himself to be affected by private influence or personal power, and that for the officers of government he should choose such men as are known to be valuable and honest; and for local offices, such as those of the Post Office and the Revenue, that he should not bestow them merely as rewards for party service, but should, as far as possible, choose such men as are acceptable to the people of the places where they are, and would be chosen by them were they to be elected by vote. And, lastly, he is not to displace a valuable officer merely because he voted against the party of the President. A busy, noisy demagogue, who neglects his official duties and passes his whole time in clubs and caucuses, cannot indeed expect to remain in office when there is a better man and a more useful one to fill his place; there are limits beyond which endurance will not carry us—but I think the principle is by this time quite clear to you.

Str. Yes; but it seems to me a very serious defect in your government, that the appointment to valuable local offices should be in the hands of the President. Why not make them elective?

Cit. There are arguments on both sides. The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power to make the minor offices elective if it pleases, but at present they are by appointment. Touching the question of appointments and removals, our candidate has this grand qualification, that having no party obligations nor private enmities, he will allow good officers to retain their places, and only expel such as are notoriously intriguing, incapable, or corrupt; and there is good reason to believe that he will always prefer such men as are acceptable to the people, and such as will not tamper with public opinion or labor to corrupt the elections.

Str. But if it is *power* that the Whigs want, why should they not use every means to increase their power?

Cit. The power which they want is the free unbiassed favor of the nation, not the interested love of dependants. The Whigs are fully aware that the weight of national feeling and opinion is on their side; they wish only for a free expression of that opinion. And this we believe will be allowed them if General Taylor and his friends come into power.

Str. Sir, I am amazed at the expressions which you use—"allowed them." Why, sir, are not the people free?

Cit. Not under the so-called "Democratic rule." Under that rule the majority does not govern. For, under that rule, the President is endowed with a legislative as well as an executive power. He dictates to Congress; he dictates to his officials and their friends; he dictates to the party; and through all this dictation he is the dictator of the nation, and not its constitutional Executive. If the President and his friends wish to have supplies for a war, which they mean to engage in, with England, or with Mexico, or any other country—for the acquisition of remote gold mines, or ports of commerce—they can so influence Congress, and so influence the elections, and so threaten, terrify, and suppress the free opinion of the best men of their own party, as to obtain such supplies. They can put the machinery of the press in motion, to manufacture public opinion over all the continent, and even in Europe, to carry out their pernicious schemes. And if all this fails, and the President and his friends find themselves in a minority in Congress, then steps in the veto power, and by holding it in terror over every measure of public benefit or private claim—in short, sir, the Executive power, with army, navy, offices, newspapers, party, Congress, and the purse at command, can do just what it likes. You see then, our only hope is TO ELECT AN HONEST MAN.

It is power, sir, that we want, not the power to govern and meddle, put the power to let alone and forbear. We begin to think well of that favorite maxim of our Democratic friends, that "the world"—this country at least—"is governed too much." True, indeed, what with our botched-up tariffs, ruining the manufacturing interests, and turning, by that means, the balance of trade against

us; what with our borrowings to sustain a vicious war; what with a treasury system contrived so as to create powerful centres of Executive influence in various parts of the country; what with the want of any national system of exchanges, so that the losses by exchange, and the want of a regulative treasury centre, exceed all other causes of loss combined, in commercial operations; what with the new Democratic movement in the North, by which the Northern Democracy means, by and by, to regulate the private affairs of our Southern States, and also to regulate the private affairs of Cuba, Jamaica and Mexico; what with all this "governing," and longings to *govern* our neighbors and our fellow-citizens, I do think we and our neighbors are "governed too much;" and, more, that it is high time for honest and capable men to step in and put an end to this vicious, and all too rapid increase of the governing power. It is time, sir, that Congress and the majority of the nation should begin and try what *they* can do in their lawful capacity. When the Whigs are in power, they will carry out their principles, but now their duty is, to use every honest means to bring their own men into Congress, and into the national offices. But this desirable end cannot be attained by roaring, or by creating divisions, or by putting astute queries, with a jockey's wink of the eye, "Whether Gen. Taylor be a Whig or no?"—it were better if such would inquire of their own selves, whether they know the meaning of the word "Whig," and how far they are sincere in their own professions of Whigism? If they believe not that Gen. Taylor is a Whig after all the evidence that has been given them, they are, indeed, in a state of incapacity, and should put their faith in training to enable it to carry something solid. There are those whose experience has lain so much amongst knaves and simpletons, their beliefs are deranged and shrivelled for want of testimony. With these we need not parley. A man's sincerity and soundness is evident on his face, and in his life and speech. Our candidate carries sincerity, sweetness, and manly courage in his countenance, and as his life has been an unbroken line of wisdom and heroism, so his speech is a perfect whole of modesty,

sincerity and consistency. In fact, sir, I entertain too great a respect for him to attempt to defend him.

Str. But what is this satirical cry that I hear raised against an expediency candidate?

Cit. You are, perhaps, well enough acquainted with our language to know that the word expediency signifies "*fitness or suitability to the purpose intended*;" or, sometimes, "*propriety under the peculiar circumstances of the case*;" these are the definitions of expediency.

What is expedient to an end is right, provided the end be right. The end does not indeed sanctify the means; for if we see bad means, or bad, false and wicked men employed, toward the accomplishment of any public design, acting in their real character of demagogues or deceivers, we may be perfectly assured that the end they are employed in is itself bad. The end and the means, in all cases, agree, harmonize and tally together; by the end you may judge what means must be used, good or bad; by the means you may accurately predict the end. Evil is never expedient to a good end, nor good to an evil end. If it be a good end to bring the Whigs into power, it is absolutely proper that sound and honest means be employed. Now it is *power* that the Whigs want; but the power which they seek is not so much in the occupancy of office, as in the occupancy of the public confidence, of the public conscience, and of the hearts of all good men. This being their noble, their glorious ambition, they would be the last to resort to base and temporizing means.

What we seek in a candidate is, first, a great character; second, experience and wisdom in command; and, lastly, a *national* reputation. Now, if the first mark of a great character is the ability of controlling, combining, and directing the energies of other men, toward some one grand purpose; as when the general so employs and directs the energies and talents of his officers as to win the field; who discovers more of this quality than our candidate? His influence over his troops, by example of indifference to dangers, fills them with a calm and heroic courage; his wisdom in guiding their valor and combining their movements, insures

victory. Of this grand quality of a commander, the *surest proof is when the honor of gaining his battles is attributed, now to one and now to another of his officers*. Each is so thoroughly imbued with true discipline, confidence, and courage, his particular exertions seem to have gained the battle. So is it always in the wars of great commanders. Napoleon's and Alexander's victories seemed to depend upon the skill and valor of some one of their officers; and so it was with Scott in Mexico, and with Taylor; the inspiring energy and mind of the commander-in-chief makes heroes and generals even of the rank and file. Of this first quality then, I mean a great and commanding character, our candidate is a noble instance; and it is the more remarkable and effective in him, as it is united with plain manners and natural modesty—a modesty that suffers pain at its own praise; that is embarrassed and discomfited by applause.

Str. Believe me, sir, I enter into a full sympathy with you in this, for I have read in the papers of the day, more instances of these qualities you mention, and of the magnanimity so much admired in a soldier—more, I say, of General Taylor than of any other in history. He is my ideal of a republican soldier.

Cit. Now the second point that we require in our candidate, (he is a Whig, of course, else we should not have nominated him,) is, that he be accustomed to command. To know when, and to whom, to give power and place. He must be

“ Perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping; * * * having both the key
To officer and office; to set all hearts! the state
To what tune please his ear——”

Else would he become the tool of those more powerful than he, and for a well ordered government give us a mutinous crowd of aspiring intriguers. The state must have a head, sir, who will be obeyed in his function, and who cares as little for the favor of this or that man, as might the archangel in the lead of heaven's array.

Str. From all I can learn of him, your

candidate has as little of timidity or acquiescence about him as most men.

Cit. Well, there is another point, not as much reflected on as perhaps it ought to be—I mean that a President, no more than a king, should ever be regarded by the country as a party instrument, a man put in office to wrest the Constitution, and sway the state against the minority. All that is required of him by the laws, or by the common reason, is, that he execute the will of the nation, as it is given by a fair majority in Congress. A man who has the habit and experience of a military commander, will be the last to place himself under the influence of a faction, or of a circle of scheming demagogues. His own will has usually had too much sway with him for that; he is accustomed to execute, without fear or favor, the commands of his lawful superiors, whatever they might be; and when the nation, by majority, is his lawful superior, he will as readily and scrupulously execute their will. Witness the ready obedience of Washington to all commands laid upon him by the nation; and witness also the exactness and authority which he used with those under his command. With such a character, the trifling intrigues of cliques and factions are as forceless as the threats of children.

Str. Do you mean to urge that in all cases the people should prefer a military commander to execute their will?

Cit. No, that is not my meaning; but only that in all cases they should elect a man equally ready to obey and to execute their will; who has proved, by long service in the field, or in the cabinet, that he possesses that grand presidential character, which unites a reverence for the national will, and obedience to its lawful expression, with such a freedom and dignity as nothing trifling or apprehensive can sway from the path of duty; a character that is truly national, and not dark or jealous—that labors not to excite the dangerous heats of party, but rather to temper and allay them; a mind not theoretical, or speculative, but poised by wise doubts; a temper above exacerbation by the narrow fury of a provincial fanaticism, but easily irritated by the appearance of baseness or selfishness.

General Taylor has the blood of the

Revolution in his veins, and in his heart the spirit of '76. On the frozen shores of the great lakes, in the poisonous swamps of Florida, and in the tropic heats of Mexico, he has perilled his life for his country. The people love him—the nation respects and loves him. When, with a mere handful of troops, he stood upon the borders of Mexico, in danger of being surrounded and exterminated by the numerous forces of the enemy, a deep anxiety pervaded the nation; prayers were offered from the hearts of thousands for the safety of the gallant army and their leader; and when, by his courage and wisdom, a glorious victory followed instead of the expected defeat, men of all parties began to say among themselves, this man is more than a mere soldier; he has other qualities than those of an officer; he has firmness and magnanimity; he is *great*. Then began inquiries about him; the private virtues of the man became known to the people; his knowledge; his judiciousness; his wisdom; his economy and simplicity, joined with dignity of character; all together marked him as the man of the people, and soon he became the favorite of the nation.

Str. Justly, as I think. But how does it happen that the party, styled Democratic, rejects him?

Cit. As I have already told you, General Taylor is a patriot and constitutionalist of the style of '76; and it is the spirit of that time that unites him in sympathy with the Whig party. That party, during the contests of the last session of Congress, by their eloquence and firmness, had succeeded in rousing the better spirit of the nation against the policy of conquest, and domination, and tyranny in all its shapes. They had driven the Administration into a peaceful policy, and put a stop to its enormous schemes. Great principles were discussed by them; the Constitution revived in their hands to its original life and energy; the wisdom of the fathers found a perfect echo in the hearts of their sons. Good men who had seen only corruption and ruin hanging over the land, and who thought that the great and forbearing spirit of the days of Washington was quite extinct, began to take courage, and the hopeful passion of patriotism that can spring only in a just man's heart, began to burn anew in their bosoms. This was

the triumph of the Whigs. They exposed, and quelled for a time, the usurpations of the Executive, and ousted the title of conquest from the traditions of our law. The future historian, tracing the gradual decline of despotism, with the rise of liberty in the Saxon line, will allow them the singular and unequalled merit of having done this; an honor that no other age can claim.

Str. In this you say General Taylor sympathizes with them?

Cit. Yes; he is one who goes back to the original text of order and the Constitution, and will maintain what he reads there to be right. And this right, the wise old man will execute; he will be a real Executive of laws, and not a schemer, a perverter, or an intriguer.

Str. Do you mean then, if he should be elected, to make him a counter instrument, to employ the veto power, and all the initiatory, legislative, and patronizing power against the corruptions of the other party?

Cit. That is the very thing we mean *not* to do. For, in the first place, our candidate cannot be made a tool, should we wish to use him as such; and the very aim and purpose of the Whig policy is to separate the legislative power from the Executive, and restore it to the people; where it belongs. It is with a view to carry out this reform that they have selected their candidate; a candidate like Washington, in this particular, that he has a magnanimity that is superior to the abuse of influence, and that he believes that the people, and not the President, should originate the laws. He will, therefore, refrain from the abuse of the veto power, nor will he thrust his private or speculative opinions upon Congress in the shape of public messages, or threatening advice; nor will he impede the course of legislation by threats of the veto, or of expulsion from office, or any of those corrupt means of influence that have become so familiar to us of late. He will only execute the laws which the people, through their Congress, shall command.

Str. I am obliged to you for this explanation. One question more; please say what is the meaning of this cry about "free soil," and the division of the other party upon that point? I had thought all *soil* in America was free.

Cit. All soil is free ; but all men are not. It is the desire of the northern citizens of the Union, that the new regions of California, while they are the territory of the United States, shall be occupied by freemen only. When States are erected there, the people of those States will decide for themselves, whether they will have slaves or not : States are free, and legislate upon those matters as they please. But, until that time comes, those citizens who are opposed to the extension of slavery wish to have the introduction of slaves forbidden by a law of Congress. In order to accomplish this end, some few of our citizens, mostly of the other party, mean if possible to elect a President who will wield an unconstitutional influence, through the veto, the legislative advice, the patronage of office, and the use of the press, even to the extent of dictatorial authority, to the suppression of the contrary policy, and the forcing of a free-soil vote upon Congress. They wish to topple over the whole fabric of the Constitution upon a minute enemy that lies on the other side of it. The great system of the Union they neither know nor care for, except so far as they can use it to carry out a favorite notion. All the interests of the nation, the protection of industry, the integrity of office, the honor of party, nay, the Union itself, are to be sacrificed to this one question of whether the wastes of California shall have slaves upon them or not.

Str. But are not the Whigs in favor of free soil ?

Cit. The Whigs have fought the great battle of freedom in Congress this last year. They went against the annexation of new territory ; they went against despotism in every shape ; they uniformly opposed the extension of slavery.

Str. Why then do not the northern Whigs also advocate the free-soil party ?

Cit. Because they will not elect a President to be a dictator : the matter of slaves in California, they think to be of less consequence than that of erecting a dictator over Congress and converting the Presidency into an elective despotism.

Str. It seems to me a dreadful thing that slavery should go on extending itself.

Cit. Very well ! admit that it is ; would you have us go about ruining the whole

constitution of the State, and raising a civil war, when, indeed, the whole matter may be peaceably decided by a vote of the majority ? Let those who wish to prevent slaves from entering California, send members of Congress who will vote properly on that question ; and let those who think the contrary send their men ; if the free-soil men prove to be a majority, California is free until the citizens of new States there begin to introduce slaves. If they choose to do that, there will be no power to hinder them. The majority governs and must govern. The majority in Congress decides all questions in regard to territory : the President must not meddle in the matter ; if he does, our liberties are dead, and the Constitution is nought.

Str. These free-soil politicians seem to be of that kind that will set a town on fire to roast their eggs by. But what do southern Whigs make of all this ?

Cit. O, sir, they are not disorganizers. They know the value of the Constitution, and they respect the integrity of the empire. They know that all minor questions, like this of free soil, are to be settled by majorities. They are indeed spirited, and never yield what they conceive to be a right ; but if the majority decides that slaves shall not be held in the deserts of California, until the people there have made a new State and conclude to have them, the southern Whigs being slaveholders, may be very much disturbed and irritated, but they will not break up the peace of the Union, I think.

Str. Pray, sir, may I be so bold as to ask your own opinion on the subject of slavery in the new territories ?

Cit. I have no objection.

Str. What, then, is it ?

Cit. The likelihood is, that if I were a slaveholder, born and educated in the South, I should vote for opening the new territories to slaveholders ; and if I had been born in New England, and educated in the opinion that slaveholding is wrong,—why, the probability is I should vote for the freedom of California.

Str. And where, pray, were you born and educated ?

Cit. Precisely on Mason and Dixon's line.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

[A portion of the subjoined biographical sketch was written four years ago, and has been extensively circulated in newspapers and pamphlets.

It has been revised by the author, with corrections and additions, to accompany the portrait of the Hon. Millard Fillmore, presented to our readers in this number of the Review.]

It is the peculiar boast of our country that its highest honors and dignities are the legitimate objects of ambition to the humblest in the land, as well as those most favored by the gifts of birth and fortune. Ours is a government of the people, and from the people, emphatically, have sprung those who in the army or navy, on the bench of justice, or in the halls of legislation, have shed the brightest lustre on the page of our country's history. So universally almost is this the case, that, when we find an instance to the contrary, of one born to a fortune and enjoying the advantages of influential connections, rising to a high place in the councils of the nation, the exception deserves especial note for its rarity. No merit therefore is claimed for MILLARD FILLMORE, on account of the fact that from comparatively humble parentage, he has attained his present eminent position. His history, however, affords a useful lesson as showing what may be accomplished in the face of the greatest obstacles, by intellect, aided and controlled by energy, perseverance, and strict integrity, in a public and private capacity.

John Fillmore, the great-grandfather of Millard Fillmore, and the common ancestor of all of that name in the United States, was born about the year 1700, in one of the New England States, and feeling a strong propensity for a sea-faring life, at the age of about nineteen went on board a fishing vessel, which sailed from Boston. The vessel had been but a few days out when it was captured by a noted pirate ship, commanded by Capt. Phillips, and young Fillmore was kept as a prisoner. He remained on board the pirate ship nine months, enduring every hardship which a strong constitution and firm spirit was ca-

pable of sustaining; and, though frequently threatened with instant death unless he would sign the piratical articles of the vessel, he steadily refused until two others had been taken prisoners, who also refusing to join the crew, the three made an attack upon the pirates, and after killing several took the vessel and brought it safe into Boston harbor. The narrative of this adventure has been for many years in print, and details one of the most daring and successful exploits on record. The surviving pirates were tried and executed, and the heroic conduct of the captors was acknowledged by the British Government. John Fillmore afterwards settled in a place called Franklin, in Connecticut, where he died.

His son, Nathaniel Fillmore, settled at an early day in Bennington, Vermont, then called the Hampshire Grants, where he lived till his death in 1814. He served in the French war, and was a true Whig of the Revolution, proving his devotion to his country's cause by gallantly fighting as a Lieutenant under Stark, in the battle of Bennington.

Nathaniel Fillmore, his son, and father of Millard, was born at Bennington, in '71, and early in life removed to what is now called Summer Hill, Cayuga county, where Millard was born, Jan. 7th, 1800. He was a farmer, and soon after lost all his property by a bad title to one of the military lots he had purchased. About the year 1802, he removed to the town of Sempronius, now Niles, in the same county, and resided there until 1819, when he removed to Erie county, where he still lives, cultivating a small farm with his own hands. He was a strong and uniform supporter of Jefferson, Madison, and Tompkins, and is now a true Whig.

The narrow means of his father deprived Millard of any advantages of education beyond what were afforded by the imperfect and ill-taught common schools of the county. Books were scarce and dear, and at the age of fifteen, when more favored youths are far advanced in their classical

studies, or enjoying in colleges the benefit of well-furnished libraries, young Fillmore had read but little except his common school books and the Bible. At that period he was sent into the then wilds of Livingston county, to learn the clothier's trade. He remained there about four months, and was then placed with another person to pursue the same business and wool-carding in the town where his father lived. A small village library that was formed there soon after, gave him the first means of acquiring general knowledge through books. He improved the opportunity thus offered; the appetite grew by what it fed upon. The thirst for knowledge soon became insatiate, and every leisure moment was spent in reading. Four years were passed in this way, working at his trade, and storing his mind, during such hours as he could command, with the contents of books of history, biography, and travels. At the age of nineteen he fortunately made an acquaintance with the late Walter Wood, Esq., whom many will remember as one of the most estimable citizens of Cayuga county. Judge Wood was a man of wealth, and great business capacity; he had an excellent law library, but did little professional business. He soon saw that under the rude exterior of the clothier's boy, were powers that only required proper development to raise the possessor to high distinction and usefulness, and advised him to quit his trade and study law. In reply to the objection of a lack of education, means and friends to aid him in a course of professional study, Judge W. kindly offered to give him a place in his office, to advance money to defray his expenses, and wait until success in business should furnish the means of repayment. The offer was accepted. The apprentice boy bought his time, entered the office of Judge Wood, and for more than two years applied himself closely to business and study. He read law and general literature, and studied and practised surveying.

Fearing he should incur too large a debt to his benefactor, he taught school for three months in the year, and acquired the means of partially supporting himself. In the fall of 1821 he removed to the county of Erie, and the next spring entered a law office in Buffalo.

There he sustained himself by teaching, and continued his legal studies until the spring of 1823, when he was admitted to the Common Pleas, and being too diffident of his then untried powers to enter into competition with the older members of the bar in Buffalo, he removed to Aurora in that county, where he commenced the practice of law. In 1826 he was married to Abigail Powers, the youngest child of the Rev. Lemuel Powers, deceased, by whom he has two children, a son and a daughter. She is a lady of great worth, modest and unobtrusive in her deportment, and highly esteemed for her many virtues.

In 1827 Mr. Fillmore was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829 as a counsellor of the Supreme Court. Previous to this time his practice had been very limited, but his application to judicial studies had been constant and severe, and it is not to be doubted that during these few years of comparative seclusion, he acquired that general knowledge of the fundamental principles of the law which has mainly contributed in after-life to give him an elevated rank among the members of that liberal profession. His legal acquirements and skill as an advocate, soon attracted the attention of his professional brethren in Buffalo, and he was offered a highly advantageous connection with an older member of the bar in that city, which he accepted, and removed there in the spring of 1830, in which place he continued to reside until his election as Comptroller and removal to Albany last winter.

His first entrance into public life was in January, 1829, when he took his seat as a member of the Assembly from Erie county, to which office he was re-elected the two following years. The so-called democratic party in those three sessions, as for many years before and after, held triumphant sway in both houses of the legislature, and but little opportunity was afforded a young member of the opposition to distinguish himself. But talent, integrity, and assiduous devotion to public business will make a man felt and respected, even amidst a body of opposing partisans; and Mr. Fillmore, although in a hopeless minority, so far as any question of a political or party bearing was involved, on all questions of a general character soon won the confidence of the House in

an unexampled degree. It was a common remark among the members, "If Fillmore says it is right, we will vote for it."

The most important measure of a general nature that came up during his service in the State Legislature, was the bill to abolish Imprisonment for Debt. In behalf of that great and philanthropic measure, Mr. Fillmore took an active part, urging with unanswerable arguments its justice and expediency, and, as a member of the committee on the subject, aiding to perfect its details. That portion of the bill relating to justices' courts was drafted by him, the remainder being the work of the Hon. John C. Spencer. The bill met with a fierce, unrelenting opposition at every step of its progress, and to Millard Fillmore as much as to any other man, are we indebted for expunging from the statute book that relic of a cruel, barbarous age, Imprisonment for Debt.

He was elected to Congress in the fall of 1832. The session of 1833-4 will long be remembered as the one in which that system of politics, known under the comprehensive name of Jacksonism, was fully developed. During his first term, Gen. Jackson, and those who filled the high offices of Government, and shaped the policy of the administration, pursued a comparatively cautious course. But the ordeal of the election of 1832, having been passed, the mask was thrown off. The re-election of Gen. Jackson was construed into a popular approval of all his acts, whether committed or only meditated, and then by gross usurpations of executive authority, and unwarrantable exercise of powers constitutionally granted, were perpetrated those gross outrages, which, defended as they were, by an unscrupulous spirit of partisanship, have done more to demoralize and corrupt public sentiment, foster a licentious spirit of radicalism, miscalled democracy, and fill the heart of every patriot with sad forebodings of the future, than all that the open assaults of republican institutions could have done in a century. It was in the stormy session of 1833-4, immediately succeeding the removal of the deposits, that Mr. Fillmore took his seat. In those days the business of the House and debates were led by old and experienced members—new ones, unless they enjoyed a wide-spread

and almost national reputation, rarely taking an active and conspicuous part. Little chance, therefore, was afforded Mr. Fillmore, a member of the opposition, young and unassuming, of displaying those qualities that so eminently fit him for legislative usefulness. But the school was one admirably qualified more fully to develop and cultivate those powers which, under more favorable circumstances, have enabled him to render such varied and important services to his country. As he has ever done in all the stations he has filled, he discharged his duty with scrupulous fidelity, never omitting on all proper occasions any effort to advance the interests of his constituents and the country, and winning the respect and confidence of all.

At the close of his term of service he resumed the practice of his profession, which he pursued with distinguished reputation and success, until, yielding to the public voice, he consented to become a candidate, and was re-elected to Congress in the fall of 1836. The remarks above made in relation to his service in the 23d Congress will measurably apply to his second term. Jacksonism and the pet bank system, had in the march of the "progressive Democracy," given place to Van Burenism and the Sub-Treasury. It was but another step towards the practical repudiation of old republican principles and an advance to the locofocoism of the present day. In this Congress Mr. Fillmore took a more active part than he did during his first term, and on the assembling of the next Congress, to which he was re-elected by a largely increased majority, he was assigned a prominent place on what, next to that of Ways and Means, it was justly anticipated would become the most important committee of the House—that on elections. It was in this Congress that the famous contested New Jersey case came up. It would swell this brief biographical sketch to too great a length to enter upon the details of that case, and it is the less necessary to do so, inasmuch as the circumstances of the gross outrage then perpetrated by a party calling itself republican, and claiming to respect State rights, must yet dwell in the recollection of every reader.

The prominent part which Mr Fillmore

took in that case, his patient investigation of all its complicated, minute details, the clear, convincing manner in which he set forth the facts, the lofty and indignant eloquence with which he denounced the meditated wrong, all strongly directed public attention to him as one of the ablest men of that Congress, distinguished as it was by the eminent ability and statesmanship of many of its members. Public indignation was awakened by the enormity of the outrage, and in that long catalogue of abuses and wrongs which roused a long-suffering people to action, and resulted in the signal overthrow of a corrupt and insolent dynasty in 1840, the New Jersey case stood marked and conspicuous.

On the assembling of the next Congress, to which Mr. Fillmore was re-elected by a majority larger than was ever before given in his district, he was placed at the head of the committee on Ways and Means. The duties of that station, always arduous and responsible, were at that time peculiarly so. A new administration had come into power, and found public affairs in a state of the greatest derangement. Accounts had been wrongly kept, speculation of every kind abounded in almost every department of the government, the revenue was inadequate to meet the ordinary expenses, the already large existing debt was rapidly swelling in magnitude, commerce and manufactures were depressed, the currency was deranged, banks were embarrassed, and general distress pervaded the community. To bring order out of disorder, to replenish the national treasury, to provide means that would enable the government to meet the demands against it, and to pay off the debt, to revive the industry of the country, and restore its wonted prosperity—these were the tasks devolved upon the committee of Ways and Means. To increase their difficulties, the minority, composed of that party that had brought the country and government into such a condition, instead of aiding to repair the evil they had done, uniformly opposed almost every means brought forward for relief, and too often their unavailing efforts were successfully aided by a treacherous Executive. But with an energy and devotion to the public weal, worthy of all admiration, Mr. Fillmore applied himself to the task, and, sustained by a

majority whose enlightened patriotism has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed, succeeded in its accomplishment.

The measures he brought forward and sustained with matchless ability, speedily relieved the government from its embarrassment, and have fully justified the most sanguine expectations of their benign influence upon the country at large. A new and more accurate system of keeping accounts, rendering them clear and intelligible, was introduced. The favoritism and speculation, which had so long disgraced the departments and plundered the treasury, were checked by the requisition of contracts. The credit of the government was restored, ample means were provided for the exigencies of the public service, and the payment of the national debt incurred by the former administration. Commerce and manufactures revived, and prosperity and hope once more smiled upon the land. The country even yet too keenly feels the suffering it then endured, and too justly appreciates the beneficent and wonderful change that has been wrought, to render more than an allusion to these matters necessary. The labor of devising, explaining, and defending measures productive of such happy results, was thrown chiefly on Mr. Fillmore. He was nobly sustained by his patriotic fellow Whigs; but on him, nevertheless, the main responsibility rested.

After his long and severe labors in the committee room—labors sufficiently arduous to break down any but one of an iron constitution—sustained by a spirit that nothing could conquer, he was required to give his unremitting attention to the business of the House, to make any explanation that might be asked, and to be ready with a complete and triumphant refutation of every cavil or objection that the ingenious sophistry of a factious minority could devise. All this, too, was required to be done with promptness, clearness, dignity, and good temper. For the proper performance of these varied duties few men are more happily qualified than Mr. Fillmore. At that fortunate age when the physical and intellectual powers are displayed in the highest perfection, and the hasty impulses of youth, without any loss of its vigor, are brought under control of large experience in public affairs, with a

mind capable of descending to minute details, as well as conceiving a grand system of national policy, calm and deliberate in judgment, self-possessed and fluent in debate, of dignified presence, never unmindful of the courtesies becoming social and public intercourse, and of political integrity unimpeachable, he was admirably fitted for the post of leader of the 27th Congress.

Just before the close of the first session of this Congress, Mr. Fillmore, in a letter addressed to his constituents, signified his intention not to be a candidate for reelection. He acknowledged with gratitude and pride the cordial and generous support given him by his constituents, but the severe labor devolved upon him by his official duties demanded some relaxation, and private affairs, necessarily neglected in some degree during several years of public service, called for attention. Notwithstanding his declaration to withdraw from the station he filled with so much honor and usefulness, the convention of his district, unanimously, and by acclamation, re-nominated him, and urgently pressed upon him a compliance with their wishes. Mr. Fillmore was deeply affected by this last of many proofs of confidence and regard on the part of those who had known him longest and best; but he firmly adhered to the determination he had expressed, and at the close of the term for which he was elected, he returned to his home, more gratified at his relief from the cares of official life, than he had ever been at the prospect of its highest rewards and honors. But though keenly enjoying the freedom from public responsibilities, and the pleasures of social intercourse in which he was now permitted to indulge, the qualities of mind and habits of systematic, close attention to business, that so eminently fitted him for a successful Congressional career, were soon called into full exercise by the rapidly increasing requirements of professional pursuits, never wholly given up. There is a fascination in the strife of politics, its keen excitements, and its occasional, but always tempting brilliant triumphs, that when once felt, few men are able to resist so completely as to return with relish to the comparatively tame and dull occupations of private life. But to the calm and equable tem-

perament of Mr. Fillmore, repose, after the stormy scenes in which he had been forced to take a leading part, was most grateful. He had ever regarded his profession with affection and pride, and he coveted more the just, fairly-won fame of the jurist, than the highest political distinction. He welcomed the toil, therefore, which a large practice in the higher courts imposed upon him, and was as remarkable for the thoroughness with which he prepared his legal arguments, as he was for patient, minute investigation of the dry and difficult subjects it was so often his duty to elucidate and defend in the House of Representatives.

In 1844, in obedience to a popular wish too strong to be resisted, he reluctantly accepted the Whig nomination for Governor. The issue of that conflict has become history, and though deeply pained at the result, he was only so in view of the national calamities that he foresaw would follow the defeat of the illustrious statesman and patriot, Henry Clay, who led the Whig host. For his own defeat, Mr. Fillmore had no regrets. He had no aspirations for the office, and with the failure of his election, he trusted would end any further demand upon him to serve in public life.

In 1847, a popular call, similar to that of '44, was again made upon him to which he yielded a reluctant assent, and was elected Comptroller of the State, by a majority larger than had been given to any State officer at any former election in many years. There were some peculiar causes that contributed to swell his majority at that election, but, independent of them, there can be no doubt that the general conviction of his eminent fitness for the office, would under any circumstances of the opposing party, have given him a great and triumphant vote. That such evidence of the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens was gratifying to his feelings, cannot be doubted, but few can justly appreciate the sacrifices they impose. The duties of his present office could not be discharged without abandoning at once and forever—for who ever regained a professional standing once lost?—a lucrative business which he had been years in acquiring, nor without severing all those social ties, and breaking up all those domestic arrangements,

which rendered home happy, and bound him to the city where the best portion of his life had been spent. Yet feeling that the State had a right to command his services, he cheerfully submitted to its exactions, and on the first of January last removed to Albany, where he has since resided, displaying in the performance of the duties of his arduous and responsible office, the high ability and thorough attention which have always characterized the discharge of all his public trusts.

Such was the boy, and such is the man, whom the Whigs present as their candidate for Vice President of the United States. In every station in which he has been

placed, he has shown himself "honest, capable and faithful to the Constitution." He is emphatically one of the people. For all that he has and is, he is indebted, under God, to his own exertions, the faithful performance of every duty, and steadfast adherence to the right. Born to an inheritance of comparative poverty, he struggled bravely with difficulties that would have appalled and crushed a less resolute heart, until he has, by no base means, reached a proud eminence which commands the admiration of his countrymen. Nobly has he won his laurels, and long may he live to wear them.

SUMMER AFTERNOON,

IN MY STUDY.

THE ailanthus spreads, beneath mine eaves,
Its palmy shoots of slender stem,
And, in its shade, the jasmine weaves
Its vines with many a golden gem;

And, drooping twice beneath its fruits,
The modest fig, imploring place,
Sends freely forth a thousand shoots,
That meekly fill beneath the space.

These, as the western zephyr steals
With searching wing among their holds,
The bright glance of the sun reveals,
In mystic twines and mazy folds.

His milder rays admitted gleam,
Beneath their leaves, upon my floor,
In golden patines, each that seem
To make the wealth of earth look poor.

How, from the embodied volume lifts
The weary eye, with study sad,
Glad, that in place of mortal gifts,
Some smiles of heaven would make it glad.

Oh! to its shelf consign the book;
Why toil when slumber's self is life,
And on the smile refuse to look,
Which soothes the grief, and stays the strife!

The heart, though doomed to doubts that
pain,
May still some respite take from care;
And in repose, not wholly vain,
Forget the daily toils that wear—

That wear, and vex, and would destroy,
But that some blessed glimpses come,
To cheer, with unexpected joy,
The soul that only dreams of doom.

The leaf that floats before mine eye,
The vine that waves so meekly bright,
The breeze that wantons fitfully,
With flow'rs that murmur to the sight—

These have a voice for human care,
And still to sweet submission move,
When human lips no more can cheer,
And human hearts have ceased to love!

W. G. S.

THE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

THE last eight centuries, in all their course, have witnessed no grander event than the revolution now taking place in Germany. Forty millions of people, living under almost as many confederated sovereignties, most of them despotic in form, and all of them in practice, have risen as one man to claim their place among the enfranchised nations. The whole length and breadth of the land, from the Baltic to the Alps—from the Rhine to the Vistula—is free. This mother of nations, out of whose woods anciently came the British Constitution; which first established the free faith of Christianity; which invented the art of printing; which achieved the Protestant Reformation; which, having asserted earliest, has also carried farthest the independence of modern philosophy, will at last enjoy, for herself, those civil and political blessings which she has contributed so much towards establishing for others.

The German, who now casts his vote for the new Emperor of his country, will perform an act such as he has not done since the days when, a freeman, he assisted his brothers in arms in electing their chief by raising him on their shields. And between these two events, what events have intervened! To the state of semi-barbarous independence, described in the Germania of Tacitus, succeeded the heavy burden of the feudal monarchy. Under this weight of oppression, relieved, indeed, by the noble institutions of chivalry, the beautiful sentiments fostered by a law of orders in the state, the elegant arts of what might well be termed the ornamental, not the dark ages, the German people lived, up to the period of the first French revolution, with hardly an effort to shake it off. The only exceptions were the establishment of the Free Cities, and the attempted revolution, known as the War of the Peasants.

The Protestant Reformation aimed to secure the freedom of the mind, not that of the body. But the lower classes of the

people, at that period, having been taught by the reformers to rebel against the despotism of the Popish hierarchy, were not satisfied with a liberty which left the person in bondage; and they made an attempt accordingly to free themselves from the oppression of their civil rulers also. The Peasants' War, as little as its history is known or regarded, was the first great popular movement in favor of equal civil rights, made in modern Europe. A century before the English revolution, a cry was raised in behalf of human rights by the peasantry beyond the Rhine, then newly instructed in the republican principles of Christianity, in substance almost the same as that recently heard in France and Germany. But this feeble voice of oppressed humanity was soon drowned in the clangor of feudal arms. The lords and princes gained an easy victory over these first champions of popular freedom, poorly supplied, as they were, with both arms and counsels; and the peasant, severely scourged, returned to his hewing of wood and drawing of water for three hundred years thereafter.

The next contest of the German people for free civil institutions was partially successful, though still premature. In the time of the Protestant Reformation, and the Peasants' War, the van of European reform was led by Germany; but at the period of the French revolution, as the corruption of the governments and higher classes of society in that country had been much less destructive than in France, and the burdens saddled upon the backs of the people had been somewhat less onerous, the countrymen of Luther had fallen into the rear of the march of civilization. The popular movement, therefore, then commenced by an impulse from without, was neither hearty nor general. During the wars of the first French revolution, Germany was divided in sentiment, and was consequently weak. A portion of its inhabitants, captivated by the promises of Gallic republicanism, espoused its cause,

and fought its battles. An equally large portion remained loyal to the old régime; and thus both the moral and the physical strength of the country was paralyzed. Not until the plundering and the domineering of those, who had at first come with fair promises of liberty, had healed the dissensions of the German mind, and had animated it with one all-pervading sentiment of indignation, did this people show themselves to be, as of old, a great nation, strong in battle, of one mind, inspired with patriotism and true honor.

To this great final struggle against the French, the German people were encouraged by promises of moderate reforms made to them by most of their sovereigns. But these promises were kept more in the letter than the spirit. There was, indeed, something gained by the treaties of Vienna, for instead of the three hundred sovereignties, which had existed under the empire, there were but thirty-seven under the Confederation. Constitutional forms of government, also, were established in most of the smaller States, and latterly even in Prussia. But, although the establishment of the Zollverein, or Customs Union, among the larger number of the confederates, was a great allowance towards freedom of internal commerce, industry remained hampered by many feudal tolls, taxes and monopolies. The press was still kept under censorship; the proceedings of courts of justice were both private and in writing; the trial by jury was generally denied; religious toleration was not allowed; nor the right of petition; nor the right of bearing arms; in a word, the principle of absolute government was checked by very few and very feeble guarantees of popular rights and privileges.

It would be committing a great mistake, however, to measure the progress of civilization in Germany, since the French revolution, by the reforms introduced into its form and mode of government. The change has been in the spirit of the people; a change, though prevented from showing itself in corresponding institutions, still most manifest to every intelligent observer. Since the close of the preceding century, owing, in part, to their superior system of schools and universities, a generation of educated men has come upon the

stage of action. Through their influence a high degree of intelligence has been applied to the improvement of the arts and avocations of life. New employments have been sought out; the bounds and liberties of the former ones been enlarged; and the mind of the nation, which had before been forced, by the despotic system of government, to employ itself disproportionately in the study of letters, has applied itself more to the ordering of affairs, and become, in consequence, much more practical in its tastes and tendencies.

To this same end has contributed the long interval of peace. Under its happy reign, the material wealth of the land has been greatly augmented; and with the possession of pecuniary independence, has grown up, even among the lower classes, a sense of personal dignity and worth of character. The introduction of steam upon roads and rivers has given an impulse to enterprise, such as has never before interrupted the repose of Teutonic society. And not only has the cause of industry been advanced thereby, but these new means of communication have contributed, also, both to equalize the intelligence and unite the sentiment of the country, and to introduce into it, more freely, the liberal ideas of western Europe and America.

The very great increase, therefore, of general intelligence, of enterprise, of wealth, which has taken place in Germany within the present century, has been insensibly carrying forward the people in advance of their governments. These have been comparatively stationary. With hardly an exception, they have pursued the policy of Metternich, which was timidly directed to the preservation of things as they were. But in spite of the retrograde measures of the princes, and partly in consequence of the excessive severity with which all attempts at innovation were repressed, an unseen but dreaded constitutional party grew up in the country. It was composed, at first, chiefly of the literary class—which, in Germany, is more numerous and united, and, if possible, more influential even than that in France—together with the *élite* of the mercantile and military classes. At the outset, being led on by the most enthusiastic and least experienced among the learned, it effected little,

indeed, in opposing the principles of the Holy Alliance, beyond the keeping alive the controversy between despotism and freedom. But gradually it gained ground; until, at length, it was courted by every disaffected interest in the country. At one time its favor was sought for by the Catholics of the Rhine, and, at another, by the Protestants of Bavaria; now, by the peasants of Suabia and Franconia, oppressed by the exactions of still remaining feudal tyranny; and finally, by the famished operatives of Silesia and Westphalia.

At the same time, the signs of the gradual growth of a very strong centralizing tendency throughout the country became manifest. The people began to express themselves in favor of a stronger, more dignified, and less expensive form of organization, than was consistent with the existence of so many sovereignties in miniature. Even the Austrian Archduke John, infected with the new passion, was led to exclaim, "There shall be no Austria, no Prussia, but one Germany." And when the French premier, M. Thiers, declared that France must regain the left bank of the Rhine, the Germans, electrified with one feeling, pressed each other to the breast as brothers, and sang together, with one voice, the famous song, "*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*," (They shall not have it.)

More recently, the public mind in Germany has become imbued with revolutionary ideas in consequence of the great political changes which have occurred in other parts of Europe; by the Polish insurrection, and the incorporation of Cracow into the Austrian Empire; by the Swiss Revolution; by the Irish and Italian movements, and by the discontent engendered from a partial failure of the crops. The influence of these events was aided, also, by occurrences at home. A club, entertaining revolutionary designs, was formed last year in Breslau, the capital of Silesia, by the socialists, who, for the last ten years, have been almost as active in disseminating their opinions in Germany as in France, and have effected not a little towards preparing the way for political change.* Moreover, besides the reports of debates in the different popular chambers, a great multitude of political writings

have, within a few years, issued from the press, calculated to awaken public interest in political reforms; and, in many instances, their effect has been greatly enhanced by the severe punishment inflicted on their authors. In Hanover, Brunswick and Cassel, a strongly embittered feeling against the reigning houses has gradually sprung up. A year ago, a want of money compelled the King of Prussia to assemble his States General; and an utter distrust of the financial situation of the government of the Empire, had, more recently, been avowed by the States of Lower Austria, as their chief inducement to demand a general representative government. These two leading States of Germany, in fact, have for some time been on the eve of bankruptcy; and national bankruptcy, in these days, when diplomacy has been reduced mainly to financiering, is but another name for revolution.

At the time the late revolution broke out at Paris, therefore, Germany was on the eve of great political changes. The train was laid: only the application of the match was wanting to rend asunder the foundations of government.

This fact will be still more apparent from the enumeration of several events which transpired in Germany immediately preceding the destruction of the French monarchy.*

In September, 1847, at a large meeting held in the town of Offenburg, in the grand duchy of Baden, by the leading liberals (so called) of that State, it was resolved to make an attempt to restore their suppressed Constitution; and, to that end, to demand of the government—1. The abrogation of certain specified decrees; 2. The freedom of the press; 3. Religious toleration for all sects; 4. An oath to be taken by the military to support the Constitution; 5. Personal freedom; 6. Popular representation in the Diet; 7. The institution of a national guard; 8. A system of progressive taxation, according to income; 9. That all branches of public instruction be free to all; 10. Better protection of labor and industry; 11. Reorganization of the judicial tribunals; 12. A popular administration of govern-

* Breslau Zeitung.

* Heidelberg Gazette.

ment; 13. Abolition of feudal privileges, and monopolies.

These demands became known as the *Offenburger points*, and excited a good deal of attention in south-western Germany. Moreover, on the 8th of February, 1848, the German Diet, in accordance with the wishes of the Prussian government particularly, entered upon the consideration of a law providing for the abolition of the censorship of the press in all the States of the Confederation. On the ninth of the same month, an address, demanding reforms in legislation, was sent to the local authorities by the peasantry of Westphalia. On the tenth, the Duke of Meiningen entertained a project for opening the criminal courts to the public. On the twelfth, the German Diet, which, for some time, had seemed to be making preparations for some emergency, appointed an anti-revolutionary committee, and placed the fortress of Mainz on a two-thirds war footing. In the beginning of the month, the governor of Prague, having been called upon to furnish a quota of troops to be sent into the disturbed districts of the Empire, replied that the unsettled state of affairs in Bohemia would not justify him in sparing a single man. About the same time, also, a plan was formed for assembling a congress of German princes, and their representatives, at Dresden, to take measures for incorporating a national representation into the Diet, and for effecting a more intimate union of the country.

So prepared for revolution were the Germans, in fact, when the news of the overthrow of Louis Philippe reached the Rhine, so well formed and deeply settled were their convictions in behalf of liberal institutions, that they rose with one mind. Public meetings were held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Coblenz, and a great many other towns; and, without concert, petitions for reform were forwarded to the authorities, all substantially of the same tenor. It happened that the news arrived at Mayence in the midst of the masquerading of the Carnival, and found all the city worthies in the *Narren Verein*, or Fools' Assembly. In an instant the conical caps and bells were thrown aside, and all present were engaged in solemn deliberation. The assembly, acting with as great unanimity as dispatch,

decided to send a deputation of two hundred citizens to Darmstadt, with a petition for the liberty of the press, a civic guard, a diminution of the army, and a German parliament. This was done accordingly.

The contents of the Rhenish petitions, generally, agreed substantially with the *Offenburger points* before mentioned. In all parts of the land, likewise, the public voice was at once raised in favor both of a general representative parliament to frame a new and more efficient system of union among the members of the Confederation, as well as of free local constitutions, securing to the several States freedom of the press, religious toleration, popular elections, public and oral proceedings in courts of justice, together with the trial by jury in criminal cases, the responsibility of the ministers of state, the right of petition, the right of bearing arms, a more equal system of taxation, and the abolition of feudal privileges and monopolies.

The French Republic was acknowledged by the press without delay, and soon afterwards by the sovereigns of Germany; but the Germans did not desire a republic for themselves. Only in the south-west were the republicans sufficiently numerous to venture on active measures for the establishment of this form of government. Struve and Hecker, the leaders of the party, mustered a small force from Baden and the neighboring States, and Herwegh proceeded to their assistance with eight or nine hundred followers from Paris. But the insurrection was soon quelled by the imperial troops; the insurgents were scattered, with small loss of killed or captured, and the French legion, formed on the frontier, was dissolved by the Provisional Government of France. A demonstration made in Frankfort on the Main, on the 4th of March, by a number of the city guards, who marched through the streets crying, "*Es lebe die Republik*," (Long live the Republic,) was effectually put down by the police. In Heidelberg, on the 26th of the same month, the question of introducing republican institutions was debated in a great meeting of the people, but decided by a large majority in the negative. This meeting, assembled with in the court of the grandest ruin bequeathed by the middle ages to the north

of Europe, was remarkable for being held, as of old, under arms; and its orators, if not applauded, like Ariovist or Hermann, by the clangor of spears and shields, were, at least, saluted with trumpets and volleys of musketry. In Stuttgart, the working classes cried out for a republic. In Freiburg, in Breisgau, in a popular assembly of eight thousand persons, a large majority were in favor of it. A considerable number of republicans came together in the Exchange of Hamburg, and issued a manifesto, proposing the formation of a democratic republic, on the model of the United States of America. A proposal, also, was extensively circulated for founding three confederated republics, on the upper, the middle, and the lower Rhine. This was the extent of the republican movement in Germany.

The loyalty and the good sense of this people made them satisfied with the reform of their monarchical system of government. This is now being carried through in a very thorough manner, by the establishment of truly liberal constitutions in every part of the country; and even in that kingdom whose chief so lately declared that "a piece of paper" should never stand between him and his people. The news of the fall of the French throne produced an instantaneous effect in Prussia. Petitions at once poured in to the King, from the principal towns of the kingdom, calling for the establishment of popular institutions. Business was very generally suspended, and a heavy fall in the funds showed a deep distrust of the government financiers. At first, severe measures were adopted to repress the popular excitement, such as the prohibiting of all assemblages of the people for the purpose of petitioning the King; the forbidding of persons to converse in the reading-rooms of Berlin respecting the news from France; the requiring the schoolmasters not to speak to their pupils on the recent events of that country; and the ordering a large body of troops to the Rhine.

But it was impossible for the government to repress the manifestations of popular enthusiasm in the cause of liberty. By the 13th of March, the excitement had risen to so high a pitch that, in contempt of the royal prohibitions, meetings of the citizens of Berlin were held in the Park, to

petition the King for the reforms demanded by the other cities. But the people were dispersed by the military, without any other injury than some accidental wounds, and order was completely restored by midnight. On the next day, however, the same scenes were acted over again, with the loss of one citizen killed. The Mayor and the Senate issued a proclamation, expressing their confidence in "the good intentions" of the King, and exhorted the citizens to maintain order; while a deputation of the magistrates and deputies of the city waited on his Majesty with a petition which had been framed by the town council. The 15th did not pass, however, without some serious encounters between the troops and the people, ten of the latter being killed, and one hundred wounded, and some considerable injury being inflicted upon the soldiers, by the throwing of stones and other missiles. The 16th brought a petition of the students of Berlin and Halle, 1800 strong, as well as the arrival of deputations from the Universities of Breslau, Halle, and Leipsic, and one from the city of Cologne. The government wished to raise a force of 8000 constables, but the citizens were unwilling to serve. A burgher guard, however, which had been organized, attempted to keep order, but the populace took away their colors. The latter, also, assembled in such numbers in the neighborhood of the palace, that orders were given to the military to disperse them. The summons to retire not being obeyed, an attack was made with drawn bayonets; but the populace, retreating to the narrow streets, erected barricades, and gained some advantages over their opponents. A deputation of two hundred students applied in vain to the Crown Prince to put a stop to the effusion of blood, which continued also through the next day, when the King, still unwilling to make concessions, retired to Potsdam. But on the 18th he returned, and yielded to the demands of the deputations and the people; promised to convoke the Prussian Diet on the 2d of April, instead of the 27th, the regular day; granted the freedom of the press, and proposed a new union of Germany, with constitutional institutions.

These concessions of Frederic William were received with universal acclamation;

but, unfortunately, when a crowd had assembled in the great square of the palace to express their gratitude by a *sebehoch*, or hurrah, the presence of the military, then become specially obnoxious to the people by the events of the few days preceding, led some individuals to cry out, "Soldiers, stand back." The threats and scoffs thereupon uttered by a considerable number of persons so exasperated the commander of a company of dragoons, that he ordered a charge upon the crowd.

Then began the fight in good earnest. The people ran furiously through the streets, crying, "*To arms!*" At first destitute of weapons, they soon procured them from the armorers' shops and guard-houses, and by disarming scattered bands of soldiers. The princes rode through a part of the town, exhorting the people to restore order; but the Crown Prince was seized by the populace, and subjected to the greatest indignities. Meanwhile, barricades were erected with the greatest zeal in the principal streets, and especially in the magnificent avenue of *Unter den Linden*. Here there were several, and one of immense proportions. At nightfall, the rising moon beheld the people, armed with such weapons as they had been able to procure, prepared behind their hastily-raised defences to dispute the progress of the troops. Of these, about 20,000 were under arms during the night. The people fought desperately. Driven from one barricade, they took refuge behind another, and even disputed the advance of the enemy from house to house. The tocsin sounded throughout the night. The earth shook with the roar of the artillery. The light of several public buildings in flames glared upon the city. Multitudes of men and women covered the roofs, or filled the windows of the houses, whence they threw down upon the troops stones, tiles, red-hot irons, boiling water, vitriol, and other missiles. One of the barricades was attacked no less than five times with grape and shot, and was not carried until after three hours' fighting. Behind the others, a considerable number of officers were picked off by practised riflemen, one of whom, stationed at the town hall, is said to have killed or wounded no less than seventeen of the enemy. No excesses during the fight appear to have been committed by

the people, except the pillaging the shop of a glove-maker, who had delivered up some Polish students to the military, and the house of the minister of finances ad interim. "Respect the property of the citizens," was written on shops and houses; and the palace of the unpopular Crown Prince was saved from destruction only by the superscription made on it of "National Property."

The morning rays shone upon many fallen, but they illumined the face of a people victorious. Von Mollendorf, the commanding General, had been captured by the principal leader of the populace, a veterinary surgeon, by the name of Hogan, and had been forced to sign an order to stop the firing of the troops. A deputation preceded by a white flag, bore this order to the King, who was induced to send the military out of the city, and thereby saved his crown.

The fighting over, the citizens who had fallen were placed in wagons, and carried to the court-yard of the royal palace, accompanied by a countless multitude, with heads uncovered. On the arrival of the procession, a call was raised for the King, who was obliged to descend and look on the face of the dead. "Off with your cap," thundered the people. The King obeyed. "This is your work," exclaimed one to the monarch. "Yesterday these hearts all beat for you," cried another. At length the Queen, also, was called for; and the King, having in vain attempted to excuse her attendance on account of illness, was compelled to lead her down into what was then converted into the court-yard of the dead. The royal pair stood in solemn silence for a few moments in the presence of the fallen. On their departure, the multitude sang together the sacred song, "*Jesus mein Zuversicht*," and retired.

In the evening, the whole city blazed with thousands of torches, in honor of the victory of the people; and the prison doors having been thrown open, the released Poles were borne in triumph through the streets of the liberated and rejoicing city.

The funeral of the victims of the revolution, which took place on the 24th, was one of the most sad, but imposing spectacles ever beheld in the Prussian capital. One hundred and eighty-seven corpses

were exposed in state on a platform erected before the *Neue Kirche*, or New Church. The edifice was dressed with evergreens, and long sheets of flowing crape, which fell, waving in a gentle breeze of spring, from the top of its pillars to the earth. The procession moved in early morning. It was led by a company of marksmen, who were followed by the students of the University, headed by Baron Humboldt and the rector. After these came a number of choirs, which sang, at intervals, funeral chants and hymns; then deputations from the burgher guard, marching to the sound of the dead march, beat with muffled drums. Cars, hung with garlands and wreaths of flowers, bore the dead. The clergy of all creeds, the families of the fallen, the military officers present in Berlin, in a long train, succeeded. Behind these vocal choirs followed with sacred songs; the various guilds with their different badges veiled in crape; companies of working-men of all kinds, bearing mourning banners; and a division of the city guard, with their imperial cockades likewise in black, closed the procession. Nearly three hours were occupied by it in passing the palace. On the balcony, one end of which displayed a black flag, and the other the national colors in crape, stood throughout the ceremony the King, together with several of the princes and ministers of state. The streets through which the procession passed, were lined with the inhabitants, a large number of them in the habiliments of deep mourning. One capacious grave, dug in the form of a cross, in the burial ground of the Invalids, received the remains of the victims—Protestants, Catholics, Jews, being all laid in different parts of one common sepulchre. The bodies being returned to the earth which gave them, the band of the opera played a dirge; addresses were made by chaplains of different forms of faith; the choirs, accompanied by the congregated multitude, chanted a burial hymn; sprigs of holly, and green wreaths and flowers, were cast upon the coffins; volleys were fired by the burgher guard over the graves of their comrades, and all eyes were filled with tears.

The official return of the troops killed in the city was three officers, and seven non-commissioned officers and privates;

of the wounded, twenty-eight officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and two hundred and twenty-five privates.

Meanwhile, the King, after the triumph of the people, had readily yielded to all their demands. He issued a proclamation supplicating his "dear Berliners" to hold fast their loyalty; he harangued them from the balcony of the palace in behalf of order; he changed his ministry; intrusted the capital to the care of the burgher guard; and promising to forgive and forget the past, he rode through the streets, with the new German colors on his arm, and declared to his subjects, that he would place himself at the head of the movement in favor of national freedom and unity. This announcement, afterwards made officially, was received with universal favor. The cry of "Long live the Emperor of Germany," is said to have called out a gracious refusal of this title; but the sight of the national tri-color, adopted by the King, filled all eyes with joy, and all mouths with "Long live Frederic William."

Some attempts have been made, since the revolution, by the working men, to proceed to the same excess of change, which was partially effected by the same class at Paris. But the citizens have been prompt to interfere to prevent their success; and little has occurred to disturb the peaceful course of reform, which the new Constituent Assembly is still engaged in carrying forward. The frequent *charivari* serenades, held before the houses of unpopular magistrates and officers, have given rise to some slight collisions between the people and the authorities. The project of a Constitution, proposed by the King, was burned by the citizens before the palace of the Prince Royal. The bourgeoisie, offended by some measures of the government, forcibly demanded and obtained the guard of the military posts of the capital. The Assembly having refused to acknowledge that the combatants of the 18th of March had deserved well of their country, disturbances broke out in Berlin which resulted in the pillaging of the arsenal by the populace. Herr Camp-hausen entirely lost the confidence of the fickle public, and never having possessed that of the King, was obliged to retire with disgrace from office, together with all the ministers appointed at the commencement

of the revolution, and has been succeeded by the still more liberal ministry of Herr Hausemann. The Assembly, which has taken the place of the former Diet, is conservative in character, but its measures have been popular, and among them is a law for the abolition of fiefs. The Prince of Prussia, recalled from England, whither he had been compelled to retire in consequence of his unpopular principles and conduct, was allowed to take his seat in the legislative body without opposition from any quarter. The unhappy difficulties which sprang up in the grand duchy of Posen between the German inhabitants and the Polish, were easily suppressed by the government; and the war with Denmark, waged to secure to the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein an independent place in the new German nation, has tended to promote the internal political tranquillity of Prussia, however much it may have jeopardized its relations with Russia and the North.

Still, though Berlin has not, like Paris, had its 15th of May, it must be observed that there has prevailed in that capital the constant fear of it. Indeed, so new and strange has the position seemed to Prussians to find themselves without a government overseeing all things and ordering all things, without a sovereign who was the State, the only source of power, of law, and of security, that a nervous dread of anarchy, aggravated by the apprehension of foreign invasion, has prevailed not only in the capital but very widely through the kingdom. In many districts this political excitement has been so intense as to create a *hypo-chondria nervosa*,* attended with numerous well marked and disagreeable symptoms.†

If the events which have taken place at Berlin, in consequence of the French revolution, might, in any measure, have been anticipated by observers of the times, those which have occurred in Vienna have certainly taken all men by surprise. The Austrian monarchy, which ruled over Germans, Slavonians, Wallachians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Croatsians, Italians, and still other tribes—which has given

fourteen emperors to Germany, and six kings to Spain—has been subverted by a single day's work of the students and burghers of the capital; a fact, by the way, which would seem to prove to the satisfaction of those who have most enjoyed their laugh at the pipe-tails and small-beer potations, the caps and canes, the beards and jack-boots, the spurs, schnaps, and surtouts of these Teutonic Burschen, that after all these singularities have been duly laughed down, there yet remains an *ali-quid humanum* about them left, not so easily to be sneered away.

"After me, the deluge," said Metternich prophetically; but he little imagined that the waters would rise so suddenly, or renovate so extensively the face of society. His timid, time-serving policy had lasted forty years; yet after a struggle of half as many hours, not a fragment of it was left behind. It had consisted in quietly, cautiously holding on to the past, without change or turning. But when the steam-boat had been launched on the Adriatic, and committed to the current of the Danube, when the steam car had startled the silence of the Bohemian and Carinthian valleys; when, in the north, Frederic William had given a constitution to the Prussians; when, in the south, Pius IX. had commenced the work of reform even in the Vatican; and when, in the west, the Swiss republic had been revolutionized, and the French monarchy overthrown—the past had passed away; the old ideas were gone; manners, pursuits, interests, were changed. And what was clear even to the veteran minister himself, the money, almost the credit of the imperial government, was gone; and like Louis XVI. of France, he had lived to see himself compelled to call together his States General, in order to ward off the imminent bankruptcy of the country.

Austria was not unprepared for the extinction of its ancient policy; and many significant signs of change had shown themselves before the final crisis. For several years a revolutionary society had existed in the capital, small at first, but, on the outbreak in Cracow, numbering a thousand members. By their efforts, a petition numerously signed was sent in to the government, two years ago, praying for a diminution of the strictness of the

* Dr. Bruck, of Osnaburg, in Caspar's Wochenschrift.

† For preceding facts relating to Prussia see the Cologne Gazette, and the German correspondence of the London Examiner and London Times.

censorship of the press. Even a few days before the reception of the news of the Parisian revolution, nearly all the professors of the University, though at the risk of their places, had agreed to petition the Emperor for the total abolition of the censorship; a number of the Austrian and Bohemian deputies had resolved, at all hazards, to demand free constitutions for their respective countries; Italy was in open revolt; and very serious manifestations of popular disaffection had been made in several of the provinces.

When, therefore, the fall of Louis Philippe was made known at Vienna, on the last day of February, men's minds seemed suddenly made up for commotion. The public securities fell; a run was commenced on the banks of government, and of deposit; and thirty thousand troops were ordered to Italy. The professors and students presented, forthwith, their petition; and the rejection of it at the different bureaux of the government, brought matters to a crisis on the 13th of March.

On that day, the professors announced to the students that they had been directed by the government to enjoin on them the maintenance of good order. But, at the same time, by way of commentary on the order, they invited their hearers to go with them, to present their rejected petition, to the Lower Austrian Chamber of Deputies, then in session. The invitation was not declined. All rushed into the street; and after their minds had been still more inflamed by a Latin harangue from an eminent jurist, they proceeded towards the Chamber, in the Herren street. As the procession, preceded by the insignia of the University, advanced on its way, it was joined by several hundred members of the Polytechnic schools, together with a considerable number of citizens; and was greeted, wherever it passed, by looks, if not words of encouragement from the men in the streets, and the ladies at the windows.

On the arrival of the procession at the Chamber, the marshal of the Diet appeared on the balcony, and inquired the cause of the assemblage. Thereupon, four professors from each faculty stepped forward, and presented their petition. Having laid this before the Diet, the marshal returned with the reply, that it had been favorably received. But when

considerable commotion had arisen, and a number of the students and citizens had made their way into the hall of the assembly, the marshal was directed to proceed to the Emperor, and lay before him a petition of the Diet which had been before agreed upon. The people followed him.

On reaching the palace, the number of the crowd had become swelled to between 50,000 and 100,000. The assemblage, harangued at intervals by the students, waited impatiently for the reply of the Emperor from mid-day until four o'clock in the afternoon. At that time, the soldiers made their appearance, in order to compel the people to disperse. Straightway, the word of command was given to a battalion of grenadiers to fire. They did so. And this made heroes of the people. They rushed instantaneously upon the soldiers, without giving them time to reload; and a voice suddenly calling out, "Bayonets off," the order was obeyed, as if mechanically. Then arose the cry, "To the arsenal." An aged man, waving his white kerchief, dipped in blood, shouted, with tears in his eyes, "This is the flag of our liberties;" and the throng pressed on to the arsenal and the public offices. Throughout the city, the alarm-bells tolled to arms. The cannon roared through the streets. Stones and bricks were hurled against the soldiers, and furniture was thrown down upon them from the windows. Though the military had taken possession of the gates, one entrance was, at length, discovered unguarded; and thereupon a tide of invasion poured into the city, which at once overwhelmed all resistance. The Emperor yielded; Metternich resigned; the troops received orders to retire; the people were triumphant; the city was illuminated.

This overthrow of absolute power was not effected without the commission of some excesses by the lower classes. There was some plundering in the city during the contest; urged on by the academicians, the populace burned the villa of Prince Metternich, on the Reunwege, and subsequently hung his Highness in effigy, in front of his former residence. In the country, several factories were destroyed by fire; some convents were pillaged; and the peasantry of Galicia took their revenge for previous wrongs on the subordinate magistrates and office-holders.

The promises of reform extorted from the Emperor at the time of the revolution, were similar to those made by the King of Prussia; and they were kept by the subsequent proclamation of a liberal constitution of government for the Austrian States, consisting of the kingdoms of Bohemia, Galicia, Sodomiria, Illyria, and Dalmatia, the arch-duchies of Higher and Lower Austria, the duchies of Salzburg, Styria, Higher and Lower Silesia, the Margravate of Moravia, and the Tyrol. The constitution given to these countries guaranties a responsible ministry; freedom of the press; the rights of petition and association; public and oral judicial proceedings, and trial by jury in criminal cases; a national guard; liberty of worship for all Christian denominations, acknowledged by law, and for the Jewish persuasion; a Diet consisting of two chambers—one consisting of princes of the blood, of persons appointed for life by the Emperor, and of one hundred and fifty members to be elected by the large landed proprietors from their own order—the other, composed of representatives of the people, elected in conformity with laws to be enacted by the Diet. Separate provincial Diets, also, are guarantied by it for the different provinces.

The provisions of this constitution, however, did not fully satisfy the wishes of the Viennese. The ministry of Herr Pillersdorf, also, soon lost its hold of the public confidence, in consequence of undertaking to carry out several retrograde measures, such as closing the University, and abolishing the political committee of the national guards. The fifteenth of May, therefore, beheld in Vienna a bloodless rising of the people hardly less important in its consequences than the terrible outbreak of the populace in Paris. So overpowering was the popular manifestation, that the ministry yielded at once to the demands which were made on them; and Austria, in consequence, instead of accepting the simple chart of government offered her by the Emperor, will receive it in the form of a constitution, revised and altered by a constituent assembly elected by universal suffrage.

Tired at length of making concessions to the burghers and students of Vienna, Ferdinand suddenly retired from his capi-

tal, on the evening of the 17th, and proceeded with his family to the Tyrol. Arrived at Innspruck, he published a manifesto, in which he declared that, reduced by anarchical attempts to the necessity of either shedding the blood of his people or leaving his capital, he had chosen to do the latter; and, also, that he was ready, not only to abide by the concessious made to his subjects on the 15th of March, but to make any others which should be demanded in a legal mode, and not by force.

The real object of the departure of the Emperor was to produce a re-action in the capital and elsewhere against the reform party. It was not successful. The Tyrolese, though they continued to be loyal, were also in favor of the new German union, and of the establishment of liberal institutions. The ministry of Pillersdorf, though it had before asked leave to resign, continued in office, and directed the affairs of state in conformity with the wishes of the University and the national guard. The Emperor called the members of the diplomatic corps to Innspruck, but the ministry declared that the seat of government remained at Vienna.

There was no rupture, however, of the relations between Ferdinand and his ministers; and, at first, an attempt was made to carry out the retrograde policy from Innspruck, which it had been found impossible to do from Vienna. But the publication of a decree for dissolving the Academic Legion only had the effect of involving in a new defeat the partisans of reaction. The people again barricaded the streets of the capital, on the 26th and 27th of May, and held possession of them until the ministry yielded, and consented to the appointment of a committee of public safety. Other decrees were afterwards promulgated by the government of a liberal character, including one for the abolition of feudal rents in the duchy of Carinthia, one modifying the penal code, and another convoking the Constituent Assembly. The elections of members of this Assembly were ordered to be made in accordance with the provisional electoral law of the 2d of May, though several important exceptions were allowed to meet the wishes of the people.

The Emperor, seeing that nothing was to be gained by absence from his capital,

expressed a willingness to return at the opening of the new Assembly. But the state of his health, it is said, prevented him from doing so; and his place on that occasion was supplied by the Archduke John. The opening finally took place on the 22d of July. At the same time a new ministry, under the presidency of Baron Von Wessenberg, took the place of that of Herr Pillersdorf, which had failed to regain the confidence of the people. The return of the Emperor was expected at an early day, but it is in the hands of the Assembly, not in his, that are now held the destinies of the empire.

During the course of the commotions and changes at Vienna, of which a narrative has been given, the Austrian Government has had to encounter very serious difficulties in several of the provinces, particularly in those in Italy. It has there maintained a prolonged defence, though it would seem, in the present hampered condition of the empire, as if nothing were necessary to the ultimate success of the Italians, except those virtues, without the possession of which liberty ought never to be acquired, as it can never be maintained. The blockade of Trieste has been raised by the intervention of the Parliament at Frankfort. A rebellion of the Slavonian population of the capital of Bohemia has been suppressed by the loyalty of the imperial troops, and the firmness of their commandant, Prince Windischgrätz. Hungary has obtained a diet of its own, which is now in session, and remains in nominal subjection to the empire. It is rent, however, with an unhappy strife between the different races of the kingdom, the issues of which it is impossible to foresee.*

In the smaller German States, the demands for reform have been granted more readily by their sovereigns; and bloodshed has been avoided by the troops espousing the cause of the people. The act of *fraternizing* had, in many districts of the country, its ludicrous, as well as its serious aspect,—the solemnity being celebrated by the fraternal exchange of pipes, a desperate challenging of beer-cups, and the most tumultuous dancing between the

bauers and burghers, who had exchanged jackets, and the citizens' wives and peasant girls.

The arbitrary King of Hanover was not a little reluctant to satisfy the wishes of subjects, whom, a few years before, he had deprived of their constitution. But when the students of Göttingen threatened to leave the University, *en masse*, and actually marched out of the town, with tri-colored ribbons in their pipe-stems, and their dogs in leashes; when the citizens appeared openly smoking in the streets, contrary to the new law, and not a soldier would charge bayonet on them; when in the capital the military were intimidated by the bold attitude of the people, who threatened the King with deposition, if their claims were not at once granted, Ernest, seeing that it was the only method of saving his crown, dismissed his ministers, and called to his councils Herr Stube, one of the liberal deputies, who, for refusing to abet his Majesty in the arbitrary measures adopted on his accession, had been prosecuted and imprisoned during several years. Moreover, on the 20th of March, he granted the freedom of the press, the publicity of parliamentary debates, the right of association, a political amnesty, with restoration to civil rights; and promised still further reforms, to be decided upon by the advice of the Assembly of the States.*

In Bavaria, King Louis had forfeited, some time before the occurrence of the French revolution, the respect of his subjects, by his connection with the notorious Lola Montes, created by him Countess of Lansfeld. This lady, having set up her court at Munich, undertook to patronize a newly formed society in the University, bearing the name of Allemania. But the old associations, known by the names of the five Bavarian provinces, picked a quarrel at an eating-house with the neophyte; and the latter, hard pressed, sent to their patroness for protection. Thereupon the Amazonian mistress appeared in *propria persona* on the scene. This, of course, increased the tumult, which finally terminated in the mobbing of the fair favorite, and her escape on the arm of the King,

* For preceding facts, see the Gazette of Silesia; Gazette de Spener; Hamburg Börsenhalle, March 17; London Examiner, March 25th.

* Allgemeine Zeitung.

who, not without peril from the flying stones, had come to her rescue.

The indignant lover immediately avenged himself by suspending the session of the University for one year, and ordering the departure of the students within forty-eight hours. But the popular agitation in favor of the five clubs, and against the troops, who had been ordered out to suppress the tumult, became so alarming, that Louis was obliged to revoke his decree, banish his countess from the kingdom, and consent to a change of ministry.

But the popular feeling was not long satisfied. Serious disturbances broke out on the night of the 2d of March, though order was restored by the military, after some damage experienced by the royal windows. On the 4th the people assembled again, marched through the streets with white flags, and presented to the King a petition for the extension of their rights. But peace was apparently restored by the royal promise to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and convoke a new one for the 21st of the month.

Yet the storm was lulled, not laid. In the evening of the same day the cry rang still louder, "*To arms.*" The arsenal was pillaged, and its weapons distributed among the citizens. The cuirassiers and the infantry refused to fire on the people. And the King, seeing that all was in danger of being lost, announced an unconditional grant of the popular demands.

Crossed in love, and thwarted by his subjects, Louis now came to the sage conclusion of abdicating his crown in favor of his son, the heir apparent. He did so; and Maximilian II. reigned in his stead. The new sovereign, who was acknowledged with enthusiasm, is described as in the full vigor of manhood, being now in his thirty-seventh year, and as both intelligent and accomplished. His first speech on opening the Chambers could not have been otherwise than universally applauded, for the royal orator declared that he had determined to grant a full amnesty for political offences, and that projects of law would be immediately submitted to the Chambers, securing the responsibility of the ministers of the crown, the perfect liberty of the press, a just representation of the people, the abolition of certain oppressive taxes, the promulgation of a new penal code, trial by

jury, and the right of open courts. His Majesty also promised the institution of the Landwehr, and the emancipation of the Jews; and concluded by assuring the Assembly that he would do all in his power to secure a national representation for Germany.*

Besides these commotions of the larger capitals and chief towns, there have been many scenes of insurrection in the rural districts. The horizon, for a short time, was red with insurrectionary fires in Baden, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt, Saxony, Hanover, and Westphalia. In Thuringia, the hearth of the old War of the Peasants, the property of the landed proprietors was, at one period, threatened with a renewal of the attacks of 1525. At several points on the Rhine, large collections of persons, having got possession of some pieces of artillery, took up fortified positions and stopped the steamboats, for the purpose of restoring the old occupation of towing vessels up the river by men and horses. But the castles of the nobility were the chief marks of popular violence; and among others, was burned that of Jaxthausen, on the Jaxt, which had for centuries been in the possession of the Berlichingen family, and had been defended by Götz, of the iron hand, when heading the insurgent peasantry against the troops of the empire. The amount of damage done by the peasantry, however, has been considerably exaggerated; and wherever they were met, as in Baden and Wurtemberg, with fair offers of relief from feudal burdens by their lords and the local magistrates, they readily laid down their arms, and returned to their ordinary avocations.†

Such are the principal events which have recently transpired in Germany, in the establishment of local freedom. We now proceed to give a brief narration of the efforts made to secure a greater degree of national unity.‡

As has been already observed, the Germans, seeing the inefficiency of their Confederation, have been gradually becoming desirous, within the last quarter of a cen-

* See Correspondence of the Allgemeine Zeitung.

† Gazette de Heidelberg.

‡ See the German Correspondence of the London Examiner, the London Times, the Journal des Debats, and Gazette de Heidelberg.

tury, of adopting a stronger and more dignified, as well as freer form of union. The plan, therefore, of establishing a general representative Diet, or Parliament, proposed immediately on the reception of the news of the French revolution, was favorably received by the people of the different States. The suggestion was originally made in a pamphlet, written by Professor Zopfl, of Heidelberg, who proposed that seventy or eighty persons should be chosen in the different German Chambers of Deputies, and should meet at Frankfort for the purpose of assisting the deliberations of the German Diet. A week before the revolution at Paris, this matter was made the subject of a motion in the Baden Chamber by Herr Bassermann, an eminent liberal, and was seconded by Prof. Helker, one of the most learned political writers of Europe, as well as a veteran in the cause of German freedom. But on the arrival of the news from France, this project, at the instance of Baron Von Gagern, of Hesse-Darmstadt, was taken up by the leading liberals of south-western Germany and Prussia, who agreed among themselves to assemble at Heidelberg, in order to take the preliminary measures for carrying it into effect. This meeting was held on the fifth of March, and was attended by fifty persons, many of them being members of different German Chambers. It was then unanimously resolved to take the responsibility of calling a provisional meeting at Frankfort, of representatives of the whole nation, who should be authorized to take measures for the immediate organization of a Constituent Parliament. A committee of seven persons, also, was elected to carry this resolution into operation. Accordingly, by their direction, the Gazette of Heidelberg published on the 13th a call for a meeting of all persons who were or had been previously members of the various constitutional States, together with a number of other distinguished advocates of reform, who were to be specially invited to assemble at Frankfort on the 30th of the same month, in order to deliberate and act upon the plan of union adopted by the meeting at Heidelberg.

Upon this call, a Provisional Assembly was organized on the 30th of March, in the free city of Frankfort on the Main; its

Senate having before granted the reforms asked for by the citizens, and thus prepared the way for becoming the chief city of the new, as it had been of the old empire. The members of this Assembly, upwards of five hundred in number, consisted partly of volunteers, obeying the call of the Heidelberg meeting, and partly of persons delegated, in conformity with the popular wishes, by the different governments, who were compelled to relinquish their plan of a national Congress at Dresden in favor of the meeting at Frankfort. The session of the Assembly was held in the great cathedral of St. Paul, and was opened by the offering of prayers. Mittermaier, the eminent jurist, was elected President; Dahlman, one of the famous professors driven from Göttingen by the King of Hanover, Von Itzstein, Robert Blum, a well-known publicist, and Prof. Jordan, lately released from prison for political offences, were appointed Vice Presidents. The Heidelberg committee of seven presented a programme of resolutions to be passed by the Assembly, providing for the organization of a Constituent Assembly, and declaring its own views as to what ought to be the basis of the new federal constitution. In opposition to this programme a bill of popular rights was introduced by Herr Struve, in behalf of the republican party, which was negatived by a large majority, as was, also, a proposal that a programme of procedure should be prepared by a committee of the Assembly, raised for that purpose. The measures recommended by the Heidelberg committee were accordingly adopted; and a committee of fifty members, to whom six Austrian delegates were afterwards added, was appointed to sit at Frankfort until the assembling of the Constituent Parliament. This committee was empowered to advise the German Diet, which was authorized to convoke the Parliament; and was, also, instructed to recall the Provisional Assembly, in case of any dangerous emergency.

The republicans refused, at first, to consent to any action of the Assembly's committee with the regular Diet, and expressed this disapprobation of the proposed course of proceedings by withdrawing from the meeting; but they afterwards returned, when the Diet had repealed certain obnoxious decrees, and expelled

those members who had been most active in supporting and executing them.

The most important resolutions passed by the Assembly were, that it had devolved upon itself to prescribe the mode of organizing the Parliament—that Schleswig-Holstein should be regarded as a member of the German nation—that Poland should have a separate national organization—that the number of representatives in the Parliament should be in the proportion of one for fifty thousand, making an Assembly of upwards of six hundred members—that the members should be elected by universal suffrage, without reference to religion, rank, or census—that the electors, being German citizens of age, might be selected from any of the Confederated States, without reference to their residence—and that political refugees, returning to the country, should have the right of electing and being elected. These measures having been enacted with praiseworthy dispatch, the Assembly dissolved itself on the 2d of April.

Meanwhile the Diet, compelled to yield to the force of public opinion, then the only governing power in the country, had adopted the new German colors, consisting of black, red, and gold; and had invited each one of the States represented by the seventeen members of its smaller council, to send the same number of persons, possessing the confidence of the people, to take part in their deliberations respecting the revision of the federal pact. This request was acceded to by the different governments, who nominated for their representatives extraordinary, some of the most distinguished jurists and political writers of the country. Immediately congregated in Frankfort, these "men of confidence" served as a link of communication between the Diet and the Assembly's committee of fifty-six. By the joint labor of these bodies, especially those of the seventeen "men of confidence," a report was drawn up and published on the 16th of April, containing a draft of a fundamental law for the organization of a new German Empire; and a call for the assembling, in a manner agreeing with the resolutions of the Provisional Assembly, of the Parliament at Frankfort, on the 1st of May, to act upon the proposed constitution.

The form of government thus projected, resembles very nearly that of our own country, except that it proposes a hereditary instead of an elective head. All the Germanic States are to be incorporated into the new Empire, including the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and excepting the grand duchy of Posen. In the place of the existing confederation of independent States, is to be established one united sovereignty, which, however, shall allow to the different States all the powers consistent with the existence of national unity, and which shall guaranty to them the maintenance of all those fundamental rights and institutions which have recently been granted to the people.

The central or imperial power is to embrace the exclusive right of representing the German States in their foreign relations; of making war and peace; of negotiating treaties; of commanding and supporting an army and navy; of establishing a uniform system of custom duties; a general postal system; a general system of money, weights, measures, and patents, and of exercising a surveillance over railroads and telegraphs.

The supreme power is to be vested in a hereditary Emperor, and a Diet. The Emperor is to reside at Frankfort on the Main; but the mode of his election, in the first instance, is not prescribed in the Constitution. He is to be clothed with the executive power of the Empire, and to appoint its functionaries, together with the officers of the army and navy, and the superior officers of the national militia. He is to be inviolable and irresponsible; but an act, to be valid, must bear the signature of a responsible minister.

The Diet is to consist of an Upper and a Lower Chamber. The former is to contain not over two hundred members, consisting of the reigning princes of the different States, who may attend either personally or by substitute; a delegate from each of the free cities; and counselors of the Empire, chosen, one half by the people of the States, and one half by the governments, for the period of twelve years. The Lower Chamber is to be composed of deputies, elected once in six years, and to be removed in thirds every two years. They are to be elected by the people in districts consisting each of

100,000 inhabitants. Every citizen is to have the right of voting, who has attained his majority, and has not been convicted of any infamous offence. Every citizen, of the age of thirty years, is eligible to office, and need not reside in the district electing him.

There is to be established an Imperial Court of Justice, composed of twenty-one members. They are to receive their appointments for life—one third from the Emperor, one third from the Upper Chamber, and one third from the Lower. The Court is to hold its sessions at Nuremberg, and is to have the power of deciding upon all political and judicial controversies between the German States, and between the reigning princes; and also in certain cases between individuals and the general or State Governments; and upon a variety of other matters.

The time for the meeting of the Constituent Assembly having been adjourned from the 1st of May, in order to give time for completing the elections, this body was at length organized on the 18th of that month. On that day the members, having held a preliminary caucus the evening before, proceeded, under the escort of the civic guards of Frankfort, to the church of St. Paul, and made choice of Baron Von Gagern for President, and Herr Von Soizon, advocate of Mannheim, who had presided over the Committee of fifty-six, for Vice President. Both of these gentlemen are leaders of the party which is in favor of liberal monarchical institutions.

The preliminary subjects of legislation having been disposed of, and time having been given for the free interchange of opinion among the members respecting the best mode of securing a new union of the States, the Assembly resolved, on the 3d of June, to appoint a commission to consist of fifteen members, nominated by the committees, for the purpose of examining the different propositions for the establishment of a provisional central power.

The proposition to appoint a federal directory of three persons was discussed at length, but was finally rejected in favor of a vicar of the Empire, chosen by the Assembly. The election of this officer took place on the 29th, and resulted in the selection of Archduke John, of Austria, he having 456 votes, the President of the Assembly, Baron Von Gagern, having

eighty-two, Herr von Itzstein thirty-two, and twenty-five members of the extreme left declining to vote.

This appointment has been favorably received throughout the country, and, all things considered, it must be regarded as a judicious one. The King of Prussia, who succeeded to the throne a few years since under so flattering auspices, has rendered himself exceedingly unpopular in Germany by his opposition to the progress of liberal principles of government, and latterly by the conflicts between his troops and the inhabitants of his capital. He had given, indeed, to Prussia a sort of political constitution, but he had not done it with a good grace. He had early adopted the imperial colors, and proclaimed himself the leader of the new German movement, but his conduct was thought—to say no more—somewhat too ambitious, and the sincerity of his patriotism was made the subject of very grave doubts. He had volunteered to defend the cause of German nationality against the Danes, and had done it at some expense of blood and money; but it seems that he has succeeded by that movement in duping, not the nation, but himself. His brother, the Prince of Prussia and heir apparent, being an enemy to constitutional forms of government, was still more obnoxious to the people. Prussia, therefore, which, under other circumstances, would have been entitled to the selection of a head for the new national government, standing, as she does, at the head of German civilization, and having done more, by the policy of the Zollverein, towards effecting the unity of the States than any other power, was obliged to relinquish her claims in favor of a rival whose legislation, for the last half century, has promoted neither the union of the country, nor the progress of liberty. But Austria was fortunate in possessing a prince who had been long disgraced at court and beloved by the people. The personal qualities of the Archduke John overbalanced the indifferent claims of his State.

The Archduke is a brother of the late Emperor Francis, and an uncle of Ferdinand. At the age of twenty-seven, he excited a general enthusiasm in his favor among his compatriots, by organizing, in the Tyrol, the famous partisan war, which

commenced, and, by receiving the capitulation of the fortress of Huningue, which consummated the deliverance of Germany from the French. The popularity thus acquired was more than adequate to counterbalance the reverses he experienced, when, in 1809, he was driven by the viceroy from Italy to Pesth; and was prevented, by untoward circumstances, from taking part with his troops in the fight at Wagram. Retiring from service at the close of the war, with the title of director-general of the fortifications of the Empire, he incurred the displeasure of the court by his frank condemnation of the policy of Metternich, and of the intrigues of the aristocracy and the Jesuits. Forbidden to reside in the Tyrol, in consequence of his too great popularity among his old companions in arms, he retired to Styria, and occupied himself with the pursuits of agriculture and mining, the study of botany, and with following the chase. In this sport he displayed such intrepidity and hardness as to gain the reputation of being one of the best chamois hunters in Switzerland, and, indeed, as to so awaken the fears of the great premier, that his portrait, taken in the costume of the Styrian chase, was forbidden to be sold in the print-shops of Vienna. Adopting the simple mode of life, and mingling in the rustic society of the mountaineers, he endeared himself as much to the Styrians as he had done to the Tyrolese. And well might this be the case, for he crowned his partiality for their mountains by taking to wife one of their fair damsels, the humble daughter of a *maitre de poste*. The marriage, though ridiculed at court, received the imperial consent, and the pretty Styrian, ennobled by the title of Baroness von Brandhof, became an Austrian Archduchess.*

* The following is said to be a true story of the courtship, though we do not vouch for it. There is, in the mountains of Styria, an isolated, silent post-house. One day, during the harvest, it happened that all the domestics were away in the fields. Excepting a single stable boy, no one was at home save the *maitre de poste*, an old man suffering from the gout, and his daughter, a charming and robust child of the Alpine vales, who was sitting at her work in the chamber.

Suddenly the rattling of a carriage and four broke upon the silence. Recognizing the equipage as it drew near, the old man, trembling, cried out:

"The Archduke John!—the Archduke John—and all my boys are away!"

"The Archduke John! but he can't wait," replied the young girl; "I will go with him myself."

In 1842, Prince John attracted the special attention of the friends of political progress by a toast given at the famous fête of the cathedral of Cologne, prepared by the King of Prussia in commemoration of the middle ages. "No Prussia, no Austria," said he, "but a Germany strong and united." In the late revolution at Vienna, he also signalized himself by the recommendation of popular measures, and effected the resignation of Metternich by informing the people that he *had* resigned. He is now sixty-six years of age, though apparently not more than fifty, and is still in possession of full physical and intellectual vigor.

After having been notified of his appointment, the Archduke proceeded to Frankfurt, where he was received with universal rejoicings, and was installed, on the 12th of July, Vicar of the Empire. The ministry, thereupon appointed by him, consists of Herr von Schmerling, of Vienna, member of the Parliament, Minister of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs, Herr Hecker, of Hamburg, member of the Parliament, Minister of Justice, and Major General von Poucker, of Prussia, Minister of War. On the 15th, the Vicar was obliged to leave for Vienna, in order to open the new Austrian Assembly. After that, he will return and reside in Frankfurt.

Upon the installation of the Vicar of the Empire, the German Diet, instituted

And without giving time to her father to add a syllable, she hastened to her chamber. While the stable boy and the postilion of the last station were harnessing fresh horses, the young girl disguised herself in a pretty postillion's costume, which she had worn during the fêtes of the last carnival. Then descending quickly, she threw herself into the saddle, seized the reins and whip, and drove off the Archduke most gallantly.

The eyes of the traveller did not delay to fasten themselves on the genteel postilion. The slender, pliant limbs, the well-turned shoulders, the graceful figure inclosed in a scarlet uniform, somewhat surprised the prince, until engaging in conversation with his accomplished driver, the soft, fair voice of the latter betrayed her secret.

"But thou art a girl!" said the Archduke.

And the terrified postilion replied as best she could: "There was no one else at the house of my father when you arrived, and your imperial highness could not wait."

The Archduke banished the fears of the amiable child, whom he found as intelligent as pretty, and at the moment of separation, said to her:

"Since you have made yourself a man for my sake, it is no more than fair that I should make you back a woman (wife)."

The young girl had no objections, and the prince, after having obtained the consent of the Emperor to his marriage, received her as his bride.

by the Congress of Vienna, composed of plenipotentiaries of the governments of all the States, and which, for thirty-two years, has been the grand agent of the Metternich policy in restricting the freedom of the press, and checking the progress of constitutional liberty, ceased from its labors. May it rest in peace.

The Parliament is proceeding slowly in the formation of a national constitution, following out the plan, and generally adopting the provisions, recommended by the provisional assembly. It is also about to make large additions to the numbers of the federal army, and has voted six millions of dollars for laying the foundations of a national navy. It is not improbable, from present appearances, that all the forces and money which can be obtained will be needed in the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. General Wrangel, commander of the Prussian

army, having refused to sign the articles of truce adopted by the governments of Denmark and Prussia, declaring them to be inconsistent with the honor of Germany, and alleging his subjection to the Vicar of the Empire, it will devolve on the federal power at Frankfort to carry on the war. What will be its issue, it is impossible even to conjecture, so complicated have become the relations sustained to each other by the parties immediately or remotely interested. It appears as if nothing, except a war with some of the great European powers, could occur to prevent the consummation of the great work of union commenced at Frankfort. If such a calamity can be avoided by a timely adjustment of the quarrel with the Danes, the Germans will soon present to the world the august spectacle of a united Empire of Free States.

CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY.

SOME remarks were not long since offered to the public in the *National Gazette*, upon the comparative dispatch of business in the British Parliament and the American Congress; and the editor decided, upon very just grounds, we think, in favor of the superior method, order and industry of the English Legislature.* He proposed, as one means of inducing a greater atten-

tion to their duties on the part of our Representatives, that the desks at present attached to their seats in Congress should be removed, or disallowed; as it is well known that they contrive to transact at these very convenient bureaus nearly as much private* as public business, in the

* He had scarcely ever heard any (speech) for which one hour would not have been sufficient, if all had been omitted which ought not to have been delivered. He had listened also to the debates in the French Chambers, and the British Houses of Lords and Commons. He had heard the speeches of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, the Earl Grey, and other distinguished statesmen, on very important subjects; and there, in the Legislature of a nation having its armies and territories in every part of the globe, in the course of two years, he rarely ever heard a speech exceed forty or fifty minutes. But here, every subject, on every occasion, must be discussed at immoderate length, and a morbid taste was generated throughout the land.—*Mr. Thompson's Speech*, 21st December, 1847.

* This hall is a great business room, a place to write letters to their constituents, to draw bills of exchange, to settle accounts, and to do business. He proposed that the desks be all removed.—*Ibid*.

I have seriously reflected on this subject. I could not consent to abolish the hour rule without removing these desks. As a matter of economy it is a great reform; and I tell the gentleman from North Carolina, who is always in favor of economical reform, remove the desks and you shorten the session two months, and save twenty thousand dollars of the public money.—*Ibid*.

As a mere sanitary regulation, to prevent members who desire to speak from bringing upon themselves, by too long continued exertion of the organs of the voice, that prevalent disease, the bronchitis, he was strongly in favor of the measure.—*Mr. Pollock's Speech*, 21st December, 1847.

course of a session. The measure thus suggested appears to us peculiarly recommendable and expedient, and promises some advantages which the editor has not adverted to, and which render its adoption not only highly desirable, but, as we conceive, absolutely necessary. The public, we believe, are well aware that whenever a member has the intention, and has "bent up his faculties" to the terrible feat of making a set-speech, this may generally be ascertained, and is in a manner announced beforehand to the House, by certain preparations and prognostics with which it is but too fatally familiar—such as an unusual accumulation of notes, books, documents, &c., upon the desk of the orator; a frequent and ominous hem, or clearing of the throat; and lastly, by the appearance of a copious supply of the true *pabulum* of debate, in the shape of a vessel of water, brought in by the door-keeper of the House, and placed at his side. These formal and formidable preparations never fail to be followed by a regularly arranged harangue, or composed speech, of interminable prolixity, volume and verbosity, of many hours' and often of many days' duration. The desks of the House, therefore, form, as will be seen, an important part of the machinery employed in the speech-grinding process, now brought to such dread perfection by our orators, or serve as a species of conduits, for conveying to the exhausted receiver, or fainting speaker, an inopportune supply of that deleterious and washy fluid which has been noted through all time for its specific action upon the loquacious faculties, and above all, for its tendency to provoke contradiction, to promote intemperance in debate, and weaken the judgment of the deliberate body. This noxious article of furniture, then, which thus forms so important a *spoke* (a word which we unwillingly use from the unpleasant associations which it calls up) in the orator's wheel, or which may be variously likened to a fountain playing through a leaden spout; a reservoir of gas; or lastly, a spinning-jenny, by the aid of which the practised debater is enabled to draw out a yarn of endless length and tenuity. This Pandora's box, we say, ought therefore, without any ceremony or delay, to be eliminated from the House, and cast into the Tiber creek—as by an ancient law of

Athens, every stone, stick, or brickbat, which had been the means of injuring a citizen in life, limb or property, was formally tried, condemned, and hurled forth beyond the limits of the republic. The editor of the National Gazette proposes a further measure of replacing the desks by a tribune or rostrum, similar to the arrangement adopted in the French Chamber of Deputies—as the speaker, by this means, would not only be cut off from his magazine of documents, notes, &c., but be subjected to an insulation and exposure of person that could not but tend greatly to check the loquacious, and restrain the discursive propensities of even the most inveterate prosers. This measure is also worthy of consideration in an economical point of view, (the only one likely to attract Jonathan's attention,) by substituting one rostrum or stand for the one hundred and fifty at present so constantly in requisition, or by the saving both of money and time, by which it would be attended. This species of retrenchment would, we are satisfied, have a salutary effect upon the oratory of the House, and tend to abate the disputation and *evil speaking* to which its members are now so terribly given; while it might produce incidentally a further benefit to the public, by operating as a discouragement to *Cabinet-making*, an art and craft for which Congressmen evince the same childish predilection as a certain sovereign of Europe did for the lofty employment of moulding sealing-wax,* in which he is said to have arrived at a high degree of proficiency and perfection. The water itself, which the desks thus conduct to every seat, being emphatically the beverage of debate, and a necessary refreshment to the public speaker, its total ablation, or a rigid denial of its use, to the members of the House—by which they would be left dry, and in a manner run aground—may

* The late Emperor of Austria, Francis the Second, is said to have been skillful in the manufacture of this article. When about signing the treaty of Campo Formio, he was observed to pause, from a natural reluctance, as was supposed, to alienate, as he was obliged to do by that treaty, a large portion of his hereditary dominions. The cause of his delay, however, was soon explained by his inquiring *who made the sealing-wax* with which the instrument was sealed, which happened to be of a remarkably fine quality.

be considered as a somewhat harsh, if not unmerciful measure, while it might otherwise diminish, rather too suddenly perhaps, that tide of eloquence which at stated periods (viz., those fixed by the Constitution, for it has no other limits,) overflows the capital, inundates the newspapers, and spreads far and wide over the land. We must nevertheless say, that our aversion to this element, merely as a *part of speech*, and from the unpleasant associations which its inherent *fluency* and expansive tendency so naturally suggest, amounts to an uncompromising hostility, which we should suppose must be participated in, to a degree little short of hydrophobia, by every one who ever had the misfortune of listening to or reading a Congressional debate, or who has any regard for his suffering country, or the peace of the world. A proscription of this thin potation seems, indeed, to be otherwise called for from its evident effect, not only on the quantity but the quality of our Congressional eloquence, which both in poverty and abundance bears so close an analogy or resemblance to this flattest and most insipid of fluids, that something like a connection of cause and effect in the case seems but too probable, and is, in fact, plainly traceable. The editor of the *Gazette* complains of members often absenting themselves during debate, (no wonder,) and this even when questions of the greatest moment are under discussion, or pending before the House. We are not ourselves, however, much inclined to consider this as an evil, or a practice very vehemently to be deprecated, as it unfortunately happens that but too large a proportion of our enlightened Representatives are much more out of place in the House than anywhere else; the absence of the body being a much less evil than the absence of mind, or want of talent, which they so often exhibit when at their posts; which they much more generally run their heads against than fill with honor to themselves, or advantage to their country. As the idle are apt to busy themselves about the concerns of others, and are particularly prone to take the public interests and general welfare under their especial care and protection, we have propounded the foregoing views, in the hope that they may meet with attention in the proper quarters, and lead to the adoption of some

stringent measure or effective plan for reforming the oratory of the great council of the nation, and correcting the prosing habits of its members—whose services, whatever estimate they may themselves put upon them, are not, we apprehend, of such unspeakable importance as to render an interference with their privileges, or with that wide license of debate in which they at present indulge, either treason to the people, or an invasion of their imprescriptable rights. The custom that prevails in the British Parliament of coughing down those speakers who unnecessarily consume the public time by protracted harangues, appears to be approved of by the editor of the *Gazette*, while it is seriously reprehended by the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, as savoring too much of boisterousness and indecorum. We confess we are rather inclined to think with Mr. Gales, that coughing and scraping, as parliamentary methods for restraining loquacious speakers, would scarcely answer in so pugnacious an assembly, or in the case of so irritable and important a busy Body as Congress. Our orators, besides, so far surpass those of England in wind, or as jockies phrase it, *bottom*, that much disorder and confusion would probably be occasioned by any attempt to introduce a check of this kind, or to naturalize this strangulatory and arbitrary custom among us. If, as we have seen to be the case, from the statement of Dr. Ware,* referred to at the commencement of these remarks, there are those who will even go the length of talking themselves into a consumption, and speak until they spit blood, and bring on asthma and hæmoptesis, as if resolved to spend their last breath in the public service; we much fear that the coughing of others would be but little efficacious towards restraining such desperately disposed prosers within the limits of a reasonable brevity. In the first place, those who might endeavor to effect this purpose would probably have to cough themselves into a consumption before they could succeed in attaining the desired object; and

* The paragraph here referred to has been omitted. It merely contained the statement that public speakers are more frequently attacked with hæmoptesis, or bleeding of the lungs, than any other persons, or class of patients.

n the next, an abuse of the privilege would undoubtedly be the result, that might lead to the mutilation, if not to the destruction, of many a fair column of debate, though it might greatly abridge the trouble and perplexity of the editors of the Union and National Intelligencer, on whom the mechanical labor devolves of *setting up* (to use the printing phrase) these massy supports and ornaments of the elephantine temple of American eloquence, which in their flatness and length, and the strange writing which they exhibit, bear, it must be confessed, a much nearer resemblance to the Egyptian obelisk, than the Corinthian column. In the army of the great Frederic, a certain standard of height was established, so that no soldier was enlisted or admitted into its ranks who fell even a line below this fixed measure. It appears to us that a similar principle might be introduced with great advantage into Congress and our other legislative bodies, only with this reversal of its application, that the shorter the orator, or in other words, the more brief his style and habit of expression, the more welcome should be his reception, and the more ready his introduction into the ranks of the great representative army which the people find it necessary to keep on foot for the protection of their rights, and the defence of their liberties. An advantage attending this gauge of speech would be, that members instead of peragrating, as they are now in the habit of doing, when once upon their legs, "from China to Peru," would more frequently confine themselves to the matter in hand, and come out in solid column, and gain in strength exactly in proportion as they lost in bulk; or would find that their harangues, like the books of the Sybil, would rise in value as they diminish in volume, and be prized exactly in the ratio of their scarceness and brevity. We cannot but think it also advisable that the term *question* should be banished from the technical language of the House, as it seems evidently to be always taken in a literal sense by its members, as challenging a reply from some one or other, whatever may be the nature of the subject to which it may be applied; so that it is not uncommon for the proposer of a measure to find himself answered when he had neither intended to do nor assert anything calculated to elicit controversy. An unoffend-

ing member, therefore, is not unfrequently placed in the predicament of the unfortunate French writer, who, having thought it wisest to pass over an attack made upon him by an empty and impertinent scribbler, as the only mode of avoiding a controversy with an antagonist whom he deemed unworthy of his notice, was not a little dismayed and *flabbergasted* by the appearance, soon after, of another *brochure* entitled, "*An Answer to the Silence* of Mons. Le Blanc;" his persevering assailant having chosen to interpret his forbearance and enforced reserve in various perverse ways, to his no small mortification and renewed annoyance. Another cardinal regulation, which seems called for by every consideration of economy and convenience, is that of assigning some definite limit to the range of discussion, either by a positive enactment on the subject, or by requiring that every member who shall trespass on the time of the House, beyond the period allowed him by law, shall be subject to a fine of such an amount as shall be calculated to restrain him within reasonable limits, or in other words, shall speak at his own expense, instead of being paid, as he now is, for holding forth with an empty head, to empty stomachs and thinning benches, and "rending the region" with false rhetoric, inconclusive reasoning, and wild declamation. It will be admitted, as a general rule, that one of the readiest means of influencing the minds of men is to address ourselves directly to their pockets,* or their

* The speeches made here were not intended to operate upon the House, but upon the country. When gentlemen got up and addressed "Mr. Speaker," they did not speak to the Speaker, or the House, but to their constituents at home, and that not by means of a powerful voice, but by the aid of those powerful instruments, the pen and the press.—*Ibid.*

Under the rules as existing at the last Congress, a gentleman presents one or two views during his hour; another has an insulated view—he travels over all the ground before he gets to it; and so the ground is gone over and over, and the same arguments presented, perhaps in little different forms, by gentleman after gentleman. Read your debates under the hour rule, and see if this is not the case. In the discussion of the Tariff Bill of 1842, seventy-five or eighty speeches were delivered, and see how the same ideas were presented over and over in them.—*Mr. Henley, same debate.*

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, (in his seat.) There were ninety-two speeches on the Oregon question.

notions of self-interest. If, then, as we have suggested, every member, after being allowed a reasonable and sufficient time to express himself upon a question, were made to pay for everything he said, beyond the prescribed limits, there can be little doubt, we think, as to the effect which such a rule of speech would have upon his views of economy, and habits of calculation—habits so peculiar to the American proper* as to have rendered him, along with his scheming disposition, at once keen in dealing, and rash in speculation; alike lavish and grasping, matter-of-fact and visionary, and in a word a compound of contrarieties, and nearly as great a jumble of inconsistencies, of base and brilliant qualities, as was the great Bacon, whose character has been so satirically and graphically hit off by the little Wasp of Twickenham. For we are satisfied, as respects the rather stringent regulation which we have here proposed, that there are few among our time-wasting, but penny-wise legislators, who would not, with the fear of such a rule before their eyes, become proficients in at least one branch of political economy, and who would not willingly forego a display, and suppress a thousand fine flourishes, rather than lose a hundred dollars on a speech, or even the one half of that sum. The notions, however, of the members themselves, we are well aware, lean rather to an increase of their compensation, as a measure due to their merits and services. But though the burning desire which usually actuates a Representative, to show to the world that he is not a mere wooden member of the House, but that he has, as the common phrase goes, something to say for himself, is perhaps both allowable and praiseworthy. This soaring ambition was carried, as it appears to us, a little too far

If gentlemen of reputation think they cannot talk less than an hour and a half, every other gentleman who rises would feel under the necessity of consuming the same time, for fear his constituents might think he was not able to make so long a speech as the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, or Ways and Means,—*Mr. Morse's speech, same debate.*

* As distinguished from the floods of foreigners and animals from all lands with whom he is mixed up, and to whom, whether paupers, felons, or break-jails, he extends a cordial hand, and says, as the Psalmist does to the worm, "Thou art my fellow!"

by those who, not a great many sessions back, both spoke and voted in favor of a bill to raise their own daily pay. This, however, they no doubt considered themselves as clearly entitled to do, as having given the world sufficient evidence of their zeal for retrenchment and love of economy, by always cutting down, whenever the opportunity offered, the compensation of others, particularly the extravagant allowances made to the officers of the army and navy, whose services are so easy, trivial, and unimportant, when compared with those rendered by the members of the House, in walking, in all weathers, to and from the Capitol, on the public business—in folding up and dispatching communications to their constituents—and *waking and thinking** of the concerns of the nation. Their labors in this way are, indeed, of so arduous and constant a character as to compel them occasionally to relax their minds by playing and drinking for nights together, at their lodgings, by attending private parties and official dinners, and giving in to other amusements and excesses, by which both their tempers and stomachs are often seriously deranged and injured, and their nervous systems made so irritable as to render them unnaturally prone to contradict, abuse, and commit assaults on each other—so that their personal concerns, quarrels, and grievances generally occupy much of the time of the House, and often occasion their final adjustment to form one of the chief achievements of a session. With respect to the oratorical standard, or gauge of speech, which we consider it expedient to establish, it appears to us, that a column of the *Union*, or of the official paper of the day, would afford a space amply sufficient for all the purposes of legislation, or of debate and free discussion. We would therefore recommend that this measure be forthwith adopted, and authoritatively prescribed for the observance of members. With respect to the disposition of the fines which might be levied for the infractions of this rule, (for there is no doubt that there would still be many who would wilfully endanger their estates, and incur even death and bankruptcy, sooner than

* We here allude to the anecdote of the lawyer who charged his client, among other items, "for waking in the night and thinking of his business."

forego an opportunity of delivering, or rather inflicting, a speech upon whomsoever they could get to listen to it,) we think they ought of right, and also as a matter of policy, to be transmitted to the *Deaf and Dumb Asylum* of Pennsylvania, or divided among any similar institutions that may exist elsewhere. The disposal or division of the money in this way, would, we think, be happily calculated to produce a two-fold

moral effect, by operating as a check and lesson to those *who talk too much*, and a support and encouragement to those *who do not talk at all*. That I may not, Mr. Editor, fall into the fault I have been reprehending, and become tedious and long-winded, I will here conclude, for the present, these rather hasty and very desultory remarks. ATHENION.

THE SHORE.

COMPANION of my soul, though years
Have borne that fatal hour afar,
More pure its distant light appears,
As in the heaven a lessening star.

Forever lost! thou'rt ever near,
For who in passion's ecstasy
Hath mingled with a soul sincere,
Alone can ne'er be deemed to be.

I wander by the sounding shore,
Where blissful, then, with you I wandered,
But love no more the billowy roar,
Since we are helpless, hopeless, sundered.

O loved and lost, I thought thee near;
Yet wandering by those lonely sands,
In vain I turn with listening ear,
In vain I stretch my trembling hands!

Proud swell the waves, then sadly fall,
Swift mingling with the parent sea;
Like souls returning at the call
Of Death to dark immensity.

Of sweetest words they mournful tell,
Of hours that minute-like flew by,
When whitening at our feet they fell,
With sound on sound and sigh on sigh.

Deep sunk in heaven's o'er-arching cope,
The stars looked down on dusky ocean;
Faint winds along the beached slope,
Gave the rank sedge a shivering motion.

No form was there to dash our folly;
No shape along the lonely strand,
Save ghostly tufts of blasted holly,
That pointed madly toward the land.

While now the wave reclining near,
I linger on the verge of sleep,
Thy gentle voice again I hear,
But wake to lose it and to weep!

Love born of Silence! faintly tell
Sweet sounding words thy secret motion;
Though softer than the breathing shell
That whispers of the flowing ocean.

But then the impassioned element,
Whose toiling wave still strives and sighs,
To thy deep throes a murmur lent,
And voiced pale passion's agonies.

Now wearisome these ocean noises,
That sweet and cheering were to me,
When thy voice mingling with their voices,
Made such unearthly harmony.

While gazing on the rising waves,
Far seen by many a rising crest,
Vague woemy weary thought enslaves,—
Hope leads not to her holy rest.

Thy foot-prints on the sliding strand,
As then, again I seem to see:
So failed our dreams, swept by the hand
Of unimpeachéd Destiny.

So fails my life, 'twixt doubt and strife,
While seasons like the wearing ocean
Heap high or bring me low,—my life
Wastes slow with ever-varying motion:

The sea still gaining on the shores,
That hour by hour unnoticed glide,
Till all the wearing wave o'erpowers,
Drawn darkling on the wasteful tide.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THERE are two great conceptions, very generally altogether overlooked, which it is all important to hold in full view, in our efforts to understand and interpret the mighty problem of human life. In the first place, this life, while it culminates and becomes complete only in the form of morality or spirit, has its root always in the sphere of nature, and can never disengage itself entirely from its power; in the second place, while it reveals itself perpetually through single individuals, it is nevertheless throughout an organic process, which necessarily includes the universal race, as a living whole, from its origin to its end.

Nature, of course, can never be truly and strictly the mother of mind. The theory of an actual inward development of man's life, out of the life of the world below him, as presented, for instance, in the little work entitled "*Vestiges of Creation*," is entitled to no sort of attention or respect. The plant can, by no possibility, creep upwards into the region of sensation; and just as little may we conceive of a transition, on the part of the mere animal, over into the world of self-conscious intelligence and will. The sundering gulf is just as deep and impassable in the one case as it is in the other. But we must not so understand this, as to lose sight at the same time of the mysterious life-union which holds notwithstanding between nature and mind. The world, in its lower view, is not simply the outward theatre or stage on which man is called to act his part, as a candidate for heaven. In the midst of all its different forms of existence, it is pervaded throughout with the power of a single life, which comes ultimately to its full sense and force only in the human person. This should be plain to the most common observation. Nature is constructed, or we should say, rather exists, on the plan of a vast pyramid; which starts in the mass of inorganic matter and rises steadily through successive stages of organization, first vegetable and then animal, till at

length it gains in man the summit and crown, towards which it has been evidently reaching and tending from the start. So, in the first chapter of *Genesis*, we have the process of creation described in this very order, and all conducted to its magnificent conclusion, finally, only towards the close of the sixth day, in that oracle of infinite majesty and love: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every moving thing that moveth upon the earth." Man is the centre of nature, without which it could not be in any of its parts the living constitution which it is in fact; for the parts in this case subsist not by themselves, or for themselves simply, but in virtue only of their organic comprehension in the whole. Nature, of course, then rests in man as her own universal sense and end, and can never be disjoined from his life. The union is not outward simply, but inward and vital. Man carries in himself the full mystery of the material world, and remains from first to last the organ of its power. He is, indeed, in another view, far more than nature. Reason and freedom, as they meet together in the idea of personality, belong to a wholly different order of existence; in virtue of which, he towers high above the whole surrounding world, as the immediate representative and vicegerent of God in its midst; made in the image and after the likeness of his glorious Maker, as we are told, and for this reason clothed with supremacy over the entire inferior creation. But still, in all this dignity, his native affinity with this creation is not in the least impaired or broken. Nature clings to him still, as the noblest fruit of her own womb, in whose mysterious presence is fulfilled the last prophetic sense of her whole previous life, while at the same time this is made to pass away in something quite beyond itself. His personality, with all its world-trans-

ceding; heaven-climbing powers, remains rooted to the earth, conditioned at every point by the material soil from which it has sprung, and reflecting in clear image the outward life which has become etherealized in its constitution. The process of nature is thus rising upwards perpetually into the process of morality, by which in the end the problem of the world is to become complete in the history of man. The first is the necessary basis and support of the second, as truly as the stock is made to carry the flower in which it passes away. Man is the efflorescence of nature, the full bursting forth of her inmost sense and endeavor, into the form of intelligence and will; and his whole thinking and working consequently can be sound and solid, only as they are in fact borne and carried by a growth that springs immediately from her womb.

There is no opposition then, as is sometimes dreamed, between the natural and the moral. They are, indeed, widely different, but not in such a way as to contradict each other. On the contrary, they can never be rightly sundered or disjoined. Nature, in order that it may be true to itself, *must* ascend into the sphere of morality; and morality, on the other hand, can have no truth or substance, except as it is found to embody in itself the life of nature, thus emancipated into a higher form. Daughters of heaven as they all are, there is still not a single virtue which is not in this respect, at the same time, truly and fully earth-born; as much so, we may say, as its own sweet image, the natural flower, be it modest daisy or stately dahlia, that quietly blooms at its side. A morality which affects to be purely of the skies, can never be other than sickly and sentimental. The more of nature our virtues enshrine, the more vigorous will they be found to be and worthy of respect.

This is one universal law in the constitution of our human life. Another presents itself, as already stated, in the conception of an organic process, in virtue of which the problem of every individual life is, from the start, involved in the problem that includes humanity as a whole.

Morality, by its very nature, is something social. It does not simply require the relations which society creates, as an

outward field for its action, but stands also only in the sense of these relations as a part of its own being. The idea of man, which is of course originally one and single, in order that it may become actual, must resolve itself into an innumerable multitude of individual lives, whose perfection subsequently can be found again in no other form than that of their general union in a free way. Provision is made for such union in the natural constitution of humanity, bound together as it is by a common origin, and upheld by perpetual evolution from itself in the way of history. But mere nature here is not sufficient to secure all that is required. Humanity comes to its full sense only in the sphere of intelligence and freedom; and its proper wholeness, therefore, is something to be reached only by the activity of the will, recognizing and embracing, with full consent, the relations in which it is required to move. This again supposes a process, growing forth continually from the law of natural evolution and growth just noticed, by which the individual life, in finding itself under its higher form of self-consciousness, may be still engaged to seek its true place in the integration of life as a whole, flowing into this by the spontaneous force of love, and resting in it as the proper and necessary perfection of its own being. The unity of the race can be fully accomplished thus, only through the free action of the living elements into which it is resolved for this purpose. The process of the union is moral, and in no sense physical, except as conditioned by a natural constitution, which adumbrates and supports the spiritual structure that springs from its presence. It is possible, in such case, of course, that the freedom of the individual subject may be abused, and the law of love denied which he is bound by his nature to honor and obey. He may so cling to his own separate and single life, through selfishness and sin, as to wrong perpetually the claims of the general life in which this should become complete. But in all this he wrongs, at the same time, the inmost sense and meaning also of his own individual being. Whether he choose to make account of it or not, he is formed for morality, that is, for free inward union with his race, through the social relations in which

he stands; and his life can come to no right development within itself, but must suffer rather perpetual violence in its nature, if it be not allowed to unfold itself in this its only normal and legitimate form. Morality, including, as it does, the conception of personality or the self-conscious and self-active force of reason and will, is something general and universal by its very nature. It implies throughout the idea of fellowship and union, the organic marriage of reciprocally necessary and mutually supplemental parts, working into each other and conspiring in a common whole. In the power of this universal, omnipotent and irreversible law, the life of every man stands, from the beginning, in virtue of its spiritual or moral constitution. He can never be true to himself at a single point; he can never exercise a single moral function, a single act of intelligence or will, in a truly free way, without going beyond his own person, and mingling, with conscious coalescence, in the sea of life with which he is surrounded.

By one of the greatest discoveries in modern science, placing the name of Schleiermacher in the sphere of ethics on the same high level with that of Kepler in the sphere of physics, the general moral function, as it may be styled, in man, is found to resolve itself, by a process of analysis which we have no time here to follow, into four cardinal forms of action, two lying on the side of the understanding, and two on the side of the will. Each of these can hold properly only under a social character, by which the individual, in order that he may be at all complete in himself, is forced to enter into fellowship with his race. Thus arise four great spheres of moral union, in the proper constitution of the world's life. The first is exhibited to us predominantly in the idea of *art*; the second, in the idea of *science*; the third, in the idea of *sociality*, (*geselligkeit*), corresponding very much with the conception of *play*, in its widest and most dignified sense; the fourth and last, in the idea of *business*. These four orders of life are not to be regarded, indeed, as standing wholly out of each other in the way of external distinction; the case requires, on the contrary, that they should grow into one another with inward reciprocal embrace, and it is

only their complete concretion in this way at last, as the power of a single life, that can bring the moral process to its rightful conclusion. Still they are, for the most part, as the world now stands, more or less out of each other in fact; and each has a nature also of its own, which it must always be important to understand and cultivate under such separate view. They are the four grand departments of humanity, each an organism of universal power within itself, in whose organic conjunction alone we have revealed to us the full idea of morality, as the proper life of man.

Not as co-ordinate in any sense with these, but as above them all, and as constituting indeed the only form in which they can become complete, stands the idea of Religion, as fully actualized in the glorious union of the One Holy Catholic Church. In one aspect we may style such a moral whole the *State*. But, in a perfect state of society, this idea itself must become merged in the broader and deeper idea of the Church, in which alone we reach the final and adequate expression for our universal human life. Religion of course then stands in no opposition to any of the great divisions of this life, as they have just been named; for this would imply an original contrariety between it and the actual constitution of the world, which the nature of the case must be held to exclude. On the contrary, it must have power finally to lift them all into its own sphere. Art, science, social and civil life, must all be capable of being sanctified by its transforming presence. It belongs to the very conception of Christianity and the Church thus, that they should take full possession of the world at last, not extensively alone in its outward population, but intensively also in the entire range of its inward life; and it is only in proportion as we find their actual form commensurate with the idea of such a catholicity, that this can be said to have reached, in any given stadium of their history, its true significance and design.

Underneath this whole magnificent superstructure, on the other side, appears the primitive, fundamental form of society, in the constitution of the *Family*. As the four-fold organism of morality terminates in the idea of the Church, so it takes its start here from an organization, that may be regarded as the root of its whole pro-

cess, rising into view immediately from the mysterious life of nature itself. The domestic constitution stands in no way parallel simply with the four forms of society that make up the union of humanity as a whole; it includes them all rather in its single nature, in the way of beginning and germ. It is the rich well-spring, out of which flows the river of Eden, that is parted from thence into four heads, and carried forward with fruitful irrigation over the fair garden of life, till all its streams become one again in the deep bosom of the sea.

All society rests on distinction and difference. So the primary form of fellowship now mentioned, lying as it does at the ground of our universal life, is at once provided for and secured, by a radical disruption of the entire race into two great sections or halves, in the form of *sex*. Of all distinctions that exist in our nature, this must be held to be the most significant and profound, as entering before all others into its universal constitution, and forming the basis on the ground of which only all other relations belonging to it become possible and real. It comes into view accordingly in the first mention of man's creation; where we are told that he was made in the image and likeness of God, and at the same time under the twofold character of male and female, as the necessary form of his perfection. His nature became complete, only when woman was taken from his side, and he was permitted to hail her bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, in the new consciousness to which he first woke by her presence.

Thus radical and original in the constitution of our nature, the sexual difference must necessarily pervade, not simply a part of its being, but the whole. The life of man is indeed always a complex fact, made up of widely different forms and spheres of existence; but it is always nevertheless, in the midst of all these, a single undivided unity within itself, bound together and ruled throughout by the presence of a common principle or law. The life of the body is ever in strict union with the life of the soul; and this, on the other hand, stands wedded again to that continually, as its own proper self under an outward material form. No less intimate and necessary, in the next place, is the connection

that holds between the individual natural constitution, thus inward and outward, and the proper personality of the subject to whom it belongs. It lies in the very conception of personality, it is true, being as it is the life of the spirit in the form of intelligence and will, that it should not be ruled blindly by the force of mere nature, as comprehended in the individual organization. It is a principle and fountain of action for itself, and is required to act back upon the natural life with such independent force, as may serve to mould and fashion this continually more and more into its own image. But still, this original and independent action, however free it may be in its own nature, can never escape from the particular organization in which it has its basis, and which it is called to fill with its presence. In other words, the inmost life of man, his personal spirit, though absolutely universal in its own character, is made to individualize itself by union with the inferior part of his nature, while at the same time it seeks to lift this into its own sphere. Reason and will accordingly are not the same thing exactly in all men. Personality is conditioned and complexed, all the world over, by the individual physical nature, somatic and psychic, out of which, and by means of which, it comes to its historical development. It is not possible then, of course, that it should not participate in the force of a distinction so broad and deep as that which is involved in the idea of sex. It results necessarily from the organic unity of every single life as a whole, that the order which thus severs the human world into the two grand sections of male and female, should extend to the most spiritual part of our nature as well as to that which is simply corporeal. There is a sex of the mind or soul, just as there is a sex of the body; an inward difference of structure in the one case, including the whole economy of the spirit, fancy and feeling, thought and volition, as broadly marked and strikingly significant, to say the least, as any outward difference of structure which may show itself in the other.

It is altogether preposterous to think of resolving this difference into the influence of education or mere social position; as though nothing more were needed to convert men into women, or women into men,

so far as character and spirit are concerned, than simply to make them change places for a time in the order of society, confining the male sex to the employments of the nursery and kitchen, and throwing open to the female sex the active walks of business, politics and trade. The difference, as we may all easily see, is original and constitutional, and in this view co-extensive in full with the entire range of our common life. It shows itself in the character even of the infant, as soon as it begins to discover any signs of character whatever. The tastes and tendencies of the boyish nature are peculiar to it as such, from the first hour of its activity in the nursery, clearly distinguishing it from the nature of the girl. The distinction reigns throughout all the sports of childhood, and accompanies the entire subsequent development of the spirit, onward and upward to mature age. It prevails in full force over the whole broad range of middle life, imparting to it its highest interest and value in a moral view. Finally, it ceases not in the decay of bodily vigor and beauty, induced by old age itself, but reaches forward still, with a radiant light that grows only more mellow as it is less tinged with the coloring of sense, far down into the vale of years; covering thus in truth the universal tract of our mortal existence, from the mystery of the womb to the still more impenetrable and solemn mystery of the grave.

Nor can the distinction possibly terminate here. It has been made a question indeed, whether the difference of sex extends to the other world; and it is characteristic of the Hegelian way of thinking in particular, that it allows but little room for any such supposition, having a tendency always to merge the individual in the general, and to make men mere passing exemplifications of humanity. But this view overthrows in the end the doctrine of a future state altogether; since without the distinctions of individual nature, as something continued over from the present life, there can be no sense of personal identity, no true resurrection, or other-world consciousness, in any form. It lies in the very conception of our being as we have here described it, that its individual distinctions should reach throughout the whole man in a permanent and enduring way. Personality cannot be evolved at all, except in

such union with a particular natural organization, as to have wrought into it from first to last the same particularity, as a necessary part of its own constitution. It is one of the great merits of Schleiermacher again, to have perceived and asserted, with proper force, the claims of the individual over against the authority of the universal and absolute, as a permanent element in the constitution of man. The question before us then, according to this view, is already answered. The multiplication of the race will not extend, it is true, over into the other world, and with this must come to an end also the present significance of the sexual relation as concerned in that object; our whole present physical state indeed being but the transient process by which our being is destined to emerge hereafter into a higher order of existence. In that higher state, we are told, they shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but resemble in this respect the angels in heaven. The family constitution, in its strict sense, though it be the basis of all morality in its process of revelation, belongs only to the present order of things, and will not be continued in the complete kingdom of God. But we may not suppose, that the vast and mighty distinction in our nature, out of which this radical constitution now springs, will come to an end in the same way. Entering as it does into the life of the entire person, it cannot be overthrown by the simple elevation of our mortal individuality into the undying sphere of the spirit. On the contrary, it may be expected rather to appear now under its most purely ethical, and for that reason its highest also and richest form. In Christ Jesus, there is neither male nor female, as there is also neither Jew nor Greek; not however by the full obliteration of all such differences, but only through their free harmonious comprehension in a form of consciousness, that is deeper than their opposition, and able thus to reconcile them in an organic way. It is on the background of such universal unity precisely, that the differences stand out after all in the clearest delineation which their nature admits. There will be races and nationalities, and temperaments, strongly marked in heaven, no doubt, as we find them here in course of sanctification upon the earth. And so there will be, not in the flesh, but

in the spirit, the difference of sex there too. Humanity, made forever complete in the new creation, will comprise in itself still, as the deep ground tone of its universal organic harmony, the two great forms of existence in which it was comprehended at the beginning, when God created man, we are told, male and female, after his own image. In this view, it involves no extravagance to extend the idea of sex even to the angels themselves, although they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

We are now prepared to notice more particularly, though of course still only in the most general way, the constitutional character of the two sexes in a comparative view. The case requires of course, as already intimated, a glance at the simply physical side of our nature, in the first place, and then at its moral or spiritual side in which only the first comes finally to its full human significance and force. So intimately interwoven however are these two spheres of existence, that no full view can be had of one apart from the other, and it is only in their union at last that we are enabled to complete properly the comparison we have in hand.

The *physical* difference of the sexes is not limited by any means, in the first place, to any particular organs and functions of our simply corporeal structure, but extends to the body as a whole. This is in no sense a mechanical composition merely of various parts, outwardly fitted together, but a living whole pervaded throughout with the presence of a common principle and constitution. It is not possible, accordingly, that a peculiarity so broad and deep as that of sex should appear as something adventitious and accidental only, in some particular parts of the general organization, without affecting the rest. It must impress itself, more or less clearly, upon the whole. This we find, accordingly, to be the case in fact. Both anatomically and physiologically considered, the whole body is made to participate in the sexual character. Man and woman are so completely different in their whole organization that, as it has been remarked, no single part of the one could be properly substituted for the corresponding part of the other. Bones and muscles, the turn of the limbs, general height and bulk, the conformation of the

head and breast, the show of the skin, the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, the bearing and carriage of the person, all are comprehended in the same reigning universal distinction. So also in the case of the several great systems of which life is composed; the action of the liver, lungs and brain is subjected to corresponding modification. In man, the arterial and cerebral systems prevail; in woman, the venous and ganglionic; creating a preponderance of irritability in the first case, and in the second a similar preponderance of sensibility; conditioning thus throughout their different capabilities and tendencies, and indicating with sure necessity the different spheres in which they are appointed to move. In the next place, with the purely corporeal or somatic difference now stated, corresponds also the inward or psychical region of what must still be denominated our physical nature. This includes the whole natural consciousness, the product directly of our animal organization as such, which the true spirit within us is required to raise into its own native sphere of freedom, that it may become the vesture, subsequently, of its own life. Such consciousness, from the start, is not the same thing in man that it is found to be in woman. Sensation and perception, feeling and affection, appetite and tendency, inclination and desire, are all modified by the power of sex. The whole inward and outward nature, harmoniously constructed in each case within itself, is comprehended in the same distinction, and carried always in the same direction. Man is characterized by superior strength and activity, while woman is more delicately tender and passive. Thought predominates in man; in woman taste and feeling. All goes to indicate that man is formed to exercise authority and protection, and to wrestle both physically and spiritually with the surrounding world; while woman is led by her whole nature, rather, to cultivate a spirit of submission and dependence, and finds her proper sphere in the retirement of the house and family. We are in this way, however, conducted over to a still higher apprehension of the difference under consideration. It is only as nature passes upwards, as its constitution here requires it to do, into the sphere of the spirit, that the full sense and force of the distinction

thus sublimated by the ethical process is brought finally into full view.

In this character the difference is no longer natural, simply, but in the fullest sense *moral*. Personality unites in itself the presence of a spiritual universal life, which is strictly and truly the fountain of its own activity in the form of intelligence and will, and a material organization as the necessary medium and basis of its revelation. In this revelation, the spirit, while it must remain always the centre of the whole person, with the power to assert its own proper primacy, is notwithstanding capable of being acted upon and influenced in very various measures by the power of nature, as brought to bear upon it through the organism of the body. In proportion, at the same time, to the independence it may be urged and enabled to assert in its own sphere, will be the strength and force of the personality thus brought into view. Now it results from the whole peculiarity of her organization, as already described, and so of course lies also in the proper purpose and destiny of her sex, that woman should possess less of this independence than man. Her life springs more immediately and directly from nature, even under its true ethical form. There is a specific difference, in this view, between the personality of the sexes taking up into itself and completing the sense of all differences in a lower sphere. It resolves itself, ultimately, we may say, into this, that the universal side of our common humanity prevails in man, and its individual side in woman. Self-consciousness in man runs readily into the general form of thought, disposing him for comprehensive observation, speculation and science: in woman, it takes more the character of feeling, which is always something single, closely coupled with fancy and art; her thoughts are her own inward states and impressions mainly, and the product immediately of the outward occasions from which they grow. So again self-activity in man takes naturally the broad character of will, carrying him forth into the open world, involving him in business and conflict on the arena of public life; while with woman it is exercised more in the form of impulse and desire, falls more fully within the flow of nature as embodied in her own particular organization, and for this very reason at

the same time participates more largely in the character of passive necessity and dependence, as the law by which nature is ruled. The personality of man is more vigorous and concentrated, and, if we may use the expression, more thoroughly and completely *personal*, than the personality of woman; showing him clearly thus to be the centre and bearer properly of the human nature as a whole. This implies no inferiority on the part of woman; she is just as complete and noble in her own sphere as man can possibly be in his; and this sphere is just as necessary as the other also to the true perfection of human life. It lies, however, in the nature of the case, that this life should be, not a dualism, but an inward unity; and that the distinction, therefore, in which it starts, reaching as it does into the personal consciousness itself, should be so ordered, nevertheless, as to return in upon itself again to a common personal ground. The relation of the sexes, then, requires that their two-fold constitution, dividing as it does the proper wholeness of humanity, should be supported at least as a single personality from a common basis, on one side or the other. The general nature, accordingly, is made to centre in man; and woman, taken in symbolic vision from his side, while she forms the necessary complement of his being, comes to her full spiritual development, and gains her true native freedom and independence, only by seeking in him the central support which she lacks in herself, and bringing her whole consciousness thus into profound union with his life, as the inmost and deepest ground of her own.

With such natural and personal difference, the sexes are designated from the start to different spheres of life, and have widely different missions to fulfil in the social system. Neither the duties of the man, on the one hand, nor his virtues and perfections on the other, are the same in general that belong to woman; and so also the vices which most dishonor the one are not always of parallel turpitude for the other. Man's vocation is to go forth into the world, to wrestle with nature as its rightful lord and master, to make his understanding and will felt on the general course of life. The forest-felling axe, the soil-subduing plough, the mason's hammer and the joiner's saw,

the wand of judgment, the sceptre of authority, and the sword of war, belong properly to his hand, and to his alone. Business, politics, outward enterprise, learning and science, are all comprised in his legitimate domain. Woman, on the other hand, finds her true orbit, as we have already said, in the quiet retreats of private and domestic life. Her highest glory and greatest power are comprehended in the sacred names of wife and mother. She is not indeed shut out from society, in a wider view. On the contrary, she is fitted to exert the largest influence in the social sphere, strictly taken, as distinguished from that of business and science; but it is always under her domestic character only, and in virtue of her peculiar constitution, as representing the individual side of the world's life, rather than that which is general and universal. The moment she affects to overstep this limit, by the personal assumption of public and general functions, in which she can have no part properly, except through the medium of the other sex, she makes herself weak, and forfeits her title to respect. The popular platform, the rostrum, the pulpit, are interdicted to her nature, no less than the battle-field and the crowded exchange. All public primacy is unsuitable to her sex; nor is it easy to see, certainly, how the "monstrous regimen of women," as denounced by the old Scottish Elijah in his memorable "*Blast*," should not be as fair an object of indignation and scorn, when seated on the throne, as it is felt to be in all inferior stations.* Christianity here is

* "Who would not judge that body to be a monster," says Knox, "where there was no head eminent above the rest, but that the eyes were in the hands, the tongue and the mouth beneath in the belly, and the ears in the feet? No less is the body of that commonwealth, where a woman beareth empire; for either doth it lack a lawful head, as in very deed it doth, or else an idol is exalted instead of the true head. An idol I call that which hath the form and appearance, but lacketh the virtue and strength, which the name and proportion doth resemble and promise. I confess a realm may, in despite of God—he of his own wise judgment so giving them over unto a reprobate mind—exalt up a woman to that monstrous honor, to be esteemed as head. But impossible it is to man or angel to give unto her the properties and perfect offices of a lawful head; for the same God that denied power to the hand to see, hath denied to the woman power to command man, and hath taken away wisdom to consider, and providence to foresee, the things that be profitable to the commonwealth."—*First Blast*.

always deep, and at the same time true to nature. "Let your women keep silent in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." So again: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression."

The order of society, springing as it does from the sexual relation first of all, imperiously requires that the opposition in which it holds should be sacredly regarded and preserved, throughout the whole economy of life. All that serves to neutralize it, or to thrust it out of sight, should be reprobated as an agency unfriendly to the best interests of the human race. Civilization and culture, morality and religion, while they call for the free intercourse of the sexes, as polar sides of one and the same social constitution, call no less clearly at the same time for their constant distinction and separation in all that pertains to inward character and outward life. They need a different education. The accomplishments which adorn the one are not those that most become the other. It is not without reason, that they are required to distinguish themselves in their outward dress. "Doth not even nature itself teach you," says the apostle, "that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her; for her hair is given her for a covering." All confusion of the sexes, all removal of the lines and landmarks that show the true and proper boundary between them, is a crime against society of the most serious order. For either sex to forsake its own sphere, and intrude into that which belongs of right only to the other, though it should be even in the most trivial things merely, is ever something revolting to all reason and taste. To be unsexily, in cos-

see, hath denied to the woman power to command man, and hath taken away wisdom to consider, and providence to foresee, the things that be profitable to the commonwealth."—*First Blast*.

tume, habit, spirit or occupation, is to be at the same time unnatural and immoral.

This opposition and distinction, however, as we have already seen, are intended only to make room for the more perfect union of the two interests thus flung asunder. It is because they are different in this way, and in proportion also as the difference is understood and respected, that the sexes are capable of entering into the intimate union, which lies at the ground of our whole human life. Physically, psychologically, and morally, man shows himself to be at all points what woman is not. The one is the opposite of the other. But for this very reason, the relation is one also of reciprocal want and supply. Neither section of the race is complete in its own nature, while the defect which exists on each side is met with its proper complement precisely in the comparative advantage of the other. Humanity is the unity of the two sexes; which, as such, accordingly can never rest in one apart from the other, but must seek continually the full conjunction of both, as original, necessary component sides of its proper constitution. In the nature of the case, it can never be satisfied with such conjunction, except under the most inward and spiritual form as the power, ultimately, of a single individual life. The sexes are made complete only in and through each other; and this necessarily by such a union only as extends to their whole constitution, physical and spiritual, embracing thus the entire inward life full as much as that which is exhibited outwardly in the sphere of flesh and blood. Each is needed to fill out and complete the personality or moral nature of the other, no less than its material organization. The qualities of man's spirit require to be softened and refined by communion with the milder nature of woman; as she on the other hand needs the strength and firmness of his more universal life, on which to lean as the stable prop of her own. The personality of man is enriched and beautified through woman, on the side of nature; the personality of woman is consolidated and perfected through man, on the side of the idea.

In this view, of course, the union which the case demands, cannot overthrow, but must serve rather to establish in full force, the order we have already found to hold

between the two sexes in their personal constitution. It is emphatically the fact of this order, involving as it does a certain primacy on the one side and a corresponding subordination on the other, that makes it possible for the union to take that vital, fundamental form that is here required. Two strictly co-ordinate personalities could not be expected to flow thus into the power of a single life. It is because woman has her true and proper centre at last in man, and not in herself, that it is possible for the sexes to become not simply one flesh, but one mind also and one soul. Her consciousness thus poised upon the personality of man, is brought to such harmony, and freedom, and active force within itself, as it could never be advanced to in any other way. All this implies no sort of dishonor or degradation. It is simply the necessary form of our general human life itself, whose perfection demands this distinction of sexes as something which, to be real at all, must hold in such proportional relation and no other. It is precisely the strength and glory of woman, to be thus dependently joined to the personality of man, as the vine is carried upwards by clinging to a trunk more vigorous and rough than its own, which it serves at the same time gracefully to ennoble and adorn. Marriage is, indeed, in this view, more significant and necessary, we may say, for woman, than it can be held to be for man. It is the appointed and regular process of her full emancipation from the power of sense and nature, over into the sphere of a firm and enduring spiritual independence. She needs it to make her own personality, whether as intelligence or will, sufficiently central and deep, to sustain itself as it should against the force of the surrounding world. It is by the mighty energy of love in this form that she comes at last fully to herself, and is enabled to bring into clear revelation the true wealth of her nature. In a deep sense thus we may apply to the case that mystic word of the apostle: "She shall be saved (*διὰ τεκνολογίας*) by child-bearing." Connected as it is immediately with the thought of her moral weakness, as exemplified in the fall, (1 Tim. ii. 14, 15,) it seems to refer not obscurely to the like mystic word of the curse pronounced against her, Gen. iii. 16, in consequence of that catastrophe. The

relation which is made the fountain of her deepest sorrows, under the iron reign of sin, becomes itself the well-spring of her salvation, through the law of "faith and charity and holiness" revealed in Jesus Christ. So profoundly true again is that other declaration: "The head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man;" or as we have it in another place: "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." (1 Cor. xi. 3; Eph. v. 23.) So intimately close is the union for which the sexual distinction opens the way, and in which alone it comes finally to its true meaning.

On this union, the primitive and most fundamental form of human fellowship, depends not simply the perpetuation of the race, but the entire problem besides of its social and moral history. It is by means of it, in the first place, that the generic or universal life of man is brought to assert its proper authority over against the life of the individual singly and separately considered. The individual is forced to feel that he is no complete whole in himself; that his nature can be true to its own constitution only by passing beyond his single person, and seeking its necessary complement in another; that in one word, to be a true and full man at all, he must enter into communion with his race, and make himself tributary, in a free way, to the high ends for which he has been placed in the world. This subordination of the single life to the general, is of such vast consequence to the entire plan and structure of the moral world, that it must be secured by an invincible guaranty in the constitution of the world itself. It is curious and instructive to see accordingly, how the law of society, lying as it does at the foundation of all ethics, is here made to take root, as it were, "in the lowest parts of the earth;" illustrating, on a grand scale, the proposition affirmed in the beginning of this article, that all morality has its basis in nature, and is to be regarded as genuine, only as it shows itself to be in very truth the efflorescence of this lower life, bursting upwards into the ethereal region of the spirit.

The bond by which the sexes are thus drawn together is lodged, in the first instance, deep in the physical constitution of

those who are under its power. In this form, it is the sexual appetite or instinct, a purely natural tendency, which has for its object the preservation of the race, as the instinct of hunger is designed to secure the preservation of the single individual. It is the power of the general nature over its own constituent factors or parts, by which these are urged to seek, each in the other, the full sense of their proper bearing, and thus to constitute, in the way of reciprocal appropriation, a living union that may fairly represent both.

But nature here, as elsewhere, is required to lose itself always in the power of a higher life, in which its action shall no longer be blind and unfree, but the product of the spirit itself in its own true form. As the sexual relation extends to the whole person, the union for which it calls can never be complete, except as it is made to embrace this in its full totality, under a strictly central and universal form. It must be a union of mind and will, a process of mutual apprehension, and reciprocal personal appropriation, in the farthest depths of the soul. In no other form can it be truly normal, and answerable to the high purposes it is designed to serve. The sexual tendency, *ethicised* in this way, and sublimated into the sphere of personality, becomes *love*. This is always in its very nature something moral and spiritual, springing from the will, and having regard to the inmost person. Still, in the case before us, it is in the fullest sense also sexual. It rests throughout on the distinction of sex, and regards the spirit only as beheld and apprehended under such modification. Hence the legitimate power of beauty, as constituting on the side of either sex to the eye of the other, the outward image and expression of the inward life in its sexual form. All true beauty, of course, in this view, falls back upon the spirit, while at the same time its proper revelation is to be sought in the outward person. A sexual interest that includes no regard to beauty must necessarily be immoral, as falling short of that high spiritual region, in which only love finds its suitable home. The merely animal nature, in such case, is suffered to prevail over the human. It belongs to love, not to overthrow absolutely indeed the power of mere sense, but still so to

cover it at every point with its own superior presence, that it shall not be permitted to come into separate view.

Love, as now described, includes in itself always a regard to the sexual character as such; and so far, there is truth and force in the observation of Sterne, that no man ever loves any one woman as he should, who has not at the same time a love for her whole sex. This, however, is only one side of the subject. Love, to be complete, must be also strictly and distinctly individual, determined towards its object as a single person to the exclusion of all others.

The single plant is only a specimen of its kind, the particular animal a copy of the tribe to which it belongs. But it is not thus in the human sphere. The individual man is vastly more than a passing exemplification simply of the generic life that flows through his person. He comprehends in himself an independent specific nature, that can be properly represented by no other. His individuality is always at the same time personal, and as such something universal and constant; as on the other hand his personality is always individual, taking its especial complexion from the living material nature out of which it springs. Every such individual personality is a world within itself, existing under given relations to other worlds of corresponding nature around it. No two of these are exactly alike, and all by these differences fall short of the measure that belongs to humanity as a whole. This is constituted only by the society and union of the individual personalities into which it falls, joined together morally, not with indiscriminate conjunction, but according to specific reciprocal correspondence, in the way of inward want and supply. The general law of moral association then being such, it must extend of course in full power to the primary and fundamental union which we have now under consideration. It lies in the very conception of love, as already explained, that it should concentrate itself upon the spirit, as revealed under a sexual form; but to do this fully, it must be carried by inward elective affinity towards its object as a particular person. It is not simply the general attraction of sex, that can satisfy its demands; it requires besides that this attraction shall lodge itself in the presence

of a specific personal life, which is felt to be such as the necessary complement of its own nature. Under no other form can the union here in question be regarded as moral. It is not every woman that is adapted, physically or spiritually, to be a help-meet for every man; but as the sexes are formed for each other in a general way, so each individual of either sex may be said to be formed for some corresponding individual of the other; and it is of the highest consequence, of course, for themselves and for the race also, that they should be able to find and know each other in the confused wilderness of the world's life.

We may go so far as to say, perhaps, that in a perfectly normal state of the world, this pairing and matching of individual natures would be so complete as to exclude, in every case, all possibility of different choice. Each would be for each, by absolute singularity of mutual suitability and want, in such a way as to shut out the whole world besides. Of course, our actual life, disordered as it is by sin, cannot be expected or required to conform strictly to this rule of ideal perfection. But still it should include at least an approximation towards it; and it must be regarded as defective, in proportion precisely as it is found to fall short of such high measure. In a state of barbarism, but small account comparatively is made of individual personality, in the commerce of the sexes; which, however, is simply itself an expression of the barbarous life to which it belongs, showing it to border close on the merely animal existence below it, in which, as there is no personality, so there is no room also for the idea of love in any form. The savage takes his wife very much as a specimen simply of her sex, just as he selects his dog, in the same view, to accompany him in the chase. It is remarkable, too, that in such low stage of moral development, the individual nature itself stands out to view, for the most part, only under dim and indistinct lines. It is the sense of personality in the end, that advances the single life to its legitimate rights and claims, investing it with clearly marked distinction under its own form, and challenging towards it in this way the attention and respect it is entitled to receive. We are furnished here accord-

ingly with an unerring standard of civilization and social culture, which in the case before us especially is always of plain and easy application.

The sexual union, representing thus the general relation of the sexes to each other on the one hand, and involving the elective personal affinity of individual natures on the other, mediated throughout by the sacred power of love, comes to its proper expression in the idea of *marriage*; whose nature, at the same time, is defined and explained by the whole analysis through which we have now passed. This is simply the true and normal form of that commerce and communion, in which the distinction of sex comes at last to its full sense, as the necessary completion of humanity, and the primitive basis of all history and society. The attributes that belong of right to this union, are the true and proper attributes also of marriage; which is not therefore something joined to our nature, as it were, from abroad, and in the way of outward order or device, whether human or divine; but should be considered rather as part of our nature itself, a simple fact in its organic constitution, without whose presence it must cease to exist altogether.

Marriage of course, then, is the process of reciprocal appropriation, by which the sexes, according to their original destination, become one, and so complete themselves each, in the power of a single personal life. In the nature of the case, this double appropriation is required to extend to the entire being of the parties concerned in the transaction; for the sexual difference is such, as we have already seen, that each side of the relation requires the opposite, not in part only, but in full, to make itself complete. This implies, at the same time, a corresponding act of self-abandonment on each side, in favor of the other, as the necessary condition of full mutual appropriation in return. Each yields itself up to be the property of the other, in the very act of embracing this again as its own property. So as regards the merely natural and outward life. The parties are made "one flesh." This is of right, however, only in virtue of the inward spiritual embrace, by which the personality of each is brought to rest in that of the other, by the deep mysterious

power which belongs to love. The case, in its own nature, admits of no compromise or reserve. Marriage calls solemnly for the gift of the whole being, on the altar of love, and can never be fully satisfied with any sacrifice that is less full and entire. In proportion as the relation comes short of such inward, central community of soul and life, it must be regarded as an imperfect approximation only to its own true idea.

There is a difference indeed in the form of this mutual self-surrendry on the part of the two sexes, corresponding with the order of their general relation as already noticed. As the united person constituted by marriage is required to centre ultimately in man, it follows that the union calls for the largest measure of such free sacrifice on the side of woman. For this, also, she is happily disposed by her whole constitution. Love is emphatically the element of her life. She needs the opportunity of going fully out of herself in this way, in order that she may do full justice to her own nature. There is nothing in life, accordingly, more deep, and beautiful, and full of moral power, than the devotion of woman's love. It goes beyond all that is possible, under the same form, on the side of the other sex. The perfection of marriage, so far as she is concerned, turns on the measure in which she is prepared to make herself over, in body, mind, and outward estate, without limit or reserve, to him whom she has chosen to be her head. The husband is not required to quit himself, exactly to the same extent and in the same way. He may not resign the sense of his more central and universal character, by which precisely he is qualified to become the personal bearer of the united life involved in the marriage bond. All this, however, gives him no right to exercise his independence in a selfish way. It lays him under obligation only to make himself over, in this character, to the possession of his wife, answering thus, with full unbounded fidelity and truth, the full unbounded measure of her confidence and truth. "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies; he that loveth his wife, loveth himself."

The idea of marriage, as now presented, clearly excludes, not only all promiscuous concubinage, but also all polygamy and

divorce. In its very nature, it is the full and enduring union of one man with one woman, according to the law of sexual difference and correspondence. Many outward reasons may be urged against the irregularities now mentioned; but the grand argument in the case at last is just this, that they contradict the true conception of the sexual union itself. This can never take place normally, except in the way of mutual self-surrendry and *whole* appropriation of each other, on the part of those who are its subjects, that is, in the way of marriage. Polygamy necessarily violates this law; and the same is true also of divorce, which is tolerated by Christianity accordingly only where the marriage bond has been already nullified in fact by the crime of adultery.

We cannot bring the whole subject to a conclusion better, perhaps, than by making use of it to expose, in a direct way, as has been done in some measure indirectly already, the entire theory of what is sometimes styled the *emancipation of woman*, as held with various modifications, by our modern Fourierites and Socialists of every description. Of all forms of agrarianism this is to be counted, as it is in some respects the most plausible, so also the most mischievous and false. No maxim, universally taken, can be more impudently untrue, than that which asserts the general liberty and equality of the human race in the sense of this disorganizing school. The freedom and independence of all, not only outwardly but inwardly also, is conditioned always by the position assigned to them of God in the social organism to which they belong. All are free only as comprehended in given social relations, and in the measure of their correspondence as parts with the idea of the whole. The proper unity of life, as an organic system, involves of necessity the conception not simply of manifold distinction, but of relative dependence also and subordination. Of this we have a broad, perpetual exemplification, in the constitution of the sexes. The school which we have now in view, affects to vindicate what it calls the rights of woman against the authority of the stronger sex, as though this had taken advantage of its accidental physical superiority in this view, to assert a primacy and lordship here,

which is in full violation of the original and proper equality of the race. The savage, it is said, turns his wife into a slave, the instrument of his own pleasure and convenience; and it is only a higher order of the same barbarism, by which in the reigning structure of our present civilization the whole sex is shorn of its political and public rights, and forced to devote itself to the service of man in the nursery and kitchen. We need in this respect, we are told, a reconstruction of society, in such a way that, among other abuses, this Mohammedan prejudice also may be fully abolished, admitting woman thus to a free participation in all public counsels and transactions, so far as she may show ability for the purpose; and placing her on full level with the opposite sex both at home and abroad. So runs the theory. It has the universal custom of the world against it, and also what would seem to be the most explicit testimony of the Bible. But of this we speak not at present. We meet it here with the moral geology, if we may so term it, of our human nature itself, drawn forth with overwhelming evidence from the everlasting mountains of its original constitution. The theory in question is just as unphilosophical as it is unbiblical and contrary to all history. It violates morality and nature alike.

It is by no accident, or violent wrong merely, that woman is made to occupy a secondary rank in the economy of human society. Her outward weakness makes it necessary, to some extent; but this itself is only the index of a still deeper necessity for it, in her spiritual constitution. All the purposes of her being, all the conditions of her welfare and peace, all the laws of her interior organization, require this subordination to the other sex, and urge her towards it as the only possible way in which her personality can be made complete. This relation of dependence needs to be well fortified indeed against abuse; as it may run easily otherwise into vast tyranny and wrong; but still it remains forever indispensable in itself to woman's proper life, and under its normal character constitutes emphatically her spiritual salvation. It is not in her physical nature merely that she is formed to lean on man as her necessary prop and stay. He is the ultimate centre also of

her personality, through which alone she can stand in right organic communication with the general world, and so attain to true and solid freedom in her own position. No agrarian radicalism can ever change the moral order of humanity here, for we may say of it precisely as the Psalmist does of the constitution of the planets: "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven!" The emancipation of these heavenly bodies from their appointed orbits, were just as rational an object of reforming zeal as the attempt to set woman free from her natural subordination to the headship of man. All such freedom is something monstrous in its very nature; and the wrong which it involves can never fail to avenge itself with terrible moral retribution on all concerned in it, wherever it may be allowed. Most disastrous will be its action on woman herself, if she can be tempted thus to forsake her own character and sphere. She must unsex herself, more or less, in the very step; and by doing so, she is necessarily shorn, to the same extent, of all her native dignity and strength. The more thoroughly masculine she may prove herself to be in this way, the more fully and certainly will it be at the cost of all true respect, whether public or private. The process of such unnatural self-derelection exerts unavoidably, at the same time, a demoralizing influence on her own spirit. She becomes in reality coarse, and the fine gold of her nature is turned into what must be counted at best but common brass. Society, too, is made to suffer necessarily, by the perversion. It requires a certain amount of moral fanaticism, in the first place, to endure at all any such aberration of the sex from its proper sphere, and the thing itself can never fail subsequently to aggravate the evil out of which it thus springs. The influence of woman, exercised in this form, is not at all to refine the face of life, but to render it vulgar and harsh. Such an "emancipation," made general in any community, would involve the overthrow ultimately of all taste and refinement, the downfall of all morality and civilization.

It deserves to be well considered, that this doctrine of the full co-ordination of the sexes in the social system, strikes necessarily at last at the sanctity of the marriage relation. It is the subordination of

the female nature to that of man precisely which makes room for that peculiar union of the two, in which the true idea of marriage consists. The possibility of such an inward personal oneness as it requires in the case of husband and wife, turns not simply on their difference of sex, but on the order also in which this relation is found actually to hold. The common personality which is thus created, must have a real centre on which to rest; and the correspondence between the sexes is such that this is fully and necessarily determined to the one side only and not to the other. The help which each needs here in the other, is not at all, in this respect, of parallel character. The whole nature of woman urges her towards man, as the necessary centre of her own being; her personality is so constituted, that it can be perfected only by falling over upon the deeper and broader consciousness of man, as its ultimate support. The personality of man, on the contrary, is constitutionally formed to take this central position, and is made complete by woman, not as the basis of his being, but as the necessary integration simply of its proper compass and volume. So related, the two are suited to flow together in the power of one and the same life, and may be expected to do so, where the proper conditions are present, by the mysterious union of marriage; which, in such view, is no outward temporary contract of merely civil nature, no simply moral partnership, however high and solemn, for purposes beyond itself; but a mystical, sacramental band rather, that reaches into the inmost sanctuary of life, and is thus of indissoluble force by its very nature. All this, however, is made to assume a different aspect, as soon as we lose sight of the order which holds in the original interior economy of the sexes, and, under the pretence of restoring woman to her inborn rights, admit such a view of her nature as sets it in full parallel with the opposite nature of man. There is no room then for the idea of marriage, as the organic comprehension of two lives in the power of a single personal root. It is impossible to withstand the fatal error, by which it is resolved into the conception of a simply outward compact between independent parties for mutual convenience and profit. Then of course its inviolable

sanctity is gone, and no good reason can be assigned why it should not become as free finally as social partnerships of any other kind. So it is, that all Socialism, having no sense of the true nature of the sexual union as the basis of all morality and society under a settled and necessary form, shows a tendency always in fact,

whether it be avowed or not, to run into that worst form of agrarian disorder, by which the marriage tie itself is proclaimed a mere social abuse. In its pretended regard for the dignity and freedom of woman, it robs her of the entire glory of her sex, and takes away the last bulwark of her independence and strength.

LAMB'S LETTERS.*

MR. TALFOURD very appropriately dedicates this volume to Wordsworth, the most distinguished survivor of Lamb's intimate cotemporaries. In a brief preface, he refers to the hint given in the introduction to his former life of Lamb, that a period might arrive "when a more complete estimate might be formed of the singular and delightful character of the writer than was there presented." Twelve years having elapsed, several of Lamb's friends, to whom some of the sportive allusions in his letters might have given pain, having died, and poor Mary Lamb having been also released from suffering, it was thought the time had come when more complete justice might be done to his memory. Delicacy to hers, however, might still have forbidden this, had not the story of her insanity and its dreadful consequences reached the public through another channel. It is fortunate for us that this circumstance relieved Mr. Talfourd from the difficult task of concealing, and at the same time exhibiting, in the light it deserved to be seen, the heroism of his friend.

"When I reflected that the truth, while in no wise affecting the gentle excellence of one of them, casts new and solemn lights on the character of the other; that while his frailties have received an ample share of that indulgence, which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hid-

den; that his moral strength and the extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto unknown to the world; I felt that to develop all which is essential to the just appreciation of his rare excellence, was due both to him and to the public. While I still hesitated as to the extent of disclosure needful for this purpose, my lingering doubts were removed by the appearance of a full statement of the melancholy event, with all the details capable of being collected from the newspapers of the time, in the *British Quarterly Review*, and the diffusion of the passage, extracted thence, through several other journals. After this publication, no doubt could remain as to the propriety of publishing the letters of Lamb on this event, eminently exalting the characters of himself and his sister, and enabling the reader to judge of the sacrifice which followed it."

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Talfourd has executed his task with the considerateness and right feeling indicated in these sentences. He has fully satisfied the curiosity naturally excited by the expectation of further letters of Lamb, and here made public what truly must give rise to "a more complete estimate of his singular and delightful character."

It is remarkable, while it shows at the same time what a feeling their friendship inspired, that the misfortunes of Lamb and his sister should have been so long kept a secret. In the circles of literary gossip, it may have been an old rumor that Mary Lamb killed her mother in a fit of madness, and was intermittently insane through

* *Literary Sketches and Letters*: being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, never before published. By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

life, and that Charles was once in his youth visited by the same calamity; but to plain readers, and those whom circumstances render little eager for the particulars of literary history, these facts were entirely unknown till they appeared in the Quarterly; and even then the story was so strange and shocking, it was hardly to be credited. There are no two names in literature with which it was more repugnant to the fancy to associate what was so frightful. But it is now necessary to believe the sad tale, and to think of one who seemed all gentleness and geniality as an iron-hearted man of strength.

We do not, however, propose to be drawn into an elaborate analysis of Lamb's character. We must yield, not only to the variety of his wit and his clearness of judgment, but to his happy disposition, and above all to his heroism. It is presumption to catalogue his various excellences and shortcomings, and construct a full inventory of his parts.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

In the main purposes of his life, he did not differ from most of us, only he was a great deal truer, finer and better. In his individualities and shining qualities, he resembled no one but himself; and as he has had the rare fortune to be known to the world in undress, chiefly through letters to his intimate friends, we see so much of him that it is easiest to consider him simply as an individual—CHARLES LAMB—whom we esteem, and whose memory we cherish. The natural feeling, with respect to him, seems to be what is experienced in talking of one much loved friend to another; it is more easy to praise in the general than to balance particulars. One cannot help reading his correspondence as if it were in a measure addressed to himself, and hence it is like breaking confidence to sit down coolly to anatomize him. In fine, it is his own words only that can denote him truly.

This volume reveals some new traits of him, and brings into stronger relief those already well known. For the first time is here completely shown the causes of the gentle melancholy which so sets off the delicacy of his humor. We are let into a history of suffering almost unparalleled in literary biography.

"In the year 1795," says Mr. Talfourd, "Charles Lamb resided with his father, mother, and sister, in lodgings at No. 7 Little Queen street, Holborn. The father was rapidly sinking into dotage; the mother suffered under an infirmity which deprived her of the use of her limbs; and the sister not only undertook the office of daily and nightly attendance on her mother, but sought to add by needlework to their slender resources. Their income then consisted of an annuity which Mr. Lamb the elder derived from the old Benchers, Mr. Salt, whom he had faithfully served for many years. Charles's salary, which, being that of a clerk of three years' standing in the India House, could have been but scanty, and a small payment made for board by an old maiden aunt, who resided with them. In this year, Lamb, being just twenty years of age, began to write verses, partly incited by the example of his only friend, Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady residing in the neighborhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as the 'fair-haired maid.'"

How his love prospered we are not told; but it is to be inferred from the following extracts from one of his letters to Coleridge, written in the early part of 1796, that the course of it ran anything but smoothly:—

"Coleridge, I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was. And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume if all were told.

"——Coleridge, it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

But probably his love affair was not the only cause of his affliction. In another letter to Coleridge, he says:—

"When you left London, I felt a dismal void in my heart. I found myself cut off, at one and the same time, from two most dear to me. 'How blest with ye the path could I have trod of quiet life!' In your conversation you had blended so many pleasant fancies that they cheated me of my grief; but in your absence, the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did

its worst mischief by overwhelming my reason. I have recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to introduce a religious turn of mind, but habits are strong things, and my religious fervors are confined, alas! to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion. A correspondence, opening with you, has roused me a little from my lethargy, and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it; I will not be very troublesome. At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad. All now seems to me rapid, comparatively so."

In another of his letters at this period, he incloses some lines to Cowper, congratulating the poet on his recovery to sanity. It is pleasant to see how readily he sympathizes with one who had so much in common with himself. He foresees that Coleridge will think the line,

"Cowper, of England's bards the wisest and the best,"

hardly just. The "inspired charity boy" was probably too full of dim aspirations to relish the homely beauties of the Task. It was fortunate for Lamb that his admiration for his lofty friend did not mislead his judgment. His letters at this time are generally made up of acute observations on books and poetry.

But the great blow which crippled him for life came upon him next year, and sadly interrupted his literary studies. It is briefly told in the following extract of a letter to Coleridge:—

"My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved me my senses; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of

what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us well in His keeping.
C. LAMB."

How perfectly sincere and resolute is this—"Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with." For those who are disposed to nurse their afflictions, there is a volume of reproof in these few sentences.

The following extracts from other letters show the state of mind in which he continued to endure his grief:—

"God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favorable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret."

"On the very second day, (I date from the day of horrors,) as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them*, (for to eat I never refused.) They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room; a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good."

The same letter contains a circumstantial statement of the condition of his affairs, how he hoped to dispose of his father, aunt, and sister, and their slender means of support—for all which we must refer the reader to the volume. We only quote to show the spirit in which Lamb faced his dark present and hopeless future, and the effect his sufferings wrought upon him. Whenever he mentions his sister he writes as if she made a part of himself:—

"I hope that I shall through life never have

less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circum-spect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!"

Happily for Lamb, what he then understood by being "deeply religious," he was spared mental strength to outlive. It was the first trait of his character to be deeply excitable, almost miraculously so, compared with other men, by emotions, and no less keen and quicksighted in his perceptions. Whatever took hold of him, suddenly shot into a blaze and burnt out, leaving only a charred relic. All griefs and passions sublimed at once, through his over-warm affections, into his intellect, and became purified of all their grosser parts. They did not merely touch him; they pierced through and through. Thus his love drove him to madness; and in all his life after we hear no more of the passion, except when he shows he understood it perfectly. So with his religious feelings. It is easy to see that had he continued in the frame of mind indicated above, he must have gone the way of poor Cowper. But he doubtless perceived in his tendency to extremes of feeling something morbid—a taint of insanity, against which he had peculiar reason to be guarded. This and the society of such friends as few men ever had, or were more worthy to have, together with a most iron determination, and the pressure of necessity, enabled him to keep himself in check. But the check, though it held, seemed insecure enough. It just held him from bursting away into the region of tears. He lived on the verge where laughing and crying come together, and as he *could* not cry, he laughed. His portrait at the beginning of this volume harmonizes with this fundamental quality of him no less than do his letters.

One more extract will show how near even his strong mind came to breaking down under the deadly sentimentalism that often usurps the place of a simple Christian faith. Whether Coleridge, at this time of his life, (when Lamb was in doubt whether to direct his letter "Mr." or "Rev.," and so left off both,) was just the adviser he should have had may be questioned:—

"To you I owe much, under God. In my brief acquaintance with you in London, your conversations won me to the better cause, and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you; as it is, I do possess a certain improvable portion of devotional feelings, though when I view myself in the light of divine truth, and not according to the common measure of human judgment, I am altogether corrupt and sinful. This is no cant. I am very sincere.

"These last afflictions, Coleridge, have failed to soften and bend my will. They found me unprepared. My former calamities produced in me a spirit of humility and a spirit of prayer. I thought they had sufficiently disciplined me; but the event ought to humble me; if God's judgments now fail to take away from me the heart of stone, what more grievous trials ought I not to expect? I have been very querulous, impatient under the rod—full of little jealousies and heart-burnings. I had well nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd—and for no other reason, I believe, than that the good creature did all he could to make me happy. The truth is, I thought he tried to force my mind from its natural and proper bent; he continually wished me to be from home; he was drawing me from the consideration of my poor dear Mary's situation, rather than assisting me to gain a proper view of it with religious consolations."

"I am recovering, God be praised for it, a healthiness of mind, something like calmness—but I want more religion—I am jealous of human helps and leaning places. I rejoice in your good fortunes. May God at last settle you! You have had many and painful trials; humanly speaking, they are going to end; but we should rather pray that discipline may attend us through the whole of our lives. . . . A careless and dissolute spirit has advanced upon me with large strides—pray God that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me!"

But he was now enlarging the circle of his friends, and this spirit was not destined to utterly overwhelm him. His strong sense breaks away from it with impatient bounds, and his cheerful temper leads him into quieties that make him more modest. In such passages as the above we have, instead of true piety, an extreme consciousness of self, but very little consciousness of sin. In coming from this to a healthy condition, Lamb's perception of the ludicrous carries him to the verge of irreverence; yet we know he remained a believer all his life, and did not, like some of his learned friends, "box the compass" of religious faith till he had no faith left.

We can see how the following should be quite as consistent with true Christianity as the extract just given:—

“When we die, you and I must part; the sheep, you know, take the right hand, and the goats the left. Stripped of its allegory, you must know, the sheep are I, and the Apostles and the Martyrs, and the Popes, and Bishop Taylor and Bishop Horsley, and Coleridge, &c. &c.; the goats are the Atheists and the Adulterers, and dumb dogs, and Godwin and M . . . g, and that Thyestæan crew—yaw! how my saintship sickens at the idea!

“You shall have my play and the Falstaff letters in a day or two. I will write to Lloyd by this day’s post.

“God bless you, Manning. Take my trifling as trifling—and believe me seriously and deeply your well-wisher and friend.”

The truth was, Lamb was unable to entertain the thought of a heaven which would not include all his friends; and the reconciling his religious belief with his affections was probably what made him so silent with respect to the former.

But we have followed the letters till we have now reached the period of Lamb’s life, when his genius was beginning to expand into full flower. Elia lives again in the rest of the volume, and utters such a world of good things that we will forget, since he desires it, and because we cannot help it, all his troubles and struggles, in the exhilaration of his boundless mirth. First of all we must confess to a warm interest in the worthy George Dyer, who, in these letters and those of the former collection, is made to live.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

“I showed my ‘Witch,’ and ‘Dying Lover,’ to Dyer last night, but George could not comprehend how that could be poetry which did not go upon ten feet, as George and his predecessors had taught it to do; so George read me some lectures on the distinguishing qualities of the Ode, the Epigram, and the Epic, and went home to illustrate his doctrine, by correcting a proof sheet of his own Lyrics. George writes odes where the rhymes, like fashionable man and wife, keep a comfortable distance of six or eight lines apart, and calls that ‘observing the laws of verse.’ George tells you, before he recites, that you must listen with great attention or you’ll miss the rhymes. I did so, and found them pretty exact. George, speaking of the dead Ossian, exclaimeth, ‘Dark are the poet’s eyes.’ I humbly represented to him that

his own eyes were dark, and many a living bard’s besides, and suggested to him, ‘Close’d are the poet’s eyes.’ But that would not do. I found there was an antithesis between the darkness of his eyes and the splendor of his genius; and I acquiesced.”

TO MR. MANNING.

“To come to the point then, and hasten into the middle of things; have you a copy of your Algebra to give away? I do not ask it for myself; I have too much reverence for the Black Arts, ever to approach thy circle, illustrious Trismegist! But that worthy man, and excellent poet, George Dyer, made me a visit yesterday, on purpose to borrow one, supposing, rationally enough, I must say, that you had made me a present of one before this; the omission of which I take to have proceeded only from negligence; but it is a fault. I could lend him no assistance. You must know he is just now diverted from the pursuit of the BELL LETTERS by a paradox, which he has heard his friend (that learned mathematician) maintain, that the negative quantities of mathematicians were *meræ nugæ*, things scarcely in *rerum naturâ*, and smacking too much of mystery for gentlemen of Mr. Friend’s clear Unitarian capacity. However, the dispute once set agoing has seized violently on George’s pericranicks; and it is necessary for his health that he should speedily come to a resolution of his doubts. He goes about teasing his friends with his new mathematics; he even frantically talks of purchasing Manning’s Algebra, which shows him far gone, for, to my knowledge, he has not been master of seven shillings a good time. George’s pocket’s and ———’s brains are two things in nature which do not abhor a vacuum. . . . Now, if you could step in, on this trembling suspense of his reason, and he should find on Saturday morning, lying for him at the Porter’s Lodge, Clifford’s Inn—his safest address—Manning’s Algebra, with a neat manuscript in the blank leaf, running thus, ‘FROM THE AUTHOR!’ it might save his wits and restore the unhappy author to those studies of poetry and criticism, which are at present suspended, to the infinite regret of the whole literary world. N. B.—Dirty covers, smeared leaves, and dog’s ears, will be rather a recommendation than otherwise. N. B.—He must have the book as soon as possible, or nothing can withhold him from madly purchasing the book on tick. . . . Then shall we see him sweetly restored to the chair of Longinus—to dictate in smooth and modest phrase the laws of verse; to prove that Theocritus first introduced the Pastoral, and Virgil and Pope brought it to its perfection; that Gray and Mason (who always hunt in couples in George’s brain) have shown a great deal of poetical fire in their lyric poetry; that Aristo-

tle's rules are not to be servilely followed, which George has shown to have imposed great shackles upon modern genius. His poems, I find, are to consist of two vols.—reasonable octavo; and a third book will exclusively contain criticism, in which he has gone *pretty deeply* into the laws of blank verse and rhyme—epic poetry, dramatic and pastoral ditto—all which is to come out before Christmas. But above all he has *touched* most *deeply* upon the Drama, comparing the English with the modern German stage, their merits and defects. Apprehending that his *studies* (not to mention his *turn*, which I take to be chiefly towards the lyrical poetry) hardly qualified him for these disquisitions, I modestly inquired what plays he had read? I found George's reply was that he *had* read Shakspeare, but that was a good while since: he calls him a great, irregular genius, which I think to be an original and just remark. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Shirley, Marlowe, Ford, and the worthies of Dodsley's Collection—he confessed he had read none of them, but professed his *intention* of looking through them all, so as to be able to *touch* upon them in his book. So Shakspeare, Otway, and I believe Rowe, to whom he was naturally directed by Johnson's Lives, and these not read lately, are to stand him instead of a general knowledge of the subject. God bless his dear absurd head!"

FROM ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

"Pray come on Monday, if you *can*, and stay your own time. I have a good, large room, with two beds in it, in the handsomest of which thou shalt repose a night, and dream of Spheriods. I hope you will understand by the nonsense of this letter, that I am *not* melancholy at the thoughts of thy coming: I thought it necessary to add this, because you love *precision*. Take notice that our stay at Dyer's will not exceed eight o'clock, after which our pursuits will be our own. But, indeed, I think a little recreation among the Bell Letters and poetry will do you some service in the interval of severer studies. I hope we shall fully discuss with George Dyer what I have never yet heard done to my satisfaction, the reason of Dr. Johnson's malevolent strictures on the higher species of the Ode."

Long after, when Lamb resided at Islington, Dyer became the hero of an adventure which, Mr. Talfourd informs us, "supplies the subject of one of 'The Last Essays of Elia,' and which is veritably related in the following letter of Lamb, which is curious, as containing the germ of that delightful article, and the first sketches of the Brandy-and-Water Doctor therein celebrated as miraculous."

TO MRS. HAZLITT.

"DEAR MRS. H.:—Sitting down to write a letter is such a painful operation to Mary, that you must accept me as her proxy. You have seen our house. What I now tell you is literally true: yesterday week, George Dyer called upon us, at one o'clock, (*bright noon-day*) on his way to dine with Mrs. Barbauld, at Newington, and he sat with Mary about half an hour. The maid saw him go out, from her kitchen window, but suddenly losing sight of him, ran up in a fright to Mary. G. D., instead of keeping the slip that leads to the gate, had deliberately, staff in hand, in broad, open day, marched into the New River. He had not his spectacles on, and you know his absence. Who helped him out, they can hardly tell, but between 'em they got him out, drenched through and through. A mob collected by that time, and accompanied him in. 'Send for the Doctor!' they said; and a one-eyed fellow, dirty and drunk, was fetched from the public house at the end, where it seems he lurks, for the sake of picking up water practice; having formerly had a medal from the Humane Society for some rescue. By his advice, the patient was put between blankets; and when I came home at four to dinner, I found G. D. abed, and raving, light-headed, with the brandy-and-water which the doctor had administered. He sung, laughed, whimpered, screamed, babbled of guardian angels, would get up and go home: but we kept him there by force, and by next morning he departed sobered, and seems to have received no injury. All my friends are open-mouthed about having paled before the river, but I cannot see, because an absent man chooses to walk into a river, with his eyes open, at mid-day, I am any the more likely to be drowned in it, coming home at midnight."

In a letter to Wordsworth, written still later, Lamb says:—

"To G. D. a poem is a poem. His own as good as anybody's, and, God bless him, anybody's as good as his own; for I do not think he has the most distant guess of the possibility of one poem being better than another. The gods, by denying him the very faculty itself of discrimination, have effectually cut off every seed of envy in his bosom. But with envy they excised curiosity also; and if you wish the copy again, which you destined for him, I think I shall be able to find it again for you, on his third shelf, where he stuffs his presentation copies, uncut, in shape and matter resembling a lump of dry dust; but on carefully removing that stratum, a thing like a pamphlet will emerge. I have tried this with fifty different poetical works that have been given G. D. in turn for as many of his own performances, and I confess I never had any

scruple in taking *my own* again, wherever I found it, shaking the adherences off—and by this means one copy of 'my works,' served for G. D., and, with a little dusting, was made over to my good friend Dr. G—, who little thought whose leavings he was taking when he made me that graceful bow."

The last we hear of him is in a letter to Moxon, which tells a delightful anecdote of him; after relating it, Lamb says:—

"G. was born, I verily think, without original sin, but chooses to have a conscience, as every Christian gentleman should have. His dear face is insusceptible of the twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly appearance. When he makes a compliment he thinks he has given an affront—a name is personality."

After these extracts, Mr. Talfourd's account of Dyer must not be withheld. It adds to its interest with us, that a friend at our elbow (whose lucubrations are not altogether unknown to our readers) verifies the description of Dyer's person, and remembers how certain roguish young ladies, his cousins, lacking due reverence for learning and poetry, were wont to heap all sorts of meats upon the worthy gentleman's plate at dinner; he being lost in conversation until near the close of the repast, when he would suddenly recollect himself and fall to till he had finished the whole, evidently under an impression that such was his only alternative as a man of polite breeding.

"George Dyer was one of the first objects of Lamb's youthful reverence, for he had attained the stately rank of Grecian in the venerable school of Christ's Hospital, when Charles entered it, a little, timid, affectionate child; but this boyish respect, once amounting to awe, gave place to a familiar habit of loving banter, which, springing from the depths of old regard, approximated to school-boy roguery, and, now and then, though very rarely, gleamed on the consciousness of the ripe scholar. No contrast could be more vivid than that presented by the relations of each to the literature they both loved; one divining its inmost essences, plucking out the heart of its mysteries, shedding light on its dimmest recesses; the other devoted, with equal assiduity, to its externals. Books, to Dyer, were a real world, both pure and good; among them he passed, unconscious of time, from youth to extreme age, vegetating on their dates and forms, and 'trivial fond records,' in the learned air of great libraries, or the dusty confusion of his own, with the least possible ap-

prehension of any human interest vital in their pages, or of any spirit off wit or fancy glancing across them. His life was an Academic Pastoral. Methinks I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trousers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head silvered over with short yet straggling hair, and his dark gray eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfies the curiosity which has gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and shambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt, who, 'as a public writer,' ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden! Or shall I endeavor to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's executors and residuary legatees, he received Lamb's grave inquiry, 'Whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord?' 'O dear, no, Mr. Lamb,' responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, 'I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go. But the government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed—indeed, I hope not. It would not suit me at all,' responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honor descending on his reluctant brow. Or shall I recall the visible presentiment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sportive friend taxed it to the utmost by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams, who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed in shocking procession to its cross-road grave. The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer, 'Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character.' This simplicity of a nature not only unspotted by the world, but almost abstracted from it, will seem the more remarkable when it is known that it was subjected, at the entrance of life, to a hard battle with fortune. Dyer was the son of very poor parents, residing in an eastern suburb of London, Stepney or Bethnal-greenward, where he attracted the attention of two elderly ladies as a serious child, with an extraordinary love for books. They obtained

for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, which he entered at seven years of age; fought his way through its sturdy ranks to the head; and, at nineteen, quitted it for Cambridge, with only an exhibition and his scholarly accomplishments to help him. On he went, however, placid if not rejoicing, through the difficulties of a life illustrated only by scholarship, encountering tremendous labors, unresting yet serene, until, at eighty-five, he breathed out the most blameless of lives, which began in a struggle, to end in a learned dream."

But *nous revenons*—"let us return to our *Lamb*." These letters are not to be enjoyed in private. They require the play of sympathy. We confess to a high satisfaction in feeling that we have the power of introducing some choice passages to many readers who will not have seen them.

Writing to Manning, Lamb says:—

"I've often wished I lived in the Golden Age, before doubt, and propositions, and corollaries got into the world. *Now*, as Joseph D——, Bard of Nature, sings going up Malvern Hills,

'How steep—how painful the ascent!
It needs the evidence of close deduction
To know that ever I shall gain the top.'

"You must know that Joe is lame, so that he had some reason for so saying."

And again:—

"Joe's tragedy hath the following: Some king is told that his enemy has engaged twelve archers to come over in a boat from an enemy's country and waylay him. He thereupon pathetically exclaims:

'Twelve, dost thou say? Curse on those dozen villains!'

"D—— read two of the acts out to us very gravely on both sides, till he came to this heroic touch, and then he asked what we laughed at. I had no more muscles that day. A poet who chooses to read out his own verses has but a limited power over you. There is a bound where his authority ceases."

Or take the following, to Coleridge:—

"When shall we two smoke again? Last night I had been in a sad quandary of spirits, in what they call the evening, but a pipe, and some generous port, and King Lear, (being alone,) had their effects as solacers. I went to bed pot-valiant. By the way, may not the Ogles of Somersetshire be remotely descended from King Lear?"

The idea of a man drinking himself "pot-valiant," and boldly rushing into bed, is—worthy of the master.

This was about the time of the "Farewell to Tobacco," however, which he inclosed in a letter to Wordsworth, which opens thus:—

"My dear Wordsworth, (or Dorothy rather, for to you appertains the biggest part of this answer by right,) I will not again deserve reproach by so long a silence. I have kept deluding myself with the idea that Mary would write to you, but she is so lazy, (or I believe the true state of the case, so diffident,) that it must revert to me as usual; though she writes a pretty good style, and has some notion of the force of words, she is not always so certain of the true orthography of them; that, and a poor handwriting, (in this age of female calligraphy,) often deters her where no other reason does."

This was mere banter upon his sister, Mr. Talfourd informs us.

"As to our special affairs I am looking about me. I have done nothing since the beginning of last year, when I lost my newspaper job, and having had a long idleness, I must do something, or we shall get very poor. Sometimes I think of a farce, but hitherto all schemes have gone off—an idle bray or two of an evening, vaporizing out of a pipe, and going off in the morning; but now I have bid farewell to my 'sweet enemy,' Tobacco, as you will see in my next page, I shall perhaps set nobly to work. Hang work!

"I wish that all the year were a holiday; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teazer, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a hoeing. Pen and ink, clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of 'Commerce allying distant shores, Promoting and diffusing knowledge, good, &c.'"

The farce hinted at above was "Mr. H." Its fate is drolly communicated in a note to Mrs. Hazlitt:—

"Mary is a little cut at the ill-success of 'Mr. H.' which came out last night, and failed. I know you'll be sorry, but never mind. We are determined not to be cast down. I am going to leave off tobacco, and then we must thrive. A smoking man must write smoky farces."

The following from letters of Mary

Lamb to Mrs. Hazlitt, show that she had "some notion of the force of words":—

"I left this unfinished yesterday, in the hope that my brother would have done it for me. His reason for refusing me was 'no exquisite reason,' for it was because he must write a letter to Manning in three or four weeks, and therefore 'he could not be always writing letters,' he said. I wanted him to tell your husband about a great work which Godwin is going to publish to enlighten the world once more, and I shall not be able to make out what it is. He (Godwin) took his usual walk one evening, a fortnight since, to the end of Hutton Garden and back again. During that walk a thought came into his mind, which he instantly sat down and improved upon, till he brought it, in seven or eight days, into the compass of a reasonable sized pamphlet."

This was the Essay on Sepulchres.

"— The dear, quiet, lazy, delicious month we spent with you is remembered by me with such regret that I feel quite discontented and Winterslow-sick. I assure you I never passed such a pleasant time in the country in my life, both in the house and out of it—the card-playing quarrels, and a few gaspings for breath after your swift footsteps up the high hills expected; and these drawbacks are not unpleasant in the recollection. We have got some salt butter to make our toast seem like yours, and we have tried to eat meat suppers, but that would not do, for we left our appetites behind us, and the dry loaf, which offended you, now comes in at night unaccompanied; but, sorry am I to add, it is soon followed by the pipe. We smoked the very first night of our arrival."

Reviews have changed their character somewhat since the following was written:—

"The Monthly Review sneers at me, and asks 'if Comus is not *good enough* for Mr. Lamb?' because I have said no good serious dramas have been written since the death of Charles the First, except 'Samson Agonistes'; so because they do not know, or won't remember, that Comus was written long before, I am to be set down as an undervaluer of Milton. O, Coleridge, do kill those reviews, or they will kill us; kill all we like! Be a friend to all else, but their foe."

In the following it is hard to tell which is best, the criticism or the joke:—

"Have you read 'Cœlebs'?" It has reached

eight editions in so many weeks, yet literally it is one of the very poorest sort of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it. Had the religion been high and flavored, it would have been something. I borrowed this 'Cœlebs in search of a Wife,' of a very careful, neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning:—

'If ever I marry a wife,
I'd marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy-and-water."

Speaking of epitaphs, in a letter to Wordsworth, Lamb says:—

"I have seen in Islington churchyard (I think) an Epitaph to an infant, who died '*Ætatis* four months,' with this seasonable inscription appended, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' &c."

Of book-borrowers:—

"Of those who borrow, some read slow: some mean to read but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail to make use of it."

It was perhaps no harm to Wordsworth that he had such critics as Coleridge and Lamb. The following must have gone very near him:—

"You distinguish well, in your old preface, between the verses of Dr. Johnson, of the 'Man in the Strand,' and that from 'The Babes in the Wood.' I was thinking, whether taking your own glorious lines—

'And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly,'

which, by the love I bear my own soul, I think have no parallel in any, the best old ballads, and just altering it to—

'And from the great respect she felt
For Sir Samuel Romilly,'

would not have explained the boundaries of prose expression and poetic feeling nearly as well. Excuse my levity on such an occasion. I never felt deeply in my life if that poem did not make me, both lately and when I read it in MS."

One of the letters to Wordsworth is so

Elia-like it could never be mistaken for another's without the subscription. We have only space for a paragraph or so:—

"Coleridge is absent but four miles, and the neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius for us not to possess our souls in quiet. If I lived with him or the *Author of the Excursion*, I should, in a very little time, lose my own identity, and be dragged along in the current of other people's thoughts, hampered in a net. How cool I sit in this office, with no possible interruption further than what I may term *material*! There is not as much metaphysics in thirty-six of the people here as there is in the first page of Locke's 'Treatise on the Human Understanding,' or as much poetry as in any ten lines of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' or more natural 'Beggars' Petition.' I never entangle myself in any of their speculations. Interruptions, if I try to write a letter even, I have dreadful. Just now, within four lines, I was called off for ten minutes to consult dusty old books for the settlement of obsolete errors. I hold you a guinea you don't find the chasm where I left off, so excellently the wounded sense closed again and was healed.

"N. B.—Nothing said above to the contrary, but that I hold the personal presence of the two mentioned potent spirits at a rate as high as any; but I pay dearer; what amuses others robs me of myself; my mind is positively discharged into their greater currents, but flows with a willing violence. As to your question about work, it is far less oppressive to me than it was, from circumstances; it takes all the golden part of the day away, a solid lump, from ten to four; but it does not kill my peace as before. Some day or other I shall be in a taking again. My head aches and you have had enough. God bless you!

"C. LAMB."

Not less characteristic, though in a different vein, are the two following, written to a friend who he had heard was suffering from rheumatism:—

TO MR. H. C. ROBINSON.

"DEAR ROBINSON:—We are afraid you will slip from us from England without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see one. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once, like a log with a lever. While this

rainy weather lasts, I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs are sometimes so excruciating, that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them; but indeed they are sharp. You go about, in rain or fine, at all hours, without any discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I, in my lifetime, have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle—yours as strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralize; I only wish to say that if you are inclined to a game at double-dummy, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so, and less painful, than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much! Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish.

"April 10th, 1829.

C. LAMB."

THE COMPANION LETTER TO THE SAME.

(A week afterwards.)

"I do confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice the heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you'd be. Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to Heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend, I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling; and I pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, &c., this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathize with agonies. Those face contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce—not so pleasant to the actor, indeed; but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and it is but one who suffers to make thousands rejoice.

"You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But, *per se*, it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions of which the animal frame is capable—to show what the creature is receptive of, short of dissolution.

"You are worse of nights, an't you? You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

"You seem to have the flying gout. You can scarcely screw a smile out of your face, can you? I sit at immunity and sneer *ad libitum*. 'Tis now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em for anything worse I find myself. Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good. Don't come while you are so bad; I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumby at once. I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

"Your affectionate and truly healthy friend,

"C. LAMB.

"Mary thought a letter from me might amuse you in your torment.

"April 17th, 1829."

We must conclude with a letter to Moxon respecting some one who had defaced or abstracted a copy of *Elia*:—

"DEAR M.:—Many thanks for the books: but most thanks for one immortal sentence: 'If I do not *cheat* him, never *trust* me again.' I do not know whether to admire most, the wit or justness of the sentiment. It has my cordial approbation. My sense of *meum* and *uum* applauds it. I maintain it, the eighth commandment hath a secret special reservation, by which the reptile is exempt from any protection from it. As a dog, or a nigger, he is not the holder of property. Not a ninth of what he detains from the world is his own. Keep your hands from picking and stealing is no way referable to his acquists. I doubt whether bearing false witness against thy neighbor at all contemplated this possible scrub. Could Moses have seen the speck in vision? An *ex post facto* law alone could relieve him; and we are taught to expect no eleventh commandment. The outlaw to the Mosaic dispensation—unworthy to have seen Moses behind!—to lay his desecrating hands upon *Elia*! Has the irreverent ark-toucher been struck blind, I wonder? The more I think of him, the less I think of him. His meanness is invisible with aid of solar microscope. My moral eye smarts at him. The less flea that bites little fleas! The great BEAST! the beggarly NIT!

"More when we meet; mind, you'll come, two of you; and couldn't you get off in the morning, that we may have a day-long curse at him, if curses are not dishallowed by descending so low? Amen. Maledicatur in extremis!

"C. L."

Our extracts will show that these letters

do not disappoint expectation. Indeed many of them, being of a more familiar cast, are, if possible, more delightful than those given in the former collection. We have preferred selecting from the lighter parts of them, with a view to attracting readers to the whole, which cannot fail of acting as a pure and healthful intellectual stimulant.

The serious part of Lamb's life, here for the first time laid bare before us, proves him to have been a laborious, resolute, frank, sincere, and warm-hearted man. It is common in speaking of him to lament some of his weaknesses—his smoking and drinking. There is a cheap sort of virtue by which we can make ourselves believe we are good by flattering ourselves that we are superior to those who are better. It would be well for many of those who are disposed to climb into heaven over this noble-minded suffering brother, to ask themselves whether, upon the whole, they perform their parts in life so well as he did—whether they have ever convinced themselves that they were ready to follow his heroic example—or whether they have no secret vices sufficient to outweigh those of one who never concealed anything. Perhaps it was Lamb's very indulgence that preserved him sane; the "sad quandary of spirits" in one who showed so much self-command was something more than the ordinary depression of indigestion. True, it may be said that the use of wine might produce this by reaction; but Lamb had been in a mad-house before he became a drinker. May we not therefore, considering how much he accomplished with his frail body, at least forbear to harp on what after all might not have been a weakness?

It is certainly most becoming, at all events, to respect the memory of one who has done so much to enlarge our minds and develop our affections. We feel grateful to Mr. Talfourd for presenting his friend in such a light that we are enabled to do so. We know now how much the fine spirit that has so amused us by its playfulness was dignified by suffering. We are now justified not only in pitying and loving our "gentle-hearted *Elia*," but in admiring and honoring him.

G. W. P.

MANABOZHO AND THE GREAT SERPENT.

AN ALGONQUIN TRADITION.

IN almost every primitive mythology we find a character partaking of a divine and human nature, who is the beneficent teacher of men, who instructs them in religion and the arts, and who, after a life of exemplary usefulness, disappears mysteriously, leaving his people impressed with the highest respect for his institutions, and indulging in the hope of his final return among them. This demi-god, to whom divine honors are often paid after his withdrawal from earth, is usually the Son of the Sun, or of the Eternal Creator, the Great Father who stands at the head of the primitive pantheons; he is born of an earthly mother, a virgin, and often a vestal of the sun, who conceives mysteriously, and who, after giving birth to her half-divine son, is herself sometimes elevated to the rank of a goddess. In the more refined and systematized mythologies, he appears clearly as an incarnation of the "Great Father," and partaking of his attributes—his terrestrial representative, and the mediator between him and man. He appears as Buddha in India; Fo-hi in China; Zoroaster in Persia; Osiris in Egypt; Taut in Phœnicia, and Hermes in Greece; and in each case is regarded as the great teacher of men and the founder of religion.*

In the mythological systems of America, this intermediate demi-god was not less clearly recognized than in those of the old world; indeed, as these systems were less complicated, because less modified from their primitive forms, the Great Teacher appears with more distinctness. Among the savage tribes his origin and

character were, for obvious reasons, much confused, but among the more advanced semi-civilized nations he occupied a well-defined position.

Among the nations of Anahuac he bore the name of *Quetzalcoatl*, (interpreted "Feathered Serpent,") and was regarded with the highest veneration. His festivals were the most gorgeous of the year. To him, it is said, the great temple of Cholula was dedicated. His history, drawn from various sources, is as follows. The god of the Milky Way, (*Tonecatlecoatl*, or "*Serpent Sun*,") the principal deity of the Aztec pantheon, and the great father of gods and men, sent a message to a virgin of Tulan, telling her that it was the will of the gods that she should conceive a son, which she did without knowing any man.* This son was Quetzalcoatl, who was figured as tall, of a fair complexion, open forehead, large eyes, and a thick beard. He became high-priest of Tulan, introduced the worship of the gods, established laws displaying the profoundest wisdom, regulated the calendar, and maintained the most rigid and exemplary manners in his life. He was averse to cruelty, abhorred war, and taught men to cultivate the soil, to reduce metals from the ores, and many other things necessary to their welfare. Under his benign administration, the widest happiness prevailed among men. The corn grew so strong, that a single ear was a load for a man; gourds were as long as a man's body; it was unnecessary to dye cotton, for it grew of all colors; all fruits were in the greatest profusion and of extraordinary size; there were also a vast number of beautiful and sweet singing birds. His reign was the golden age of Anahuac. He, however, disappeared suddenly and mysteriously; in what manner is unknown. Some say he died on the

* "However important may be the study of military, civil, and political history, the science is incomplete without mythological history; and he is little imbued with the spirit of philosophy, who can perceive in the fables of antiquity nothing more than the extravagances of a fervid imagination. Mythology may be considered the parent of History."—*Tod's Rajasthan*, vol. i., p. 538.

* Codex Vaticanus, plate 11. "Begotten," says this authority, "by the breath of God."

sea-shore, and others that he wandered away in search of the imaginary kingdom of Tlalapa. He was deified; temples were erected to him, and he was adored throughout Anahuac.

The Muyscas of Columbia had a similar hero-god. According to their traditional history, he bore the name of *Bochica*. Like Quetzalcoatl, he was son of the sun, the incarnation of the great father, whose sovereignty and paternal care he emblemized. He was high-priest of Irica, and the law-giver of the Muyscas. He founded a new worship, prescribed the order and nature of the sacrifices, regulated the calendar, constituted the chiefs of the tribes, and directed the mode of choosing the high-priests,—in short, he was a perfect counterpart of Quetzalcoatl, and, like him, disappeared mysteriously at Irica, which place became sacred to him after his deification. And as Cholula, the sacred city of Quetzalcoatl, was common ground, where conflicting nations worshipped in peace, at the several shrines dedicated to that divinity, so the pilgrims to the sanctuary of Bochica at Irica, amidst the horrors of the most sanguinary warfare, were allowed to make their journeys in peace and security.*

We find an analogous character in the traditional history of Peru. At first, it is said, the inhabitants lived half naked in holes and caves in the earth, subsisting on whatsoever came in their way, and even eating human flesh. They were without law, government, or religion, altogether, in the words of La Vega, "like so many brute beasts." The sun, deploring their miserable condition, sent down his son, Manco Capac, and his daughter, Mama Cora, the sister and wife of Manco Capac, to instruct them in religion, government, and the arts of life. They were placed on an island in lake Titicaca, which to this day is regarded of extreme sanctity, with permission to go wherever they pleased, under the sole restriction that when they should stop at any place to eat or sleep, they should there strike a little wedge of gold into the ground, and that they should at last establish themselves permanently wherever the wedge should sink in the earth. They went northward, and at last

arrived at the spot where the wedge disappeared, and here, after gathering around them the savage inhabitants, they founded the imperial city of Cuzco. Manco Capac taught the natives all that was essential to their welfare,—the adoration of the sun, the practice of the useful arts, and the nature of government. He died a natural death, and from him the Incas claimed their descent, and their title to sovereignty. The great festival of the sun, at the summer solstice, commemorated the advent of the beneficent Manco Capac.

We have traces of a similar personage in the traditional Votan of Guatemala, but our accounts are much more vague than in the cases above mentioned.

The less civilized, but yet considerably advanced, agricultural tribes of Florida, had a similar tradition concerning a great teacher. According to Mr. J. H. Payne, (who has with great industry and zeal collected their traditions, and recorded their religious ceremonies, in a work yet unpublished,) the Cherokees had a priest and law-giver essentially corresponding to Quetzalcoatl and Bochica. "He was the greatest prophet of the Cherokees, and bore the name of Wasi. He told them what had been from the beginning of the world, and what would be, and gave the people in all things directions what to do. He appointed their feasts and fasts, and all the ceremonies of their religion. He directed the mode of consecrating their priests, and choosing their chiefs. He enjoined upon them to obey his directions from generation to generation, and promised that at his death, another would take his place and continue his instructions."*

Among the savage tribes, we have already said, the same notions prevailed. The southern *edues* (priests or "medicine men") of the Californians, according to Vanegas, taught that there was a supreme creator, *Niparaga*, who had three sons,

* Mr. Payne mentions, in a note, the interesting fact that "the sacred *divining crystal* of the Cherokee priests, which was sometimes called by a word (*ulstua*) signifying 'light,' was also called *Wásicaton-hi*, 'the word of Wási,' or *Wásintisata*, Wási directed them;" thus intimating that it was introduced and used by Wási. Anciently, too, when any Cherokee was particularly distinguished for singing, the old men would say, 'He is Wási's singer,' 'sings like Wási,' or 'sings the song of Wási.'

* Humboldt's Res. vol. i., p. 74; vol. ii., p. 10.

one of whom, *Quagagg*, came upon earth and taught the Indians the arts, and instructed them in religion. Finally, through hatred, the Indians killed him; but although dead, he is incorruptible and beautiful. Blood flows constantly from him, and though he does not speak, he has a *talcoti*, or owl, who speaks for him. To him they pay adoration, as the mediatory power between earth and the supreme Nipiraga.

The Iroquois had also a beneficent being, uniting in himself the character of a god and man, who was called *Hiawatha*, or *Tarengawagan*. "He taught the Iroquois," says Schoolcraft, "hunting, gardening, the knowledge of medicine, and the arts. He imparted to them the knowledge of the laws of the Great Spirit, established their form of government, etc." According to the tradition, after fulfilling his mission on earth, and consolidating the five tribes into one confederacy, he went up to heaven in his white magic canoe, which moved at his wish.*

Among the Algonquins, and particularly among the Ojibways and other remnants of that stock at the North-west, this intermediate great teacher (denominated by Mr. Schoolcraft the "great incarnation of the North-west,") is fully recognized. He bears the name of *Manabozho*, *Namibush*, *Michabou*, or *Michabozho*. In some of the early travels he is called *Messon*. The accounts concerning his origin are confused and conflicting. He is, however, usually represented as the first-born son of a great celestial *Manitou* or spirit, by an earthly mother, and is esteemed the friend and protector of the human race.† He in-

structed the Indians in the arts, instituted the rites and mysteries of their religion, taught them the cultivation of vegetables,

grandmother of the human race; and in order that we should never invoke her in vain, it has been strictly enjoined upon the old woman never to quit her dwelling. Hence when an Indian makes the collection of roots and herbs which are to serve him as medicines, he deposits at the same time, on the earth, a small offering to this great-grandmother. During his different excursions over the earth Nanaboojoo killed all such animals as were hurtful to us, as the mammoth and mastodon. He has placed four beneficent spirits at the four cardinal points of the compass, for the purpose of contributing to the happiness of the human race. That of the North procures for us ice and snow, in order to aid us in discovering and following wild animals. He of the South gives us that which occasions the growth of our pumpkins, melons, maize, and tobacco. The spirit of the West gives us rain, and that of the East light, and causes the sun to make his daily walks around the globe. The thunder we hear is the voice of manitous having the forms of large birds, which Nanaboojoo has placed in the clouds. When they cry very loud, we burn some tobacco in our cabins, as a smoke-offering to appease them."

"In all their festivities and assemblies," continues this author, "their songs turn upon some one or other of the fables connected with Nanaboojoo. When the chief had finished this history, I asked him if he had any faith in what he had related. He replied, 'Assuredly I have had the happiness to see and entertain those old men of my nation who had penetrated far into the North, into the presence of Nanaboojoo, with whom they conversed a long time. He confessed all I have related.'—*Oregon Missions*, pp. 352, 353.

"The accounts which the Indians hand down of a remarkable personage of miraculous birth, who waged a warfare against monsters, performed the most extravagant and heroic feats, underwent a catastrophe like Jonah's, and survived a general deluge, constitute a very prominent portion of their cabin lore. Interwoven with their leading traits are innumerable tales of personal achievements, sagacity, endurance, miracle, and trick, which place him in almost every scene of deep interest that can be imagined,—from the competition on an Indian play-ground to a giant-killer, or a mysterious being of stern, all-knowing, super-human power. Whatever man could do, he could do. He affected all the powers of a necromancer. He wielded the arts of a demon, and had the ubiquity of a god. But in proportion as Manabozho exercises power, or performs exploits wild or wonderful, the chain of narration which connects them is broken or vague. He leaps over extensive regions of country like an ignis fatuus. He appears suddenly like an Avater, or saunters over weary wastes a poor and starving hunter. His voice is at one moment deep and sonorous as a thunder-clap, at another clothed with the softness of feminine suppli-

* Schoolcraft's Notes on the Iroquois, p. 270.

† De Smet's Oregon Missions, p. 347. See also James, Schoolcraft, Hoffman, and others on the traditions connected with *Manabozho*.

The *Wisakeshak* of the Crees, the *Santeaux*, and the *Blackfeet*, and the *Etalopasse* of the *Chinooks*, can both be traced up to the same personage, corresponding with *Manabozho*.

De Smet presents the relation of *Potogojees*, a chief of the *Potawotomies*, in respect to *Manabozho* or *Nanaboojoo*, from which the following paragraphs are taken:

"Nanaboojoo is our principal intercessor with the Great Spirit; he it was that obtained for us the creation of animals for our food and raiment. He has caused to grow the roots and herbs which cure our maladies, and enables us, in times of famine, to kill wild animals. He has left the care of them to *Mesakkummikokwi*, the great-

—in short, corresponded in his acts and attributes with the various personages already noticed. His terrestrial power was very great; he effected transformations and controlled the elements. The mountains are the piles of stone which he raised to mark the days of his journeyings over the earth, and the valleys are the prints of his feet. By some he is supposed to be dead and buried in an island in the midst of Lake Superior; by others, still to live in the distant regions of the North; and by others, to repose on a great flake of ice in the Northern sea, which retreat some of the Indians fear the whites will yet discover, in which case they suppose the world will be brought to an end; for as soon as he shall put his feet on the earth again, it will burst into flames, and all living things will be destroyed.

Though the object of no particular worship, he is nevertheless highly venerated, and his adventures occupy a conspicuous place in the lodge-lore of the North-west. He is always placed in antagonism to a great serpent, a *kakodemon*, a genuine spirit of evil. This serpent corresponds very nearly with the Egyptian Typhon, the Indian Kaliya, and the Scandinavian Midgard. He is connected with the Algonquin notions of a deluge; and as Typhon is placed in antagonism to Osiris or Apollo, Kaliya to Suyra, the Sun, and Midgard to Woden, so does he bear a corresponding relation to Manabozho, who, as we have seen, partakes somewhat of the character of Osiris. The conflicts of Manabozho with *Meshekenabek*, or the serpent, are frequent, and though the struggle is often long and doubtful, he is usually, in the end, successful against his adversary.

One of these contests involved the destruction of the earth by water, and its reproduction by the powerful and beneficent Manabozho. The tradition in which this great event was embodied was thus related by *Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh*, GEORGE COPWAY, a chief of the Ojibways; and though its substance has often been presented, it has never before been published in its full and perfect form.

THE TRADITION.

One day, returning to his lodge from a long journey, Manabozho missed from it his young cousin who resided with him; he called his name aloud, but received no answer. He looked around on the sand for the tracks of his feet, and he then for the first time discovered the trail of *Meshekenabek*, the serpent. He then knew that his cousin had been seized by his great enemy. He armed himself, and followed on his track; he passed the great river, and crossed mountains and valleys, to the shores of the deep and gloomy lake now called Manitou Lake, Spirit Lake, or the Lake of Devils. The trail of *Meshekenabek* led to the edge of the water.

At the bottom of this lake was the dwelling of the serpent, and it was filled with evil spirits, his attendants and companions. Their forms were monstrous and terrible, but most, like their master, bore the semblance of serpents. In the centre of this horrible assemblage was *Meshekenabek* himself coiling his volumes around the hapless cousin of Manabozho. His head was red as with blood, and his eyes were fierce and glowed like the fire. His body was all over armed with hard and glistening scales of every shade and color.

Manabozho looked down upon the writhing spirits of evil, and he vowed deep revenge. He directed the clouds to disappear from the heavens, the winds to be still, and the air to become stagnant over the lake of the manitous, and bade the sun shine upon it with all its fierceness; for thus he sought to drive his enemy forth to seek the cool shadows of the trees that grew upon its banks, so that he might be able to take vengeance upon him.

Meantime Manabozho seized his bow and arrows, and placed himself near the spot where he deemed the serpents would come to enjoy the shade. He then transformed himself into the broken stump of a withered tree, so that his enemies might not discover his presence.

The winds became still, the air stagnant, and the sun shone hot on the lake of the evil manitous. By-and-by the waters became troubled, and bubbles rose to the surface, for the rays of the sun penetrated to the horrible brood within its depths. The commotion increased, and a serpent

cation. Scarcely any two persons agree in all the minor circumstances of the story, and scarcely any omit the leading incidents."—*Schoolcraft's Algic Res.*, vol. i., p. 134.

lifted its head high above the centre of the lake, and gazed around the shores. Directly another came to the surface, and they listened for the footsteps of Manabozho, but they heard him nowhere on the face of the earth, and they said, one to the other, "Manabozho sleeps." And then they plunged again beneath the waters, which seemed to hiss as they closed over them.

It was not long before the lake of the manitous became more troubled than before : it boiled from its very depths, and the hot waves dashed wildly against the rocks on its shores. The commotion increased, and soon Meshekenabek, the Great Serpent, emerged slowly to the surface, and moved towards the shore. His blood-red crest glowed with a deeper hue, and the reflections from his glancing scales were like the blinding glitter of a sleet-covered forest, beneath the morning sun of winter. He was followed by all the evil spirits, so great a number that they covered the shores of the lake with their foul trailing carcasses.

They saw the broken, blasted stump into which Manabozho had transformed himself, and suspecting it might be one of his disguises, for they knew his cunning, one of them approached, and wound his tail around it, and sought to drag it down. But Manabozho stood firm, though he could hardly refrain from crying aloud, for the tail of the monster tickled his sides.

The Great Serpent wound his vast folds among the trees of the forest, and the rest also sought the shade, while one was left to listen for the steps of Manabozho.

When they all slept, Manabozho silently drew an arrow from his quiver ; he placed it in his bow, and aimed it where he saw the heart beat against the sides of the Great Serpent. He launched it, and with a howl that shook the mountains and startled the wild beasts in their caves, the monster awoke, and, followed by its frightened companions, uttering mingled sounds of rage and terror, plunged again into the lake. Here they vented their fury on the helpless cousin of Manabozho, whose body they tore into a thousand fragments ; his mangled lungs rose to the surface and covered it with whiteness, and this is the origin of the foam on the water.

When the Great Serpent knew that he

was mortally wounded, both he and the evil spirits around him were rendered tenfold more terrible by their great wrath, and they rose to overwhelm Manabozho. The waters of the lake swelled upwards from its dark depths, and with a sound like many thunders, it rolled madly on its track, bearing the rocks and trees before it with resistless fury. High on the crest of the foremost wave, black as the midnight, rode the writhing form of the wounded Meshekenabek, and red eyes glared around him, and the hot breaths of the monstrous brood hissed fiercely above the retreating Manabozho. Then thought Manabozho of his Indian children, and he ran by their villages and in a voice of alarm bade them flee to the mountains, for the Great Serpent was deluging the earth in his expiring wrath, sparing no living thing. The Indians caught up their children and wildly sought safety where he bade them. But Manabozho continued his flight along the base of the western hills, and finally took refuge on a high mountain beyond Lake Superior, far towards the north. There he found many men and animals, who had fled from the flood that already covered the valleys and plains and even the highest hills. Still the waters continued to rise, and soon all the mountains were overwhelmed, save that on which stood Manabozho. Then he gathered together timber and made a raft, upon which the men and women and the animals that were with him all placed themselves. No sooner had they done so, than the rising floods closed over the mountain, and they floated alone on the face of the waters. And thus they floated for many days, and some died, and the rest became sorrowful, and reproached Manabozho that he did not disperse the waters and renew the earth that they might live. But, though he knew that his great enemy was by this time dead, yet could not Manabozho renew the world unless he had some earth in his hands wherewith to begin the work. And this he explained to those that were with him, and he said that were it ever so little, even a few grains of earth, then could he disperse the waters and renew the world. Then the beaver volunteered to go to the bottom of the deep, and get some earth, and they all applauded her design. She plunged in ; they waited long, and when

she returned she was dead; they opened her hands, but there was no earth in them. Then said the otter, "will I seek the earth," and the bold swimmer dived from the raft. The otter was gone still longer than the beaver, but when he returned to the surface he too was dead, and there was no earth in his claws. "Who shall find the earth," exclaimed all those on the raft, "now that the beaver and the otter are dead?" and they desponded more than before, repeating, "Who shall find the earth?" "That will I," said the muskrat, as he quickly disappeared between the logs of the raft. The muskrat was gone very long, much longer than the otter, and it was thought he would never return, when he suddenly rose near by, but he was too weak to speak, and he swam slowly towards the raft. He had hardly got upon it, when he too died from his great exertion. They opened his little hands, and there closely clasped between the fingers they found a few grains of fresh earth. These Manabozho carefully collected and dried them in the sun, and then he rubbed them into fine powder in his palms, and rising up he blew them abroad upon the waters. No sooner was this done than the flood began to subside, and soon the trees on the mountains were seen, and then the mountains and hills emerged from the deep, and the plains and the valleys came in view, and the waters disappeared from the land, leaving no trace but a thick sediment, which was the dust that Manabozho had blown abroad from the raft.

Then it was found that Meshekenabek, the Great Serpent, was dead, and that the evil manitous his companions had returned to the depths of the lake of spirits, from which for the fear of Manabozho they never more dared to come forth. And in gratitude to the beaver, the otter, and the muskrat, those animals were ever after held sacred by the Indians, and they became their brethren, and they never killed nor molested them, until the medicine of the pale-faces made them forget their relations, and turned their hearts to ingratitude.

In this account, the destruction of the world appears but as an incident in the di-

rect conflict between Manabozho and the Great Serpent. It is, in other cases, caused by a conflict between the serpent, the symbol of evil force, and the "spirits" or "beings." In these Manabozho appears only as the preserver and re-creator. The Ottawas, according to James, relate that the flood was produced in consequence of the degeneracy of mankind, but it is suspected that this idea was derived from the early missionaries.

The tradition itself is not subject to any such suspicion, nor is it, as some have supposed, of late introduction. It is substantially related by Hennepin as follows:

"One day Messou being hunting, his dogs lost themselves in a great lake, which thereupon overflowing, covered the earth in a short time, and swallowed up the world. They say that Messou then gathered a little earth, by the help of some animals, and therewith repaired the world again."*

The following little incident, related by Mr. Copway, in connection with the above tradition, may not be uninteresting.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CROW.

Before the flood caused by Manabozho's contest with his great enemy the serpent, the crow was a bird of song, and his plumage was white as the snow, and fruits and berries were his food. While the raft bearing Manabozho, and the men and animals by which the earth was to be replenished, was floating on the waters, the birds flew around during the day, to find food. They returned at night, and Manabozho noticed the crow, and he said, "Thou hast gorged thyself on human flesh." But the crow denied the accusation. The next night the crow again returned to the raft, and its flight was slow and heavy, for it was full. Then said Manabozho, "Deniest thou that thou hast feasted on human flesh?" and the crow dared not deny it. "From this day thou art accursed," said Manabozho; "thy feathers shall be black as the night, thy flesh too shall be of the same color, thy voice

* Hennepin, p. 55. See also James's MSS. N. G. Hist. Soc. Coll.; Tanner's Narrative, pp. 352, 357; Hoffman's Wild Scenes of the West; Schoolcraft's Oneota, and Algic Res., vol. i. p. 134; McKinney's Indians, etc.

shall be harsh and grating, thy food shall be carrion, and thy companions shall be the loathsome buzzard and the vulture." And so it was that the crow became degraded and his feathers black.

It may be here mentioned that among the North-western Indians, the serpent was not only an object of great veneration, but was usually, as in the above tradition, regarded as an emblem of evil force or power. We thus frequently find, in the transmitted songs, hostile tribes denounced as "snakes," or "snake people." Among the ancient Mexicans, on the other hand, the symbolical significance of the serpent corresponded more nearly with that assigned it in some of the Eastern mythologies. It symbolized the greatest gods of the Aztec pantheon, and, in some combination or other, was interwoven with the whole fabric of Aztec superstition.

It is a fact worth noticing that, according to James, the Menomines translate the *Manito* (Spirit) of the Chippeways by *Ahwahtoke*, which means particularly a snake. "Whether," he observes, "this word was first formed as a name for a surprising or disgusting object, and thence transferred to spiritual beings, or whether the extension of its signification has been in an opposite direction, it is difficult to determine." The Arkansas believed in the existence of a great spirit, to which they made sacrifices, under the form of a serpent; and the Mandans also had a singular tradition of one, which they supposed resided in a lake, and to which they made offerings. The following is their tradition concerning it, as related by Maximilian:—

THE SERPENT OF THE MANDANS.

"Two young men were strolling along the bank of the river, and observed a cavern, through which curiosity led them to go. On reaching the further end they were surprised at seeing a picturesque country, wholly unknown to them, with herds of buffaloes grazing. Suddenly, however, an immense giant stood before them, who demanded, 'Who are you, little people? I am afraid if I were to lay hold of you, I should crush you.' He then lifted them in his hands very carefully, and carried them to a village, which was inhab-

ited by giants like himself. Accompanied by the two Mandans, they went out to hunt buffaloes. The giants killed the animals by throwing stones, but the Mandans destroyed many with their arrows, which greatly delighted the giants. At that time the giants were at war with the eagles, which are very numerous, and which they slew by flinging stones. The Mandans, however, shot them with arrows, by which means they procured a large quantity of eagle's feathers. They then took leave of the giants, and were permitted to depart with their spoils. On their return they found the cave blocked up by a colossal serpent. At first they were at a loss how to make a passage, but they soon collected a large quantity of wood, and burned the monster. One of them tasted the roast flesh of the serpent, and, finding it palatable, partook of more. They proceeded on their way, when the head of the one who had eaten swelled prodigiously, and an intolerable itching came over his face. He begged his friend not to leave him, but to take him home. On the second day he continued to swell, increased in length, felt an irritation all over, and was soon transformed into a serpent; upon which he entreated his companion to take him to the Missouri, which the latter accomplished in three days. As soon as the serpent reached the water, he dived, but speedily rose to the surface, and said, 'There are many like me below, but they hate me, therefore carry me to the long water, three days' journey from the Missouri.' This, too, was done; but the serpent not liking his new abode, his comrade was obliged to carry him to a second lake, called *Histoppa-Naumaugka*, (the place of the tattooed face,) when the serpent was satisfied, and resolved to remain. He commissioned the young man to bring him four things, viz.: a white wolf, a polecat, some pounded maize, and eagles' tails: after this he was to go to war four times, and kill an enemy in each combat. All this accordingly took place. The serpent added he would always remain in the lake, never die, be medicine, and when the Mandans desired anything, they might come hither, do penance, or make offerings, that is to say, hang robes, eagles' tails, or other articles of value, on poles on the borders of the lake, which the Indians do to this day."

E. G. S.

THE WAR OF CHIOZZA.

TRANSLATED FROM COMTE DARU'S "HISTOIRE DE LA REPUBLIQUE DE VENISE."

AMONG the wars which occurred between European states during the Middle Ages, none were more remarkable than those carried on against each other by the republics of Venice and Genoa. They partook of the nature of those conflicts in which

"Civil blood makes civil hands unclean,"

and consequently were peculiarly ferocious in their details; and the commercial rivalry of the two states did not certainly tend to mitigate their sternness. The first of these wars broke out A.D. 1256, the immediate cause being a dispute that took place for the right to exclusive possession of a church in Aire, within the walls of which city were congregated the remains of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. The Pope having awarded possession of the edifice to the Venetians, the Genoese treated his decision with that contempt which the old Italian states more than once exhibited for Papal decrees. They seized and fortified the church, utterly refusing admission to their rivals, whom they drove from the city, and whose warehouses they plundered. The real cause of the war, however, was commercial rivalry. Venice arrogated to herself supremacy in the Adriatic, which sea, partly in virtue of the grant of Alexander III., but more we may suppose as a consequence of her ability to make her pretensions good, she claimed to have subjugated to herself, "as a spouse to her husband." The "Marriage of the Sea" was something more than a ceremony—it was a reality. Genoa, to offset the claim of her rival, assumed to herself the same privileges in the Mediterranean that the latter monopolized in the Adriatic. The prize was the control of the commerce between Europe and the East, and it was too great not to cause the parties contending for its possession to become active enemies on the first occasion that should present itself. The affair at Aire, therefore, merely hasten-

ed an inevitable explosion. The war which followed was bitter and bloody. Every great battle that marked its course was won by the Venetians, who, however, could not crush their rivals. It was during this war that the Latin empire, established half a century before in Constantinople by the French and Venetians, was overthrown, the Genoese aiding Michael Palæologus to destroy it, in order at the same time to weaken their enemies and to obtain great commercial advantages for themselves. A cessation of hostilities was effected by the desire which was felt throughout the Christian world to concentrate its forces for another crusade, being that in which St. Louis experienced so miserable a failure. "All Christendom," says Daru, (liv. v. c. 16,) "interposed to compel the two republics to put an end to the obstacle that existed through their dissensions to the deliverance of the holy places; but all that could be done was to obtain a temporary suspension of arms, which subsequently was converted into a treaty, to endure for a few years, through the mediation of Philippe-le-Hardi, successor of St. Louis."

The second Genoese war broke out in 1293, and was as fiercely waged as the preceding contest. Fortune changed sides, the Genoese being uniformly successful; and, after six years of hostilities, a treaty was concluded on terms very favorable to the commercial supremacy of Genoa.

During the next fifty years, though there were occasional acts of war perpetrated against each other by both parties, there happened no regular contest; but in 1349 the third war began. It was not less furious than its predecessors, and great victories were won on each side. It is a curious fact, that the battle of Sapienza was gained by the Genoese in consequence of their practising the same manœuvre as that which, four centuries and a half later, gave to Nelson his great victory of the

Nile. The treaty which put an end to this war, was according to terms dictated by the Genoese.

The fourth and most memorable of these wars was that which opened in 1378, and which is known in history as the "War of Chiozza." A league for the humiliation of Venice was formed, of scarcely less power than that which afterwards was made for the same purpose at Cambray. The parties to it were, the King of Hungary, the Duke of Austria, the Queen of Naples, the Genoese, the Lords of Padua and of Verona, the Patriarch of Aquileia, and Ancona. The only allies of Venice were the Visconti, rulers of Milan, the Marchese di Carréto, and the King of Cyprus.

The tenth book of the *Histoire de la République de Venise*, by Comte Daru, one of the great French statesmen of the Napoleon era, is entirely devoted to an account of the war of Chiozza, and has been thought by scholars to be one of the finest pieces of historical composition in the author's language. The following translation of that book may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

In some particulars Daru will be found to differ from other writers on this war. For instance, he places in the mouth of Carrara the famous threat to bridle the bronze horses of St. Mark, though all other authorities attribute it to Doria. Some writers, indeed, go so far as to say, that Carrara would have accepted the terms of peace proposed by the Venetians after the fall of Chiozza, but that he was overruled by the Genoese commander, who wished utterly to destroy the rival of his country. It is not a matter of any great importance, yet one would like to be sure that the haughty threat emanated from one whose house was subsequently exterminated through the fraud and cruelty of Venice.

Genoa has been so "overawed" in history by Venice, that many people find it difficult to believe they could ever have been well-matched opponents. Such, however, was the fact, and the superiority was rather on the side of Genoa during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. If Venice possessed Dalmatia, Candia, a part of Negropont, and several places in the Morea; Genoa was mistress of the island of Scio, of Pera, of the shores of the Euxine, and of Cuffu. The fall of the Latin

empire of Byzantium had given to her all the privileges formerly possessed in that quarter by Venice, and also those the latter had held beyond the Bosphorus. She was substantially mistress of Constantinople, as she held in her hands the power of cutting off its supply of provisions, and lorded it in a most arrogant manner over the Greek emperor. Her commerce was most extensive; and her settlements and trade in the Crimea, revived the recollection of the halcyon days of the Greek colonies of that beautiful land. As Miletus had once sent forth her sons to settle it, so had a city on the eastern coast of Italy, some twenty centuries later, and with no territory beyond a few barren rocks, become the ruler of the finest portion of the realm of Mithridates. It was not till after the capture of Constantinople by the Osmanlis, in 1453, that Genoa lost her possessions in the Euxine and Palus Mæotis; and perhaps not the least of the evils of that capture was, that it cut off the inquisitive and enterprising race of Italy from their connection with southern Russia, and prevented the spread of Christianity and civilization in one of the most physically perfect regions of the globe. Owing to this loss of her foreign trade and dominion, and to her internal dissensions, the decline of *Genoa la Superba* was rapid and certain; while her rival, from the peculiarity of her geographical position, from her retention of many of her foreign colonies even to the eighteenth century, and from the essentially conservative character of her polity,—which made it the admiration of the English aristocratical republicans of the age of the Stuarts,—was enabled to hold a high place among the nations long after the golden sceptre of commerce had departed from the Queen of the Adriatic, and when she had ceased to be the "Royal Exchange of the world," to apply to her Fuller's happy expression of the greatness of Tyre.—TRANSLATOR.

I. If there is a spectacle worthy of admiration and interest, it is that of a state without population or territory contending for existence against a multitude of enemies; creating for itself by industry the means of resistance, where nature appeared to have refused them; displaying a character that would have done honor to the

most celebrated nations of antiquity, and presenting an array of force worthy of the greatest powers; calling to its assistance the ambition and hatred of foreigners, and, when apparently exhausted by so many efforts, finding a new energy in the noblest of all the passions, that of patriotism.

The Venetians unquestionably owed to their prosperity the jealousy of their neighbors. The latter could have justified their animosity by the unjust conquests and domineering spirit of the former. Yet these errors the Venetians had in common with every people who had great success, and that success had already been expiated by great reverses. Creators of their country, founders of one of the finest cities of Europe, and possessors of a rich commerce, they had conquered and lost a vast empire, and they had still to contend for the dominion of the sea. Their government presented the rare spectacle of a stability unknown to other nations; and ten centuries of glorious existence had undoubtedly won for their republic the respect of the universe.

If there is in man a sentiment which attaches him to all that is great and beautiful, and which causes him to deplore the destruction of that which ages have consecrated; unfortunately he is also actuated by a less noble passion, which is excited at the aspect of continued prosperity, and which leads him to place his chief glory in overthrowing the glory of others.

It was envy, rather than care for their own safety, that had leagued so many princes against Venice. Only one Italian prince was willing to make common cause with her; he was the Lord of Milan; but he had promised the assistance of only four hundred lances, and two thousand infantry. He would not share the efforts, much less the dangers, of the republic. Venice was about to combat for existence; Visconti, should occasion offer for it, in order to oppress Genoa or Verona.

With the exception of the King of Hungary, who could raise an army in his own dominions, the several powers engaged in this war had no national forces. They took into their pay troops of mercenaries assembled by adventurers. It was a French company, called *The Star*, which, under the banners of Visconti, had ravaged the neighborhood of Genoa, until that

city had redeemed its territory from pillage by the payment of a heavy ransom. It was an English band, known as the White Company, which had served every party in turn, that was now charged with the devastation of the territory of Verona. Others in the pay of the Lord of Padua and of the Patriarch of Aquileia, carried fire and sword through the March of Treviso. The Venetians, who from their own numbers were hardly equal to the manning of their fleets, had also called into their service many of these mercenaries; and we shall soon see how painful and dangerous it is to be reduced to purchase such assistance.

We can understand that these mercenaries, without country or interest in the war, could see in the quarrels of nations only occasions for ravaging the lands of all parties. The usefulness of infantry was then unknown, and the strength of armies lay in their cavalry. These foreigners, chiefs of an insubordinate soldiery, the preservation of which was the cause of their wealth, would not compromise their followers. Making war rather on the people than against armies, they were not interested in obtaining a decisive victory. Peace would have left them without employment. Their object was to render themselves necessary, in order to increase daily their exorbitant pretensions; and their policy reduced itself to a calculation as to the relative profits of fidelity and treason. It was to such men as these that the Trevisano saw itself delivered up. I shall relate here, without interruption, the undecisive events of this war of brigands, in order to allow the reader's undivided attention to be hereafter directed to the contest between the Venetians and Genoese.

The forces of Francisco Carrara and of the Patriarch of Aquileia, the army of the King of Hungary, and the troops in the pay of the Conte di Ceneda, a neighboring lord, who had entered into their alliance, forming a body of seventeen thousand men, invaded on both sides the province possessed by Venice on the mainland of Italy.

II. The Hungarians were commanded by the Waywode of Transylvania, and Carrara had intrusted his to the charge of Giovanni Obizzi. The republic, departing for the time from its custom of placing a

foreign general at the head of its land force, had opposed to them Carlo Zeno, who had signalized his courage by the performance of audacious enterprises. Inferior in number, he compensated for his weakness by his activity; and, after a campaign of a month, he had so harassed the enemy, and menaced them on so many points, that they were compelled to evacuate the Venetian province. The government then believed it proper to recall him to the naval service, and to replace him by the Conte di Colalto, who immediately taking the offensive, threw himself on the lands of the Conte di Ceneda, in order to make him repent of having allied himself with the enemies of the republic.

Francisco Carrara, compelled to leave the Trevisano, led his troops to the seashore, and laid siege to Mistre, a small place situated about a league from the mouth of the Musone, and separated from Venice only by the lagunes. In order to prevent its receiving assistance from the capital, Carrara established himself between the shore and the town, upon both banks of the river by which the latter communicates with the capital. The besiegers had cannon, for already the knowledge of artillery, which had been in existence but a few years, was generally spread abroad; and we shall in this war see cannon used on shipboard.

A suburb of the place had already fallen; a battery, established in a neighboring steeple, thundered upon the interior of the town, when a reinforcement of three hundred men threw themselves into it. The assault was made a few days after, and was sustained with much intrepidity. The besieged not only repulsed the enemy, but attacked them in turn, pursued them, burnt their machines and bridges, and compelled them to raise the siege. This defence of Mistre gained much honor for Francisco Delfino, who commanded there.

In the next campaign Carrara was more fortunate. He re-entered the Trevisano, carried the castle of Romano, and invested Treviso, but without besieging it in form. During this year, his successes were limited to subsisting his troops on the Venetian territory. In 1383, he blockaded the capital of the province, and in order to intercept all the succors that might be sent by

the river upon which it is situated, he barred it by a strong stockade. Giacomo Cavelli received orders from the Venetian government to march to the assistance of the place; he attacked Carrara's army on the 14th of September at Casale, defeated them, destroyed the stockade, and re-established the communication between Treviso and Venice.

Carrara, seeing the inutility of his efforts, had recourse to arms with which he was more familiar. He corrupted the garrison of Castlefranco, surprised or bought Noale, Sacile, Serravalle, Motta, and Corregliano, and finished by debauching a portion of the republic's mercenaries which were encamped near Mistre. We shall see what was the result of this, when we shall have recounted the events of the maritime war, and the situations in which they placed the several belligerent powers to each other.

III. It was on the 30th of May, 1378, near the mouth of the Tiber, and before the promontory of Antium, where the ancients had erected a temple to Fortune, that the fleets of Genoa and Venice encountered each other for the first time in this memorable contest. The Venetian squadron, under the orders of Victor Pisani, was composed of fourteen galleys. The Genoese admiral, Luigi di Fiesco, had ten under his command. These armaments corresponded not with the power displayed in preceding wars by the two republics; but it should be remembered that hostilities had commenced before the commercial ships had returned to supply the sailors destined to form the crews of the great military fleets.

The Venetians and Genoese could see each other only through a great storm, which lashed the waves into fury. The wind rendered manœuvring almost impossible; the sea beat upon the rocks and threatened the ships with destruction there. Several of the captains, in spite of all their efforts, could not take part in the combat. The two squadrons, in approaching each other, found themselves reduced to nine galleys each, as if Fortune, who appeared to be present at this action, had wished to re-establish equality between the combatants, in order to render it more terrible, and to reserve to herself the choice of the conqueror. But the rain, which fell

in torrents, interdicted to the combatants the use of a portion of their weapons, and the vessels approached one another in order to enter on a close action. The waves separated them violently, and menaced them with a new danger. Elevated and depressed by turns, they seemed to precipitate themselves upon each other, now almost showing their keels, and now their decks appearing, filled with men, in an attitude where it was impossible to fight. One of the Genoese galleys was dashed upon the coast, five others fell into the hands of the Venetians, and the remainder owed their safety to the storm. The sea was so agitated that the conquerors could secure only one of the enemy's galleys. They were compelled to burn the other four, and saved only eight hundred of their prisoners, among whom were the admiral and eighteen Genoese nobles.

Whilst the loss of this battle threw Genoa into disorder, and occasioned the fall of the Doge, the three galleys which escaped the disaster, instead of seeking a place of refuge, doubled the extremity of Italy, and entered the Adriatic, in order to avenge themselves for their misfortune on the commerce of the Venetians. They were followed by several other vessels. This squadron was soon increased to fourteen galleys, and afterwards to twenty-two. Luciano Doria, who took the command of it, established his cruisers so as to intercept convoys of provisions for Venice.

He had a sure asylum in the port of Zara, if he should find himself compelled to avoid a combat with superior forces. During this time, the Venetians attacked the Genoese on another point, and endeavored to expel them from the island of Cyprus. The King of Cyprus, in order to recover his capital, had solicited the alliance and the assistance of the Lord of Milan. Five Venetian vessels, which carried to him his bride, Valentine Visconti, forced the port of Famagorta, and burnt there several Genoese ships; but the assault made on the place was repulsed, and the squadron, returning to the Adriatic, ranged itself under the command of Victor Pisani, who found himself at the head of upwards of thirty galleys.

IV. It was at this time that Carlo Zeno was recalled from the command of the army in Trevisano, in order to serve in the

fleet. Pisani detached him with eight galleys to effect a diversion in other seas, whilst with the twenty-five sail that remained with himself he bore away to the Dalmatian coast, in order to capture there some port in which he could find shelter in case of necessity. The first place he attacked was Cattaro, of which three successive assaults made him master. Hearing of the arrival of seventeen galleys in the Adriatic, to reinforce the Genoese fleet, he sailed towards the extremity of the Gulf, in order to cut off that squadron. He saw it, but was unable to attack it. Not being able to prevent the junction, he returned to Dalmatia, to continue his operations there, and carried the town of Sebenigo, between Cattaro and Zara. Scarcely had he made this conquest, which was owing to the promptitude of his resolutions and the vigor of his attacks, than he learned that a part of the Genoese fleet was in the port of Trau, where it awaited the return of a detached squadron. The same day he presented himself before that place, which is situated on an artificial island, between the island of Buo, to which it is attached by a stone bridge, and the continent, from which it is separated only by a narrow canal. He endeavored to force one of the passages, but it was so filled up as to render it inaccessible to any other than small vessels. He sailed round the island, in order to attempt the other passage, but he found it defended by a strong stockade, in the midst of which the Genoese had erected a tower. This island was their stronghold, which they had fortified, by sea and by land, with admirable diligence. The Venetian commander landed his troops, and commenced the siege; but he soon saw that he was uselessly consuming his forces, and, deciding to abandon the enterprise, he ascended the coast, carried the island of Arbo, and cannonaded, in passing, the town of Zara. The effect of his fire could not have been much, as ship artillery was not yet sufficiently powerful to reduce fortified towns.

Pisani received orders to return before Trau, and to make further efforts to capture that place. The Senate saw with regret that they had lost the occasion of destroying the Genoese fleet, and they placed four new galleys at the disposal of their admiral. He proved at the time that

he knew how to obey and to judge correctly; for his second attempt was not more successful than the first, although he spared neither his troops nor himself.

Winter had now arrived. The Genoese had employed the fine season in preparing a formidable armament. The Venetians had been more active. They had taken Cattaro, Sebenigo, and Arbo from the enemy; but their crews, which had kept the sea more than a year, had need of repose. Pisani demanded leave to return to Venice in order that he might there re-establish his fleet during the winter. The Senate judged differently. Anxious for the safety of Istria, they ordered the admiral to enter the bay of Pola with his fleet, so that he might be ready to oppose any attempt made by the enemy against that coast. Unfortunately, that road offered none of the means necessary for placing the fleet in a good condition. Sickness made rapid progress, and, notwithstanding the succors which had been sent from Venice, Pisani saw his crews reduced to such a point, that hardly enough remained to him to man six of the thirty galleys which composed his fleet.

Nevertheless, he received at the beginning of 1379, a reinforcement of eleven galleys, with orders to put to sea, and to convoy ships which were to go to Apulia in search of corn. In this voyage the fleet was harassed by a tempest, and several vessels dispersed. Two of them took refuge in the port of Ancona, where, in defiance of the law of nations, they were seized by the Genoese. This loss was not compensated by the glory of offering combat to a squadron of fifteen galleys, which the Venetians cannonaded from a distance, and which united itself to the fleet the Genoese had organized at Zara, since the preceding campaign. In this rencontre, Pisani received a severe wound.

V. It was not until the end of May, 1379, that the Genoese took the offensive. Twenty-two of their galleys, under the command of Luciano Doria, went to provoke the fleet of Pisani, which had returned to its station at Pola. The Genoese, in order the more surely to draw the Venetians out of the bay, did not display all their forces. Pisani would not give orders to weigh anchor. His captains, less patient than himself, or weary of so long and

painful a confinement, demanded battle with loud cries. The *provveditori* required him to give the signal. The admiral, who adopted the course with pain, bore himself resolutely. He sailed out with twenty galleys, rushed upon the flag-ship of the Genoese, attacked it by boarding, and carried it, after having killed the enemy's commander. The loss of the general, ordinarily so fatal in battle, excited the Genoese to new fury. Those of their ships which had not appeared in the beginning of the action, arrived at this moment. The crews of the Venetian ships were weak, and in less than two hours they had two thousand men placed *hors du combat*. The combat became more and more unequal. In spite of the activity and example of Pisani, his line bent, the enemy broke through it, and became masters of fifteen Venetian galleys, and of nineteen hundred prisoners, among whom were twenty-four patricians. Pisani took refuge at Parenzo with the remains of his fleet, whence he was recalled to Venice by the Senate.

VI. There, instead of being protected by his lofty reputation, his noble character, and the memory of his former victories, he found only accusers of his misfortune, an ungrateful people, and severe judges, who instituted a process against him, forgetting that, had his counsels been followed, the fleet would not have been reduced to that feeble condition by which the enemy had profited. The *avogadori* were for proceeding against him capitally, and the other judges believed that they acted with mercy in throwing him into a dungeon, and in declaring him incapable of holding any public office for five years; as if it were in the power of men to deprive a great citizen of his talents, which Heaven had given him because it had reserved him to be the saviour of his unjust country.

There remained to the Venetians not more than five or six disposable galleys. Nevertheless, the Genoese, whose fleet had been increased by the fifteen galleys captured in the battle of Pola, waited the arrival of fifteen more, led by Pietro Doria, the new commander of the armament. They would not undertake anything against Venice before they had concentrated all their forces. They employed the interval in retaking the places captured by the Venetians. Cattaro and Sebenigo fell into

their power; the island of Arbo alone made an honorable resistance. Not content with driving their enemies from the Dalmatian coast, they attacked their remaining colonies. Snovigno, Umado, Grado, and Caorlo were taken and burnt.

VII. It was evident that the entire force of Genoa was about to be directed against Venice. Not a moment could be lost in placing the capital in a state of defence. The entrance of *San Nicolo del Lido*, by which Venice communicates with the sea, was secured by chains, defended by vessels armed with cannon, and by small camps placed on both banks. But this passage was not the only one by which the enemy could penetrate. At the commencement of this history, the general configuration of the Adriatic shores in the neighborhood of Venice was pointed out. Here, in order to a thorough understanding of the war, of which these places are about to become the theatre, it will be necessary to give some geographical details.

Between the mouth of the Piave and that of the Adige, the gulf which the lagunes form is closed by a range of long and narrow islands, running from north to south, and leaving in their intervals only narrow passages. This shore, of seventeen or eighteen hundred fathoms in length and several hundred fathoms in breadth, is a sand-bank, which the waters have cut in six places. The space which exists between this sand-bank and the shore is occupied by a basin, of which the greatest width is about two leagues, and the length almost nine leagues. This basin is a piece of shallow water, which would have long since ceased to be navigable, had not canals been maintained there. In the midst of it, between the mouth of the Musone and the passage left by the banks of San Erasmo and Malamoreo for the sea, there rises a group of small islands, upon which is built the city of Venice. This city is a place fortified by nature, and around which a vast inundation is always extended. This mass of water is neither fordable nor navigable for ships of any size unless under the direction of an experienced pilot. In this inundated space run several narrow and bankless canals, of the route of which there is no trace, and the sinuosities of which can be followed only by the aid of beacons. To the east of the islands is the

sea; to the west are the lagunes. In order to penetrate from the sea to the basin, it is necessary to be acquainted with one of the passages which run between the islands; and, to navigate the basin itself, it is necessary to follow, without knowing them, the windings of the canals, by the aid of some fixed points of the horizon. The most northerly passage is that of the Three Ports, (*Porto di tre Porti*), to the north of the island of San Erasmo, at the mouth of the river Treviso. It is practicable only for the smallest class of vessels. On the south of San Erasmo, a small arm of the sea separates it from the island of Lido. This island forms with Malamoreo the passage of San Nicolo, which was, at the time we are writing of, the principal entrance to Venice, though the deposits of sand have since rendered it impracticable for large vessels. Below Venice begins the island of Malamoreo, which is more than two leagues in length. The channel which at the south separates it from the island of Palestrina, is called the Port of Malamoreo, and is that in which the waters are the deepest. At the other extremity of the island of Palestrina, a very narrow arm of the sea passes between that island and the island of Brondolo, behind which lies the town of Chiozza, which gives its name to this entrance. Finally, the island of Brondolo forms with the extremity of the continent a sixth passage, which has been filled up by the sands brought down by the Adige and the Brenta. A canal, which traverses the lagunes in their entire length, maintains the communication between Chiozza and Venice.

VIII. After this description of the localities, we can comprehend how great was the terror of the Venetians, when, from their house-tops, and with only one of the entrances closed, they saw, at the beginning of July, seventeen of the enemy's galleys present themselves before the channel of the Lido, reconnoitre the dispositions that had been made for its defence; burn a merchantman which they found outside of it; coast the island of Malamoreo, to enter among the lagunes; in passing between that island and Palestrina, land troops on the latter, who delivered its principal towns to the flames; manœuvre among the lagunes for the purpose of sounding the waters, and go to

pass the night before Chiozza. The following day, the Genoese fleet left the lagunes by the channel of Brondolo, and sailed for Dalmatia. Nothing could be more menacing than such a reconnaissance.

A few days after, the Genoese appeared a second time. At first, they presented only six galleys, which encouraged the Venetians to go out and resist them; but scarcely had they debouched from the Lido, than they perceived six other large vessels coming to reinforce the enemy. The Venetian squadron was compelled to seek safety in port, and to leave the Genoese to observe all the approaches to the capital, to enter among the lagunes by the channel of Malamoreo, anchor before Chiozza, and study for eight days the depths of the canals, and all their sinuosities. When they had departed, the Venetians hastened to bar the pass of Malamoreo, that of Chiozza, and the others, as they had closed the entrance of the Port of San Nicolò del Lido. All the beacons that served for guides in the navigation of the shallow waters were removed. They posted more troops on the shore. A garrison of three thousand men was thrown into Chiozza. Six galleys, the sad remains of the Venetian marine, were confided to Thadeo Justiniani, in order to defend the port of Venice; and a flotilla, composed of all the small vessels which they could arm, was sent, under the orders of Giovanni Barbadigo, to cruise in the lagunes, in order to prevent the troops of the Lord of Padua, assembled on the coast, from holding communication with the Genoese, as they traversed the basin.

IX. These dispositions had scarcely been terminated, when, on the 6th of August, forty-seven galleys, commanded by Pietro Doria, appeared and menaced the port of the Lido. Finding it too difficult to be forced, the fleet stood to the south, coasted along the shore, and finding the pass of Malamoreo equally well defended, it was determined to attack that of Chiozza. The Lord of Padua seconded this attack. He sent down boats by the canals of the Brenta, which assaulted a large vessel that protected the stockade. Whilst the Genoese redoubled their efforts to destroy it, the troops of Carrara, on the other side, tore away the planks and set the vessel on fire. This obstacle was at last overcome, and

the enemy penetrated into the lagunes, and laid siege to Chiozza. This city, which is situated at the extremity of an island, with which it is connected only by a bridge two hundred feet in length, is surrounded by shallow waters, which render it inaccessible on all other sides. The citizens were enrolled, and shared with the garrison the defence of the place.

The forces of the Genoese, and the troops which Carrara had assembled at the point of Brondolo, formed an army of twenty-four thousand men. On the 11th of August they assaulted the defences of the bridge, and the next day made a general attack. The *tête du pont* was carried, but beyond that there remained to be taken the drawbridge and the fortifications. The 13th was passed in cannonading them; the 14th and 15th new assaults were made with such fury that they lasted the entire day, but were repulsed with a still greater constancy. On the 16th the assailants resolved to make some last efforts to carry or destroy the bridge. Whilst they attacked it on all sides, they sent against it incendiary machines. The resistance was equally vigorous, and already Carrara had proposed to abandon the enterprise, when flames were seen to arise from a fireship, but which were supposed to proceed from the burning of the bridge itself. The Venetian troops, fearing that all retreat would in an instant be cut off, hastened to repass it, but with such precipitation, that the enemy in pursuing them, entered with them *pêle-mêle* into the place, which they sacked.

This siege of six days had cost the Venetians six thousand men, and four thousand more had fallen into the hands of the Genoese. The loss of the conquerors had been much more considerable; but they found themselves masters of a fortified town, and assured of a passage from the sea to the lagunes, and of a communication with the continent; and the cannon which had bombarded Chiozza, had been heard at Venice. It was in the name of the Lord of Padua that the allies took possession of their new conquest, and to whom the inhabitants took the oath of fidelity. Carrara proposed to immediately attack Venice, in order to profit by the consternation that reigned there from this event. But the Genoese wished to establish them-

selves solidly in this advanced post before commencing new operations. Venice, blockaded by sea, and having only enemies on the neighboring coast; compelled to contend for a few leagues of sand-bank and not daring to hazard the remains of her fleet, even in the lagunes, could hope to receive no succor. She had no allies; she would soon find herself a prey to famine; and despair would deliver her into the hands of the Genoese. Doria judged that prudence counselled him to secure himself in his position, without precipitating anything, since that of the enemy could only become worse.

X. In fact, Venice was in a state of profound consternation and extreme agitation. It was at midnight that they had learned the fall of Chiozza by the return of some brave men who had vainly endeavored to throw themselves into the place. The bell of St. Mark's immediately called the whole population to arms. Citizens of all ranks confusedly passed the rest of the night on the public places, expecting every minute to see the enemy attack the city, where no means of resistance had been organized. At day-break, they saw the standard of St. George waving from the towers of Chiozza, over that of St. Mark.

The lamentations of the women, the agitation of the people, the anxiety of those who trembled for their property, the disquiet of the magistrates, which revealed that the city was inadequately provisioned, the thousands of voices that were demanding peace on any conditions; all these things determined the Council to send ambassadors to the Genoese admiral. The Doge wrote to the Lord of Padua in terms which clearly announced the distress of the republic. He treated that ancient vassal as an equal, implored his friendship, and requested him to dictate the conditions of peace.

Doria, to whom the Venetians had presented some prisoners of his country, in the hope of disposing him to be more favorable to themselves, said to the ambassadors, "You can take them back; it is my intention to effect their immediate deliverance, and that of all their companions." Carrara, with still more haughtiness, told them that he would listen to no proposition until after he should have bridled the bronze horses at the gate of St. Mark's.

These bitter and arrogant replies completed the discouragement and despair of the Venetians. At the same time they learned that the enemy had carried, successively, all the republic's fortified ports on the coast of Italy. Only one port, situated in the midst of the salt marshes, still held out. The garrison of Malamoreo had fallen back on the Lido, and the Genoese had occupied that place, and consequently a portion of the island which forms the port of Venice. There remained to the republic a territory of only two leagues. The enemy was so near, that orders were given not to sound the bell of St. Mark's for the assembling of the people, from the fear that he might understand the signal.

There appeared to be no time to arm, much less to construct a fleet. But how, without a fleet, could provisions be procured, or the enemy be compelled to withdraw? They still had in the port some vessels susceptible of repairs, and the arsenal was well provided with materials; but when the ships should be ready for sea, where were they to find sailors? Such was the condition of Venice, expecting to be attacked on the morrow, and yet requiring several months to prepare for resistance.

Nevertheless, after having vainly demanded peace, it was necessary to renew the combat. Various works were executed to render the approaches more difficult. They labored in the arsenal with the greatest activity to repair some galleys that were found there, and even to construct others. A general enumeration of the boats that existed on the canals of the capital, made known the extent of their resources in that quarter. The organization of the armed citizens was perfected; arms were distributed, and rolls were opened for the inscription of the names of men accustomed to the sea service, or capable of learning it.

XI. When it is necessary to stimulate the zeal of the multitude, it is not to its obedience only that appeals should be made, but also to its interest; and then it is natural that it should intermeddle and judge of the measures in which it is concerned; this should be expected. The workmen who had been assembled at the arsenal, the sailors who had been enrolled, the citizens of all classes, and the artisans

who had been called to manœuvre the ships, began to ask who should direct their efforts. The less they could rely on their resources, the more important was it that the deficiency should be supplied by the skill of their chief. Carlo Zeno was absent; and thousands of voices were suddenly raised, demanding the liberation of Victor Pisani, and his re-establishment in his command. They no longer recalled his defeat at Pola; they spoke only of his victory at Antium, and of his exploits in Dalmatia. That name, previously made illustrious by Nicolo Pisani, had received new glory in the present war. Victor was the only man in whom the sailors had confidence. As is generally the case, his disgrace had added to his popularity.

The Venetian government was not accustomed to have laws dictated to it by the multitude; but when the people spread themselves through the streets, covered the piazzetta, and surrounded the palace, when the porticoes of St. Mark and the shore re-echoed with cries of *Viva Pisani*, it was necessary to give way to that voice.

It is said that Pisani, who was shut up in the vaults of the palace, on the side nearest the entrance, hearing the people shout his name, dragged himself, in spite of the chains with which he was loaded, to the grate of his dungeon, and cried, "Stop—stop! Venetians should cry only *Viva San Marco*." This story appears to me to be destitute of truth, and it is not necessary to the glory of this hero. If Pisani was in chains, he must have been in a dungeon; and the dungeons could not open upon a street.

However that may have been, it was a fine triumph for the general to be restored to liberty, as the only man capable of saving his country; and he increased the glory of that triumph by the manner in which he received it, and which justified the public confidence. In this period of extreme danger, Pisani had no rivals. It is not in difficult circumstances that the ambitious dispute honors; it is then the time for merit, which can dispense with the favors of fortune. Advised that he was free, and that he must appear before the Senate on the morrow, Pisani desired to pass the following night in his prison. He had a priest brought to him, and prepared himself by penitence for the honors he was about to

recover. At day-break he ascended to the palace, and went and heard mass in the chapel of San Nicolo, where he communicated. When he made his appearance, with that modesty which announced a forgetfulness of his victories, and of the unworthy treatment which he had experienced, his partisans, the people and mariners, saluted him with loud shouts, surrounded him, and bore him to the door of the Council, where several patricians came to receive him. Introduced before the signory, he showed neither arrogance nor resentment. "You have been," said the Doge to him, "an example of severe justice; be now one of the benevolence of the Senate. They deprived you of liberty for the loss of your fleet; they have restored you that liberty in order that you may defend the country. It is for you to show which of these two judgments has been the most just. Forget the past—see only the republic, which bestows upon you all its confidence. Succor this people, whose enthusiasm has been excited by your virtues, and use those talents which they admire to save the State and your fellow citizens."

"Most serene Prince, most excellent Lords," replied Pisani, "neither the republic nor its magistrates can have done me any wrong. That which you ordained was a consequence of your sage maxims, an effect of your just indignation. I have submitted to my arrest without a murmur. Now, restored to freedom, I owe my entire existence to the country. Every recollection of the injury that I may have experienced is already far from me. God, whom I have received to-day, is my testimony of this. What nobler compensation could I have expected than the honor which the republic has done me, of confiding to me its defence? My life belongs to it. May God grant me the capacity necessary to the proper discharge of so noble a duty!"

The Doge and several senators embraced him with tears in their eyes. Nevertheless, with its habitual mistrust, the government, always suspicious, even when it appeared to be on the brink of destruction, rendered only half justice to this great citizen. They gave to him the command of only the troops encamped on the shore, and even this he was to share with a Ve-

ronese captain who had formerly held it. But when the citizens, who had already crowded round him in order to place their lives and fortunes at his disposal, learned that he was not reinstated in his former command, they broke out in murmurs against the senators, accusing them of jealousy; and a new decree, forced from this suspicious assembly, named Pisani *generalissimo* by sea.

XII. Without the loss of a moment, he occupied himself in perfecting and multiplying the means of resistance. Malamore was then the advanced port of the republic. The enemy already occupied the extremity of that island. Pisani had a large and deep ditch cut across the island, and a good wall, which was constructed in a few days, defended the approaches of the convent of San Nicolo del Lido. The entrance of the port was fortified by two wooden towers. A chain of boats, sustained by three great vessels, was placed for the defence of the stockade, and they expected, by covering the ships with blinds, to diminish the effect of the enemy's artillery. But it was not enough to dispute the shore and the port of the Lido, since the enemy could come in by the interior waters. Care must be taken to defend the entrance to Venice, even on the side of the lagunes. The city was not fortified, and could not be; but the enemy could reach it only by following numerous canals. The *generalissimo* had piles driven down these; hulks of ships were also placed there, and became advanced batteries. The companies of citizen soldiery received a better organization. The arsenal was in a state of great activity. The Venetians came forward with ardor to range themselves under the orders of a citizen, around whom were gathered all the hopes of the country. Those who were destined to serve on board the fleet, and who were destitute of maritime experience, were constantly exercised; but the marine of Venice was reduced to perform its evolutions on the canal of Guidaca, which is only a street of the city.

Although it had not entered into the plan of the enemy to attack Venice immediately after the taking of Chiozza, they were not tardy in presenting themselves before that city. Eight days had hardly elapsed, when, on the 24th of August,

there came from the sea fourteen of their galleys, to observe the environs. On the first of September, another squadron, of twenty galleys, made a descent on the island of San Erasmo, so that the two islands which form the entrance of the port were occupied in part by the Genoese. The next day they appeared before the pass of the Lido, and volleys of artillery were exchanged between the forts and the vessels. Forty armed shallops advanced, in order to effect a debarkation; but the Venetians had taken courage, and their good countenance prevented the enemy from effecting a landing.

XIII. The signory, however, had sent ambassadors to Prince Charles of Hungary, who then commanded the army of his uncle in the Trevisano. These ambassadors were Nicolo Morosini, Giovanni Gradonigo, and Zacharie Contarini; and to their number was added a monk of the order of Cordeliers, called Brother Benoit, whose eloquence and character appear to have acquired for him a certain degree of authority. They found the Hungarian Prince surrounded by the commissioners of all the allies, who warmly opposed the granting of peace to Venice. They believed that that city was so reduced as would lead to its surrender without much delay. It was blockaded on all sides. At the same moment, a squadron detached from the fleet of Doria was making an attempt on the coasts of Friuli and of Istria. Finally, the allies declared that they wished to take Venice only to place it in the hands of the King of Hungary. These considerations and promises determined Prince Charles to propose such conditions as the Venetians could not accept. They were required to defray the cost of the war, estimated at five hundred thousand ducats; to deposit, as security for this payment, the jewels of the treasure of St. Mark and the ducal crown; to become the tributaries of the King of Hungary, and to pay him annually fifty thousand ducats, the Doge to be elected by the Venetians, but to be confirmed by the King; and finally, it was required that, on all occasions of solemnity, the standard should be raised on the piazza of St. Mark with that of the republic.

Some historians say that these conditions were accepted, but that afterwards, on deliberation, they were rejected. Almost all

agree that they offered to pay an annual tribute of one hundred thousand ducats to the King of Hungary, on condition that he should waive his other pretensions. It is said that the idea was entertained of abandoning Venice, and of transporting the government to Candia. It is impossible to understand how this desperate resolution could have been executed. The population could not have been carried away. There was not even a fleet capable of receiving the principal citizens and protecting their flight. At the most, the Doge and some magistrates could have entertained the hope of escaping from the ships of the enemy that covered the sea. The resolution to abandon their property, their hearths, and their native land, to go in search of freedom to a distant island, would have been sublime, had the entire nation been able to take part in it. Executed by a few chiefs, it would have been only a flight. To thus abandon the country, would have been shameful. There remained only one course to adopt : to perish with her, or for her.

Be it as it may, this proposition had no more result than the offers they had made in order to obtain peace. The allies remained inflexible, and the government resolved to bury itself under the ruins of the capital.

XIV. This unshakable constancy in adversity belongs more particularly to an aristocracy than to any other form of government. Sparta and Rome had given examples of it. When the Venetians knew on what shameful conditions the enemy would grant peace to the republic, when they saw that they were to preserve existence only at the price of national independence, every sentiment which constitutes patriotism was immediately roused in them, and their courage thereby exalted. The love of country, the recollection of a glorious prosperity, the ancient lustre of the Venetian name, national hatreds, and the horror of a foreign yoke, all inspired a noble devotion, even in those who had not, like the patricians, to defend their liberty and their power. All ran to arms. Men who could not devote their persons, offered a portion of their fortune. They gave up their demands against debtors, they sent money to the public treasury, they furnished ships and merchandise, and subscribed for the pay of sailors. The Doge

gave the example. He sent his plate to the treasury, and pledged his revenues. The clergy contributed not only from their goods, but personally. All the religious brotherhoods took arms, except the Minorites, who deserved to be driven from a state to which they had refused their assistance.

Fourteen vessels, and the maintenance of five or six thousand men, were the results of these generous exertions. A furrier, Bartolomo Parutee, charged himself with the pay of a thousand soldiers or sailors. An apothecary, Mano Cicogna, furnished a ship. Simple artisans, as Francisco di Mezzo, Nicolo Rinieri, Noel Tagliapietra, Pietro Benzino, maintained one or two hundred men ; others, such as Donato di Porto and Marco Orso, furnished a ship, and the pay of the whole crew. I fear not being accused of derogating from the dignity of history in giving these names. It is her duty to recall noble examples ; and as it is also her duty to denounce men of eminent rank who forget their duty and the calamities of their country, in order to basely occupy themselves with their own vile interests, I will add, that wealthy patricians were seen to engage in speculations on the general misery. A man belonging to one of those illustrious families whose origin is confounded with that of the republic, a family that had given dukes to Venice, and a queen to Hungary,—the descendant of the conqueror of Tyre, a Morosini,—profited from the dangers that threatened his country to decuple his fortune, by purchasing houses at a low price, alleging that if the state was about to perish, he had no wish to be involved in its ruin. It is a duty to record this baseness. We shall see, by the success of this unworthy citizen, to what an extent fortune can be unjust.

In order to give the greatest possible development to a zeal that had already signalized itself by so generous efforts, the grand council published a decree, which announced rewards to those who should manifest the most devotion. Foreigners would be admitted to the rights of citizens. Pensions were to be distributed to citizens not of noble birth. Finally the thirty citizens who should distinguish themselves above all others, were to be admitted to the great council, and to take rank, for themselves and their posterity, as patricians.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

GHOST STORIES.

AUNT SARAH'S STORY.

"WELL," said aunt Sarah Bird, "though I never saw one and hope I never shall, there are many who have, or who thought so at any rate; and I can't help half believing in them after all. Your father, Mary Horton, if he was here, or Mr. William Day, if he was alive, could tell of an awful thing we once witnessed, which, if not a ghost, must have been something supernatural."

"Do tell us about it, aunt Sally," said cousin Fanny.

We were all sitting in a great ring around uncle Robert's blazing hearth. Here were aunt Sarah, Mary Horton, Elise Parker, cousin Fanny, and the children; on the other side uncle Robert, Martin Kennedy the schoolmaster, and Daniel Ford and Stephen Ingalls, the hired men. Tiger and I occupied the chimney corner.

I must mention that uncle Robert is a large farmer in one of the old Puritan towns in Plymouth county, and lives in the family mansion, of which a part was built by my great-great-grandfather, who came over in the Mayflower.

It was a dark stormy night without, and the noise of the wind through the ancient elms was terrible.

"'Twas before we were married," continued aunt Sarah, (speaking to uncle,) "when I couldn't have been more than fifteen—but I must begin further back than that. Old Deacon Mansell of Middleborough, whose grandson died the year Fanny was born, had an only daughter, Charity—"

"She married Dr. Garfield," said uncle, "as long ago as I can remember; they've both been dead these twenty years at least."

"Yes," said aunt, "but she died before her husband, after they had been married about a year. The doctor was much the eldest, and was a rough man in his ways; they said he was none too kind to his wife while she was alive. It was a match of the deacon's making, for Charity wanted

to have had Stephen Kent, who went off to Genesee. She was a timid kind of a girl; indeed she was brought up so that she hardly knew what it was to have her own way in her life. The old man made her turn off Kent, who wasn't worth anything but a small farm, and take Garfield, because he had property and was heir to old Mr. Cobb of Carver.

"All the young people then a few years older than I, said the marriage was the cause of her death. From the very day it took place she seemed to fall into a decline, and in less than a year she died of consumption.

"I wasn't much acquainted with her, but Esther Mayhew, who had lived at our house, took care of her in her last sickness; and when she died, as there was no one there with Esther, our folks let me go over to keep her company."

"I know the house," said Stephen Ingalls; "it is around on what they call the five mile road."

"Col. Davenport owns the place now," said my uncle.

"The house stands in from the road," continued aunt Sarah, "and it looked dreary to me then because there were no trees near it, except some white birch and sumach at the foot of the lane—nothing but a high well-sweep, and a few out-houses that hid themselves behind as if they were afraid of being seen. I remember as plainly as though 'twere yesterday, how gloomy it looked the day I went to see Esther. There was she, and old granny Bolcum, who went away in the afternoon, and William Day, then a young man; he married Esther afterwards, and they moved over to the Vineyard. Garfield had gone down to Boston in the worst of his poor wife's sickness, and though word had been sent, it took a day to go and a day to come, so that he could no more than get back in time for the funeral."

"In the east room lay the body in the coffin, ready for the funeral, which was to

be next day. Dear me! how distictly I recollect the expression of the face, when Esther took me in to see it; so serene and peaceful that I said it appeared as if the soul had gone to heaven before death. But Esther, who liked her very much, was all tears, and said 'she didn't know what to think, for that Charity had never experienced religion.'

"That evening, after granny Bolcum went away, came your father, Mary, who was to sit up with William Day. He must have been then about twenty-five, and as strong and resolute a young man as there was in the Old Colony."

"He'd have been an *active* man if he had not gone into business," said uncle Robert.

"We sat by the kitchen fire," continued my aunt, "till about ten o'clock, and then Esther and I went up stairs to bed. I was soon asleep and conscious of nothing, till some time in the night I was awaked by Esther's suddenly rising up and saying in a startled whisper, 'What's that?'"

"I should have mentioned that the house is a one-story one, and the only chamber then finished was the one we occupied, directly over the east room.

"She spoke so quick and grasped my arm so tightly I was awake in an instant, and comprehended that she was frightened at something she had heard. I held my breath, and in a moment we both heard a strange sound, that seemed to come from beneath the floor. I was frightened almost out of my senses. Esther had more courage. 'Slip on your gown, Sally dear,' said she; 'don't be scared—for I was beginning to cry)—we will go down stairs. I dare say it's only William Day has fallen asleep and snoring.'

"We hurried on our gowns as well as we could in the dark, and had hardly done so before there came another—a deep, low groaning, heavier than before.

"Esther pulled me down stairs, and we rushed into the kitchen where the watchers were sitting, both asleep, their supper untouched, and the fire light almost gone out. I grasped your father's knees and he started to his feet; Esther shook William Day and clung to him, crying, 'O William; wake! wake!'"

"'What's the matter?' said your father.

"They were both awake in a moment,

and listening. Presently the awful sound was again repeated; we all heard it as plainly as you hear me speak. Not a word was spoken for a moment. William Day lighted a candle. Said your father to him, 'Let us go in and look at the body.'

"But now Esther lost all courage, and held William Day by the arm, saying he should not go; if he did we should die, and so forth. Then your father said, 'Stay you with the girls, William. I will take the gun and see what this means;' and he began to do so while he was speaking.

"The east room did not open immediately from the kitchen, but through another apartment at the side of the house. Your father walked in with his gun, thinking, I suppose, that a cat (for cats, you know, are attracted by dead bodies) might have broken in through the window. He had crossed the floor of the side apartment, and had his hand on the latch of the east room door, when there came another dreadful moaning noise, much more distinct and lengthened than either of the others. It makes my blood run cold even now to think of it.

"We clung with all our might to William Day. Your father paused an instant, and we could see that the light for a moment trembled in his hand. But suddenly he flung the door wide open and walked steadily into the dark room, saying with a voice that made the house shake,

"*'In God's name, Evil One, depart!'*"

"Immediately, while he walked around the coffin, we heard a noise as of a rushing wind going swiftly about the outside of the house. William Day opened the kitchen door and we went with him and stood upon the door-stone. Your father, seeing that there was nothing in the east room, joined us with the light, and we all stood there together and listened, expecting we knew not what.

"Three times the mysterious sound seemed to encircle the house, each time more faint, till finally it appeared to depart, and gradually die away. As it came the second time your father walked out a little distance from the house, bearing the candle in his hand. The night was pitch dark, and so perfectly calm that the flame of the candle was as steady as it was

within doors. Yet we all heard the sound, and when we came to talk of it afterwards, we found it appeared precisely the same to each of us—a singular mysterious whisper, something like a prolonged mournful gust of wind, that went three times round the house against the sun, and then died away.

"We listened some time after it had ceased, till your father came with the light, and then we all went in. He and William Day then walked into the east room and examined the doors and windows carefully, without finding that anything had been moved however, except that the napkin which covered the face of the corpse had been turned down. William was positive that this was not so before; but your father was not sure that he had not done it himself when he went in alone. The face of the dead was unchanged, and both the men said the sweet look of it was enough to frighten away the worst spirit that ever walked upon the earth.

"You may suppose none of us slept much that night; but though one and another of us would often fancy noises coming from the east room like those we had heard, there was no time when we could all agree that we actually heard any. We sat up and talked of it till day-break; your father said it might after all have been our imagination, or it might have been caused by an earthquake, or something that learned men might know about; for the sake of poor Charity he thought, and so did all, that it had better be kept a secret.

"So they made me, who was the youngest, promise very strictly not to tell of it. We have all kept our words so well that none of us, so far as I know, ever mentioned it again, though William Day (who afterwards married Esther) might have talked of it with his wife; they are both now in their graves. Your father and I are the only ones left; and the very names of the persons concerned are almost forgotten—so I think there's no harm in telling it.

"Dr. Garfield arrived soon after day-break in the morning, having ridden all night from Boston. He inquired if any one had passed the night at the house except ourselves, and said that in coming

through Dodge's woods about three miles back, he met an old man in a three-cornered hat and black stockings, with a long staff in his hand; the woods were dark and the morning fog obscured the twilight, so that he could not see distinctly, yet it appeared to him, oddly enough, that the old man looked and walked precisely like 'daddy Mansell'—meaning Charity's father, who died about four months after her marriage. He said that the old man, whoever he was, walked fast, in the middle of the road, and must have been almost blind, or in a brown study, for his horse would have gone directly over him had he not suddenly jerked him aside.

"I observed your father's face change as he said this, but was so young at the time I could not understand it. When I grew up, however, and came to know what fathers—yes, and mothers, are capable of doing to their children, then I saw that he must have connected this account of the doctor's with what had occurred in the night, and suspected in his mind that the awful groans we had heard were the sorrow of a tyrannical parent's unquiet spirit over the dead body of his heart-broken child. And for my part, foolish as it may seem, I have never been able to account for the mystery in any other way."

"The groans might have been only the creaking of a door," said Daniel Ford, "and as for the rushing sound out of doors, that might have been cattle breathing. Anything will deceive us when we begin to be scared. I remember once when I was a boy they sent me one evening in haying-time to Rounds' tavern, which was two miles from our place, for a half gallon of rum. I liked the journey well enough till I came to what we used to call the Cedar Swamp, which bordered on the road each side for more than half a mile. This looked very black, I can tell you; however, I had some 'spunk,' and I thought I would go through it like a brave soldier, singing 'On the road to Boston' with all my might, and marching in time. But when I got in where it was completely dark, my voice echoed less loudly among the old trees, and grew so faint and strange that it frightened me no less than the darkness. I stopped an instant and listened, then walked on timidly. Being barefooted my movements made no noise.

"But every step I took I now heard something stepping behind!

"I walked faster—the creature, or devil, walked faster too: not daring to look back, I began to run; but the demon kept up with me—nearer and nearer!

"I ran with all my might clean out of the woods and a long way further, till suddenly it came to me what it was that was pursuing me. I had a wooden half gallon bottle under my arm, empty, except an old bit of cork that had been pushed inside and rattled to and fro with a dull sound at every step I took. Of course the more I ran the louder it rattled."

The children laughed merrily at this, and aunt Sarah saw that it was a favorable opportunity for sending them to bed. So bidding us all good night, including Tiger, and kissing their father and mother, they went off escorted by Elise Parker.

"I have a better reason for believing in the existence of ghosts," said the schoolmaster when they were gone, "than even Mrs. Bird; for unless I was out of my right mind at the time, I once *saw* one. I did not mention it before the young people lest it might spoil their sleep; and as the story may prove somewhat long, perhaps we had better reserve it for to-morrow evening."

"Just what I was thinking," said my uncle, who, as well as Ford and Ingalls, after their labor in the field, was rather sleepy; "if this storm holds, we shall need something to-morrow evening to make us cheerful!"

And so with a laugh that would have scared all the ghosts in Christendom, uncle Robert rose up and the family separated for the night.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

The next evening was stormier than the other. In the afternoon the wind hauled into the east, and at nightfall it blew a gale. The rain dashed in fierce gusts against the windows.

"A terrible night on the coast," said my uncle, as he took his accustomed seat before the glowing hickory fire. "I'd rather be here than tossing about the bay to-night."

"Yes, or five miles east of High Pound

Light," said Stephen Ford, who was a Truro man.

"Hear the wind roar in the chimney," said the children.

The schoolmaster was reading by the lamp-stand. But Mary Horton, and I suspect aunt Sarah also, had not forgotten his promise of a story. So while it was yet early in the evening, the children were, by various inducements, inveigled into retiring; and as soon as they were out of the way, Mary reminded him of his narrative. As all joined with her, he was easily persuaded to lay aside his book and entertain us.

I hardly know, he began, if I ought to divulge a circumstance of so strange and terrible a character; yet as it happened long ago, and the principal parties, none of whom were ever known in this part of the country, are now dead, I think that by altering names and other particulars, I may with propriety do so. We are bound to contribute as much of individual experience as we can (he added, smiling at his own preciseness) to the general stock of information.

Among the students at the college where I received my education, was one towards whom I very early learned to cherish those sentiments which ripen under the lapse of time into the most endearing friendship. *William Alison* was then a young man in the bloom and promise of life. Delicate and slender in person, yet with a form of masculine mould; in his manners lofty and gentle; alive to all impulses; his graceful forehead just saddened with the paleness of thought; his conversation open and various; he was to my mind the realization of my ideal of a student. It was my pride to make him my friend; and I felt more joy in knowing that we were looked upon by our fellow-students as inseparable companions, than in gaining the highest honors of the university.

In the third year after our friendship, Alison was compelled, in consequence of some cause which I have now forgotten, to remain for nearly a term at his home, which was in —ington, about sixty miles from the town where the college was situated. During this time he informed me, in the frankness of youthful cor-

respondence, of an attachment he had conceived for a certain young lady in the neighborhood, and his happiness in believing his affection returned. The young lady's name he did not mention, though from sundry sonnets he inclosed me, I suspected it must be Ellen, and gathered also that there was some obstacle in the way of their wishes, which they almost despaired of ever being able to remove. When he returned to the university in the term after the summer vacation, I found a marked difference in the character of his hopes and purposes. The whole bent of his existence was changed. Before, he had been the indefatigable student, the example of his class and the pride of our professors and tutors. No labors had been too hard for him, nor was there any department of science or literature into which his mind did not seem to burst with such an eagerness it was as if there had been a latent affinity between his spirit and knowledge. Now, he was another creature. Books for him had lost their charm. He delighted to muse alone, and it was with difficulty I could persuade him into our old topics of talk, in our customary walks and conversations. On one subject only would he willingly dilate—the perfections of the aforesaid Ellen, of whom, for my own part, since by his painting she appeared to be such a miracle as could by no possibility exist in the world, I grew somewhat tired of hearing.

As I might judge from his portraiture, she was a rather slight girl of seventeen or eighteen, with blue eyes and light hair, and a disposition inclining more to tenderness than to gaiety. I imaged to myself, through his descriptions, a creature susceptible to poetic influences as well as to the grosser developments of manly strength; one like Coleridge's Genevieve, who loves her poet best when he sings to her

“The songs that make her grieve.”

I fancied I could see such a one as nature would choose to be the bride of such a man as Alison—a being capable of loving him as Desdemona loves Othello, for “his mind,” or as poor Ophelia loves her ill-starred prince, for his “noble and most sovereign reason,” as well as for his ability

to sustain her and minister to her feminine pride. With all my allowance for the exaggeration of his passion, I could not but believe he had found what is so rare in man or woman, that love which is *unto the death*—that sacred interchange of wills which makes two beings, in deed as well as in form, one flesh and one spirit.

A world of correspondence passed between the lovers, but of this nothing was ever communicated by Alison to me. He could enlarge upon the personal charms of his love; her devotion to him; the high inspiration which her affection breathed into him, and the vision of coming happiness which almost overwhelmed him with its lustre; but his love was not of that kind which requires sympathy. In truth I believe that if there was ever true affection, like that depicted by our great poets, it was experienced then by Alison and his young mistress.

But there was an obstacle. Ellen was the daughter of a poor widow, Alison the heir to wealth. She was without family and without friends, dowered only by her beauty and her love; Alison was descended of a proud stock, and had a mother who, he dreaded, would never hear of his marrying beneath his rank. Their great fear was the apprehension of his mother's displeasure.

As far as I could gather from what he informed me, it seemed there was little in common between his mother and himself; she was an austere woman, of gloomy religious faith, and almost a monomaniac on the subject of family. He kept the whole affair of his love a secret from her, and intended to win her gradually by ingenious contrivance, to allow him to wed the daughter of one who had been the tenant of a small portion of his paternal acres. His scheme was to bring Ellen by some means, at church or elsewhere, though his mother, he told me, seldom visited, to be acquainted with her; when he hoped that the loveliness of her character could not fail in time of pleasing.

Thus matters stood during the remainder of the time we spent at college. Alison grew more studious and somewhat reserved. It appeared that his love had passed into the depth of his life, and became a part of his very self, so that his whole bearing showed an inward peace,

and he was no longer a speculative youthful scholar, but a resolute, laborious man. Yet there was in him no want of sympathy, and we continued firm friends till the day we graduated, when we separated, as class-mates usually do, to meet we knew not when. Alison retired to his estate, and I went to the West, where I found employment in teaching.

For many months we kept up a regular correspondence, but our ways of life were so different, his so quiet, mine so full of excitement, that gradually, though our friendship was unabated, the intervals between our letters grew longer, and at last it occasioned me no surprise that I did not hear from him for nearly half a year.

As it happened, opportunely enough, I was in Cincinnati preparing to return eastward after three years' absence, when I received one day a letter bearing the postmark of Alison's village. It may be supposed that not having heard from him for so long, I opened it with no little eagerness, though the handwriting of the superscription was unfamiliar. What was my surprise to find, instead of a letter from my friend, a communication from his mother, informing me that he had been afflicted with an illness which had injured his mind, and requesting me, if possible, to visit them. She stated that since the commencement of his disease, her son had frequently spoken of me, and always in the most affectionate manner, and that one of his favorite occupations was re-reading and re-arranging the numerous letters that had passed between us. He would sit gazing at the parcell which they made for hours together, saying that I was the only true friend he had ever possessed in the world, and lamenting my neglect in not keeping up my correspondence. (This by the way was altogether fancied, for I had written him twice since hearing from him.)

Much grieved by this unpleasant news, respecting one on whose intellectual strength I had so securely relied, and whose noble heart I had so truly loved, I lost no time in replying to the summons. I was to leave the West in a week, and hoped ere another to be able to visit —ington, and render to my friend such assistance as might be in my power. To him also I wrote an apparently careless letter respecting my return to the East, the

pleasure it would give me to see him again, and the like, designed to soothe him without betraying any knowledge of his affliction. Within three days after, I was on my way across the mountains, and in little more than seven, had arrived home. I remained but a day or two to exchange greetings with my kindred, my anxiety for Alison urging me to comply with his mother's request without delay.

I well recollect, though so many years have now passed away, the evening when, after a long day's ride, I at length dismounted before Alison House. It was in the season of the Indian summer, and the sun was just setting beyond a woodland valley that sloped away in front and exhibited all the variegated richness of our autumnal forests. The mansion, which, though I had never seen it before, I had no difficulty, through my friend's well remembered descriptions, in recognizing, was an ancient structure, such as there now remain but a few of in the country. In front it was three stories high, with a double roof and narrow projecting windows; on the back the roof sloped down to a single story. The eaves were heavily moulded in the antique fashion, and the glass in the windows looked obscure and weatherworn. In the ends and at the rear I observed several small casements fitted with gothic or lozenge-shaped frames.

Before the house was a narrow green plat or lawn leading down to the gateway, where two pillars of rough masonry, surmounted by wooden urns, stood like sentinels to guard the place from profane intrusion. Some venerable trees waved their arms over this inclosure, and on one side a decaying orchard encroached upon the level sward. On the other were sundry out-buildings, apparently coeval with the principal structure. All the aspect of the place inspired a solemn peace, that sacred, almost religious repose which it brings into the mind to come as it were into the immediate presence of the generation that has passed away. There was no gravel walk leading from the gateway to the entrance, and clumps of lilac and other shrubs had been suffered to spread untrained around the house and against the walls, as if nature loved to contrast the vigor of their youth with the venerableness of its age.

Had it been later in the year, or on a

gloomy day, my first impressions of such a scene would have been doubtless far less agreeable ; but now, bathed as it was in the full radiance of the sunset, and mingling its impression with the cheerful feelings inspired by the nearness of my friend, and my hopes of aiding him by my presence, it appeared only suggestive of tranquillity.

I passed into the house and was conducted by an aged serving-woman into the presence of the mother of my friend. It was the first time I had ever seen her, and I was destined to a sad disappointment. I hardly know why, but from the moment she greeted me, all my cheerful frame of mind seemed to pass from me like the fading sunlight, and a horrible shadow crept over my spirits, filling me with an indescribable uneasiness.

She was a tall unfeminine person, without any trait of gentleness in form, or voice, or carriage. Her face—I shall never forget it—was characterized only by an expression of cruel, self-denying pride—that peculiar conformation of temper which finds a poison in the most innocent pleasures of life, and tends constantly towards unhappiness, both in itself and those with whom it comes in contact. Her eyes were gray and severe ; her forehead contracted ; she had prominent cheek bones, an aquiline nose, and pinched lips ; altogether her countenance was the most stern and unwomanly I had ever seen in a female—and may God grant I never behold such another !

As I recall the scenes of that memorable night, I seem to see her sitting in her high-backed chair in that dusky parlor, discoursing to me of the condition of her unfortunate son, and impressing me, as she supposed, with her extraordinary sagacity, but in reality astonishing me by the reflection how such a man as my friend could have been the offspring of such a mother. It had appeared to her, she said, that William had grown of late rather over-studious, and to this cause and their retired mode of life, she attributed his malady, which was a sort of melancholy nervousness that led him to pass whole days in his study, almost without food, and permitting no one to approach him. She thought it better to postpone informing him of my arrival until she had spoken with me ; this

I readily assented to. She believed I could be of infinite service to him by winning him to rides or walks with me in the fields, and that a few weeks of my society would quite restore him to health. The cause of his melancholy being but temporary, a little cheerful society would soon restore him.

I made suitable replies to these observations, and said that I hoped all would succeed as we desired. But I was by no means satisfied with this view of the causes of my friend's illness. He must, indeed, I said, have studied severely if that had driven him to madness, for his mind was of a texture to bear study as well as any I had known. But his mother persisted in her opinion, and added that he had for the last year or more lived in much too retired a manner ; that she had for some time entertained fears for his health, and in order to wean him from study, had contrived a marriage for him with a young lady who was heiress to a large property in the next county, when he was suddenly taken ill.

As she said this I observed that momentary unsteadiness of the eye which the most thorough adepts in falsehood are not always able to avoid, and by which we know that the tongue is uttering what the mind knows to be untrue. I observed this, and I remembered at once what Alison had told me in our college days of his love affair, how much it changed him, and the difficulty he anticipated with his mother. "Ah," said I, with the assumed monchalance of a man of the world, "if my friend is grown to be a woman-hater, he is changed indeed. Had he never," I inquired, "since college times, shown a partiality for any of the sex ?" "O yes, he had at one time been quite a lady's man ; that is, he used to visit and amuse himself with the farmers' girls in the village below. She had not encouraged it. She had heard something, indeed, of a sort of flirtation with a little artful minx who was so presumptuous as even to pay court to herself. But it never came to anything. The huzzy had left the village several months, and gone no one knew whither."

I remarked an unsteadiness when this was saying, not in the eye only, but in the voice and manner. It was evidently the constraint of dissimulation. But I had not

time to sift the matter further, for the door of the parlor opened, and in a moment I was grasping by the hand my poor friend, who had, on my arrival being announced to him by the serving-woman, come down at once to meet me.

Time and sorrow had wrought sad changes in his once noble countenance, and fearfully ravaged the graceful beauty of his once healthful form. I read at a glance, in his hollow cheek and eye, and heard in his cavernous voice, that the destroyer had marked him, and that however successful I might be in my endeavors to recover him from his depression, it could never be for a long enjoyment of his society. I might minister to his diseased mind, but no earthly power could arrest the progress of *consumption*. I should restore him only to watch at his death-bed.

We sat and conversed of old times, for his affliction did not reach his reason, until I was convinced that he was suffering more from general decay than from any organic affection, arising from what cause soever. He grew faint with the effort of speaking, and was obliged to recover himself by intervals of rest. These his mother by her looks to me evidently considered as simple wanderings of his intellect. She encouraged him accordingly to converse, and urged him to partake more of the tea, which was in the meantime brought in by the housekeeper, than he would have desired. She did not appear to be in the least aware of his actual condition. In her manner towards him she mingled none of that gentleness, none of those kind tones which are so soothing to the exhausted nerves of the sick. On the contrary, she appeared quite rough and dictatorial, as though in my coming she had gained a point, and was now securing the attainment of her wishes. Grim and rigid, she sat in her upright chair and doled us out a thin infusion that kept no promise to the taste, meanwhile talking on in the very presence of her wretched son, of schemes and plans which it was plain he was well aware could never be realized. It seemed she was one of those women who have man's desire for control, and that she had been accustomed to assume the entire management of her son; he deferring to her out of long habit, and because he was too affectionate to wish to undeceive her. I

made one or two attempts to check her by exposing her pride and wickedness, but my friend rebuked me with glances which seemed to say, "Let her alone—it will soon be over!"

After tea I went up with him to his chamber. It was a dark old room, with antique presses and chairs, and cold—very cold—one of those rooms which strike upon the senses with a funereal chilliness. We sat upon a faded sofa that stood against the eastern wall, and talked of former days and hopes departed. My own life had not been unchallenged by grief, and in endeavoring to probe the rooted sorrow of my friend, I was obliged to go over much which even now I struggle to forget.

But at length I wrung from him his secret. It was, as I suspected, no excess of application that had jangled the harmony of his soul. Ellen—it was she who was the burden of his lamentations—once she was his, and now she was lost forever. Where was she? He had searched the country over for tidings of her; he had spent days and weeks, and employed the best assistance money could buy. But never since one fatal evening in the May that was past was he able to hear aught concerning her. She was to have been his bride; they had loved long; they had been patient. He had been dutiful, and his mother he thought would have yielded. She had relaxed so far even as to invite Ellen to the house, and had seemed to countenance her efforts to please. On the very evening, she had come up to the mansion with a bouquet of flowers from her own garden; he was to have met her here, and they thought then to have joined in asking his mother's consent to their union. But an accident to his horse had delayed him in returning from a neighboring town; Ellen was forced to walk down alone, and that was the last ever seen of her. Was not this enough to make him weary of life? Had she sickened and died, or even been taken away by some sudden and dreadful accident, he could have borne it with fortitude. But now what might she not have undergone? In what secret den of hell might not her beauty be the spoil of ravishers and murderers?

Feeble as he had seemed, while he

spoke thus he started up in agony, and his voice rang loud and hollow. I trembled lest when the paroxysm passed I should see him fall and die before my face. I exerted all my art to soothe and divert him. We would speak of it to-morrow, I said, but that in the meantime he must be quiet. I appealed to his pride, to his Christian's faith. At last he softened, and allowed himself to let me assist him to his couch.

As I descended from his apartment I met his mother in the hall. She was coming, she said, to conduct me to my chamber. As I took the candle from her withered and bony fingers, I glanced at her face. She saw that I had heard the truth, and more than suspected her falsehood. But she would not relent; it seemed she expected to overawe me by the same stern authority she exercised upon her son. "My God!" I could not help exclaiming, as then a horrible suspicion crossed my mind. She grew deadly pale and pointed to the door of the room I was to occupy. I went in mechanically and locked the door with violence.

I knew not why, but I remember that I then examined the apartment all over with the light. I felt as though there were some dreadful influence in the very air of the house—an indefinite apprehension oppressed me. Thoughts that I dared not entertain floated into my mind. Did I hear a noise? I looked so long in one direction that I shuddered to turn to look in another. The candle burnt low—I could not bear to be in darkness—sleep was out of my power. While the wick fell I raised the heavy sash, and looked forth into the night.

There was a full moonlight, whose radiance fell softly on the valley, and the air was calm and filled with the fragrance of autumn. As I gazed, my nerves grew tranquil; the peace of the scene passed into my soul, and I smiled at my late perturbations. It could not be, methought; the world is not so bad; I misjudge my species. And then I grew abstracted with watching the effects of the moonlight on the masses of foliage and the broad shadows beneath.

I was looking thus towards the orchard, when I perceived up the vista made by two rows of trees, *something white*, which

appeared to be slowly moving. At first I paid no particular attention to it, thinking it must be a dog or cow. But now it approached, and I saw it was upright—could it be a man? Alas! God help me! it was no human creature, but a sheeted figure, which I knew by its gliding to be a bodiless visitant from the world of shadows! The blood froze in my veins as I marked its steady advance. I tried to shout, but could only groan, as in a dream. It was all enwrapped in white, so that I could see no face, and it came directly below and before my eyes to the very door of the house, *and I saw it enter!*

Presently—all the wealth of the universe would not tempt me to undergo it again—the house rang with shrieks—loud, agonized. I sprang to my feet and seized a chair, not knowing what I did. But immediately I heard the voice of the old servant, who occupied the chamber adjoining mine, crying "Fire!" and this recalled me to my senses. I opened the door and went to her room, the shrieks still continuing, though more faintly, and seeming to proceed from below.

But I need not narrate circumstantially all that followed. By the time we had obtained a light, and proceeded to the old woman's apartment, the shrieks (which were found to come from thence) had fallen to low groans, and when we stood around her bedside she was past recognizing even her son, whose presence appeared but to increase her agonies. She died raving, and the ghastly look of her stiffening features was awful.

My unhappy friend did not long survive the shock of his mother's sudden death. He died peacefully. I never told him what I had witnessed. Indeed for a long while I was never sure that it was not an illusion of my senses caused by fatigue and excitement.

But upon the death of my friend the estate passed into the hands of a distant connexion, a worthy man, who is still living. He had the house torn down and replaced by a more comfortable dwelling, and made also many improvements on the adjacent grounds. In removing the orchard, which had long ceased to be productive, they found an old well, of whose existence none but the housekeeper had any knowledge; it was cov-

ered by a thin slab of slate, almost overgrown with grass and briars. Thinking it might be rendered serviceable, the proprietor a few years ago determined to have it cleaned, and in performing that operation the workmen drew up in the first buckets what proved to be the bones of a human skeleton. The circumstance naturally made some noise in that neighborhood; to me it was the solving of a fearful mystery. I went to see the bones, and from a plain gold ring which was found along with them I knew they must be those of Ellen. The ring had been made smaller by a clumsy workman. I remembered when

my friend had it done. I gave no hint of my knowledge to others, for the innocent and the guilty were both gone to their account; but ever since then I have had no doubt in my own mind that Ellen was murdered by the mother of my friend, either pushed into this well as they were walking there, which might easily have been done, or made away with in some other manner and thrown there afterwards. And I cannot but believe it was her injured spirit which I saw, and which Heaven instructed to be the minister of its vengeance upon such atrocious wickedness.

G. W. P.

WIT.

CANST thou tell me what is wit,
 Thou that master art of it?
 Nature's self less changeful seems,
 Or the shapes of morning dreams,
 Or the clouds of evening dim,
 Where a thousand phantoms swim,—
 Phantoms of the gloomy night,
 Treading on the skirts of light.
 Yet, howe'er it varied be,
 It moves the fancy pleasantly.
 Now, a beauty plainly drest,
 Now, a sovereign queen confest,
 Now, a homely, rustic dame,—
 In many shapes 'tis yet the same.
 Now, pretending no pretence,
 It conquers by feigned innocence.
 'Tis a secret none can know,
 'Tis an art no art can show.
 He who finds it has it not;
 Then 'tis gone as soon as got.
 Out of nothing felt to rise,
 Into nothing so it dies.

VANITY FAIR.*

AN Anglo-Saxon can appreciate, although he may not altogether admire, Gallic wit; but a Gaul is hopelessly incompetent to understand Saxon humor. It is to him what the Teutonic humor is to both Saxon and Gaul, who suppose it must be humorous to the Teuton because he vastly delights in it, but find it, so far as themselves are concerned, dreary in the extreme, and utterly valueless for purposes of amusement. Here is a book which has a brilliant run in England, where its author is acknowledged as one of the first periodical writers; we doubt if any Frenchman could go through it without falling asleep in spite of the pictures. In our own country, where the original Saxon character has become partially Gallicized, the public opinion (setting aside that class of readers, unfortunately too large, who are the willing slaves of the publishers, and feel bound to read and talk about a book because it is advertised by a big house in big letters, as "Thackeray's Masterpiece,") is about equally divided, some much enjoying "Vanity Fair," others voting it a great bore.

French wit and English humor! We do not mean to expatiate on this often-discussed theme, tempting though it be, affording copious opportunity for antitheses more or less false, and distinctions without differences, but shall merely hint at what seems the most natural way to explain this national diversity of taste and appreciation in respect of the two faculties. Wit consists in the expression more than in the matter—it depends very considerably on the words employed—and hence the wittiest French sayings are, if not inexpressible, at least *inexpressive* in English. Under the homely Saxon garb they generally become very stupid or very wicked remarks—not un-

frequently both. But an Englishman with a respectable knowledge of French can understand and be amused by French wit, though he will probably not enter into it very heartily. Humor, on the other hand, depends on a particular habit of mind; so that, to enjoy English humor, a Frenchman must not only understand English, but become intellectually Anglicized to a degree that is unnatural to him. In proof of this, it may be noticed that French-educated or *French-minded* Americans find Thackeray tedious, and (to take a stronger case, where no national prejudice but a favorable one can be at work) yawn over Washington Irving.

And yet, if we wished to give an idea of Thackeray's writings to a person who had never read them, we should go to France for our first illustration; but it would be to French art, not French literature. No one who has ever been familiar with the pictured representations of Parisian life, which embellish that repository of wicked wit, the *Charivari*—no one who knows *Les Lorettes*, *Les Enfans Terribles*, &c., would think of applying to the designs of Gavarni and his brother artists the term *caricatures*. He would say, "There is no caricature about them; they are life itself." And so it is with Thackeray's writings; they present you with humorous sketches of real life—literal comic pictures—never rising to the ideal or diverging into the grotesque.) Thus, while his stories are excellent as a collection of separate sketches, they have but moderate merit *as stories*, nor are his single characters great as single characters. Becky Sharpe is the only one that can be called a first-rate hit; for "Chawls Yellowplush" is characterized chiefly by his ludicrous spelling, and his mantle fits "Jeemes"

* Vanity Fair: Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," the "Snob Papers," in Punch, &c., &c. London: the Punch office. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

just as well. And just as Gavarni differs from and is inferior to Hogarth, should we say Thackeray differs from and is inferior to Dickens, a writer with whom he is sometimes compared, and to whom he undoubtedly has some points of resemblance, though he cannot with any propriety be called of the "Dickens school," or "an imitator of Dickens," any more than Gavarni could be called an imitator of Hogarth.

Thackeray has his points of contact, also, with another great humorous writer, Washington Irving. Very gracefully and prettily does Mr. Titmarsh write at times; there is many a little bit, here and there, in the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," that would not disgrace Geoffrey Crayon in his best mood. But his geniality is not so genuine, or so continuous. Not that there is anything affected about his mirth—he is one of the most natural of modern English writers: Cobbett or Sidney Smith could hardly be more so; but it is dashed with stronger ingredients. Instead of welling up with perennial jollity, like our most good-humored of humorous authors, he is evidently a little *blazé*, and somewhat disposed to be cynical.

To compare Thackeray with Dickens and Irving, most of our readers will think paying him a high compliment, but we are not at all sure that his set would be particularly obliged to us; for it is the fortune—good in some respects, evil in others—of Mr. Titmarsh to be one of a set. But wherever there are literary men there will be sets; and those who have been bored and disgusted by the impertinence and nonsense of stupid cliques will be charitable to the occasional conceits of clever ones. Having had some happy experience of that literary society which is carried to a greater perfection in England than in any other country, we can pardon the amiable cockneyism with which Michael Angelo's thoughts revert to his Club even amid the finest scenery of other lands, and the semi-ludicrous earnestness with which he dwells on the circumstance of your name being posted among the "members deceased," as if that were the most awful and striking circumstance attendant on dissolution. And, inasmuch as all his books are really books to be read, we can excuse the quiet way in

which he assumes that you *have* read them all, and alludes as a matter of course to the Hon. Algernon Deuceace and the Earl of Crabs, and such ideal personages, much after the manner of that precious Balzac who interweaves the same characters throughout the half-hundred or more volumes which compose his panorama of Parisian society—a society in which, as Macauley says of another school, "the women are like very bad men, and the men too bad for anything."

This mention of Balzac brings to mind a more serious charge than that of occasional conceit or affectation which we have more than once heard urged against our author; namely, that his sketches contain too many disagreeable characters. A queer charge this to come from a reading generation which swallows copious illustrated editions of *Les Mystères* and *Le Juif*, and is lenient to the loathsome vulgarities of Wuthering Heights and Wildfell Hall. But let us draw a distinction or "discriminate a difference," as a transcendentalist acquaintance of ours used to say. If a story is written for mere purposes of amusement, there certainly ought not to be more disagreeable characters introduced than are absolutely necessary for relief and contrast. But the moral and end of a story may often compel the author to bring before us a great number of unpleasant people. In a former volume of this Review the opinion was pretty broadly stated that no eminent novelist writes merely for amusement without some ulterior aim; most decidedly Thackeray does not at any rate. We shall have occasion to refer to this more than once, for it is doing vast injustice to Mr. T. to regard him merely as a provider of temporary fun. (He does introduce us to many scamps, and profligates, and hypocrites, but it is to show them up and put us on our guard against them.) His bad people are evidently and unmistakably bad; we hate them, and he hates them, too, and doesn't try to make us fall in love with them, like the philosophers of the "Centre of Civilization," who dish you up seraphic poisoners and chaste adulteresses in a way that perplexes and confounds all established ideas of morality. (And if he ever does bestow attractive traits on his rogues, it is to expose the worthlessness and emptiness

of some things which are to the world attractive—to show that the good things of Vanity Fair are not good *per se*, but may be coincident with much depravity.)

✓ Thus Becky Sharpe, as portrayed by his graphic pen, is an object of envy and admiration for her cleverness and accomplishments to many a fine lady. There are plenty of the “upper ten” who would like to be as “smart” as Rebecca. She speaks French like a French woman, and gets up beautiful dresses out of nothing, and makes all the men admire her, and always has a repartee ready, and insinuates herself every where with an irresistible nonchalance. ✓ Then comes in the sage moralist, and shows us that a woman may do all these fine things, and yet be ready to lie right and left to every one, and ruin any amount of confiding tradesmen; to sell one man and poison another; to betray her husband and neglect her child.) (That last touch is the most hateful one: in our simplicity we hope it is an exaggeration. That a woman should be utterly regardless of her offspring seems an impossibility—in this country, we are proud to say, it *is* an impossibility.) (Or if any of his doubtful personages command our temporary respect and sympathy, it is because they are for the time in the right.) Rawdon Crawley is *not* a very lofty character; he frequently comes before us in a position not even respectable; but when he is defending his honor against the old sybarite Lord Steyne, he rises with the occasion: even the guilty wife is forced to admire her husband, as he stands “strong, brave, and victorious.” (Nor though he finds it sometimes necessary to expose hypocrites, does Thackeray delight in the existence of hypocrisy, and love to seek out bad motives for apparently good actions.) His charity rather leads him to attribute with a most humane irony pretended wickedness to weakness. Your French writer brings an upright gentleman before the footlights, and grudges you the pleasure of admiring him; he is impatient to carry him off behind the scenes, strip off his Christian garments, and show him to you in private a very fiend. But Thackeray, when he has put into a youth’s mouth an atrociously piratical song, is overjoyed to add quietly that he “remembers seeing him awfully sick on board a Greenwich steamer.”

Thus far our description has been one of negatives. It is time to say something of the positive peculiarities of Mr. T., two of which are strikingly observable,—the one in his serious, the other in his comic vein. We shall begin by the latter, for though to us he is greater as a moralist than as a humorist, we are well aware that the general opinion is the other way, and that he is most generally valued for his fun. Many of the present English comic writers excel to an almost Aristophanic degree in parody and travestie, but in the latter Thackeray is unrivalled. Now he derides in the most ludicrous jargon, the absurd fopperies of the Court Circulars: “Head dress of knockers and bell-pulls, stomacher a muffin;” now he audaciously burlesques the most classic allusions “about Mademoiselle Arianne of the French Opera, and who had left her, and how she was consoled by Panther Carr.” Some men have that felicity in story-telling that they will make you laugh at the veriest Joe Miller as if it had been just invented, and similarly there is nothing so old or so dry, but it becomes a subject for mirth under Titmarsh’s ready pen or pencil, (for Michael Angelo is an artist himself, and a right clever one, and needs no Cruikshank or Leech to illustrate him.) Every one has heard the story of the Eastern monarch, who used to impose upon travelling poets by means of his astonishing memory, and how a Dervish finally outwitted him. Thousands had read it without dreaming of its capabilities. In one of the early volumes of Punch you will find it Thackerayized into something very rich. Living poets and poetasters are brought in under Oriental disguises; the mischievous king learns a whole poem of “Buhl-ware Khan” by dint of memory, “without understanding one word of it;” the Dervish is a “Syneretic” poet, “Jam Janbrahim Herandee,” (Herand,) who puts the king to sleep by discharging an epic at him. But Thackeray never sets about a story of any length without having a will and a purpose.) And this indeed is a noticeable difference generally existing between the wit and the humorist, that while the former sparkles away without any object beyond his own momentary amusement, the latter has a definite aim, some abuse to attack, some moral to hit. Thackeray attacks

abuses, and it is with an honest indignation and simple earnestness that form the distinguishing features of his serious writings. He assaults all manner of social sham, humbug and flunkeyism, and gives it to them in a way that does you good to hear. Against toadyism, affectation and mobbery, he preaches a crusade in the sturdiest Anglo-Saxon. The charge began in the "Snobs of England;" it is now followed up in "Vanity Fair." Any one, therefore, who reads the latter book should read the "Snob Papers" in *Punch*, by way of introduction to it. Tin-worship and title-worship, and that "praise of men" which your fashionables love more than the "praise of God"—Titmarsh is sworn foe to all these, and wages unrelenting war on them—but with none of that cant which runs all through Jerrold and half through Dickens (he does not make all his poor people angels, nor all his rich people devils, because they are rich) Nor has he any marked prejudice against Christianity in general, or the Christianity of his own church in particular—which we are weak enough to think rather to his credit. Moreover, his sledge-hammer invective against fashionable fooleries, is not engendered of or alloyed with any rusticity or inability to appreciate the refinements of civilized life, as a backwoodsman or Down-easter might abuse things he did not comprehend; for Titmarsh has a soul for art and poetry, and good living, and all that is æsthetic and elegant.

"Vanity Fair," then, is a satire on English society. The scene indeed is laid thirty years back, but that is of a piece with Juvenal's

"Experiar quid concedatur in illos
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina."

It is meant for the present time, as the very illustrations show, in which all the male characters wear the convenient trouser (*America*icé pantaloons) of our own day, instead of the stiff "tights" which were the habit of that period. In a work of this sort we naturally expect to find many *type-characters*—that is, characters who represent classes of people. Most of these are very good and true. Rawley Crawdon is a capital representative of the uneducated part of the young British offi-cery—profligate and spendthrift, stupid in everything but cards, billiards, and horse-

flesh, and too illiterate to spell decently; yet withal bold as a lion. (It is pleasant to see such a man properly depicted now and then, for the writer who does it is doing his duty to civilization by assailing the old barbarous feudal notion that mere physical courage, which is generally founded on the consciousness of superior physical strength and dexterity, should ride roughshod over moral courage and intellect.) And Lord Steyne is a thorough specimen of the aristocratic old Sybarite. Others had tried their hands at this character before—D'Israeli and that coarsest of fine ladies, Lady Blessington—but none of them have succeeded like Thackeray. And Pitt Crawley is a perfect model of the stiff, slow, respectable *formula* man. And Osborne, Sr., is one of your regular purse-proud cits who measure everything by what it will fetch on 'Change. But some of the portraits are not fair even to Vanity Fair, and that of Sir Pitt, the elder Crawley, seems to us positively unjust. He may be a true sketch from life; rumor has indeed given him a real name and family; but he is too bad to be a type of country baronets, or even of country squires. And though the high-life characters have bitter justice done them in most things, there is one point on which the men are a little wronged: *they swear too much*. Allowing that a fearful moment of profanity prevails among people who ought to know better, there is surely no necessity for its being repeated. We do not want to hear the thing simply because it is true, any more than we wish to see pictures of disgusting and frightful objects, however faithfully to nature they may be painted. But in fact English gentlemen are not so openly profane as Titmarsh represents them.

† The book has no hero: it openly professes to have none. But there is a heroine, at least a prominent female character, and she is equal to a dozen ordinary heroines and heroes. Becky Sharpe is an original creation, not the representative of a class, though there are traits about her that remind you of several classes. Any one who has been much in society must have had the fortune or misfortune to meet more than one woman who resembled Becky in some points,—ay, even among us simple, unsophisticated, etc.,

republicans; for in truth if you only leave out a little nonsense about titles, everything in Titmarsh's literary puppet-show will apply point-black to our own occidental Vanity Fair. There are women as spitefully satirical as Rebecca, making mischief in the most ingenious and graceful ways—fashionable enough that, and not by any means a sin, but on the contrary no small recommendation in Vanity Fair. There are women all in the best society, who flirt with every passable man that comes near them, as Rebecca did; for observe, it is not proved that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley did anything more; her biographer does not give you to understand that she actually "committed herself" with any one—and this is very proper and pleasing in Vanity Fair. There are women who, like Rebecca, have always a plausible lie ready to excuse themselves; and this is an excusable peccadillo in Vanity Fair. There are women who, like Rebecca, look to marriage only as a means of getting a position "in society," and what can be a more flattering homage to Vanity Fair? There are women, like Rebecca, who sponge upon spoonneys and get money under false pretences; and the victims may "cut up rough" about it, but the rest of Vanity Fair pass it over as a venial offence and accept their part of the spoil. In short, put together a number of things the practice of which is not only allowable but successful in Vanity Fair, and what a devil of a woman you will make! Such at least is our idea of the *moral* and theory of Rebecca Crawley *née* Sharpe.

✓ She is the daughter of a dissipated artist and a French *danseuse*, is brought up for a governess, has no principles worth speaking of, but plenty of accomplishments and much worldly cleverness. Hardly out of school, she makes beautiful play for the first man she meets, a dummy fat dandy, and thus Titmarsh defends her:—

"It was an advance, and as such, perhaps, some ladies of indisputable correctness and gentility will condemn the action as immodest; but, you see, poor dear Rebecca had all this work to do for herself. If a person is too poor to keep a servant, he must sweep his own rooms: if a dear girl has no dear mamma to settle matters with the young man, she must do it for herself. And oh! what a mercy it is that these women do not exercise their powers

oftener! We can't resist them if they do. Let them show ever so little inclination, and men go down on their knees at once; old or ugly, it is all the same. And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump, may marry WHOM SHE LIKES. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field [Oh! Oh!] and don't know their own power. They would overcome us entirely if they did."

We have known young ladies of the same opinion—that a woman may marry any man she likes—and some of them have been wofully sold in consequence, and remained utterly unmarried to the end of time. But if we are content not to state the proposition in extreme terms, we may make it sufficiently broad. The chances of a woman getting the man she wants, are to those of a man getting the woman he wants, as nineteen to one on a very moderate estimate. Where the man is the attacking party, how easily all his approaches are seen through! how they are turned to derision before his very face! And if he is really, truly, and hopelessly in love, it is a thousand times worse. Then, when it is of vital importance to him to make the best appearance, he is sure to be bungling and stupid, and not able to do himself justice. On the other hand, it is a beautiful sight, as a mere work of art, to see a man skilfully angled for, (for man before matrimony is like to a fish which is inveigled with rod and line: after the operation he resembleth the horse who is ridden with bit and *bridle*.) It is immensely tickling to the victim himself, and vast fun to the *circumstantes*—such of them, that is, as have not similar designs on the sufferer. And so, by rule, Becky ought to captivate Joseph Sedley off-hand; but that would have wound up the history too soon; so the portly exquisite is carried away from her by the lover of her particular friend, whom she afterwards pays off handsomely for the kind turn done her. Spilt milk and lost lovers are not to be cried over; so the little woman dries her tears and makes another shy—this time successfully—at the dashing, fighting, stupid young officer, Rawdon Crawley, with his expensive tastes and limited means. But Mr. and Mrs. R. C. being people of family (he is and she professes to be) must live accordingly, and so we are let into the

mystery "how to live well on nothing a-year."

"I suppose there is no man in this vanity fair of ours, so little observant as not to think sometimes about the worldly affairs of his acquaintances, or so extremely charitable as not to wonder how his neighbor Jones or his neighbor Smith can make both ends meet at the end of the year. * * * * Some three or four years after his stay in Paris, when Rawdon Crawley and his wife were established in a very small comfortable house in Curyon street, Mayfair, there was scarcely one of the numerous friends they entertained at dinner that did not ask the above question regarding them. As I am in a situation to be able to tell the public how Crawley and his wife lived without any income, may I entreat the public newspapers which are in the habit of extracting various portions of the periodical works now published, not to reprint the following exact narrative and calculations, of which I ought, as the discoverer, (and at some expense too,) to have the benefit. My son—I would say, were I blessed with a child—you may by deep inquiry and constant intercourse with him, learn how a man lives comfortably on nothing a-year. But it is best not to be intimate with gentlemen of this profession, and to take the calculations at second hand, as you do logarithms, for to work them yourself, depend upon it, will cost you something considerable.

* * * * The truth is, when we say of a gentleman that he lives elegantly on nothing a-year, we use the word 'nothing' to signify something unknown; meaning, simply, that we don't know how the gentleman in question defrays the expenses of his establishment. Now our friend the Colonel had a great aptitude for all games of chance; and exercising himself, as he continually did, with the cards, the dice-box or the cue, it is natural to suppose that he attained a much greater skill in the use of these articles than men can possess who only occasionally handle them. To use a cue at billiards well, is like using a pencil or a small-sword—you cannot master any one of these implements at first, and it is only by repeated study and perseverance, joined to a natural taste, that a man can excel in the handling of either. Now Crawley, from being only a brilliant amateur, had grown to be a consummate master of billiards. Like a great general, his genius used to rise with the danger, and when the luck had been unfavorable to him for a whole game, and the bets were consequently against him, he would with consummate skill and boldness, make some prodigious hits which would restore the battle, and come in a victor at the end, to the astonishment of everybody—of everybody, that is, who was a stranger to his play. Those who were accustomed to see it, were cautious how they staked their money

against a man of such sudden resources, and brilliant and overpowering skill. At games of cards he was equally skilful, for though he would constantly lose money at the commencement of an evening, playing so carelessly and making such blunders that new-comers were often inclined to think meanly of his talent; yet when roused to action, and awakened to caution by repeated losses, it was remarked that Crawley's play became quite different, and that he was pretty sure of beating his enemy before the night was over. Indeed very few men could say that they ever had the better of him."

And of course, if anybody hinted that the Colonel's play was too good to be true, he had his pistols ready, "same with which he shot Captain Marker," to vindicate his honor. Are there any nice young men in Yankee land who live upon nothing in the same way? We don't pretend to know, and only ask for information.

But clever as Rebecca and her husband are in this way, they can't get much from his elder brother, the formula before alluded to, one of those people who know just enough to hold on to what they have got, which, to be sure, requires some capacity.

"Pitt knew how poor his brother and his brother's family must be. It could not have escaped the notice of such a cool and experienced old diplomatist, that Rawdon's family had nothing to live upon, and that houses and carriages are not to be kept for nothing. He knew very well that he was the proprietor or appropriator of the money which, according to all proper calculation, ought to have fallen to his younger brother, and he had, we may be sure, some secret pangs of remorse within him, which warned him that he ought to perform some act of justice, or let us say, compensation, towards these disappointed relations. A just, decent man, not without brains, who said his prayers and knew his catechism, and did his duty outwardly through life, he could not be otherwise than aware that something was due to his brother at his hands, and that morally he was Rawdon's debtor. But as one reads in the *Times*, every now and then, queer announcements from the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledging the receipt of £50 from A. B., or £10 from W. T., as conscience-money, on account of taxes due by the said A. B. or W. T., which payments the penitents beg the Right Honorable gentleman to acknowledge through the medium of the public press—so is the Chancellor, no doubt, and the reader likewise, always perfectly sure that the above-named A. B. and W. T. are only paying up a very small instalment of what they really

owe, and that the man who sends up a twenty pound note has very likely hundreds or thousands more for which he ought to account. Such, at least, are my feelings, when I see A. B. or W. T.'s insufficient acts of repentance. And I have no doubt that Pitt Crawley's contrition, or kindness, if you will, towards his younger brother, by whom he had so much profited, was only a very small dividend upon the capital sum for which he was indebted to Rawdon. Not everybody is willing to pay even so much. To part with money is a sacrifice beyond almost all men endowed with a sense of order. * * * * So, in a word, Pitt Crawley thought he would do something for his brother, and then thought he would think about it some other time."

✓ It is a good old maxim of Vanity Fair that Sir Pitt went upon: "Every one for himself, and God for us all." Some rich men have a habit of doing nothing for their poor relations, and then wanting to know if they are satisfied; others do a little, and talk enough about that to make up for the deficiency—if talk would do it. All this goes off in England very quietly, as being the natural course of things in a country where the eldest son legally succeeds to all the property, and the younger children are more or less starved. Here it is not so common, for if a *millionaire* does not divide his property equally, the law, or the lawyers generally contrive to do it for him, and make a partition among all the family alike, however worthless or extravagant some of them may be; the beautiful consequence of which is, that three generations never occupy the same house, and it is impossible to preserve, much less increase, any private collection of paintings, books, or curiosities. We brag of our equal law of succession, but in some things it certainly stands in the way of civilization and refinement.

But though Rebecca is not able to bleed her diplomatic brother-in-law, she gets the needful from a much greater man—Lord Steyne. To be sure his morals are not of the best, "but," as little Lord Southdown says, "he's got the best dry Silvery in Europe." A right Vanity Fair apology that! It's none of my business if this man is a profligate and a villain, so long as it doesn't hurt me. He is to be damned on his own account; meanwhile why shouldn't I have the benefit of his good things as well as any one else? For, as Titmarsh says in another place, "wine,

wax-lights, comestibles, crinoline-petticoats, diamonds, Louis-Quatorze gimeracks and old china, and splendid high-stepping carriage horses—all the delights of life, I say—would go to the deuce if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhung—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No, we shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we go and dine with him. On which accommodating principle, whenever Lord Steyne had an entertainment, everybody went to wait upon this great man—everybody who was asked: as you the reader, (do not say nay,) or I the writer hereof, would go if we had an invitation."

No, Mr. Titmarsh, there are people who wouldn't go at any price—people to whom you don't do full justice—your Lady Southdowns and the like—"serious people," as they are denominated on your side of the water, and "professors of religion" on ours. And because these people—having their mental optics illumined by light from above—see through the hollowness and humbug and wretched unsatisfactoriness of the things of Vanity Fair, and value them accordingly, and do act upon their (not altogether silly) principles, and don't sell them for dry Silvery, or fine music, or pretty women, or any such amusing vanities—are they to be rewarded for this by being held up to ridicule? Verily they deserve better usage from your pen and pencil. Is there any philosophy or morality or wisdom, except practical Christianity, that will enable man or woman to fight Vanity Fair, and come off conqueror? And if not, why do you, who preach so earnestly against Vanity Fair, sneer down Christian men and women?

Titmarsh would answer probably that he did not, by any means, intend to laugh at religion, but at counterfeits or perverted developments of religion—the mock-righteousness of some who are not righteous at all; the want of judgment of others who are righteous overmuch. And were he, or any friend of his, to advance this defence of him, we shouldb charita-

bly pre-disposed to accept it, for there are passages in this book which none but a true Christian could have written—at least it seems so to us. Here are two taken at random. A poor widow is about to part from her child, whom she has not the means of supporting :—

“That night Amelia made the boy read the story of Samuel to her, and how Hannah, his mother, having weaned him, brought him to Eli, the High Priest, to minister before the Lord. And he read the song of gratitude which Hannah sang; and which says, Who is it that maketh poor and maketh rich, and bringeth low and exalteth? how the poor shall be raised up out of the dust, and how in his own might no man shall be strong. Then he read how Samuel’s mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up to offer the yearly sacrifice. And then, in her sweet simple way, George’s mother made commentaries to the boy upon this affecting story. How Hannah, though she loved her son so much, gave him up because of her vow; and how she must always have thought of him, as she sat at home, far away, making the little coat; and Samuel, she was sure, never forgot his mother; and how happy she must have been as the time came (and the years pass away very quick) when she should see her boy, and how good and wise he had grown.”

The same widow’s old bankrupt father dies :—

“Emmy stayed and did her duty as usual. She was bowed down by no especial grief, and rather solemn than sorrowful. She prayed that her own end might be as calm and painless, and thought with trust and reverence of the words she had heard from her father during his illness, indicative of his faith, his resignation, and his future hope.

“Yes, I think that will be the better ending of the two after all. Suppose you are particularly rich and well to do, and say on that last day, ‘I am very rich; I am tolerably well known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my king and my country with honor. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don’t owe any man a shilling; on the contrary, I lent my old College friend Jack Lazarus fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my daughters with ten thousand pounds a-piece—very good portions for girls. I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds,

and my cellar of well selected wine, to my son. I leave twenty pounds a-year to my valet; and I defy any man after I am gone to say anything against my character.’ Or suppose, on the other hand, your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, ‘I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune, and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can’t pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart at the feet of the Divine mercy.’ Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him.”

After reading such paragraphs as these, we feel bound to believe that it is mere *εἰρωνεία* when Titmarsh says he would accept any great bad man’s invitation. We don’t believe that he would have dined with the Marquis of Hereford’s mistress, as Croker *alias* Rigby used to do after slanging the immoral French novelists in that bulwark of orthodox principles, the London Quarterly.

✓ But to return to the amiable Becky. Under the patronage of the old roué whom she contrives to entice and wheedle without doing anything to compromise herself, she actually obtains a footing in “the very best society.”

✓ “Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity by the way, in a person of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley’s very narrow means,) to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments; to drive to the fine dinner parties, where she was welcomed by great people; and from the fine dinner parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the morrow—the young men faultlessly appointed, and handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass-buttoned, noble looking, polite and prosy—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sump-

tuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families; just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Becky's former acquaintances hated and envied her; the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. 'I wish I were out of it,' she said to herself. 'I would rather be a parson's wife and teach a Sunday-school than this; or a sergeant's lady and ride in the regimental waggon; or O, how much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trowsers, and dance before a booth at a fair.' "

Not being at all in the diplomatic way and very little in the fashionable way, we have had small personal experience of "the very best" English society—the Almack's and Morning Post people to wit. So far as we did see any of it, we thought it marvellously slow, and by no means distinguished for taste, a great deal of solid material and resources badly developed, beautiful diamonds on ugly dowagers, ugly dresses on handsome belles—for *règle générale*, all the English women dress badly, and all the men dress alike, namely, in brass-buttoned blue coats, white ties and waistcoats. In the easy, natural, frock-coat-and-no-straps part of life, honest Bull shines out; but in all matters of fashionable elegance, he is nowhere in comparison with his neighbor Crapeau—nay, can hardly hold a candle to his young brother Jonathan whom he sometimes affects to despise as a semi-barbarian. By the way, what a chapter or two an American Titmarsh might make of our "upper ten thousand!" [keep quiet, N. P. W.; we haven't the remotest idea of alluding to you; *you couldn't do it* ;) the handsome little silly girls just from boarding-school; the little—men they call themselves—equally silly but not equally handsome, just from boarding-school too, only it is called a university; here and there a juvenile lion who has brought the last variety of vests and vices from dear, delightful, dissipated Paris—or perchance a real Parisian, baron or marquis, sent by subscription of a club with three changes of linen, to marry an heiress if he can get one—not forgetting the four great facts of a Gothamite ball, champagne, oysters, charlotte-russe and

polka. We wonder how the Bostonese do these things. The *σύνετοι* say that they have metaphysical cotillions at the modern Athens, and discuss Wordsworth amid the mazes of *la Trénis*. Awful and stunning idea!

Rebecca is apt to be bored, as all people who live merely to amuse and gratify themselves are. If she finds town-society stupid, she is not more pleased with moralizing at her brother-in-law's.

"It isn't difficult to be a country gentleman's wife," Rebecca thought. 'I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a-year. I could dawdle about in the nursery and count the apricots on the wall. I could water plants in a green-house and pick off dead leaves from the geraniums. I could ask old women about their rheumatisms, and order half-a-crown's worth of soup for the poor. I should n't miss it much out of five thousand a-year. I could even drive ten miles to dine at a neighbor's, and dress in the fashions of the year before last. I could go to church and keep awake in the great family pew; or go to sleep behind the curtain with my veil down, if I only had practice. I could pay everybody if I had but the money. That is what the conjurers here pride themselves on doing.' "

And yet there is much enjoyment in the life of a country-gentleman's wife, or a country gentleman in England or America; but it is enjoyment only for those who like simple and natural pleasures—and Becky did not like simple pleasures. She disliked children, as we have mentioned. A terrible trait that even in man—unless, like William Pitt, he is a great statesman at twenty-one, and has to defend his country against the world, when he may be excused from possessing any of the domestic affections in consideration of the work he has to do. The man who, *having leisure to love children*, hates them—that man we would not trust with our purse, our secrets, our character, our life. But how much worse in a woman!

✓ It would take too long to follow Becky through her chequered career—her grand catastrophe, her exile, her ultimate partial recovery. Many of our readers were more or less familiar with her before seeing these remarks of ours; and such as are not, must have been tempted ere this to resolve that they will go to the fountain-head for information about her. We have only to observe, before taking leave of her, the

skill which her biographer displays in lightly passing over some of the diabolical scenes she is concerned in, such for instance as "her second appearance in the character of Clytemnestra." Your true artist will produce infinitely more effect by just hinting at a horror, than a second-rate man can work by going into the most elaborate details.*

Some notice should be taken of the Osbornes and Sedleys who make up the underplot of the story. We have some suspicion that Thackeray finished up old Osborne, the purse-proud merchant, more carefully than he had intended at first, in opposition to Mr. Dombey, to show his view of such a character in opposition to that of Dickens. If such a comparison is challenged, there can be no doubt that so far as verisimilitude and nature are concerned, Mr. Osborne, Sr., has it by long odds. There never was such a merchant or man of business at all as Mr. Dombey. His calm, icy pride is not the pride of a merchant at all; it would be in character for a nobleman or a gentleman of old family. We wonder Dickens did not make him one or the other. There was nothing in the exigencies of the story to forbid it. Noblemen are ruined easily enough now-a-days—witness the Duke of Buckingham, who has just been sold out as completely as the veriest Wall-street speculator, to the great joy of all radicals. Nor is Mr. D. let down and made to relent in a natural, gradual and plausible way, as Mr. O. is; but taken off the stage as melo-dramatically as he was brought on.

✓ The loves and fortunes of young Os-

borne and Amelia Sedley, are designed to carry out still further the attack on what formed one of the strongest topics of denunciation in the "Snob Papers,"—that heartless system (flourishing to perfection in France, but deep-rooted enough in England) which considers matrimony as the union, not of a young man to a young woman, but of *so much to so much*. A splendid theme for indignant declamation, and one in which the satirist is sure to meet with much sympathy from the young of both sexes. But we must remember that the principle of union for love has, like all principles, its limitations. That two young people, long and fondly attached to each other, should be afraid to marry because they would be obliged to drop a little in the social scale, and deny themselves some of the outward luxuries they enjoy separately; that they should sacrifice their hearts to those abominable dictates of fashion which Titmarsh has summed up in his Snob Commandment, "Thou shalt not marry unless thou hast a Brougham and a man-servant;" this is truly matter of indignation and mourning against which it is not possible to say too much. But we must also protest against the opposite extreme—the inference drawn from an extension of our principle—that love ought to overcome and exclude *all* objections, want of principles and character in the man for instance; or utter want of means on both sides to support a family; or even—what is generally the first thing to be disregarded in such cases—incompatibility of relations and friends. Sentimentalists talk as if love were to be the substitute for, or at least the equal of religion, (*it is the only religion of the French writers,*) whereas in truth, it is no more infallible in its decisions or imperative in its claims than ambition, or courage, or benevolence, or various other passions, which, either indifferent or positively laudable in themselves, are liable to sad perversion and exaggeration. The lover makes great sacrifices for his mistress; so does the ambitious man for his ambition; the covetous man for his fortune; and, to take a passion wholly and unmitigatedly bad, the vindictive man for his revenge. In all these cases the sacrifices are made for the same end—the securing of a desired object for self; but because, in the first case, the object of de-

* We noticed a remarkable instance of this ten years ago. No one who has read *Oliver Twist* can forget the tremendous power with which the last scenes in the life of the miserable old Jew, Fagan, are worked out; but of the very last scene of all—of his actual execution—there is not a word. Cotemporary with *Oliver Twist*, appeared an Irish story by one of the Irish novelists, which terminated with the execution of the principal villain. Every attendant circumstance was minutely worked out, and "the agony piled up" uncommonly high; but after all the thought struck us immediately, "How much less impression is made by all those terrifying minutiae than by the half dozen lines in which Boz informs us that Mr. Brownlow and Oliver, in coming out of Newgate, saw the sheriff's preparations for the day's tragedy."

sire is not the possession of a mere abstraction like fame, or of a mere material like money, but of another human being, therefore love has the *appearance* of being the most disinterested and self-sacrificing of the passions, while it is, in reality, generally the most selfish. Is this view a soulless and worldly one? We appeal to your own experience, reader. Of all the *pur sang* love-matches you have known—matches where one or more of the impediments we have mentioned existed—how many have turned out happily? Nay, we appeal to Titmarsh himself and *his own characters in this very book*. Would it not have been a thousand times better for Amelia if she had married Dobbin in the first place? And might not George as well have taken Miss Schwartz as wed Amelia one month and been ready to run away with another woman the next.*

We must take leave of Titmarsh; for he is carrying us off into all sorts of digressions. We were never so long filling the same number of pages as we have been on the present occasion, for whenever we opened the book to make an extract we were tempted to read on, on, on—the

* This is an element that never enters into the sentimentalist's calculation—if sentimentalists ever make calculations—the inconstancy of love. Could the continuance of a first passion be insured, there would be more excuse for putting it above prudence, and duty, and filial affection; but alas! it often vanishes in what D'Israeli not unfelicitously calls "a crash of iconoclastic surfeit," and then, when that, for which everything was given up, becomes itself nothing, the reaction is awful.

same things which we had read a dozen times—but there was no resisting. And when we resolutely turned our back to his people, it was only to think, and reason, and argue about them. How many of the hundreds of novels, published every year, leave any impression in your mind or give you one afterthought about any character in them? It is easy to take exceptions to the book—we have taken our share; we might go on to pick out little slips, instances of forgetfulness, as where we are told first that Amelia Sedley is not the heroine, and two or three pages after that she is; or when the climate of Coventry Island is so bad that no office will insure Rawdon's life there, yet in the very same number it is mentioned how much his life-insurance cost him. But, say what you will, the book draws you back to it, over and over again. Farewell then, O Titmarsh! Truly, thou deservest better treatment than we can give thee. Thy book should be written about in a natural, even, continuous, flowing style like thine own, not in our lumbering paragraphs, that blunder out only half of what we mean to say. And do thou, O reader, buy this book if thou hast not bought it; if thou hast, throw it not away into the chiffonier-basket as thou dost many brown-paper-covered volumes; but put it into a good binding and lay it by—not among the works "that no gentleman's library should be without"—but somewhere easy of access; (for it is a book to keep and read, and there are many sermons in it.)

—C. A. B.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE weather in England, during the few weeks preceding, and at the time of harvest, has been exceedingly unfavorable, so much so that it is anticipated the crop will be short in quantity and of an inferior quality on the whole. The potato disease has also again made its appearance in Ireland to a very considerable extent, and large quantities will doubtless be entirely lost; but as the amount planted is very far greater than that of any previous year, it is hoped the quantity secured will be enough to prevent any serious results. This is, however, still a matter of considerable doubt. The full returns of the harvest are looked for with great anxiety, and the experience of recent years was sufficient to produce great alarm at the bare idea of scarcity.

The British Parliament has closed its session, and the Premier, Lord John Russell, has gone to Ireland to consult with the Lord Lieutenant on the present state of that part of the kingdom; and from personal observation and inquiries made on the spot, to prepare such measures to be submitted by the Government at the next session, as may appear advisable. In the event of the scarcity of food being so great as to cause serious ground for apprehension, the Parliament will be called together at an early period. The Chartists have been busy in various parts: on the 16th of August, a small party who were armed with pistols, swords, &c., were captured by the police at a small public house in London, and like arrests have been made in various other towns. The numbers congregated on these occasions have been small, and the police appear to have such accurate information of their movements, that there is hardly a chance for them to perpetrate mischief to any extent. All those who have been arrested have been committed for trial, and a considerable number of those previously arrested have been found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. No difficulty has been found in bringing the guilty to justice; and the physical force doctrines are repudiated by a great many who profess themselves favorable to the six points.

The energetic measures of the Government have completely rendered abortive the intended rising in Ireland; indeed, the result has shown that the disaffection was confined to a much smaller portion of the population than was imagined, and that there was but little real enthusiasm to support it. On the announcement that warrants were issued under the late act, the leaders scattered themselves through the country and used all possible means to evade

capture. Instead of a general rising being the consequence, the guns and pikes were hidden; and the people even hesitated to give shelter to the leaders for fear of bringing themselves within the provisions of the law. Smith O'Brien, wearied with fatigue and disappointment, after being hunted from place to place and finding it difficult to procure shelter, resolved to return to his home, and endeavor to conceal himself there until a chance of escape should occur. Being chased from one retreat to another by parties of military and police, and in constant danger of arrest, he entered the town of Thurles on the evening of the 5th of August, and proceeded to the railway station. Having been recognized in the town, he was arrested just as he was proceeding to take his place in the second class cars for Limerick; and by six o'clock on the following morning he arrived at Dublin, when he was immediately sent to Kilmainham jail on a charge of high treason. At the time of his arrest he had not changed his linen for a week, and must have walked twenty-five miles from his place of concealment in the Keeper mountain. A very large number of arrests have been effected, in which are included Meagher "of the sword," and Messrs. O'Donoghoe and Leyne, who were seized at Rathcahill, near Thurles, disguised as peasants. Some Americans have also been arrested, but several of those implicated as leaders have succeeded in making their escape. The law courts have also been busy. O'Doherty of the *Tribune* has been tried for sedition, when the jury could not agree; he was again tried, but the jury was discharged without returning a verdict, in consequence of the illness of two of the members; a physician, who was called in, having declared that further confinement would affect them seriously. Martin, of the *Felon*, has been convicted of sedition, and sentenced to ten years' transportation. The carelessness of Smith O'Brien is likely to prove serious to some of his friends, for at the time of his arrest a large portion of his correspondence was in a carpet-bag at Cashel, which was discovered through means of a letter sent by him to his correspondent there. A letter from Duffy of the *Nation* was also found on O'Brien's person at the time of his arrest, in consequence of which the charge against the latter for felony is abandoned, and he will have to meet the graver charge of high treason. The latest accounts from Ireland state the country to be tranquil, and that a large portion of the military and naval force is about to be withdrawn.

A forced tranquillity is maintained in France;

but the continuance of the military dictatorship of Gen. Cavaignac, the state of siege, and the vast army congregated in Paris, show the great apprehension of the rulers and the discontent of the people, or at least of a very great portion of them. A draft of the proposed Constitution has been submitted to the National Assembly, in which France is declared to be a Republic, "one and indivisible," with the motto of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality;" but as yet more pressing matters have prevented that body from entering upon a discussion of its merits. The trial of the parties implicated in the outbreak of June last, proceeds in private and with great rapidity; the dungeons are being fast cleared, and the convicted are forwarded by hundreds to the seaports to be embarked for transportation. However necessary these proceedings may be, they with others show that at present there is not even the shadow of liberty in France. The socialists are still said to be extremely numerous in Paris and other large towns, and to keep up a constant and active correspondence. In Lyons their influence is said to be greater even than in Paris; and in Tours (generally a peaceable city) their numbers exceed 4500. With the present military organization no great apprehension is entertained of their venturing on an outbreak, but their numbers and activity are constant causes of alarm, and during the month of August Paris was in a state of feverish excitement consequent on their reported junction with the legitimists, with whom they were said to have entered into a compact to overthrow the present system, their previous failure having induced them to make common cause for that purpose with the adherents of "Henry the Fifth."

The law requiring *caution money* from the publishers of newspapers has been followed by a decree, published in the *Moniteur* of August 12, which subjects writers to a fine from 300 to 6000 francs, and to imprisonment from 3 months to 5 years, for offences against the rights or authority of the chief of the Executive, against Republican institutions, the *Constitution*! the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and universal suffrage; and to fine and imprisonment for other offences. On the 7th of August a decree of Gen. Cavaignac, chief of the executive power, removed the suspension pronounced on the 27th June, against eleven of the Paris newspapers, and on the 21st another decree from the same source suppressed four of the Communist journals. In addition to these attacks on the press, several editors having been arrested without any legal sanction for such a proceeding, a meeting of the Parisian journalists was held on the 24th August, when a strong and energetic remonstrance and protest was adopted, in which, after stating that the law demanded by the present government for punishing offences of the press had been enacted

by the National Assembly, but neither of these penalties are to be found in such law—

"They declare that those decrees are an attack by the Executive Government on the rights of the legislative powers, on the rights of the National Assembly, (for a decree published even with this formality prefixed, 'the Council of Ministers having examined,' cannot annul the effects and guarantee of a law.)

"They declare that those decrees are equivalent to the suppression of the liberty of the press, inasmuch as the effect of them is not only to suspend a certain number of journals, but to deprive those which are not suspended of that sense of security, without which there is no longer either independence or liberty in the most moderate exercise of the least suspected right.

"They declare, in conclusion, that those decrees create a *regime* incomparably worse than that of censorship, for according to a definition borrowed from the *National* of the 5th of August, 1835, 'The censorship mutilates, but it does not imprison, nor does it ruin.'

"They protest, with all the energy of their convictions, and with all the power of their right, against the decree of the Executive Government, in virtue of which several journals have been suppressed, and several writers have been arrested without trial."

On the presentation of this protest, General Cavaignac is reported to have said, "Your application does you honor; it is your duty to protest, as it is mine to suspend. I will not do less with the *Constitutionnel*, if it continues its attacks on the Republic in favor of monarchy. I have in a friendly way caused its editors to be informed that if they continue their polemics in favor of a dynasty which I feel honor in having served, but which I will have nothing more of, as France will have nothing more of it, I will suspend the *Constitutionnel* without more hesitation than I suspended the *Lampion*. The Republic is still in its infancy; it is too weak to resist the journalists of the opposition; when it shall have grown, you shall have a *carte blanche* to attack it." Thus it appears that no opposition to the present system is to be tolerated, that liberty of the press is extinct, and editors are at the mercy of a military dictator.

During the month of August there were various causes for alarm in Paris. On the 17th, a large mass of the wives and daughters of the imprisoned insurgents proceeded towards the National Assembly, to present a petition for an amnesty. From apprehension that this demonstration might cause an *émeute* all the avenues were occupied with troops and the procession was stopped at the advanced posts, from whence the petition was forwarded to the Assembly. Rumors were also afloat of an intended "*legitimate*" rising, but owing to the precautionary measures, tranquillity was not disturbed. It is said that but a small part of the men registered in the late *ateliers nationaux* have ever quitted Paris, by far the greater portion still remaining

there out of work, and their presence keeps up the constant dread of a socialist outbreak. The subject of the greatest excitement has been the Report of the Committee on the previous insurrections: a vast mass of evidence taken by the committee has been published, which lays bare the proceedings from the first declaration of the Republic in February last. This is proved to have been the work of a few individuals, chiefly connected with the *National* and *Reform* newspapers, assisted by persons of the lowest orders of society. The revelations regarding the expenditures of moneys raised by the Provisional Government, by means of loans and taxes, exhibit the greatest corruption; and it is shown that the celebrated Commissioners sent by Ledru-Rollin into the provinces to spread the republican doctrines he was desirous of disseminating, included tailors, shoemakers, liberated convicts, and persons of the worst character. Madame George Sand, celebrated for the immorality of her life and writings, appears to have been regularly engaged by the Provisional Government to enlighten the nation, and her addresses sent out under their sanction were submitted for revision and approbation to each member in rotation. Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Caussidière, are all seriously implicated by the report of the Committee, in the late outbreaks. On the presentation of this report, a debate arose which was characterized by considerable tumult. The three persons above mentioned made long addresses in exculpation of themselves, and highly recriminatory on their opponents, after which the President read a requisition of the Procureur General of the Court of Appeals, demanding authority to prosecute Louis Blanc and Caussidière, for the affair of the 15th May, which was granted by the Assembly. Application was also made for leave to prosecute Caussidière for the insurrection of June, which would have had the effect of delivering him over to the council of war, but this was refused. Both of these persons immediately fled from Paris. Louis Blanc is in England.

In Lombardy, the Austrians, under Marshal Radetzky, followed up their previous successes, and the army of Charles Albert retreated from place to place, until they concentrated in the neighborhood of Milan, the infantry greatly disorganized, but the cavalry and artillery in good order. The English and French ministers at Turin endeavored to prevail on the Austrian general to grant an armistice, for a few days, but he peremptorily refused, and stated his determination to enter Milan at all hazards. On the 5th of August a sanguinary battle was fought, in which the Piedmontese were defeated, and Charles Albert retired to the city of Milan, where he determined to capitulate. On this becoming known the populace were furious, and, headed by the Committee of Public Safety, attacked

the palace where the king was lodged, and seized his person, and he was with difficulty extricated by his guards. An armistice of forty-five days was afterwards established, according to the terms of which the territorial divisions were settled as they were before the war, the former frontiers established, and the fortress of Peschiera and the city of Venice were to be given up to the Austrians. The Austrians entered Milan on the 6th, and the Piedmontese retired to their own country in a complete state of disorganization. Peschiera has been delivered up to the Austrians, but the inhabitants of Venice refuse to fulfil the stipulation for the cession of that city. Charles Albert has again made a formal application to the French government for assistance, and the French army of the Alps is being increased, but Gen. Cavaignac has declared his intention not to embark in war until the result of a mediation undertaken by the French and English governments shall be known. The basis on which it is proposed to reconcile the belligerent parties has not transpired.

In Rome the ministerial crisis ended in Mamiani re-entering the cabinet, having compelled the Pope to consent to the closest alliance with the princes of Italy, and to authorize reinforcements being dispatched to Charles Albert without delay. The populace were greatly excited against the Pope, through the representations of designing men, who made them believe that his Holiness was supine in his opposition to the Austrians; and the people went in procession to the French ambassador to claim the intervention of France.

The central administration of Germany under the Archduke John is busily engaged in organizing the new federal administration, and various propositions relative to the interior arrangements, as also the Italian and Schleswig-Holstein wars, and the difficulties between the Hungarians and Croats, are under consideration; but up to the present time little if anything has been effected. The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna, where matters appear to be in a very unsettled state, and the same is the case in Berlin, where a slight outbreak occurred, but which was promptly put down. The federal system of united Germany seems likely to meet with considerable opposition in both of these kingdoms, and at Frankfurt the difficulties to be apprehended from the possessions of the Austrian and Prussian monarchs out of Germany are becoming subjects of serious discussion, several of the representatives expressing their fears that embarrassment must arise from this cause. The Schleswig and Holstein war is at a stand, and negotiations for a settlement, under mediation, are attempted.

Amongst the recent deaths we find the following:—

Berzelius, the celebrated chemist, after fifty

years' application to science, died in the 69th year of his age. He was born at Vafversunda in Ostrogothland, 29th August, 1779, and in 1806 he succeeded Spaurneau as Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at Stockholm. His works were extensive in nearly every department of experimental science: he was connected by honorary election with eighty-eight of the scientific societies of Europe, and Charles John, King of Sweden, conferred on him the title of Baron, to mark his sense of the services he had rendered to his country. Captain Marryat, the popular novelist, died on the 9th of August in his 56th year; he was son of a London banker. George Stephenson, the civil engineer, died at his establishment in Derbyshire on the 12th of August, at the age of 67. He was born near Newcastle in April, 1781. His father was a workman in the Wylam colliery, and he commenced his career in the same humble employment at a very early age. He afterwards removed to Killingworth colliery, where he married his first wife, by whom he had one son, the celebrated engineer, Robert Stephenson, M. P. The first indication of his genius for mechanics was shown in repairing his own clock; soon after he was allowed to try his hand at repairing a condensing machine

which was out of order, and which he repaired; this was followed by his repairing and improving the engine at the colliery, and this so satisfied his employers that it was at once put under his entire charge. He was engaged in making experiments on the safety lamp at the same time as Sir Humphrey Davy, and, as a remuneration for his services, a subscription of £1000 was raised, which, together with a piece of plate, was presented to him at a public dinner at Newcastle in 1818. From that period his advancement was rapid, and if not the actual inventor of the railway system, his discoveries and ingenuity did more than that of any other man to its establishment and success. He was engaged in the Stockton and Darlington Railway (the first locomotive railway used for travelling) in 1825, and in 1829 gained the premium of £500 for the best locomotive engine for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. He was subsequently employed in the construction of most of the principal railways in England, and also in constructing lines in Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. His attention to the mental and temporal improvement of his workmen, who numbered more than a thousand, could not be surpassed.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

PORTRAIT OF HON. MILLARD FILLMORE. Engraved by A. H. Ritchie, for E. Anthony, 205 Broadway, New York.

The portrait that embellishes the present number does equal credit to the artist with that which preceded it. These and the plate of General Taylor, are for sale by Mr. Anthony, the proprietor, at 205 Broadway. The following are sufficient testimonies to the accuracy of the likeness of Mr. Fillmore:—

Albany, Sept. 20, 1848.

SIR:—On my return from the West yesterday, I was presented with a beautiful miniature engraving of my husband, Millard Fillmore, from yourself, for which you will please accept my sincere thanks.

I consider it an excellent likeness, by far the best I have seen, and shall preserve it as a cherished memento of the original.

Respectfully yours,
ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

Albany, Sept. 22, 1848.

E. ANTHONY, ESQ.—DEAR SIR:—I have been

waiting Mrs. Fillmore's return and approbation of your engraving of my miniature, to order a dozen copies for a few friends. * * *

* * * I am happy to inform you that all who have seen it, pronounce it an excellent likeness and beautiful engraving.

The mail is closing and I write in haste, but am

Truly yours,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

Chambers's Miscellany. Number Twenty-six. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln; and in New York by Burgess & Stringer, corner of Ann street and Broadway.

This is one of the most interesting numbers of an interesting series which we have often noticed. Its contents are: "Wonders of the Microscope; The Elizabethan Poets; Life of Sir William Jones; Life of Doctor John Leyden; Life of Dr. Alexander Murray; Life of Alexander Wilson; History of the Jews in

England; Anecdotes of the Early Painters;"—an attractive variety for old readers as well as young. We are glad to see among the heaps of trash circulated by the cheap literature system, some books which tend to spread intelligence and promote the love of knowledge.

Works of Washington Irving. New Edition Revised. Vol. 1. Knickerbocker's New-York. New York: George P. Putnam, 1848.

Every one of the least pretension to literary taste or knowledge, has read Knickerbocker; but every one does not know how much new matter is contained in his new edition, for Diedrich, with his usual modesty, has said nothing about it in his "apology," nor permitted his publisher to say anything in his advertisement. But not content with "revising," the worthy historian has made very considerable additions to his labors. There are some entire chapters, treating chiefly of Kilian Van Rensselaer and his settlement; and many rich *moreaux* introduced here and there of which we lay one before our readers as a specimen. A blundering dominie has recorded that the Dutch discoverers of our city bargained for so much ground as a bullock's hide would cover, and then cut the hide into small thongs, "so as to take in a considerable quantity of land and the Indians into the bargain." Diedrich now gives the true version of the story, viz. that "Oloff Van Kortlandt bargained for just so much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. The terms being concluded, he produced his friend Mynheer Tenbroeck as the man whose breeches were to be used in measurement. The simple savages, whose ideas of a man's nether garments had never expanded beyond the dimensions of a clout, stared with astonishment and dismay as they beheld the *bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land, until they covered the actual site of this venerable city.*" Excellent!

If all Washington Irving's are to be revised after this way, his readers and admirers (under which term we believe is included all the white population in the United States except Mr. P. Benjamin,) will have a rich treat.

Physical Geography. By MARY SOMERVILLE, author of "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," "Mechanism of the Heavens." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

This, the last of those admirable scientific works of Mrs. Somerville, is deserving of a much more extended notice than we can at present make. She gives in it as far as applicable

to her subject, the last results of those vast and generally accurate investigations into physical nature which so distinguish modern times. Commencing of course with geology as the foundation, she traces the proximate causes of those external features which characterize our globe, and then proceeds in a most striking and masterly manner to depict those features as they present themselves to the eye of the scientific traveller.

The Great Continent is first described, with its magnificent mountain chains and sable clouds, its low lands and deserts; and then the corresponding features of the American Continent, beginning with South America and so through Central to North America. Greenland, and the regions of the Antarctic Circle, including the new "Victoria Continent," follow, and the continent of Australia with the surrounding islands. The ocean is next treated of, and the various river systems and lakes. A chapter follows on the atmosphere.

The vegetation of our planet forms the next branch of the subject. Taking up in order the great geographical limits, she gives a condensed account of the flora of each region. Ascending from the lower form of vegetable organization to that of animal, she describes the distribution of insects, fishes, reptiles, birds, and so up to the mammalia, concluding the whole with "the distribution, condition, purpose, and prospects of the Human Race." This simple synopsis of the contents of this work will be sufficient to indicate its value and interest. It must command a wide circulation, from the known accuracy and great scientific attainments of the celebrated authoress.

Charms and Counter-Charms. By MARIA J. MCINTOSH, author of "Two Lives, or, To Seem and to Be;" "Aunt Kitty's Tales;" "Conquest and Self-Conquest," etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

Euton Hastings, the hero, or one of the heroes of this tale, is a sad dog, and we caution all young ladies who may read it against falling in love with him; *first*, because no such man could possibly exist in the actual world, and *second*, because if there did, he would be the very last man worth loving. He has "dark and deep set eyes," "firmly compressed lips, which tell of an indomitable will," "a broad and high forehead," and "a noble position of the head, and consummate ease and grace in every movement." He had spent fifteen years abroad in consequence of some early love disappointment, and returned at the opening of the tale in company with Mrs. Mabury, who was a fashionable woman. They were constantly together, and extremely intimate; yet it was only a contention which would be proud-

est that held them thus. They were thought to be engaged.

Our first objection to the book arises from the position of these two parties. They were together daily, alone and in company—they rode, talked, walked, danced, sang together, each in a most peculiar and superior manner. They were as intimate as intimate can be, and a little more.

Now it is disagreeable to the fancy to picture a passionate couple, such as these are represented to have been, living in that manner for a long space of time, neither *married* nor bound in duty to be *married*. The thing is against nature and reason, and therefore to contemplate it tends to corrupt and unrefine. Faults of the same sort are so common in modern lady novels, that we have been compelled to consider extreme false sentiment as their special vice. But one is not called upon to reform the *whole* world, and we shall therefore leave this department to others.

The same defect here noticed mars the whole story. The characters love and quarrel, and grow good or bad, etc., all out of their heads, and this makes them all unlovely, theatrical, and impossible. They explain all their motives.

The heroine easily forsakes her first love, for the mysterious, irresistibly fascinating Hastings, who marries her for his own pleasure purely. They quarrel, and he finally runs away, and rejoins his former flame, Mrs. Mabury, who had gone abroad. It appears he only travels and talks with her. His wife runs after him and finds him out in Rome. He takes her back on condition she shall live with him not as a wife but as a mistress, (which, being his lawful wife, was a mere technical form of words to gratify his pride.) He is taken with a fever, which causes her to consider the enormity of the crime she is committing, and resolve to leave him. Then finally, he runs after her instead of she after him; he who was the original *Charmer*, has found the *Counter-Charmer* the most powerful. (N. B. Before reading this we had supposed the ladies most exposed to *counter-charms*. Vide Stewart's, Beck's, etc.) Thus in the end they turn out a very exemplary and happy couple.

Let us not however be too severe upon the unfortunate little volume. It is really written with much ability, and is with all its faultiness, well sustained and interesting. If the reader will allow himself to be transported into a region where the young ladies manage everything, and the young gentlemen are the most abstruse, funny creatures imaginable, a good deal of amusement may be derived from it. To apply severe criticism to it, would be like bringing a Paixhan gun to batter down a Macbeth's castle as it sands upon the stage.

Perhaps it will be thought severe even to notice thus half seriously the work, as it appears by the title-page, of a lady author. But what

can one do? Here is a crowd of similar offenders. There is a divided duty; truth says "smite!" politeness says "puff?" We avoid the dilemma by singling out the least guilty, and letting execution issue against that alone. Such is our clemency.

Mirabeau—a Life History. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. (Reprint.)

We have, in this biography of Mirabeau, a palpable imitation of Carlyle, in the form of the book, the method of treating the subject, and the style employed. The author is evidently one of those who have been carried captive by the power of that great writer. But what seems natural in the original, in the imitation is pure affectation. In addition to this defect of the work, the author, as might be expected, is a *Hero-Worshipper*. All worship but one being idolatry, the literature and history proceeding from it must bear the impress of the sin; and the judicious reader will find palpable evidence thereof in the volume before us. With these truths kept in mind, however, we may safely recommend this work as a graphic, and in the main faithful portraiture of the greatest of that "large and increasing" class of men, the revolutionists of France. The selections from the speeches, reports and addresses of Mirabeau are made with judgment, and convey a very high idea of his genius. His vices and crimes, however, are too much attributed to circumstances. Recent events have added interest to the subject of the work, and it is a pity that some one with sound moral, political and philosophical principles would not give to the age a true estimate of the life of that extraordinary man.

Grantley Manor. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

The authoress of this book wields a powerful pen, and we can commend her tale as of much interest and great purity of purpose. The horrible effects of religious intolerance are very strikingly illustrated; and the heroism of her heroine, in holding to her faith under the most powerful temptations, is exhibited with great force. That there is much special pleading for that faith we will not venture to say, as we rise from the perusal of the book uncertain whether the author is of that faith or has only that rare charity which gives to opponents the full benefit of their own reasons for the faith that is in *them*. Some of the characters are beautifully portrayed, and the story is, on the whole, one of the very best of its class.

THE DRAMA.

The natural tendency in man to continue to love what he has long loved, and to feel an attachment to or repugnance for certain places according to the associations with which they may be connected, is one which, in these days of electricity, it does no harm to encourage. It is a disposition which promotes quietness and a propensity to prefer the established order of things. There is always plenty to claim our attention in the novelties that are perpetually springing up around and before us without our particular care; they force themselves upon us and rest simply on their merits—indeed they are so many and various in a city like New York that those who go about to enjoy themselves have much ado to prevent being quite carried away by them, so as to lose their personal identity and the power of reflection. It seems wisest to keep an eye as much as possible to old times; the present will take care of itself.

Hence it is not weakness but wisdom, to cherish feelings of kindness towards "Old Drury," and to be gratified at seeing it re-opened under auspices which promise success. Within its walls old times were pastimes, and to sit there now and enjoy good acting restores the sensations of youth. There is more of illusion connected with its stage than with any other; in its boxes the fancy is more docile than anywhere else. Moreover, we experience there more of the delightful sense of the sinfulness of stage performances than in any other theatre; in witnessing plays there we have superadded the sweet reminiscence of stolen pleasures—the recollection of college days, huge cloaks, false whiskers of enormous proportion, Shakespeare carried under the arm, and tears at Booth's fago. We can enjoy the other theatres in their way; the tawdry Broadway, the merry Olympic, the beautiful Opera House; but none of them inspire the old Park feeling; none of them, if we except the musical associations of the Opera House and those of its brilliant audiences, awakens the peculiar elevated state of mind with which we wish to sit and see

"gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."

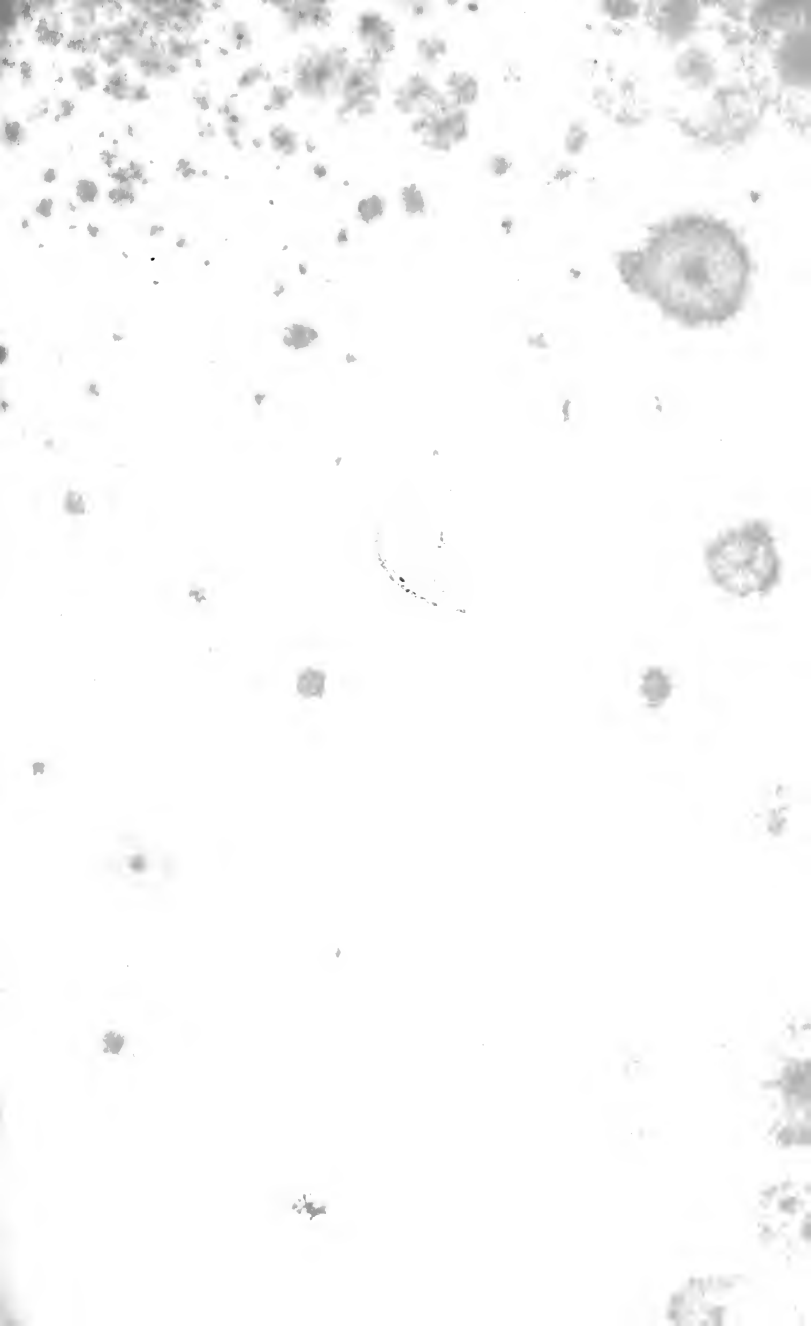
We hope the enterprise under Mr. Hamblin's management may prove all that could be desired by the many lovers of the legitimate drama in the city and all over the country who must have similar agreeable associations. The house has been elegantly fitted up, and is now what it never was before, comfortable and beautiful. At present the Monplaisir ballet company are drawing crowded houses.

MUSIC.—Mr. J. L. HATTON, an English pianist who has recently arrived, has given several musical entertainments during the month, which ought not to pass without favorable notice. Mr. H. is one of the neatest and most fluent pianists we have ever heard; he uses the pedal and wrist less than the latest players, but his touch is delicate, and his executive powers very great. To hear him play from MENDELSSOHN is a treat which our musical readers here and in other cities (should he make the usual tour) must not neglect.

In addition to his merits as a performer he is an excellent singer—not with great powers of voice, but with admirable elocution, and the ease imparted by true feeling and thorough education. His song from Handel, "Oh, rud-dier than the cherry," was the best in its way we have had an opportunity of hearing. But it is as a singer of comic songs, and pieces mixed up of song and recitative, that he chiefly depends for making his performances successful. In this respect he is worthy of great praise; his singing is characterized by true humor, and his command of the keyboard enables him to produce the funniest accompaniments imaginable. Besides, all that he does in this way has the merit of not being low or common. He is witty, humorous, laughable, yet he does not transform himself into a buffoon; he does nothing, in short, which a singer may not do, and still give the impression that he is a gentleman.

This is a difficult matter to accomplish, and it is one not always attempted or required. We were never able to admire, for the absence of it, the comic songs of the Hutchinson family. There was a *sneakingness* in them, which, though no one born and bred in the New England country could help understanding, yet to which it seemed degrading to give way. But a Yankee song on the stage, and in appropriate costume, is well enough. There is an incongruity in seeing a well-dressed man assume a clownish voice and manners; in costume, this is avoided; the singer leaves his own character, and takes the one he sings in. Then we see not one of ourselves, but another sort of person.

Sir Walter Scott, in the preface to an edition of his novels, published after his confession of their authorship, compares himself to a certain harlequin, who, on being once persuaded to appear without his mask, lost his reputation, and could never perform after. We have those who are able to assume the manners and outward guise of vulgarity, not in the concert-room only, but on all occasions, without the defence of any mask, except a very thin one of hypocrisy, which they are willing should be seen through.





F. Buller King

AMERICAN REVIEW.

 Contents for November.

A LETTER FROM A CITIZEN OF NEW YORK TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY, TOUCHING THE ELECTION,	439
BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA. By Lieut. C. P. Kingsbury, U. S. A.,	445
WARS BETWEEN THE DANES AND GERMANS, FOR THE POSSESSION OF SCHLESWIG. By Professor Adolphus L. Koeppen,	453
THE WAR OF CHIOZZA. Translated by C. C. Hazewell, from Count Daru's History of Venice,	470
THE VENGEANCE OF EROS. By Carl Benson,	483
LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT. By N. S. Dodge,	484
THE PAINTER DUHOBRET,	500
SONNET—SONG,	502
NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA. By E. G. Squier,	503
A DAY IN OCTOBER,	528
GHOST STORIES. By G. W. Peck,	529
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	541
CRITICAL NOTICES,	545

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NO. V.

A LETTER FROM A CITIZEN OF NEW-YORK,
TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,
TOUCHING THE ELECTION.

MY DEAR SIR :—You have often asked me to send you certain political views, which were elicited in our agreeable conversations, partly by your own and partly by my suggestions, which, you said, you would communicate to such of your friends as had not matured their opinions; in order, as you said, to induce them to go to the election with greater preparation and intelligence, and to furnish them with some proper means of persuasion over the lukewarm and the neutrals.

What I have gleaned from you I here return to you; and, because it seemed to me an easier and a more agreeable shape, in the form of a letter. When I address you in terms of advice, and say that so and so is true, and that this or that should be done or remembered, I only echo your own advice, rather to show you how well I have profited by it, than to attempt impertinently to appropriate it.

I know of but one man to whom victory or defeat are alike disgraceful; and that is he who fails, through indolence, through conceit, or cowardice, to engage in the conflict. Victory shames him, because he can claim no part in its honors or its rewards; defeat disgraces him, because he failed to render his due aid, when that was needed. In a government like ours, where all power emanates from the individual,

and right and freedom are maintained only by the vigilance of each citizen; to decline engaging in the great conflicts of party, argues either an unmanly timidity and sluggishness, or an unpardonable ignorance, or it may be, a conceit of superiority and refinement, that render the citizen a fitter subject for despotism, than for a free republic: and when men of honor and virtue are set before us for our suffrages, and the cause which they represent is the cause of peace, of good government, of freedom, and of the common good, great indeed must be the obstacle that can prevent us.

And now what are the reasons offered by your friends, against engaging in the election? They say they cannot enter into the contest with enthusiasm—they cannot pluck up a spirit of opposition, because they cannot have the leader whom they like. The election then, it seems, is for a particular man, and not for the honor and power of the people! We go to the polls, not for a principle, but for a man! Not to alter the policy of the government, and to check its progress towards despotism, but only to elect some one whom we favor more than another!

To this, perhaps, your friends will answer, that I mistake them—that they are not the children and simpletons we take them to be,

but that they have no spirit to engage in electing any candidate who will not pledge himself to carry out all and every measure of the Party.

Now, as I have already said, it is possible, that before this meets their eyes, the coming election may have been decided, and all reasoning upon the matter may seem quite idle, being behind the time; but it is not to this election only, but to all elections, that these objections apply. If they will not now vote, because they are not pleased with their candidate, so, will they not in future, for the same reason. They will not vote, in future, in case he, or any other with whom they are dissatisfied, should a second time become the nominee of a convention; unless by that time he, or another, shall have quitted his present high position, and shall have given pledges to perform that impossible thing—I mean to carry out perforce the will of a party constituency.

But, at this word "impossible," I think I see an expression of incredulity, passing over the faces of your friends. Impossible? they exclaim, is anything impossible to a President? Has he not the press, the army, the navy, the post office, the revenue, nay, Congress itself, at his command? Can he not recommend and carry through, or oppose and crush, any measure that displeases him? Has he not full two hundred thousand votes at his absolute bidding, to swell the natural Locofoco minority into an actual majority; or, if he be a Whig, to make the natural majority overwhelming and irresistible? What cannot he do, that he intends to do, and with a strong will and a wise mind, resolves to do? What measure of public benefit, or of private right can pass through Congress against his will? Not one. Talk you then of impossibility?

This charge, then, I answer, my good sirs, has been made against you, that your boasted 'liberty men,' your free soil men, your constitutional men, and your anti-despotic men, your reformers generally; are just as ready, just as eager, as their opposites, to elect a despot? Nay, more—you will not only vote for and elect a despot—a man pledged to use a despotic power—but you even will not vote for another; you will not rest satisfied, until you have forced a pledge from your candidate

—a promise—an oath of honor, that he *will*, for your sakes, be a despot—will sway the whole unlawful power of the government to enforce your measures. Instead of requiring from him an oath of honor, that he will *not* interfere and abuse the power of the government, you insist that he *shall* interfere, that he shall swear to interfere, or you will not cast a vote for him! Here is a fine piece of statesmanship! The end, that of all others the Whig party wish to accomplish, namely, that our President forbear to exercise an unconstitutional authority, that end you are defeating by forcing him to give pledges.

General Taylor would not give pledges. He would not give his word of honor to carry out the measures of the party; because he thought it a vicious and unconstitutional precedent to do so. He would not bind himself to employ the veto power or the executive patronage, to carry out any schemes of either party, or of south, west, or north, because he held it to be an unconstitutional and injurious exercise of power, should he be elected, to do so. Was he to be President, he would be the Executive of the law, of Congress and the Constitution; and not the Executive of a party or a faction. And this is the man for whom you, whose voices have been loudest in the cry raised against the growing power of the Executive—this is the man for whom *you* refuse to cast your votes! Consistency, my fellow-subjects, is a jewel—but it does not sparkle on *your* breasts.

I see, my dear sir, that notwithstanding all my expostulations, your friends continue to insist that a president ought to pledge himself to carry out every measure of his party. They are unreasoning followers, who think that holding this or that opinion, in favor of a bank or tariff, internal improvement, or the distribution of the proceeds of public lands, constitutes a Whig; they are not aware that no one of these opinions is essential to the Whig creed—that a man may entertain serious doubts about the policy of bonuses, state banks, prohibitory duties, and other matters, and yet be a very good Whig.

What then is your doctrine? they will exclaim. Are not these that you name, the principles of our party—are they not written in our catechism?

O no, these things are not written in our catechism. Let it be supposed, that by the application of a tariff to foreign manufactures, for a period of five or ten years, our own wares had become cheaper, through competition and improvements in mines and manufactures, than those imported wares of England, there would be no need of a tariff then; and the Whigs would cease to ask a tariff for protection upon any species of manufacture. Would the Whigs then be left without a doctrine or a principle, because they had ceased to ask a tariff?

Or suppose, that the money wasted in the war had been applied to the river and harbor improvements, and to the construction of roads, and the Whigs, seeing that money enough, and perhaps more than enough, had been spent on these improvements, should thereupon advocate retrenchments; would they then be left without a principle?

Or, imagine if it be possible, that the ambition of England had driven us into a war; would the Whigs, in advocating a just war, be left without a principle?

It is not a protective tariff that the Whigs look for, but that the vast surplus of food produced by our farmers shall find a consumer near at hand, that he may be sure of a return for his labor, and not allow his profits to be wasted by the transportation of his wheat, and corn, and cotton, beyond the sea; that the farmer depend no longer upon Irish famines; that the cotton grower live no longer in terror of the Indian and Australian planter, depending on their bad success; that labor everywhere meet its due reward; in a word, that the nation, the state, the town, the village, and the farm, be protected by every means in the power of government, against the monopoly of England, and of all other countries, who have resolved that the farmer of America shall not have his brother a handicraftsman in the same village with him, but shall buy of the English handicraftsman, paying his risks and losses, his agencies, his discounts, his insurance, his transportation and his profits, in order that English manufacturers may accumulate vast fortunes, and the Peels and Cobdens become rich, while the American farmer remains poor; and while his brother, the starving weaver, or

ironworker, is obliged to throw up his business and emigrate to the West, to meet there with new hardships, and with greater poverty than that which he left behind him. It is Whig policy to keep men together, and by mutual aid to increase their wealth. If a protective tariff is necessary just at this time to effect this end, the Whigs will move for a tariff, and not otherwise. The Whigs wish to have the nation govern itself, and not be governed by the manufacturers of England. It is not to enrich New England and Pennsylvania, but to protect the manufacturers from an unfair competition, and the farmer and cotton growers from the evils of a surplus and no buyers; to enable every State to double its wealth and population, by placing the manufacturer and the farmer side by side—the consumer by the side of the producer, the grower of produce by the side of the fashioner of produce—and no longer to allow the profits of each to be snatched from them by a company of cunning monopolists on the other side of the ocean.

To carry out this point of Whig policy, or rather, to protect the nation against the injurious power of the British capitalists, whose purpose it now is to separate the consumer from the producer, to keep the broad ocean between the planter and the handicraftsman, though the laws of nature bid them stay by each other, and aid each other—to carry out this point of national policy, we have our choice between two methods, namely, the compulsory or despotic, and the liberal or republican method.

By the first method, we must lay aside all regard to the future, and elect a pledged President. Having elected him, we must look up to him as our master and guardian; when, before election, he was only our tool and agent.

By the second method, we elect an Executive President, pledged only by his oath, to support the Constitution, and by word of honor, to forbear the unjust exercise of power.

By the first method, we countenance our adversaries in those usurpations for which we so loudly condemn them. For, if they elect a President, committed, and bound by word of honor, to wrest the laws to the accomplishment of the will of his constitu-

ents, we, ourselves, meant not to do otherwise; and should we succeed, we have then failed of reforming the great evil, and have inflicted another blow on the fallen body of our liberty.

By the second method, we shame our adversaries, and compel them to take a new position before the people; and by a series of successful efforts on our part, we shall finally re-establish the power of Congress on a basis, more stable than the laws,—the basis of a national precedent, and a national opinion.

By electing a pledged President, we admit that we mean to have the nation governed by a minority, headed by a despotical executive. For should it happen, as it will surely happen, that the transient majority disappears after the election, we should then present the singular spectacle of a government, professedly founded on majorities, wielded by a faction with a despot at its head. Our president, elected to carry out certain measures, remains bound to them by an oath of honor, through the entire course of his administration, notwithstanding the extremest changes of public opinion. If elected to support a war policy, he remains bound to a war policy, even when the causes of a just war are no longer in existence. If elected to support a tariff, he must continue to support a tariff, notwithstanding an entire change of opinion in his party. A pledged President will be almost invariably at war with the majority, before his term of office shall expire.

But because the terms of his election authorize him to employ the powers of the government to such ends as fall within the line of a certain policy, though now left without a popular support, he is not left without power. His power is not impaired by his unpopularity; he is as able as ever, and readier than ever, to create a party for himself. He knows that at the end of his term, he will drop into obscurity and contempt, and, therefore, he improves the time; and so manages the purse and the sword as it likes him to manage them.

Should it happen, on the other hand, that finding that those who elected him have lost consideration and influence, and ceased to be a majority, he may easily and for a light pretext, break his pledges; under the democratic excuse, that as the majority is in all cases to be obeyed,

in office and out of office, he must know and execute the will of the majority of the nation, whether that agree or disagree with that of those who elected him. And thus it will happen, that a pledged President, at liberty to ascertain for himself what public opinion is, will either desert his party, if they fall into a minority—pretending obedience to the popular will—or he will be the President of a minority, obliged to use unlawful means to carry out the measures of that minority.

I cannot, therefore, but approve and respect the course taken by General Taylor, in his refusal to undergo the pledges of the party who are striving to elect him. And by this step he has shown a degree of foresight and of courage, that speaks a mind and character suitable and able to the greater responsibilities of government. He showed, in this course, not only a solicitude for his own honor, but a remarkable foresight.

To appreciate this more fully, let us cast an eye, in imagination, over the future administration of a President, elected, as many would have him, under the pledges of a party. Notwithstanding that he has pledged himself to support every measure, even the most ultra and violent—notwithstanding this, his popularity carries him into office, he rides into the presidency upon a popular wave, that leaves him at the instant he is seated in the executive chair; when it is remembered that he is no longer the head of a nation, but the pledged executive of a faction. The first act of his administration is the indiscriminate ejection from office—an act to which a pledged President is bound by the nature of his election—of the whole body of office holders. By which, already, he has created a powerful opposition, destined to grow rapidly into a real majority.

His next step is to establish a silent committee of information, in which are included all the trusted and able members of the government, for the control of office-holders, editors, and citizens having claims or favors to ask of the government. By this arrangement, an almost irresistible power is established over opinion, and the elections are affected in such a manner as to create an artificial majority in many parts of the nation. The government operates

on the leaders, who expect offices, honors, or treasury jobs. They, in turn, operate each upon a crowd of the second rate: these again come in contact with and move each a little crowd of voters; and thus the whole machine is kept in working order, and works as it is moved from the centre. Public opinion is manufactured on a grand scale by the executive press. Letters are sent from Washington to remote country editors, advising to make such and such demands, as if coming from the people; these writings are then quoted together in the central papers, as though they were a free expression of the national opinion, coming simultaneously from all quarters of the continent. In the middle of this tissue of lies sits the editor of the Executive Organ, at Washington, like a vast spider in the middle of his web.

Next follows the management of the Territories. A pledged President distributes over all the territories such governors, lieutenants and judges, as will wrest the law to carry out the will of the faction. The old set of governors and managers are turned off, unless, like the valiant ex-governor of Michigan, they can fall into a "fit of easy transmission," and suffer the light of the new policy suddenly to illuminate their ancient ignorance.

Next we have the army and navy, and the military academy, to be officered—as vacancies occur—with the friends of the Presidential policy.

No less does Congress itself demand the proper care of the government; elections are to be managed by custom-house officers, and other retainers of the centre, so as to return members to swell a corrupt and artificial majority in the house.

Last of all, but not least in importance, the Supreme Court of the United States, should a vacancy occur upon its bench, must be strengthened with a pliable judge, or a "judicious" judge, who will not fail to discover what is and what is not unconstitutional, just as the Executive may suggest.

I have not enumerated all the means of influence that may be employed by an ingenious and enterprising intriguer. The system itself has not yet been perfected. It needs a Machiavelli to do that, and to leave us a testament of the art of governing republics by fraud, fear, falsehood,

and bribery. The London press and the English Ministry may be acted on with facility, by an intriguer managing the affairs of the wealthiest and most powerful nation on the earth, as the United States are now well known to be. As they act upon us, so they may be acted on by us. And as things are going on, we shall by and by see more of this.

Add then to this sea of patronage the power of forcing such bills through Congress, as the Executive may see fit, together with the power of stopping such as displease him, by the use or previous threat of the veto, and you have a grand idea of the power of a Party President, elected with a full understanding that he is to carry out every measure of his party; and when that falls away from him, every measure of his Congressional and patronage clique, or of his private ambition.

All these means of influence, the growth of a corrupt age, General Taylor has laid aside, by giving his word of honor that he will not use the power of his office to carry out the measures of any faction; that in office he will imitate the conduct of Washington in a dignified forbearance, and in deferring all to the will of a lawful and deliberate majority in Congress. I cannot but say of this act, when I reflect upon the wisdom that must have prompted it, and the consequences that must flow from it, that it is one of those great instances of public virtue that are handed down to posterity for the admiration, and for the good, of future ages.

Entering unpledged upon his great trust, General Taylor, should he be elected, will become indeed the head and leader of the nation, and the great defender and restorer of the Republic. He will be there to execute the laws, to preserve peace, to temper by a mild and wise conduct, though not without a salutary vigor, the violence of sectional rage. The party who elect him will not be able to sway him as a tool, or to reproach him, should he not go all lengths with them in the unrestrained employment of a political victory. To defend the honor of the nation, to keep the boundary, to protect the colonist and the emigrant in the far West, to maintain the dignity and peace of the Empire, he

will find a great task, and when to that is added, the management of a just and lawful patronage, and the care of the navy and army, and of all national interests at home and abroad, his capacious intellect and ripe judgment will find their natural and legitimate field. We shall respect and honor him as our elected head and defender.

General Taylor, in a letter* which every one must have seen, has refused to reply to minute inquiries regarding his opinions on topics of political economy, and particular constructions of the Constitution; because he does not regard the precise opinions of a President, or of a candidate for the presidency, as of any weight, compared with that of Congress and the nation. He does not regard the executive as a law giving or governing, but as only a law executing and moderating power:—it is the balance wheel, and not the prime mover, of the government.

Let us reflect, then, to what end we must come, if the system of electing pledged presidents is permitted to go on, as it has been going since the election of Martin Van Buren. At each period of four years, the powers of the executive will be advanced, and severer and more stringent pledges exacted of him. Each candidate fortified in a course of arbitrary rule, by the example of his predecessors, will have less regard than they, for the rights of Congress and the limits set upon him by the Constitution. The great ends of government lost sight of more and more, the executive must be more and more converted into an instrument of bigotry, of selfishness and of ambition. Congress, losing gradu-

ally, not only its own respect, but that of the people, ceases to originate law, and becomes the passive agent of the one-man power. Instead of legislation comes a domination. Laws originate in the cabinet, and stand for the will of a minority. A popular outcry raised by a disaffected faction in any part of the Union, intimidates a President on the verge of re-election, and immediately laws are passed injurious to the liberty of the nation. The Constitution becomes a dead letter. Civil war begins to show its bloody front, and the emergency vests a dictatorial and imperial authority in the executive. The crisis is passed by, rebellion is suppressed—but the nation is enslaved. The power of the natural majority appears no longer in the opinions of Congress. Laws are originated under the eye of the President. A bench of judges in the supreme court receives instructions how to act, what principles to admit, what parties to favor and what to condemn. The army and the navy depend, from the executive chair, suspended by a golden chain. Taxes begin to increase. Wars become expedient. The nation, losing sight of its true interest, becomes ambitious and warlike. It has become a monarchy, and the monarch is an emperor; he re-elects himself, and suppresses the rebellion of the provinces against himself by force of arms.

Such, my dear sir, is the picture of our destiny, if we continue to exact pledges from our presidential candidates. Your friends will, perhaps, believe that what I have said has an air of reason; that it is, at least, an approximation to the truth. If they think so, let them go to the polls and vote for an unpledged candidate. They can do it with a good conscience. Henceforth, let it be the duty and the care of the people to govern themselves, by their lawful representatives. The opinion of a natural, unforced majority of the people is always better than that of one man. Let *the people* establish what is right—a President *cannot* do it.

I am, truly yours, &c.

* BATON ROUGE, La., March 29, 1848.

SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 7th instant, asking my views on certain questions of domestic policy.

I beg to inform you that I have uniformly declined yielding to similar requests, in the belief that my opinions, even if I were President of the United States, are neither important nor necessary; and I regret to add, that I see no reason for departing, in the present instance, from that course.

With sentiments of much respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant.

Z. TAYLOR.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.*

THERE is perhaps no single question of fact which usually involves so much diversity of opinion and of description, as that of a military engagement, the particulars of which may be derived solely from actors in the scene, and yet be found to differ in numberless details, and frequently in the most important elements. No two individuals will observe the incidents from precisely the same point of view, and, as in gazing upon the rainbow, every spectator sees a different one from his neighbor, so it would appear from the conflicting narratives of battles, that there are as many combats as there happen to be narrators. Hence every account of such historical events gives us an additional degree of approximation nearer to the truth, and the final historian, by taking a mean of the whole, is enabled to extract enough for practical purposes, of the "philosophy which teaches by example." Whether the work of Captain Carleton, like his letter to a distinguished general, (p. 184,) touching a point not yet fully disposed of, "settles the question" of the battle of Buena Vista for all time, we are not prepared to affirm, but that it is a valuable addition to the facts already communicated to the public, in relation to what he is pleased to consider the great battle *par excellence* of the war, we think few will be disposed to deny. As set forth in his preface, Captain Carleton's facilities for qualifying himself for the task were unquestionable, and if he has not fully attained the object of his aspirations, the fact must not be attributed to want of zeal or of good intentions, but rather to the causes to which we have just briefly adverted.

The events preliminary to the battle are detailed by the author with commendable minuteness and perspicuity. The reasons

for occupying Agua Nueva, which developed the consummate strategic talent of the American general, and the ease with which he baffled the well-laid plans of General Santa Anna, by discovering the purposes of that able and crafty commander, and concealing his own, are set forth with a clearness worthy of the subject, and with an apparent fidelity to truth worthy of the historian. Even the reconnoissances three days before the battle are described so faithfully as to include the most trivial incidents, in which the author evinces his determination not only to give the truth, but the whole truth. But for this desire to include all the events of one month, we do not see the importance of relating so particularly the events of both reconnoissances, as that under Major M'Culloch seems alone to have resulted in any practical consequence, that intrepid officer having actually passed within the Mexican lines, while Colonel May's command appears only to have lost by capture one officer and one private. With the manoeuvres, numbers, and position of the enemy, Captain Carleton has also made himself equally familiar, and in detailing his corps, divisions, and battalions, gives us the names of their several commanders, even down to the ranchero Colonels Blanco and Aguierra, those old friends and patrons of the Centre Division, who relieved its necessities by liberal supplies of forage at liberal prices, and whose good dinners will doubtless long be remembered by the most distinguished officers of the Chihuahua column. If we were disposed to cavil, we might feel inclined to question the declaration "that nothing more is necessary than a simple array of the facts which constituted the elements and characterized the movements of the two armies on that occasion, "to enable any individual" to

* I. The Battle of Buena Vista, with the operations of the "Army of Occupation," for one month. By James Henry Carleton, Captain in the first regiment of Dragoons. New York: Harper and Brothers.

II. Documents accompanying the President's Message, First Session Thirtieth Congress. Washington, 1847.

understand how it (the battle) was fought and how won, (p. 1.) If "nothing more is necessary" than this, why not be satisfied with the official report of the commanding general? The facts are there set forth with classical simplicity and unrivalled perspicuity, and in the compass of a few pages, instead of a volume. We are inclined to believe, therefore, that some persons, less amiable than ourselves, would not be unwilling to point the small end of an insinuation that our author was not altogether indifferent to a display of his literary abilities, even if he were not actuated by a desire to give a certain arm of the service a position somewhat more conspicuous than that which it occupies in the official reports, and in the opinions of many who participated actively in the conflict. We distinctly disclaim any reflection, direct, collateral, or remote, upon the corps referred to. Its chivalric gallantry is too well known, and has been too well tested to render it liable to suspicion; and if it failed on this occasion to contribute as much to the result as might have been anticipated, those who were mortified at the fact will know where to look for the cause.

Without entering upon an elaborate discussion of the point, we are yet unwilling to admit the unqualified assertion that "of the numerous triumphs of our arms, it [the battle of Buena Vista] is by far the greatest." (p. 1.) With deference to the superior military judgment, experience, and acquirements of Captain Carleton, we are constrained to believe that, tested by purely rational or military principles, with reference to the numbers engaged, the duration of the conflict, and the immediate consequences of the victory, that of Buena Vista is a less brilliant achievement than that of Resaca de la Palma. The odds in both engagements were nearly the same, eighteen hundred to seven or eight thousand in one case, and about forty-five hundred to eighteen or twenty thousand in the other; but here the resemblance ceases. In one case, the enemy selected his position; in the other this advantage, and a great one, was with the opposite party. In one case the victory was decisive and complete, the enemy's camp captured, with a large quantity of military stores, and himself driven across the Rio

Grande; while in the other, the victory was at best a negative one, known only when the sun revealed the retreating foe, and in its results preserving only what we had already gained, without adding anything to our acquisitions save national glory. We have neither space nor disposition to continue farther a comparison of the two battles; but conceive that even this brief statement affords a thorough refutation of a popular error, having its origin in the circumstances which attended the two events. But while we contend that the victory of Buena Vista, as a mere military triumph, is inferior to that of Resaca de la Palma, it cannot be denied that the lofty genius and moral power of the Commanding General were more eminently conspicuous in the conflict with General Santa Anna, than in the earlier one with General Arista. On the heights of Buena Vista, General Taylor constituted in himself the main body of the Americans, and under any other commander we have no doubt that even ten thousand Americans would have been defeated. One victory was due to the combined efforts of all; but it is scarcely too much to affirm that the other was due to the presence of a single individual. All that we have heard or seen on the subject, forces upon us the conclusion that no one but Zachary Taylor would have fought the battle, and no one but Zachary Taylor could have won it. And we hope that, if any of our readers do not now concur in this opinion, we shall be able to convince them of its correctness before bringing this article to a conclusion. In our narrative, while we shall endeavor to adhere rigidly to facts, we shall not, of course, indulge in that minuteness of detail, which belongs to the historian, and shall consult not only Captain Carleton's work, and the official reports, but the descriptions written at the time by those engaged; to the authors of which we here beg leave to make a general acknowledgment of our indebtedness.

There has been considerable discussion in relation to the *discoverer* of the merits of Buena Vista as a battle-field, the rival claimants to which are a distinguished general officer of the army, and a Captain of Topographical Engineers. We have no disposition to enlist under the banner of either party; the fight, as it stands, is a

very pretty one—on paper, and from the relations previously subsisting between the parties,* it may be considered a family quarrel, and therefore not open to volunteers. Captain Carleton, however, appears to be one of the brotherhood, and, with a proper respect for discipline and subordination, takes up the championship of the senior officer. But the General, though grateful for his evidence,† is of opinion that “no great credit was due on account of the selection,”‡ in which we entirely concur, though he adds, “if great credit is due to any one it belongs to” himself, in which we do not concur at all. We have now before us the private journal of a member of General Wool’s command, and in relation to this same battle-ground, we find, as early as December, 1846, the following observations :

“The position is one of great strength, and many officers, struck with its capabilities for defence, have pronounced it the spot for a battle, should the enemy attack us with large odds. Indeed, almost any one must perceive at once its importance, if there be any way of turning it on the east, which, from the road, seems impracticable ”

In view of these facts, we consider the claims of the general or the captain, to the discovery, to be just as good as, perhaps, fifty others, and no better. The honor is certainly one which Falstaff would have considered a very “trim reckoning,” and one which might have belonged to “him that died o’ Wednesday,” without exciting any extraordinary degree of envy among the survivors. But the folly of these posthumous pretensions is too transparent for serious examination; for of what value was General Wool’s opinion, or Captain Hughes’s, or even that of the entire army, without the approval of Zachary Taylor?

At an early hour in the morning of the 22d of February, the Mexican advance, composed of four light battalions, under General Ampudia, was discovered by the American pickets. Intelligence was at once conveyed to General Taylor, who was at his camp, on the hill overlooking Saltillo from the south, where, for the purpose of making arrangements for the defence of the city, he had repaired on the preceding

day. He immediately moved forward and joined the forces at Buena Vista, at ten o’clock in the morning.

The time and the place, the hour and the man, seemed to promise a glorious celebration of the day. It was the 22d of February, the anniversary of that day on which the God of battles gave to freedom its noblest champion; to patriotism, its purest model; to America, a preserver, and to the world, the nearest realization of human perfection; but panegyric sinks before the name of WASHINGTON. The morning was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud floated athwart the firmament, or dimmed the azure of the sky, and a flood of golden radiance gilded the mountain tops and poured over the valleys, throwing light and shade into a thousand fantastic forms, and exhilarating every heart with the certainty of triumph. A soft breeze swept down from the mountains, rolling into graceful folds the banner of the republic, which was proudly streaming from the flag-staff of the Saltillo redoubt, and from the windows, towers and battlements of the city, in honor of the day.*

In the choice of his position, General Taylor,—and not General Wool, nor Captain Hughes, nor Corporal Trim, as we have shown,—exhibited the same unerring judgment, by which every act of his life has been distinguished. Every faculty, being quickened by the extremity of the peril, he here seems to have surpassed even the comprehensive sagacity and masterly *coup d’œil* which characterized his dispositions at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and which crowned triumphantly all his operations, amid the blazing lines of Monterey. The mountains rise on either side of an irregular and broken valley, about two miles wide, traversed by a series of rugged ridges, and scarred with broad, deep and winding ravines. The main road between Encantada and Buena Vista follows the course of a little rivulet, the bed of which is so deep as to form an impassable barrier from the south, to cavalry, artillery and infantry; while the other side is bounded by precipitous elevations, stretching perpendicularly towards the mountains, and separated by deep gullies, until they unite at the base of the range of which they are

* Page 177. † Page 183. ‡ Page 184.

* Correspondence of the N. O. Tropic.

spurs. One of these ridges forms a plateau of nearly three hundred yards wide, and about a thousand yards long, which was the scene of the principal operations.

The place was not unworthy the approaching conflict. Nature was there in her grandeur and her power, and far as the eye could reach, the peaks of the Sierra Madre were towering to the skies. If Napoleon could excite enthusiasm from the antiquity of the pyramids, in that burst of sublime eloquence which of itself would render his name and memory immortal, the members of both armies might have here drawn inspiration from a higher source. They were in the presence of the pre-Adamites. Around them were monuments of creation, which had risen when the "morning stars first sang together," and which will crumble into decay only, when "the sun shall slumber in the cloud, forgetful of the voice of the morning."

While the American troops were taking their positions, the Mexicans were rapidly advancing. Column after column arrived in view; their immense masses rolling up clouds of dust before them, which hung like a canopy above the road, far beyond Encantada. The presence of the Mexican general-in-chief was first announced by a white flag, which was seen dimly fluttering in the distance, the emblem of peace being appropriately borne by a disciple of the healing art. The messenger was halted by the advance picket, to whom he delivered the following summons from General Santa Anna to General Taylor to surrender:

Camp at Encantada, Feb. 22d, 1847.

You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot in any human probability avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.

With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration. God and Liberty.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To General Z. Taylor, commanding the forces of the U. S.

To this elegant emblem of benevolent bravado, and characteristic "considera-

tion," deemed by the Mexican General a fit accompaniment to the emblem of peace, General Taylor, from his saddle, dictated the following reply, which in comprehensive brevity, has no parallel in military history, unless in the "*Veni, vidi, vici*," of Julius Cæsar.

*Headquarters Army of Occupation, near }
Buena Vista, Feb. 22d, 1847. }*

SIR:—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

With high respect, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, commanding.

Señor General D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Commander-in-chief, La Encantada.

During this epistolary episode, the Mexican troops had arrived on the ground, and General Santa Anna was completing his dispositions. His infantry was formed in two divisions, under Generals Lombardini and Pacheco. A battery of three sixteen-pounders was established on his left, supported by a regiment of engineers, under Colonel Blanco, while two batteries of eight and twelve-pounders of five guns each, were planted near his right, so as to sweep obliquely the American line. The cavalry, commanded by General Juvera, occupied the rear of the batteries, near the main body of which, on his extreme right, was also posted a regiment of hussars, under Colonel Andrele. By an oversight* in the posting of the American troops in the morning, a duty which had been performed by General Wool,† before General Taylor's arrival, a height on the left and a little in front of the American line, was not occupied, and the first act of the Mexican commander, seeing the importance of the point in turning his enemy, was to order General Ampudia, with his light battalions, to take possession of it, and hold it at all hazards.

The array on both sides was now complete. The opposing hosts only awaited the signals from their leaders, to "let slip the dogs of war." But, for the first time in his Mexican campaign, General Taylor was acting on the defensive, and General

* Santa Anna's report.

† Battle of Buena Vista, page 33.

Santa Anna was evidently unwilling to commence the action. His troops had just performed a march of more than forty miles, were of course much fatigued, and required rest. Hours rolled by, without any decisive movement, after the response to the summons to surrender, which, it was thought, would at once introduce the roar of the enemy's artillery. During this pause upon the verge of battle, there was deep sensation within the American lines; each man seemed to feel that the hour for which he had marched so far, and toiled so long, had arrived; enthusiasm was tempered by a just sense of the immense issue involved in the struggle—a great victory or an overwhelming defeat, and the stern silence was broken only by the shouts which ever and anon rose from the volunteers, as some change of position occurred among the Mexican troops. At length a flash is seen, a report is heard, and a shell explodes not far from the American centre. Several discharges from a seven inch howitzer followed at irregular intervals, but did no execution.

It was now nearly sun-set. The Mexican bugles were heard sounding the "retreat," and General Taylor, attended by his staff, rode up the broad platform, from which could then be seen the entire Mexican army. Seldom has the eye rested upon a more imposing or thrilling picture. The serried hosts were all in position. The parting rays of the sun were glancing from the bayonets of thirteen thousand infantry, and the lances of five thousand cavalry; their crimson pennons were fluttering gaily in the breeze, and their blazing standards waving proudly over the magnificent array. Steeds richly caparisoned were moving from one point to another, while the towering plumes and gorgeous uniforms of their riders seemed sporting in mockery with the sun-beams. The twilight falls softly upon their glittering hosts, as the angel of death hovers above both armies, a sentinel for the night, from whose ruthless quiver the shafts of carnage are to fly to-morrow.

Ere the last note of the evening music has died away among the western hills, a sterner echo is startled from an opposite quarter. The Mexican light troops have gained a favorable position upon the heights on their right, and have commenced a rapid fire upon the American

flank, composed of several companies of Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, dismounted, and a battalion of riflemen from the 2d Indiana regiment, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall. This fire was promptly and steadily returned. The Mexicans continued to advance up the mountain with the evident determination, not only to preserve the advantage of their plunging fire, but to gain the American flank; while their persevering enemy kept climbing with them, under cover of a nearly parallel ridge, until both parties had attained such an eminence, that flash followed flash like shooting stars, and the mountain seemed to belch forth fire and smoke, as if suddenly converted into a blazing volcano.* This skirmishing continued until some time after dark, with no loss to the Americans, save four wounded, while the effect upon the Mexicans, though not precisely stated in General Santa Anna's report, was probably more severe. They remained in possession of the heights.

Convinced that no serious attack would be made until the next day, General Taylor, with a squadron of the 2d dragoons, and the Mississippi regiment, returned to his camp near Saltillo. Both armies bivouacked for the night without fires, and slept upon their arms. A prisoner was taken during the night, but could impart no information, save as to the strength of the Mexican force.

At an early hour on the morning of the 23d, the fire from the enemy's right was renewed, and soon after followed by repeated discharges of artillery from the same quarter, a battery of eight-pounders having been removed during the night to a point which commanded the entire plateau. The riflemen under Colonel Marshall were reinforced by three companies of the 2d Illinois regiment, under Major Trail, and returned the fire with spirit, gallantly maintaining their ground against a greatly superior force, and using their weapons with decisive effect. At the same time the advance of a body of Mexican infantry towards the head of a ravine, near which the Americans were posted was checked by a few shells from a twelve-pound howitzer, under Lieut. O'Brien, 4th artillery.

* Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

It was now eight o'clock, and the hour for the ground attack had arrived. The divisions of Generals Lombardini and Pacheco, numbering seven thousand men, advanced by columns on the American centre; Generals Mora y Villamil and Ampudia led a column of attack on the right, while General Juvera, at the head of three thousand lancers, was to turn the left flank of the Americans, by a rapid movement, under cover of the artillery, and the first and second divisions of infantry. In a few minutes the attack became general. Along the entire line, the battle raged with variable intensity, while less than five thousand Americans found themselves arrayed against fifteen thousand of the victims of Mexican oppression, and the myrmidons of Mexican despotism. The lancers dashed forward in unbroken order, and with reckless impetuosity, their banners streaming gaily in the wind, and their plumes waving proud defiance to every foe. The base of the mountain, around which they were winding their way, seemed literally girdled with glittering steel, as their bright lances and polished sabres flashed back the beams of the morning sun. The 2d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Bowles, occupied a position to the left of the American centre, between which and the 2d Illinois regiment, commanded by Colonel Bissell, Lieuts. O'Brien and Bryan, the latter of the topographical engineers, were posted with three pieces of artillery from Washington's battery. Upon these the Mexican columns of infantry, under cover of their artillery, directed their march, and when within two hundred and fifty yards, opened, while still advancing, a most gallant and terrific fire. The American troops were kneeling while awaiting this attack, and kept this position until the Mexicans came within fair point-blank range.* The fire was then returned by both armies with deadly effect; the discharge of almost every musket was the summons of a destroying angel, and the artillery poured into the enemy's ranks showers of case shot, canisters and shells, which were attended with frightful slaughter. Still the enemy moved steadily on, the deep chasms in his ranks being filled up as rapidly as they were created, by the thousands in their rear. There seemed no power in lead or

iron to arrest the progress of that mighty host. The 2d Indiana regiment, after gallantly sustaining itself for a time, gave way, under the ill-timed orders of Colonel Bowles, before the fierce and onward fire of the now victorious columns. O'Brien, thus deprived of support, was forced to fall back, leaving one gun* on the ground, of which the horses and cannoneers were all killed or disabled; and the 2d Illinois regiment was also compelled to retire, which it did in good order, before the overwhelming masses which had thus borne down all opposition. A few minutes more and the battle must have been hopelessly lost. The fate of the day trembled as it were upon a moment, but in that moment General Taylor arrived upon the field. The revulsion of feeling was electrical, and hope and confidence succeeded to despair. McKee's Kentuckians and Harden's Illinois battalion were at once ordered to join the intrepid Bissell, whose gallant regiment cheerfully responded to this support. The line was instantly re-formed, and with Sherman's and Bragg's artillery, now in battery on the plateau, opened once more the American fire. The thunders of the artillery, and the quick and startling volleys of the infantry, swept like the besom of destruction over the advancing legions. The Mexican columns wavered before the storm of balls which hurtled around them. The Americans seized the moment for an appeal to the bayonet. The Mexicans faltered, hesitated, and sullenly retired, with great slaughter, before a charge† that seemed as irresistible as the decrees of destiny. The lost ground was regained, while the enemy, amid increasing carnage, and with the loss of two standards, taken by the Illinois regiments, sought safety and shelter in the ravines, into which they were driven.

With the retreat of the Indiana regiment, a portion of which was subsequently rallied in the most gallant manner, by Major Dix, serving on the staff of General Taylor, the American light troops retired before the

* This gun merits a passing remark. It was taken from the Mexicans near San Antonio de Bexar, on the 28th of October, 1835, by the unfortunate Colonel Fannin; attached to Washington's battery, in 1846; recovered by its original owners in 1847, but does appear among those recaptured by the lamented Drum at Churubusco.

† Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

* Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

large masses of cavalry and infantry, which then poured down from the mountains. Many of these fugitives were not rallied until they arrived at the hacienda of Buena Vista, and a portion took no further part in the action.

The assaulting column on the right was successfully repulsed by Washington's artillery, and Lt. Col. Weatherford's battalion of Illinois volunteers. Horse and foot were mowed down before the destructive fire which was opened upon them; while the battery of sixteen-pounders, which the Mexicans had established to cover the column of attack, and silence the American fire from this quarter, though served with great industry, did no execution.

The Mexicans having turned the American left, myriads of lancers, followed by a large body of infantry, were fast gaining the rear. The Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, had been posted near the base of the mountain, so as to form a crotchet perpendicular to the main line of battle; and the enemy, animated by the unfortunate retreat which they had just witnessed, pressed forward with a zeal that threatened to bear to the earth the little band that must alone stay their progress. The 3d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, had been ordered forward to its support, but had not yet arrived; Colonel Davis was, therefore, compelled to receive the attack with his single regiment. It was composed of the men of Monterey, and, unawed by the overwhelming masses which had now reached a critical proximity, it marched unflinching forward. When within good range, each rifle sent forth its messenger of death, with certain execution. The sight of broken companies and disordered squadrons which followed, seemed to impart new zeal, and regardless of the odds, the regiment crossed a ravine, by which they were separated from the enemy, with a shout of defiance and of triumph, and again the report of their unerring rifles proved the death-knell of many an Aztec warrior. The Mexicans were thrown into disorder, and compelled to retire to the mountains before a re-organization could be effected.

While the dispersed cavalry of the Mexicans were rallying, Col. Davis was joined by the 3d Indiana regiment, and one piece of artillery under Lieut. Kilbun, and a short time subsequently by Capt. Sherman

with a twelve pound howitzer. The action being renewed was maintained with great warmth and obstinacy at this point, the enemy making several efforts to force the line, and being as often repulsed with considerable loss. The confidence of the Mexicans was indeed of short duration. The panic was now re-acting; and their shouts of triumph at the Indiana retreat, were followed by shrieks of terror and dismay. The concentration of a hot fire of artillery, upon their immense masses along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments of foot, had been productive of fearful havoc, and had created such confusion in their ranks, that many of the two corps attempted to retreat upon their main body. To oppose this movement, Lieut. Rucker, with a squadron of the 1st dragoons, was ordered up a deep ravine, across which the retreating troops were endeavoring to make their way. The order was promptly obeyed, but owing to the brokenness of the ground, could not accomplish the object, and a large portion of the enemy secured their retreat. In the mean time several bodies of lancers were concentrating somewhat to the rear of the American left, with the apparent design of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, in the vicinity of which the provision and baggage trains were deposited. Two pieces of artillery from Sherman's battery had previously been ordered thither, under Lieut. Reynolds, supported by regular dragoons and a squadron of Arkansas cavalry, under the warrior poet, Captain Pike. The scattered forces about the hacienda, the accumulation of fugitives from different parts of the field, were soon partially organized under the direction of Major Monroe, of the artillery, assisted by Major Morrison of the volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before the dragoons and artillery reached the hacienda, the columns of lancers, advancing at a gallop, were met near the Saultillo road, by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Marshall and Yell, who, after discharging their carbines with but little effect, succeeded in dividing the Mexican columns, one portion of which was driven back to its previous position. The advancing squadrons swept through the hacienda, where the fugitive Americans, from a se-

cure retreat, opened a well-directed and effective fire upon them, while Reynolds' artillery followed fast upon their precipitate course, with a fierce discharge of shot and shells, drove them across the entire valley, and forced them up a steep ascent through a gorge in the opposite range of mountains.

Notwithstanding these repeated repulses, those of the Mexicans who had been driven back from the hacienda, were soon joined by another body of cavalry, and thus reinforced, again advanced, with a view to engage the Indiana and Mississippi troops, which now held a position nearly midway between the base of the mountains and the hacienda. As one regiment was armed with rifles, the formation of a square would have afforded no strength; the two corps were therefore posted so as to form a re-entering angle, the opening towards the enemy, and the vertex resting upon the edge of a deep ravine, and thus awaited the attack. For awhile on came the enemy, with lances in rest, dashing ahead with a haughty confidence and proud contempt for the insignificant numbers opposed to them. But as the distance diminished, their progress gradually became slower and slower, until by a strange fatality, the whole body halted within a hundred yards of the Americans. The movement seemed a mockery, and had they borne charmed lives, they could not have exhibited more indifference to human power. But that halt sealed their destiny. Both lines had followed Warren's instructions at Bunker Hill, and "the whites of the eyes" being now "fairly visible," the arms were levelled, and then gleamed forth a sheet of fire that scattered the foe like chaff, felling many a gallant steed to the earth, and sending scores of riders to the sleep that knows no waking.

The discomfited lancers once more sought safety in the mountains, and having regained their position on the American left, there was yet a formidable body of the enemy in that quarter, towards which the dragoons, and a portion of the Arkansas and Indiana troops under Roane and Gorman, were directed to hold them in check. Their masses were crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, their own weapons were powerless from position; and upon them the infantry re-opened a

brisk fire, while Sherman, Reynolds and Kilburn, from their artillery, beautifully served, hailed the case-shot and canister with terrible execution.

At this time the entire Mexican force, which had gained the rear of the Americans, was in a critical position. The infantry held it on the left, while the artillery in front was making fearful carnage at every discharge. It was impossible to advance, and a junction with the main body seemed hopeless. In this dire dilemma, the treacherous cunning of his race came to the rescue of the Mexican commander. Four officers from a distant point were suddenly observed galloping at full speed towards the American lines. They were met by several officers of the Kentucky and Illinois regiments, which then occupied an advance position on the plateau, and one of them was conducted by Lieut. Col. Clay to the presence of General Taylor. It then appeared that he bore a verbal interrogatory from General Santa Anna, "to know what General Taylor wanted." This absurd message was at once believed to be a mere *ruse*, but under the sanctity of a white flag, the American commander was not at liberty to regard it as an act of bad faith, and despatched General Wool to meet the Mexican General-in-Chief, at the same moment transmitting orders to cease firing. Before General Wool reached the Mexican lines, however, they had re-commenced their fire, thereby at once exposing the dishonorable stratagem resorted to and avowing the shameless perfidy which had been thus successfully consummated. The flag of peace, prostituted to the purposes of treachery, had accomplished the ends which its wily originator designed; the cessation of the American fire had enabled the extreme right of the enemy to complete its retreat along the base of the mountain, and effect a re-union with the main body of the Mexican army.]

The junction of the enemy's forces was effected near the position which the 2d Indiana regiment had occupied in the morning, and elated with the achievement, a portion of them made an effort again to advance. They were met by a blazing fire from the sections of artillery under O'Brien and Thomas, from which they recoiled with precipitation, and returned to the shelter of the hills and ravines. En-

couraged by this repulse, Colonel Hardin determined to charge the Mexican battery near the base of the mountain, which, at various intervals during the day, had given serious annoyance to the troops on the plateau. He advanced at the head of his battalion, with spirit and enthusiasm, but before attaining his object, was arrested by a force, whose existence seemed a miracle.

The craft of General Santa Anna had restored his courage, and the time gained by his strategic negotiation had enabled him to recover a large body of his troops, and to make his dispositions, for what he calls his "final effort." A battery of twenty-four pounder guns, was mounted and posted so as to command a new advance. The column which had attacked the American right, early in the day, led by General Mora y Villamil of the Engineers, was transferred to the other flank, and these joined the reserves under General Perez, and the first, second and third divisions, under Generals Ortega, Guzman and Pacheco, which were stationed at the head of, and covered by a broad and deep ravine. The whole were commanded by General Perez, General Lombardini having been wounded early in the action. It was the last desperate struggle of a desperate man, and made with corresponding energy. And as if to give a still more imposing effect to the crowning effort of a mighty conflict, the lightnings flashed and quivered from clouds that appeared suddenly in the heavens; and the quick, deep, heavy-toned thunders, reverberated with startling distinctness, over valley, plain and mountain, simultaneously with the first volley of heavy artillery, under cover of which the four divisions advanced to the charge. The small band under Hardin was met by a rampart of bayonets, and hurled back as the spray is dashed from the billow. The regiments of Bissell and McKee rushed to the rescue, but could as easily have arrested the lightning flashes about them, as overcome the mighty phalanx which bore down all before it. Manfully they breasted the moving myriads of steel and iron, which were rained upon them from ten thousand sources, but in vain, they only gave themselves up to immolation, victims to the overwhelming legions of the enemy. The carnage on both sides was terrible, wrought by a fire of musket-

ry in which the balls flew faster than the hail-stones were falling around them. The progress of the Mexicans was like an avalanche, and the Americans were driven down the ravines, along which there was a destructive fire of infantry, while the lancers were galloping towards the lower end, to close the only avenue of escape. Their position was that of a scorpion girt with fire; yet as they reached the end of the ravine, the charge of the cavalry was arrested by Washington's artillery, a few rapid and well directed volleys from which, saved from entire destruction the remnants of those brave regiments, which had so long borne the hottest of the fight. But in the mean time the columns were advancing on the plateau, with the majestic march of triumph. The American infantry had gone down before them; nearly every horse with O'Brien's pieces, was killed; he had maintained his position with unrivalled heroism, and abandoned his guns only when the Mexicans had gained the muzzles. Victory, which but a few moments before had seemed within the grasp of the Americans, was torn as if by magic from their standard. The enemy had gained almost the extreme point of the plateau, the last citadel of hope, for there the American General yet held his position, not less a "tower of strength to his friends, than of terror to his enemies." His eagle eye saw the extremity of the crisis, and his mighty will determined to avert it.

"High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye,"

though at that moment the result of the battle, the fate of the campaign, the life of every American from Buena Vista to the Rio Grande, depended on Zachary Taylor. How his lofty spirit amid the awful peril of the occasion bore it all nobly up, has already passed into history. The artillery under Thomas was already in position; that of Bragg arrived on the instant, yet both were without support, and the fate of O'Brien's guns seemed inevitably to be theirs. We have said both were without support, but we were in error. It is true there was then neither cavalry nor infantry on which to rely, but there was that which was superior to both; it was the moral power of the presence of the Commanding General, and thus panoplied, those heroes

of Monterey rose with the occasion, and eclipsed even the fame they had previously rendered immortal. They opened at once a fire of canister upon the advancing hosts, while the remainder of Sherman's battery, just arrived, came immediately into action. The ponderous and triumphant columns reeled and quivered like a reed shaken with the wind, and before the showers of iron hail which now assailed them, squadrons and battalions fell like leaves in the storms of autumn. The cannonade on both sides was terrific, while the fire of the infantry seemed to be one continuous discharge. But the Mexicans in vain rushed on to fill the places of their fallen comrades. Their ranks became broken, order could not be restored, and they slowly and sullenly retired, pursued by the fire of the artillery and of the Mississippi and Indiana regiments, which arrived in time to participate in the glory of the last desperate repulse.

The battle had now raged, with the exception of a few brief intervals, for nearly ten hours, and by a sort of mutual consent, both parties appeared willing to pause upon the result. Night fell, and the American General having brought up his fresh troops from Saltillo, slept with his men upon the battle ground, prepared, if necessary, to renew the conflict on the morrow. But ere the sun, which on this continent has shone on few so ghastly, rose again upon the field, the Mexican army had disappeared, leaving behind them hundreds of dead and dying whose bones are to whiten their native hills, and thousands of the wounded, whose moans of anguish were to excite in the bosoms of their enemies that sympathy and compassion which seem to have no place in the heart of the Mexican commander.

We have thus briefly, and we believe faithfully, sketched the leading incidents of the battle of Buena Vista, and the prominent position of the Commanding General has been at all times obvious. We have seen that the battle was in effect lost under General Wool—though that gallant officer rivalled in his efforts the youthful valor that shone at Queenston and Plattsburg—when General Taylor arrived upon the field. His presence at once restored the confidence which had been lost, and by his rapid dispositions he was enabled to recover the advantages which the enemy had gained. Throughout the

day, wherever he moved, doubt and dismay gave way before him. By a sort of magnetic influence, he seemed to impart to every one to whom he was visible the same indomitable spirit and determined energy which animated his own breast. His name was the watchword, his voice the signal note, and his presence the certainty of triumph. When for a moment he left the plateau to appeal to those who were flying or had fled from the field, to return to their colors and to duty, we are credibly informed that he was followed by General Wool to hasten his return, that he might be seen by those who were then contending against the unequal odds opposed to them. And in the darkest hour of that sanguinary day, when the star of hope had almost set in a sea of blood, General Taylor was alone the rallying point of a handful, and in his trumpet tones to Bragg almost giving to the result

“The stamp of fate, the sanction of a god.”

Thus at two distinct periods, the American General alone turned the fate of the day, and saved our forces from total destruction. But when the last gun had been fired, and the shadows of night had fallen alike upon the living and the dead, the battle had not yet been won. There is little doubt, and with some there is none at all, that if General Taylor had fallen by that last gun, the sun would have risen upon the two armies flying from each other as fast as their disabled condition would have permitted them. Where then would have been the victory? How soon would the Mexican General have been advised of the fact, retraced his steps, recruited his starving legions with our abundant supplies at Saltillo, and falling upon the retreating Americans with the fury and malignity of a vindictive foe, strong in numbers and smarting under repeated defeats, given up the whole to indiscriminate slaughter! From this frightful catastrophe, General Taylor, under Providence, was the instrument of saving thousands of our countrymen; and by his conduct on the 22d and 23d of February, he has not only associated his name forever with him, who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of the people,” but has acquired for himself the second place on the records of immortality, of that country which Washington saved.

WARS BETWEEN THE DANES AND GERMANS,

FOR THE POSSESSION OF SCHLESWIG.

PART FIRST.

On feint d'ignorer que le Slesvig est une ancienne partie intégrante de la Monarchie Danoise dont l'union indissoluble avec la couronne de Danemarck est consacrée par les garanties solennelles des grandes Puissances de l'Europe, et où la langue et la nationalité Danoises existent depuis les temps les plus reculés. On voudrait se cacher à soi-même et au monde entier, qu'une grande partie de la population du Slesvig reste attachée, avec une fidélité inébranlable, aux liens fondamentaux unissant le pays avec le Danemarck, et que cette population a constamment protesté de la manière la plus énergique contre une incorporation dans la confédération Germanique, incorporation qu'on prétend médier moyennant une armée de cinquante mille hommes!—*Semi-official article.*

THE political question with regard to the relations of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to the kingdom of Denmark, which at the present time has excited so great a movement in the North, and called the Scandinavian nations to arms in self-defence against Germanic aggression, is not one of a recent date. This dispute has for centuries been the cause of destructive feuds, and during later years the subject of public discussions and violent debates, not only among the parties more immediately interested, but in the public and private assemblies in Germany, and in a flood of publications, all breathing hostility against Denmark, and showing both a want of knowledge as to the points in dispute, and a scornful disregard of the just rights of that injured country. This old quarrel has now, by the general agitation in Europe, suddenly taken its ancient form of a *casus belli*, by the open rebellion of Holstein, and the invasion of Denmark by the army of the German Confederation. The illegality, injustice, and violence of these proceedings are obvious to every observer who, without prejudice, has followed the course of events. And yet have the ambitious authors of the sedition and the attack, attempted to envelope themselves in an outward show of right; the secret springs which moved the whole machinery were left in the back-ground, but still made their appearance now and then amidst the presumptuous confessions and boastful prognostications which, all at once, have intoxicated the forty millions of Germans with hopes of conquest on land and sea, and thus made that pensive and philosophic

the nation blind to the evidences of history, faith, and justice.

The Dano-Germanic contest is still going on: Denmark cannot yield; she has already lost so much that she cannot submit to any more losses for the future. The issue of this contest is of vital importance to her; she is already fighting for her existence. Nor will her Northern brethren let her sink, nor Russia, who has pledged her guaranty for the integrity of the Danish monarchy, permit its further dismemberment. On the final settlement of this war may perhaps depend the peace of Europe. And yet it has excited but very little attention and sympathy in this country. The duchy of Schleswig has generally been supposed to stand in the same relation to Denmark as that of Holstein, and its inhabitants to be true-born Germans, who were impatiently waiting for the moment when they might break loose from the small peaceful kingdom in the North, and join the "glorious destinies of the great united German Fatherland." It has been said and repeated that, since the late revolution in France, the voice of the people has become the voice of God,—that it has torn to shreds the worm-eaten scrolls of feudal rights and treaties, and freely permitted the different tribes, German, Slavonic, and Italian, to group, form, and constitute themselves without any regard to kings and cabinets. Let this principle be carried out where foreign governments have imposed oppressive laws upon conquered nations, whose history, development, and prosperity they have disregarded, and whose nationalities they have crushed. Such may,

more or less, have been the conduct of Russia in Poland, and of Austria in Italy. But with regard to Denmark, her relations to the duchies have been entirely different. Her paternal rule had ever truly respected the nationalities and rights of her subjects. Her present liberal-minded monarch, on his succession to the throne, had given a free constitution, and such had been his desire to allow equal privileges to every part of his dominions, that he had proposed to give to Schleswig and Holstein, though the smaller population, the same representation and advantages which he conceded to his Danish people. The concessions freely granted by the enlightened sovereign, from his own conviction, in the midst of profound peace, and without a sign of disorder, had been hailed with universal satisfaction; and afterwards, when violent commotions began to shake all Europe, and the general vertigo reached Holstein, the majority of the people in Schleswig, who had ever been sincerely attached to their mother-country, instantly stood forward, and in the most energetic manner protested against the separation, and the dreaded union with Germany.

Looking from a distance upon the rapid course of events, and the steadfast opposition of all Scandinavia, united, with one heart and hand, against the attacks and pedantic boastings of the German Parliament, we may, through the dim vista of futurity, with confidence proclaim the victory of the righteous side; and in the mean time historically and impartially prove that the cause of the Danes is as good as their swords—that the rebellion in Holstein was brought about, not by the desire of the mass of the people in the duchies, but by the ambition of a few ringleaders, directly supported by Friederich Wilhelm IV., the hare-brained King of Prussia, who by means of kindling the flame of war in the North, and of promising the Germans a flag and a fleet, flattered himself to avert from his own guilty head the revenge of his exasperated subjects for the horrible slaughters in his own capital.

We shall now carry our readers to the shores of the Baltic, and going back to the remote ages of feudalism and chivalry, trace the origin and progress of the protracted struggle between German and Scandinavian nationality, and then terminate this

essay with a picture of the present war, faithfully drawn up from authentic sources, and direct communications both from Denmark and Germany.

The peninsula of Jutland, known by the ancient Romans as the *Chersonesus Cimbrica*, is bounded on the east by the Kattegat, the little Belt, and the Baltic; and on the west by the North Sea. It is divided from Germany by the river Eyder, and extending northward for two hundred and seventy miles, terminates at the low headland of Skagen. Its breadth from east to west is from thirty to ninety miles. The middle part of this low peninsula, nearly in its full length, consists of dreary heaths and moors, intermixed here and there with some patches of arable lands and good pastures for cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. The northwestern coasts are low, sandy, and full of dangerous shoals. The violent west wind, sweeping across that inhospitable region, impedes the growth of forest trees, and renders the climate damp, cold, and disagreeable throughout the year. Farther south, in Schleswig, the western coast consists of meadow lands, (*marklund*), which offer rich pastures, and are defended by dikes against the swell of the North Sea. Quite different is the character of the eastern part of the country. The shores of the Baltic and Kattegat are high and often covered with fine forests. They sometimes present romantic and picturesque scenery from the many deep indentations of the sea, called *fjorde*, or friths, which for miles run into the land, where they expand into extensive sheets of water, and are bordered by beautiful oak and beech woods ascending gradually to the tops of the hills. The largest frith is the Liim-Fjord, running across the whole breadth of Jutland from the Kattegat to the North Sea, and making the northern part of it an island.* Its tanks are bleak and dreary; the dark forests which in the tenth and eleventh centuries covered that hilly region, now only remain in Salling Land, a small, beau-

* The North Sea broke through the low, sandy coast near Lemvig, a few years ago, and united with the Liim-Fjord by a breach, through which now small vessels can pass.

tiful tract, well cultivated, and inhabited by a rich and laborious yeomanry. The lands on the eastern coast are very fertile for several miles in the interior, and produce an abundance of rye, wheat, barley, oats, beans, pease, rape-seed, and excellent pulse and fruits. In many parts the heaths are broken up and converted into arable lands, agriculture being highly encouraged by the Danish government. Still the raising of cattle and horses supplies the principal revenue of Jutland. The huge oxen are driven to the rich meadowlands of Holstein, where they are fattened and afterwards sold in Hamburg and Berlin. In later years large exportations of oxen are made by sea to France and England. The horses of Jutland and Holstein are strong, large, well-formed, and eminently fitted for war.

Jutland is, by the small rivers Skodborg-aa and Konge-aa, divided into North Jutland, containing 9,500 square miles, and South Jutland, or Schleswig, 2,624 square miles. The latter province is more fertile and better cultivated. Here the *geest* or arable lands from the broken-up heaths amount to 700 square miles, the meadowlands 320, the forests 112, the moors 224, and the barren heaths 450. North Jutland has twelve more or less considerable towns, and 550,000 inhabitants. Schleswig possesses six towns, among which are the beautiful and well-built Schleswig, standing in a pleasant and picturesque situation on the Schley, and the lively commercial town of Flensburg; the province containing 350,000 inhabitants. Schleswig is bounded on the south by the German duchy of Holstein, extending seventy miles from the Baltic to the North Sea, and forty-eight miles from the Eyder on the north, to the Elbe and the duchy of Lauenborg on the south. It contains 2,528 square miles, with 440,000 inhabitants. Holstein is thus of smaller extent than Schleswig, but more productive and better cultivated, and has a larger population. The Jutlander and the Schleswiger are both of Scandinavian origin, and the mass of the people have nearly the same general character, manners, and customs, except the greater liveliness and elasticity, which the Schleswiger has acquired by his intercourse and intermixture with the Germans. The Jutlanders are no longer the bold and daring rovers, who with the

other Northmen, on their prancing sea-horses, made the shores of Germany, France and England tremble at their approach. They are still a brave, but a peaceful and quiet people; they are laborious and persevering, but extremely slow and somewhat awkward in their manners. They are hospitable and cheerful with their countrymen, but cold and retired towards foreigners, with whom they have but little intercourse in their far-off and dreary country. They are more fond of ease than of show; and consequently the people in Jutland are more comfortable than the careless inhabitants of the sunny south. They are accustomed to substantial food, and make five meals a day; they are more economical than industrious, and do not know or regret the refinements of foreign countries. They are judicious observers and profound thinkers. They speak very slowly, with a harsh and inharmonious pronunciation, and are by their countrymen on the Danish islands considered cunning in calculating their own profit; the proverb is, "as sharp as a Jute." They are endowed with imagination, and possess tender and beautiful national songs in their own dialect. Though they are patient and enduring, they can be roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. They are strongly attached to their king and country, but care nothing about politics or newspapers, having been for centuries accustomed to the dull calm of an absolute government; and yet they possess an independent feeling of their own, and will not submit to harsh or arbitrary treatment from their superiors. The country people are generally middle-sized, short, fair-haired, of a gentle and agreeable physiognomy; their women are pretty, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, but as clumsy as their helpmates, clattering along on wooden shoes.

This short sketch gives an idea of the people and country in times past; the eventful movements of late years have of course, in some degree, exerted their influence even as far as the distant shores of the Liim-Fjord.

In South Jutland, both the Danish and Low German (Plat-tydske) dialects are in use. In 1837, Danish was spoken unmixed in 116 parishes, with 113,256 inhabitants; in these districts Danish is the language used not only in common intercourse, but both in the churches and schools. In 36 parishes, with 45,460 in-

habitants, that language is generally spoken, but the German is employed in the churches and schools. Danish is likewise spoken and understood in Tondern, Flensburg, and the dioceses of Gottorp and Bredsted, with 36,000 souls; so that Danish is still the *mother tongue* for 194,700 Schleswigers among the 350,000 which inhabit the duchy, thus forming a decided majority.

Quite different is the deportment and character of the Holsteiner. He is tall and handsome, with auburn hair. He is economical and industrious, like the Hollander; active and dexterous, ambitious and quarrelsome. He is arbitrary and imperious; witty, lively, but proud and overbearing toward his inferiors. He is full of talent and capacity, but boastful, grandiloquent and selfish. The Holstein cultivators own their lands and are a laborious, brave and intelligent people. Their farms are exceedingly well kept, and comfort and wealth are seen everywhere. The Holstein mariner is clever, bold and enduring, and sings his national German songs with the liveliness and spirit of an Italian.

Such is the character of the soil and the inhabitants of these three interesting provinces of the Danish monarchy.

The whole peninsula was in the remotest times of the middle ages inhabited by Jutes, Angles and Saxons. After the maritime expeditions of the two latter tribes to Britain, towards the middle of the fifth century of our era, Jutes and Frisians began to settle in the abandoned districts of Angeln or South Jutland, north of the Eyder; while large swarms of Vendes, Obotrites, and other western tribes of the Slavonic nation, occupied the eastern coasts of Nordalbingia or Holstein, the seat of the Saxons on the Elbe. In the eighth century Denmark did not yet form a united kingdom; different sea-kings ruled on the islands of the Baltic. Godfred, the king of Reit-Gothland or Jutland, advanced on the Eyder, where he erected the celebrated wall or mound of earth and stones called the *Dannevirke* across the peninsula from the bay of the river Schley, (*Slias-wyke* or Schleswig,) westward to the North Eyder, to protect his Scandinavian dominions from the inroads of the conquering Franks of Charlemagne, at that

time, A. D. 810, occupied in the conversion and subjugation of the Saxons. The Frankish emperor being continually harassed by the fleets and armed bands of the Northmen on the coasts of Friesland, and at the mouth of the Elbe, founded the strong castle of Hamaburg (Hamburg) on its northern bank, and afterwards concluded a treaty with the successor of Godfred, Hemming, according to which the Eyder should form the boundary between Denmark and the Frankish empire, and the Danes abandon all their conquests south of that river.

Towards the close of the ninth century the Danish king, Gorm the Old, at last succeeded in uniting the small independent states of the islands, and the main land of Jutland and Scania, (*Skaane*), in Southern Sweden, into a powerful kingdom. He crossed the Eyder; but entering into Nordalbingia, then a province of the duchy of Saxony, his career of conquest was arrested. The German king, Henry I. the Fowler, with his German chivalry, defeated the wild Northmen and established the *march* or margraviate of Schleswig, between the Eyder and the Schley—the *limes Danicus*, as it is called by the chroniclers, which now for nearly a century remained the battle-ground of the hostile Danish and Saxon borderers during their continual devastating forays.* But Canute the Great, during his interview with the German emperor Conrad the Salian, in Rome, in the year 1027, obtained the cession of this district, and thus the limits of Denmark were restored such as they had been in the time of Charlemagne.† The Saxon march, once more

* This German settlement beyond the Eyder is very doubtful. Some chroniclers ascribe it to Charlemagne; others with more probability to the Saxon Henry the Fowler (919—936.) Harald Klak, a petty king of South Jutland, had been converted to Christianity so early as A. D. 826. The intrepid missionary of the North, Ansecharius, built the first church in Schleswig at that time, and sowed the first seed of Christian piety and love among the wild worshippers of Odin and Freya.

† The existence of this treaty between the Roman Emperor and the King of Denmark is confirmed by a very ancient inscription: *Eidora Romani terminus imperii*, which for centuries stood over the Old Holstein Gate of Rendsburg. This town was at that time the border fortress of Denmark, who possessed all the tolls and duties

incorporated with the rest of South Jutland, remained in immediate dependence upon the crown of Denmark. In this whole period we find that the South Jutes or Schleswigers had their language, laws, and customs in common with their northern brethren, the Islanders and the Skoningers or Danish inhabitants of Scania. The ancient division of the provinces into districts or shires, called *Herreder* and *Sysler*, and the genuine Scandinavian names of towns, villages and natural scenery, down to the very banks of the Eyder, give the most evident proof of the Danish nationality of the South Jutes.

Yet the wars with the Slavonic and Germanic tribes, rendered it necessary for the kings of Denmark to place a powerful commander in the border province, who, possessed of more independence and a strong army, might better secure the Danish frontiers towards Saxony. The noble-minded Knud Lavard, the son of King Erik the Good, was thus proclaimed the first duke (*dux* or *Hertug*) of South Jutland in 1102, and took up his residence in Hedeby (Schleswig) on the Schley, which had been erected into an episcopal see. Crossing the Eyder, Duke Knud, in many arduous expeditions, vanquished and converted the heathen Vagrians, Obotrites, and Vendes; he extended his conquests as far as Pomerania, and forced the German Dukes of Saxony and Holstein to recognize his rights over Vendland.

Holzatia (*woody Saxony*) formed a part of the duchy of Saxony, belonging to the warlike house of Billungen, and consisted of Holstein Proper, Stormarn and the western district of the Ditmarskers. In the year 1106, after the extinction of that family, the Emperor Lothaire erected Holstein into a county, with which he invested Count Adolph of Schauenborg, a castle on the Weser, as a fief dependent on the German Empire. The Holstein counts now assisted Knud Lavard in the reduction of the wild Slavonic tribes on the eastern coast; new settlers from Germany and

Holland were invited into the country, a bishopric was established in Lübeck, and the brave duke proclaimed king of the Obotrites. Yet this sudden accession of power kindled the jealousy of King Niels of Denmark, who considered the enterprising duke of the border province a dangerous competitor for the crown. He ordered Knud Lavard to his court at Roeskilde in Zealand, where that excellent and unsuspecting chief was waylaid in a wood by Magnus, the prince royal, and assassinated, in the year 1129.

During the following reigns of Valdemar I., the son of Knud Lavard, and Knud VI., the Danish power became formidable and threatening to all their neighbors. King Valdemar II., the Victorious, conquered the county of Holstein, which by a treaty, in 1214, with the German Emperor Friederich II., of Hohenstaufen, was incorporated with Denmark. He extended his feudal possessions in Pomerania, and even attacked the distant Esthonia, where the Danish crusaders, with the cross and the sword, introduced Christianity among the Slavonians, and swept the Baltic with their numerous fleets. During this period of seventy years (1157-1227) of victories and conquests, the external dominion of Denmark was raised to a higher splendor than it had ever attained since the reign of Canute the Great. The Danes were the ruling nation of the North; but their chivalrous conquests were soon to be lost by one of those sudden turns of fortune which are characteristic of those turbulent times of the middle ages. King Valdemar, while hunting with his son on the island of Lyoe, was taken prisoner by his vassal, Count Henry of Schwerin, and confined in a castle in Mecklenburg, until he by treaty ceded all the conquered territories between the Elbe and the Eyder, including the county of Holstein, Vagrien, and the whole duchy of Pomerania. The king, on his return to Denmark, immediately assembled a large army and crossed the Eyder. But a powerful confederacy had been formed against him, between the counts of Holstein and Schwerin, the free cities of Hamburg and Lübeck, and the primate of Bremen. In the bloody battle, at Bornhöved, near Segeberg in Holstein, on the 22d of June, 1227, King Valdemar suffered a total defeat, and was forced to

on the river. In the fourteenth century, Rendsborg was ceded to the Counts of Schauenborg. The Latin inscription was taken down from the gate in 1506, on the dissolution of the German Empire, and is now deposited in the Royal Artillery Arsenal of the fortress.

give up all his pretensions to the countries south of the Eyder.

Valdemar II. died 1241, and the subsequent civil war, which broke out among the pretenders to the crown, brought Denmark to the very brink of destruction. This principal cause of such a rapid decline, was not only to be ascribed to the haughty bearing and dangerous influence of the rich and proud Catholic clergy and feudal nobility, mostly of German origin, who had received fiefs in the kingdom, but particularly to the pernicious practice at that time, of investing the royal princes, or other relatives of the kings, with the duchy of South Jutland, (*ducatus Futiæ*.) as a fief dependent on the Danish crown. Abel, the younger son of Valdemar, who had been invested with the duchy of Schleswig, laid claim to this province, as a free and independent patrimonial inheritance against his elder brother, King Erich Ploughpenning. Abel was defeated, and forced to receive the investiture of the duchy as a personal fief, not hereditary; but he took revenge against his brother, by the assassination of the latter on the Schley in 1250. The civil dissensions between the Kings of Denmark and their powerful vassals, the Dukes of South Jutland, who contended either for independent dominion or hereditary tenure, continued nearly without interruption; but though they often received aid from the German counts of Holstein, beyond the Eyder, they never succeeded in accomplishing their object.

The most distinguished of all the Holstein counts, Gerhard the Great, of Rendsborg, assumed, on the death of Duke Erich of South Jutland, the guardianship of his young son Valdemar, in opposition to the demands of his uncle, King Christopher II. of Denmark, who laid claim to that right. The king, at the head of a brilliant feudal army, entered the duchy and occupied the castle of Schleswig; but he shortly afterward suffered a signal defeat by the Holstein count on the Hesteborg; in consequence of which the Danes evacuated the duchy and retreated to North Jutland. The nobility of the kingdom, being disgusted with Christopher, expelled him from the country, and, yielding to the intrigues of Count Gerhard, called his ward, the young Valdemar Erikson, to the throne, and elected the

ambitious Holsteiner administrator of the kingdom, during the minority of the prince. In return for these good offices of his powerful uncle, Valdemar, who, at that time, (1326,) was only twelve years of age, bestowed the whole duchy of South Jutland upon Count Gerhard as a hereditary fief, and, according to the Holstein historians, signed an important act in Lübeck, by which he declared Schleswig and Holstein to be eternally united, and bound himself never to reclaim the duchy, or reunite it with the crown of Denmark.

Thus we have arrived at the first union of these two provinces, in the year 1326. But it is fully evident from whatsoever point we view the subject, that this act was without legality, and did not create those rights, which the haughty counts of Holstein inferred from it. The guardian could not lawfully accept a grant of his own ward under age, the validity of which he had to confirm himself. Nor could a prince, chosen by a party of dissatisfied nobles, dispose of an integral part of the kingdom, quite contrary to the capitulation of rights (*Haandfæstning*) which his guardian had signed in his name, and without consent of the general elective Diet of the kingdom—the *Dannehof*. Duke Valdemar was never crowned king of Denmark; he is not numbered among the monarchs of that country, and was shortly afterwards forced to give up all his pretensions and retire to Schleswig.

The Holstein historians pretend that this document—this *magna charta* of “Schleswig-Holstein,” which they call the *Constitutio Valdemariana*, forms the very basis in the dispute between the kings of Denmark and their German subjects in the duchies, by the guaranty which it is supposed to give to the inseparability of the two provinces. But it is a highly remarkable fact that the existence of this document never has been proved; no copy of it has ever been found, and it may, therefore, with good ground, be considered as altogether apocryphal. No mention whatever is made of it in the original capitulation of Prince Valdemar, nor in the letter of feoffment, which Count Gerhard received in 1326, by which the Danish Council of State (*Rigsraad*) confirmed the investiture of South Jutland as a simple banner-fief (*Fanekhn*) of the Danish crown. Suppos-

ing even that such a document had existed, yet it remained without any influence on the relations of the kingdom; no reference was ever made to it by the Holstein Counts during their disputes with Denmark at that time, and the dukes of South Jutland continued to recognize the kings of Denmark as their lawful liege-lords. Yet we shall presently see an attempt of the Holsteiners to re-establish this imaginary constitution of Valdemar the Minor, in the concessions of Count Christian of Oldenburg, to his uncle, Count Adolph of Holstein, in 1448, on which they, at the present day, build all their pretensions to their right of a "Schleswig-Holstein union."

Christopher II., in the mean time, returned from his retreat in Mecklenburg, and the Danes flocked round him with hopes to escape from German oppression. He regained his crown, and young Valdemar Erikson, renouncing his ephemeral dignity, returned to his duchy of South Jutland, which Count Gerhard surrendered to him. But the weak and despicable Christopher II., encompassed by enemies on all sides, not only recognized the succession of the Counts of Schauenborg to the Danish banner-fief of South Jutland, in case of the death of Valdemar without male heirs, but, in his pecuniary distress, mortgaged the whole of North Jutland to Count Gerhard for a sum of money, and the islands to Count John of Itzehoe. These chieftains immediately occupied the Danish provinces thus surrendered to them, with their wild bands of German hirelings and adventurers. Poor, distracted Denmark had never found herself in greater distress. Her prelates and nobles fawned on the high-plumed foreigners; her industrious citizens and brave yeomanry were alike oppressed by their countrymen and enemies, and treated as if they were serfs. Her nationality seemed on the point of perishing beneath that of the Germans; her political power was on the eve of a total dissolution. King Christopher died broken-hearted on the Island of Falster in 1333; the province of Scania rose in arms, slaughtered the German *condottieri*, and united with Sweden. Yet the Holsteiners, with their active and ambitious chief, Count Gerhard, one of the greatest warriors of the age, still possessed all the mainland. Attempts at insurrection were made, but the Danes were

routed in every battle. Otho, the prince royal, defeated near Viborg, was carried a prisoner to the gloomy castle of Segeberg in Holstein. Valdemar, his younger brother, lived an exile at the court of Brandenburg. The cruelty and exactions of the foreign soldiery now became insupportable; even the good-natured Jutes at last were roused to resistance, when Count Gerhard, at the head of ten thousand Germans, began devastating that unhappy country with fire and sword. But the hour of retribution had arrived. The Danish knight, Niels Ebbesen of Nörreiiis, on the 18th of March, 1340, with sixty daring followers, entered the castle of Randers, and slew the count in the midst of his numerous mercenaries. Prince Valdemar Christopherson now returned from Germany, and succeeded by his prudence, perseverance, and eminent political talents, in redeeming nearly all the alienated and mortgaged provinces of the kingdom. He was less successful in his exertions to recover South Jutland. The male line of Abel's descendants became extinct in 1375. The old wary King Valdemar III. had foreseen this important event, and a Danish army immediately entered the duchy and occupied its principal towns. But the Holstein Count, Iron-Henry, the chivalrous son of the great Gerhard, was still more prompt. He took possession of the castle of Gottorp and was attacking the Danes, when the news of the death of King Valdemar, at Vordingborg in Zealand, again suspended the war. His noble-minded daughter, Margaretha, the Semiramis of the North, governed the kingdoms of Denmark and Norway in the name of her son Oluf Hakonson, and being pressed by a disastrous war with the overbearing Hanseatic confederation, and desiring the aid of the Counts of Holstein, she, at an assembly of the Danish nobility, at Nyborg, in 1386, bestowed upon the Count Gerhard of Rendsborg, the son of Iron-Henry, the much disputed duchy of South Jutland, as a banner-fief of the Danish crown, to remain indivisible in the hands of only one of the counts, who, as a Danish vassal, had to perform the usual feudal military service to his liege-lord. The act did not expressly state whether the fief was personal or hereditary; and the Danish kings demanded the repetition of the oath of allegiance at every succession.

This sacrifice of the most beautiful province of the kingdom had been forced on the queen by the internal distraction and political weakness of Denmark; and although she afterwards succeeded in placing the crowns of the three Scandinavian nations on her head by the celebrated Calmarian union in 1396, yet the favorite scheme of her life was the reunion of the duchy of South Jutland with the kingdom of Denmark. Circumstances seemed in her favor. The warlike Duke Gerhard, the first who assumed the title of Duke of Schleswig, had perished in battle against the Ditmarskers, in 1404. His sons Henry, Adolph and Gerhard, were minors, and the youngest still unborn.

Queen Margaretha, by her consummate skill in employing persuasion and force alternately, might perhaps have seen her exertions crowned with success; but her death in 1412, and the violence and indiscretion of her unworthy nephew, Erik of Pomerania, who inherited her triple crown, kindled a most bloody and untoward twenty years' war with the young dukes, which fill the most disgraceful pages in the annals of Denmark. Though Erik disposed of the united armies and fleets of the whole north, that dastard and indolent king was foiled in every attempt to repossess himself of Schleswig. In 1420, a Danish army of nearly a hundred thousand men suffered a terrible defeat at Immervad; and Flensburg, the only city still occupied by the king, was on the point of surrendering to the gallant Duke Henry, and his Hanseatic allies, when both the contending parties were invited to appear before the throne of the German Emperor Sigismund, who offered himself as umpire in this odious dispute. King Erik at once accepted the invitation, and departed for Germany. The young Counts of Holstein, on the contrary, preferred the prosecution of the war, until at last Henry, yielding to the exhortations of the clergy, presented himself at the Imperial Court at Buda in Hungary, in 1424. Here he found a splendid assembly of German princes and Magyar magnates, as assessors, attending on the decision of the emperor. King Erik and his Danish nobles, sure of gaining their cause, had already left Hungary, and undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

It is very interesting to observe the same uncertainty about the relations between the duchies and Denmark, in the writings of the historians of the fifteenth century, as among the diplomatists and politicians of the present day. It appears, nevertheless, that the principal point in dispute on the part of the vassals at that time was their refusal to render feudal homage and military aid to their liege-lord. However this might have been, certain it is, that when the imperial umpire demanded the production of all the former documents and acts of feoffment, setting forth the claims of the Counts of Holstein to the duchy, Henry of Schauenborg could only refer to the vague expressions of the act of 1386 and point to his good sword for the rest of the evidence. The imperial sentence was pronounced on the 28th of June, 1424, according to which the emperor, as the chosen umpire of both parties, having consulted the prelates, knights, professors and lawyers of the Roman Empire, resolved: "that the whole of South Jutland with the city of Schleswig, the castle of Gottorp and other towns, the Danish wood (*Dänisch Wold*), the island of Als, and the coast district of the Friesians, with all rights and privileges, had ever belonged to the king and kingdom of Denmark; likewise that the Counts Henry, Adolph and Gerhard, neither had possessed nor did possess any hereditary right to the duchy." By that sentence, the constitution of Duke Valdemar of 1326, if ever it had existed, was then declared invalid, and Schleswig was pronounced an appurtenance of the Danish realm. Henry, indignant at the apparent injustice of the imperial decision, solemnly protested, and appealed to the Pope. But Martin V., feeling himself in a difficult position between the council of Constanza and the Emperor, and intimidated by a missive from the latter, in which he advised him to confine his attention to ecclesiastical affairs, contented himself with exhorting the Counts of Holstein to pious submission, and to peace with Denmark.

Both parties then returned to the north, and the war in Schleswig was carried on with renewed strength. In 1427, Count Henry fell before Flensburg; but his warlike brother Adolph continued the contest with extraordinary energy and success. Ham-

burg, Lübeck and other powerful Hanseatic cities, supporting Holstein with their fleets, desolated the coasts of Denmark, and ruined her commerce. The greatest dissatisfaction with the incapacity of the king prevailed throughout the kingdoms of the Calmarian union. Erik was deposed, and the first act of his successor, Christopher the Bavarian, was the recognition of the hereditary rights of the house of Schauenborg to the duchy of Schleswig. At the Danish diet in Colding, in 1439, the Duke Adolph, kneeling down before his liege-lord, on his throne, surrounded by the court and nobility, took the oath of allegiance, and received from the hand of the king the banner of investiture.

The Calmarian union still existed, but it had become a mere phantom; the arrogance of the prelates and nobles, the subjection of the people, and the total want of political liberty and public opinion in that age of ignorance and oppression, did not permit the development of a confederacy among the Scandinavian nations, which otherwise would have promoted their civilization, happiness, and power. Denmark had not gained by her doubtful union with Sweden; she felt the more deeply her recent loss, and all her efforts tended towards the recovery of her alienated possessions on the main land. The Danish nobility, in compliance with this feeling, after the sudden death of King Christopher the Bavarian, in 1448, sent a deputation to Duke Adolph of Schleswig-Holstein, to offer him the crown of Denmark. The Duke was at the time only forty-five years of age; but being without children, and preferring the quiet retirement of his present position, to the cares and vicissitudes awaiting him on the throne of the warring kingdoms, he declined the proffered honor, but directed the attention of the Danes to his young sister's son, Count Christian of Oldenburg, whom he himself had educated and tenderly loved. Count Christian accepted the crown, and became the founder of the present dynasty of Denmark, in the year 1448.

Eleven years after this event, 1459, Adolph of Schleswig-Holstein died. His elder brother, Henry, had lived unmarried, and perished in his thirtieth year; the younger, Gerhard, died suddenly on the Rhine, in 1433, without legitimate issue. Thus the house of the Counts of Schau-

enborg-Rendsborg became extinct, and the duchy of Schleswig of course escheated to the crown of Denmark, which the king ought immediately to have taken possession of. The county of Holstein, on the contrary, being a German fief, apparently devolved on the nearest *agnate* heirs of the lateral line of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, who already, in the year 1396, by a treaty, had secured its succession. The princes of the family of Oldenburg, however, were more nearly related to the defunct Count of Holstein than the house of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, but only as *cognates*. Some historians, in defence of such *direct rights* of King Christian to the succession of Holstein, mention that several instances were on record in the German states of that time, where the merely cognate heirs inherited. Thus a contemporary chronicler of Lubeck, who continues the chronicle of Detmar from 1401 to 1472, and whose work, even by the historians of Holstein themselves, is pronounced to be of the highest authority, says, "that the nobles of Holstein rejected altogether this plea of a family compact between the two lines of the house of Schauenborg, as the council of the land had never sanctioned or confirmed it; and with regard to the inheritance of the Holstein fief, they recognized that King Christian and his brothers were *nearer* in respect to the succession, than the more distant Westphalian branch of the house of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, as they were sister's children of Count Adolph, and in their land, the female line (Spindle-side) might inherit as well as the male line (Sword-side)." A distinction seems thus to have existed in the succession between the great or banner-fiefs, (*feuda vexilli, Fanelehn*.) and the minor fiefs of the German Empire; inasmuch as in the former the inheritance was limited to *male keirs*, while in the latter the *female line* partook of the same right. Holstein, being originally a dependent fief of the duchy of Saxony, and not a *feudum vexilli* of the Empire, the *direct right* of King Christian to the succession of this duchy might have been justly insisted upon at the time; which goes directly against the late assertion of Prussia with regard to both duchies, "that only the agnates were admitted to the inheritance."

The great question, however, as to whether Schleswig, an ancient and important

province of Denmark, should be at last incorporated with the kingdom and separated from Holstein, or again become united with the latter, by a new investiture of the king, was now to be determined. But a new difficulty had unexpectedly been created by the fact that the Duke Adolph, moved perhaps by his old rancor towards Denmark, against whom he had spent his youth in hard fighting, and still more by his natural desire to preserve the close union of his two beautiful states, had persuaded his young nephew, Christian of Oldenburg, when the crown of Denmark was offered to him in 1448, to renounce his right to Schleswig, and to promise that, according to the *constitutio Valdemariana*, the duchy of Schleswig and the kingdom of Denmark never should be united again under the same sceptre, and that the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein should remain forever and ever undivided—*ewich tosamment ungedelt*.

This curious Low German document of Count Christian of Oldenburg is dated 28th of June, 1448, more than a year before his coronation at Copenhagen as King of Denmark on the 28th October, 1449. It had no validity, because Count Christian could not give away any territory or rights of the kingdom of Denmark, the crown of which he did not wear; nay, he could not even do so after he had been crowned king, except with the consent of the states in a general *dannehof* or diet. This renunciation and promise of the young Count may therefore be considered null and void.

We said that Christian, as a cognate heir, had no right to the succession in Holstein in 1459. His ambition however incited him to go any length in order to acquire both the estates, Holstein as well as Schleswig, and to unite both with the kingdom in spite of his own renunciation of 1448. Instead, therefore, of drawing in the escheated fief of Schleswig, and incorporating it with Denmark, he did not enforce that right, but simply offered himself as a candidate for the free election of the Schleswig and Holstein nobility. Thus he placed himself on a level with the indigent counts of Schauenborg-Pinneberg, well knowing that the large sums he had by underhand means distributed among the avaricious prelates and nobles, and the powerful influence of the family of Rantzau, would procure him the majority of

the votes. In this manner King Christian gained his object, but not without great sacrifices, which through his whole reign pressed hard on the kingdom of Denmark. He settled his patrimonial counties of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst on his younger brother, with forty thousand florins. The Counts of Schauenborg received an indemnification of four hundred and thirty thousand florins, the county of Pinneberg, and several other possessions. The prelates and nobles secured their most extensive privileges, throwing all the burdens of the commonwealth on the more numerous and industrious classes of the citizens and peasants. On his actual election to the duchies he declared by a charter of rights (*Haandfæstning*) dated the 5th of March, 1460, which the Holstein historians consider as a renewal of the Valdemarian Constitution, that the estates of Schleswig and Holstein were to remain inseparable; that they had of their own free will, without any regard to his being King of Denmark, chosen him for their Duke and Count, that they likewise after his death were entitled to elect his successor from among his children, or in case of his having no issue, from among his lawful heirs, and that if he should leave but one son to succeed him on the throne of Denmark, the estates should have the right to choose some other chief, provided only he were of the kin and lineage of the deceased.

The future position of Schleswig for several centuries was now decided. A few years later, in 1474, Holstein was erected into a duchy, and though Schleswig remained a Danish fief, which did not belong to the empire, it now entered by its relation to Holstein into a more intimate intercourse with Germany. The mass of the people still spoke Danish, as they do to this day, but the all-powerful nobility, by intermarriages in the sister duchy, and the clergy, by the great spiritual movement in the south, became more and more Germanized. Within half a century, the diet in Schleswig began to be held in the Low-German dialect. In the times of the Reformation, the Lutheran translation of the Bible in the High-German language was still nearly unintelligible to the great majority of the common people, both in Holstein and Schleswig, yet by the mighty influence of the German civilization from the south, and the indifference of the Oldenburg kings, who

themselves spoke the German at the court of Copenhagen, the Danish lost ground, and the High-German at last gaining the victory, became the language of the pulpit, of the bar, and of the national assemblies. The university of Kiel was erected in 1665, and the young Schleswigers as well as the Holsteiners, having received their education at that institution, extended their travels to Germany, in order to finish their studies and bring German literature and science back to their native countries. Nor were the commercial relations with the Hanseatic confederation less influential in alienating the Schleswigers from their Danish brethren. The naval establishments (*Styrishavne*) of the victorious Valdemars, who with their Danish fleets subjected all the southern coasts of the Baltic, and extended their feudal dominion over Esthonia, Pomerania and Rügen, had gone to ruin during the civil wars of the fourteenth century. The eighty-five cities of the rich and powerful Hansa had for nearly two centuries possessed the entire commerce of the Baltic and northern seas, and by their exclusive rights and privileges, kept the Scandinavian kings in the most abject bondage to a commercial aristocracy. No wonder, then, that Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen had become the schools and places of general resort of the active mariners of Schleswig and Holstein.

King Christian I. of Oldenburg, having thus, in 1460, been elected Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, it might have been supposed that the great question about the duchies had at last been solved; but most unhappily for the tranquillity and welfare of the Danish monarchy, new divisions followed thirty years later (1490) which at different periods, for nearly two centuries and a half, were the causes of dynastic dissensions, foreign invasions, and incalculable distress and misery in the whole monarchy. Although the crown of Denmark continued elective for two hundred years (1460—1660) after the accession of Christian I., it descended nevertheless as regularly from father to son, as if it had been hereditary. But in the duchies, where the nobility (*Ritterschafi*) alone formed the states, this oligarchy simultaneously elected different descendants of the house of Oldenburg, and the lands thus became divisible and subdivisible among distinct lines of the

dynasty, quite contrary to the spirit of the principle of unity expressed in the act of 1460, which in this manner was abolished *de facto* by the Schleswig and Holstein states themselves.

Christian I. died in 1441, and left two sons by his Queen Dorothea—Hans, who was elected King of Denmark, and Frederik, at that time only ten years of age. The ambitious queen dowager, desiring her younger son, Prince Frederik, to be elected in the duchies, succeeded by her intrigues in delaying the final decision of the states for nine years, when at last, in 1490, both the royal brothers were elected, and a very remarkable division of the two provinces took place. Instead of declaring King Hans of Denmark Duke of Schleswig, and his brother Frederik Duke of Holstein and vassal of the Germanic Empire, the states now divided *both* duchies between *both* the princes. King Hans obtained the northern district of Hadersleben, the city of Flensburg, the island of Als, as belonging to Schleswig, and the western and southern parts of Holstein, with Rendsborg, Glückstad, Itzehoe, Segeberg, Oldesloe and the promontory of Heiligenhafen,—which all formed the possessions of the Royal or Segeberg line of succession. His younger brother Frederik united the Schleswig districts of Gottorp, Tondern and Apenrade, with Kiel, the eastern parts of Holstein and the island of Femern, and thus established the Ducal or Gottorp line. In this manner the Segeberg line possessed *six* different districts of both duchies inclosed or intermingled with the four portions belonging to that of Gottorp! This most untoward subdivision of the two Danish and German fiefs, afterwards gave rise to the fatal denomination of "*a duchy of Schleswig-Holstein*," which, although a *political nullity*, has nevertheless been the cause of interminable complications and dissensions, and mainly contributed to the present unjust and iniquitous invasion of Denmark by the Germanic confederation. Disputes soon arose between the brothers; the ambitious Frederik laid claims to the investiture of fiefs in Denmark and Norway, which were refused by the diet, who declared that Denmark was a free and indivisible elective kingdom. Such a refusal exasperated the duke in the highest degree. He united with the Hanseatic cities

against his brother, and taking advantage of the unruly spirit of the Swedes, he even attempted by flattery and promises to be elected their king. A civil war would no doubt have broken out with King Hans, if a feud against the Ditmarskers in Holstein had not caused the brothers to unite their forces against the common enemy.

The Ditmarskers, a people of Saxon descent inhabiting a small fertile district between the Elbe and the Eyder, in that part of Holstein which faces the Western ocean, had during several centuries lived in perfect independence. They formed a commonwealth, which was governed by bailiffs and aldermen, and united by the love of freedom, they had maintained themselves in this situation against all aggression. At the conquest of Holstein by King Valdemar the Victorious, they followed the Danish banner; but during the bloody battle of Bornhöved in 1227, they, by treacherously attacking the Danes in their rear, caused their total overthrow. This treachery was rewarded by the counts of Holstein with perfect independence, and although Count Gerhard afterwards attempted to subdue them, they defeated and slew him, foiled all subsequent invasions, and obtained from the German Emperor the privilege of being placed beneath the protection of the archiepiscopal see of Bremen. Nor would those poor and brave herdsmen and fishermen have been disturbed in their tranquillity, if they had not, like the Swiss on the Alps, relying on their victories, become troublesome aggressors on their neighbors. King Christian I. had already resolved their reduction, and having represented them to the Emperor Friederich III. as a set of lawless and unruly rovers, he received permission to make the conquest of their territory. But he died, and his sons would perhaps have left the Ditmarskers to themselves, if they had not taken an active part in the dispute between Duke Frederik and the Hanseatic cities of Lübeck and Hamburg, and destroyed the ducal dépôts and custom-houses on the island of Helgoland. The king and the duke now resolved the war. The brilliant feudal array of Denmark and the duchies assembled in Holstein during the winter of 1500, and was strengthened by six thousand mercenary Saxon lance-knechts, commanded by the haughty *condottiere* Junker Slents, who

promised the king that he would take Ditmarsk even if it was chained to heaven itself. Thus the best appointed army Denmark had ever sent forth, consisting of thirty thousand combatants, advanced through the low marshes against the six thousand armed herdsmen, who in vain had demanded the aid of the cities on the Elbe. On the 13th of February, the Danes occupied the open town of Meldorf, which had been abandoned, and only the aged and the defenceless fell victims to the wild soldiery of the time. But their cruelty and presumption met with the justest chastisement. Animated by despair, and resolved to perish in the cause of their liberty, this handful of people, led on by the heroic Wolf Isebrand, occupied a small fort situated on an eminence between Meldorf and Hemmingsted. The royal army had to pass on a narrow and swampy road, hemmed in on both sides by ditches and marshes. While the Saxon infantry advanced, they were received by a destructive fire from the batteries on the hill. They lost their commander, and falling back in disorder upon the Danish chivalry, they were furiously attacked on all sides by the light-armed Ditmarskers, who, on their long spears, with dexterity jumped over the ditches and began an indiscriminate slaughter on the defenceless flanks of the crowded column. Three hundred and sixty nobles of the most distinguished families in Denmark and the duchies, and more than fifteen thousand troops, perished on the battle-field. The king himself escaped with difficulty. The old Dannebrog, the Danish banner from the times of the Valdemars, was lost together with all the cannon, arms, and an immense baggage. The Ditmarskers, pursuing the retreating army, made devastating incursions into Holstein, which forced the king, by the mediation of the Hanseatic cities, to recognize their independence.

King Hans died in 1513, and was succeeded by his spirited, but violent and cruel son, Christian II., who immediately on his accession called together the states of Schleswig and Holstein to a general diet in Flensburg, in order to be elected duke of the royal share in the duchies. The states assembled; but before they swore allegiance to the king, they demanded the confirmation of all their privileges and rights, and certain restitutions to Duke

Frederik, which King Hans, in 1503, had engaged to make to his brother. The young king, nourishing a deep-rooted hatred against the powerful nobility, whom he, as a crown prince, had already with the axe and the sword almost annihilated in Norway, and whose exorbitant privileges he intended to circumscribe in Denmark, refused the demands of the states. Serious discussions now arose; and both prelates and nobles declared that if the king did not confirm all their rights and claims, they would immediately elect his uncle Frederik as their only sovereign duke. Christian II., knowing the ambition of that prince, and fearing the general dissatisfaction in Sweden, yielded at the time; he deferred his intended reforms, acknowledged the rights of the oligarchy, and received their homage as Duke of Schleswig and Holstein. Yet the enmity between the two princes continued, and was fomented by the disloyal and treacherous conduct of Christian towards his uncle. The horrible slaughter of the Swedish nobility in Stockholm on the 8th of November, 1520, and the subsequent rebellion of the Danish nobles in 1523, decided the fate of Christian the Tyrant. He fled to Germany, and Frederik, being called to the Danish throne, immediately took possession of all the royal castles in the duchies, which thus were united a second time. They remained undivided till the year 1544; during which period King Christian III., the son of Frederik I., had governed them in the name of his younger brothers, Hans, Adolph, and Frederik. Another favorable opportunity had thus presented itself to the Danish Council for reclaiming the ancient Danish province of South Jutland, and by uniting it with Denmark, to establish anew the old Scandinavian frontier of the Eyder—or at least, by adopting the advice of the distinguished general, John de Rantzau, at once to declare the right of *primogeniture* in the duchies. This principle had at that time already been introduced with success into Bavaria and Mark-Brandenburg. But the Danish oligarchs, says a native historian, were more intent upon fortifying their castles and extending their farms, on buying and selling their poor serfs, who were no better than slaves, than on securing the welfare of their king and country. The Council consented to another still more

disastrous division. The king, and his brothers Hans and Adolph, received different districts both of Schleswig and Holstein, with their castles, convents and towns, which were denominated after the principal residences. The king's share was called that of Sonderborg. Duke Hans obtained Hadersleben, and Adolph, Gottorp. The younger brother Frederik became bishop of Hildersheim in 1551. The ducal claims to the possession of Hamburg and the territory of the Ditmarskers, and many privileges and taxes, remained in common; for every one of the dukes possessed the full sovereignty in his own principality, though he recognized the emperor as his liege-lord for Holstein. Yet the royal brothers, on their presenting their homage to the king, refused to perform the usual military service for Schleswig as a Danish banner-lief; acting upon the illegal pretension of the old dukes of South Jutland, that the duchy was a frank-fee exempted from every feodary duty. Years passed on in violent disputes, and at last, when the ceremony of investiture was to take place at the general assembly at Colding, in 1547, in the presence of the king, the dukes on a sudden refused; a tumult arose, the ceremony was suspended, and the princes, mounting their horses, hurried off in disgust. But King Christian did not yield, and though he lived nearly in the same dissensions with his brothers as the unhappy Erik Plough-penning had done, three hundred years before, he still vindicated the right of the Danish crown.

Adolph of Holstein-Gottorp, a prince of a hot and impetuous temper, again turned his arms against the courageous Ditmarskers, who, ever since the terrible defeat of King Hans, had enjoyed uninterrupted possession of their independence. Christian III., however, who wished to rule in tranquillity over his dominions, succeeded in preserving peace till his death in 1559. But his son and successor, Frederik II., was more willing to enter into the designs of his uncle, being afraid of his conquering the whole territory and keeping it to himself. The king, with his Danish army, therefore joined the duke's, and better care was now taken to insure success. The conflict was long and bloody; but the intrepidity of the Ditmarskers could not prevail against the military knowledge and

discipline of their enemies. The Danes were commanded by the old Count John Rantzau, the head of one of the noblest families of Holstein, to whose military talents the house of Oldenburg was highly indebted for its victories and grandeur. Adolph too was a prince of uncommon bravery and skill, who fought in the hottest of the battle, and thrice rallied his troops, whom the desperate valor of the enemy had forced to give ground. After a violent struggle the victory declared for the Danes; it was as complete and decisive as they could wish. All the towns and forts surrendered; the vanquished sued for peace, which was granted them. They paid homage to the King of Denmark as their lawful sovereign, and took the oath of perpetual fidelity to him and his successors. They paid the expenses of the war, and delivered up the standards and military trophies taken from King Hans.

Though the victors in apparent concord divided the conquered territory, yet the dispute about the investiture of Schleswig still continued. As no party would yield, the decision of that odious question was referred to the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Duke of Mecklenburg, as umpires. In May, 1579, the sentence was given at the Congress of Odensee. Schleswig was to be considered as a hereditary military fief of Denmark, with which the king was bound to invest the dukes of the Oldenburg family. The king was to consult the dukes about questions of war and peace, and they then pledged themselves to render him military service as their liege-lord, with *forty* knights and *eighty* foot-soldiers! This ridiculous act was then signed by the plenipotentiaries of the foreign princes, the vassals, and the sagacious Council of Denmark. The states in the duchies showed far more resolution and perseverance in the maintenance of their rights. They refused in 1563 to recognize the sovereignty of the Duke Hans, the younger brother of King Frederik II., on whom he settled the principality of Sonderborg, on the island of Als, nor did the descendants of this line ever succeed in obtaining the recognition of that dignity to this day.*

The decision of Odensee, though not satisfactory to Denmark, did at least settle two important points: the obligation on the part of the dukes to renew the investiture, and the recognition of the military service, which though in itself insignificant, still formed the strong link between the duchy of Schleswig and the kingdom. The ceremony took place on the 3d of May, 1580, on the large square of Odensee, where the royal throne had been erected. The three dukes at the same time laid their hands on the banner of Dannebrog, and swore the usual allegiance to their liege-lord as faithful vassals. A few months later, the Hadersleben line became extinct by the death of Duke Hans the elder. All the possessions were now equally divided between Duke Adolph of Holstein-Gottorp and the King, while the subdivisions which entailed so many evils on the duchies were put a stop to, in 1608, when the right of primogeniture was established in the ducal part, and, in 1650, extended to the royal province.

Christian IV. reigned with a strong hand, and taught the dukes to respect the feudal rights of Denmark; but tremendous events were forthcoming, which once more overturned the old relations, and at last subjected them to the decision of the sword. In 1618 the terrible thirty years' war broke out between the Protestant and Catholic parties in Germany, and King Christian IV., as chief of the Low-Saxon circle, entered Germany with his Danish army. By the treachery of his Saxon allies he was defeated in the bloody battle of Lutter am Barenberg, in 1626, and the imperial General Wallenstein, pursuing the retreating king, overran the duchies and all the mainland of Denmark with his wild bands. The Duke of Holstein-Gottorp then broke his allegiance and declared against the king, and though he lost all his possessions in the course of the war, they were restored to him by the treaty of Lübeck, in 1629, between the Emperor and the King of Denmark. The hatred between the reigning lines had become inveterate. The Duke again united with Sweden, and Carl Gustav, crossing the belt on the ice, during the winter, 1658, forced Frederik III., the son and successor of Christian IV., in the treaties of Roeskilde and Copenhagen, the same year, to concede to the Duke and

* The present Duke of Sonderborg-Augustenburg, and his brother Prince Noer, who have taken arms against their cousin, King Frederik VII. of Denmark, are the direct offspring of that family.

his descendants the sovereignty and *supreme dominion* of the Gottorp division of Schleswig. The feudal dependence on Denmark was thus abolished in the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty, but continued with its military service and other duties in the lateral lines of Sonderborg, and the introduction of a hereditary succession in Denmark, in 1660, strengthened the ties between the larger or royal part of the duchy and the kingdom.

The revolution of 1660 forms a new period in the history of Denmark. It overturned the old elective constitution, with its powerful oligarchical council of state, (*Rigsraad*) and the extravagant privileges of the nobility. The king, according to the new *lex regia*, (*Kongelov*), became the most absolute monarch in Europe, and the succession of the crown was settled both on the male and female descendants of the Oldenburg dynasty. The duchies did not subscribe the new act of sovereignty, or renew their oath of allegiance, nor did they directly take any part in those transactions; the *lex regia*, however, distinctly expresses the leading principles, which remain as the guiding rule for the question about the relations of Schleswig to the kingdom. In its 19th article it enjoins the king to secure, entire and undivided, under the Danish crown, not only the realms of Denmark and Norway, with all the provinces and islands belonging to them, but moreover all possessions which may be acquired by the sword, or other legal titles, and thus expresses the indivisibility of the kingdoms and all other possessions which belonged to Denmark in 1665. The grand-son of King Frederik III. at last found an opportunity to realize this principle by uniting and incorporating the whole duchy of Schleswig in 1720. The hostile relations between the house of Holstein-Gottorp and the crown of Denmark continued during the remainder of the seventeenth century, and on the breaking out of the great northern war between Sweden, Russia, Brandenburg and Denmark, Duke Charles Frederik of Holstein-Gottorp, who had taken side with Charles XII. of Sweden, lost all his possessions in Schleswig. They were conquered by King Frederik IV. and his Danish army in 1713, and at the general peace that followed the death of Charles XII. in Norway, 1718, Denmark, giving up all her other con-

quests, secured the duchy of Schleswig as a permanent and inalienable possession by the strongest guaranty of Sweden, England and France.*

By letter patent of the 22d of August, 1721, the inhabitants of the conquered territory were called upon to do homage to Frederik IV. as their lawful sovereign, and the two districts of Apenrade and Gottorp were incorporated with that part of the duchy, which previously had belonged to the Danish crown. The estates of Schleswig took the oath of allegiance to the king and his hereditary successors, according to the *lex regia*, at the castle of Gottorp, on the 4th of September, 1721. The junior branches of the house of Oldenburg, the Dukes of Augustenborg and Glücksborg, who did not possess any sovereign rights, gave their oath in writing. In the letter patent and the formulary for the oath of allegiance, the king expressly mentions Schleswig as an integral part of the crown of Denmark, from which it had been torn away in disastrous times, and declares it henceforth eternally to be incorporated as a part of the kingdom. This declaration is definite, but it was not completely executed. King Frederik IV. did not realize his first intention of incorporating Schleswig as a province. It remained a separate hereditary duchy, enjoying its ancient privileges, but by its participating in the regulations of the *lex regia* of 1665, it now followed the cognate succession of Denmark. In accordance with the new relations into which Schleswig thus entered in 1721 with the kingdom, the arms of the duchy were quartered with those of Denmark Proper; "and so," says the excellent historian, Professor Christian Molbech, "after a partial separation this fertile and important province again became an organic and indivisible part of the state."

And yet was the possession of Schleswig far from being undisturbed. Den-

* "His Britannic Majesty agrees to guaranty and to maintain and to continue in peaceful possession that part of the duchy of Schleswig which his Danish Majesty has in his hands, and to defend the same in the best manner possible, against all and every one who may endeavor to disturb him therein, either directly or indirectly." Treaty between Denmark and Great Britain of the 26th of July, 1720. The treaty with Sweden is dated June the 14th, and that with France August 18th, the same year.

mark had to carry on the contest for more than fifty years. The threatening storm came no longer from Sweden—which, vanquished and weakened during the disastrous wars of Charles XII., had now for a time retreated from the great political theatre—but from the more dangerous Russian Empire. The duke Charles Frederik had taken his residence in Kiel, in Holstein, where he strenuously protested against the cession of Schleswig. He soon after married Anne Petrowna, the daughter of Peter the Great, and became thus, supported by Russia, a formidable enemy to Denmark. Yet the prudent Christian VI., the son and successor of Frederik IV., found the means to frustrate the warlike schemes of the duke, without any rupture with that power. More imminent seemed the war in 1762, when, on the death of the Empress Elizabeth, Peter III., the son of Charles Frederick, succeeded her on the throne of Russia. The first act of his reign was a declaration of war against Frederik V. of Denmark. As the head of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, he renewed his claims to the ceded part of Schleswig. Immense armaments were undertaken in Denmark; a fine fleet of sixty men-of-war was sent cruising in the Baltic, and an army of seventy thousand combatants was advancing upon the Russians in the environs of Wismar, when the news of the revolution at St. Petersburg, the violent abdication and murder of Peter, put a sudden stop to the military demonstrations. Catherine II., his successor, did not prosecute the quarrel of her hot-headed husband.* She recalled the Russian troops from Mecklenburg and concluded a treaty with Denmark, which was confirmed by her son, the Emperor Paul, in 1773, in accordance with which, the house of Holstein-Gottorp forever renounced all claims upon Schleswig, and by a second treaty of the same date, exchanged its possessions and rights in the duchy of Holstein for the counties of Oldenburg and Delmenhorst,

ceded to it in return by the King of Denmark. The completeness of the cession of Schleswig on the part of Russia is still more evident, when compared with her exchange of the counties of Delmenhorst and Oldenburg for the Gottorp share of Holstein. According to the former treaty, Schleswig is ceded to the King of Denmark and his royal successors, while the latter mentions only King Christian VII. and his brother, Prince Frederik, with *their male heirs*; thus declaring that Russia reserved her rights to Holstein on the extinction of the male descendants of the reigning dynasty.*

By these treaties and later settlements with the lateral lines of Augustenborg and Beck, the house of Oldenburg came at last into undisputed possession both of Schleswig and Holstein. The latter duchy, though a German fief, was incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark in 1806, on the dissolution of the German empire, in consequence of the victories and conquests of the Emperor Napoleon. But at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, Holstein again entered into connection with the Germanic confederation. King Frederik VI., as duke of Holstein, obtained a vote in the diet of Frankfort, and bound himself to join the federal army with a contingent of three thousand five hundred troops.

At the general peace in 1815, all the different nations, which formed the coalition against France, had been the gainers. Denmark alone, as the faithful ally of the Emperor Napoleon, had been almost crushed under the weight of accumulated disasters, and from a flourishing kingdom of the second rank, with a numerous army, a gallant navy and extensive commerce, she had then, in her isolated position, dwindled down to a small state, of a third or fourth rank among the victorious nations around her. Her capital had been burnt; her fleet carried off; her colonies, credit and commerce nearly destroyed—and to crown all, Norway had been surrendered to the Swedes, who at that time were still her enemies. Norway, which for nearly four centuries and a half had been united to her,

* Mr. D'Israeli, M. P., said in his speech on the 19th of April last, in the House of Commons: "When Russia was about to invade Denmark, and the latter having applied to this country, England signified her intention to carry out the provisions of her guaranty, and in consequence of that notification, Russia did not invade Schleswig."

* This important fact demonstrates that the Russian emperor, as a direct descendant of the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp, has a nearer claim to the duchy of Holstein, than the Duke and Prince of Augustenborg.

and whose people bore in origin, language, history and manners, the closest affinity to the Danes, was now violently severed from her sister kingdom. Denmark received, by way of compensation, another small slice of German territory, cut away with the large pruning-hook of the imbecile soul-venders at Vienna, from the newly liberated bulk of Germany. What injustice and blunders were committed by the selfish and short-sighted diplomatists of the Holy Alliance at Vienna! Poland, Italy, Belgium, Norway and Lauenburg dismembered and shuffled about at the mere whim and caprice of gambling politicians! And now—in 1848—they have either freed themselves with the sword, or are still fighting and bleeding for their freedom. Lauenburg alone must now, by the German Parliament at Frankfort, be *forced* to renounce an alliance, which Denmark so unwillingly acceded to in 1815. The circumstances which brought that German duchy under the Danish crown are very remarkable. When King Frederik VI. was obliged by the treaty of Kiel, in 1814, to cede the kingdom of Norway to the crown of Sweden, the king of that country, on his part, offered as an indemnity to the King of Denmark and his successors, the duchy of Swedish Pomerania and the principality of Rügen, with seventy-five and a half German square miles and 160,000 inhabitants.

Prussia now stood forward and demanded the cession of these maritime provinces, proposing to give Denmark an equivalent territory, which it did not possess. But in order to fulfil its promise, Prussia then persuaded the King of Hanover—George III. of Great Britain—to cede the duchy of Saxe-Lauenburg, with nineteen German square

miles and 45,000 inhabitants. The poor Lauenburgers remained six days Prussian subjects, and were then, on the 4th of June, 1815—“*à perpétuité et en toute souveraineté et propriété*”—transmitted to the King of Denmark. The Frankfort deputy Weleker, has lately had the most hopeless difficulty in persuading the quiet and industrious Lauenburgers that these treaties are null and void, and that they, as Germans, belonging to the common glorious fatherland, were to take up arms against their former Danish liege lord.

Such were the relations between Denmark and the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg in 1815. There did not at that time exist any party spirit, any Schleswig-Holstein separatistic tendencies, which might have prognosticated any hostile conflict between the two different nationalities of the monarchy.

That movement began later, and originated not with the people, but with the nobility—the *Ritterschaft*—and the swarm of German employees, forming a bureaucracy, who by the ambitious intrigues of the princes of Augustenborg, were led to hope that by a final rupture with Denmark, they might deprive her both of Schleswig and Lauenburg, and thus form an independent state of their own, which by its important maritime position on the Baltic and the North Sea, might, as they said, become the handle of the sword, which Germany was to throw into the scales of fate on the Northern Seas.

A second article on this imperfectly understood, but interesting subject, will relate these movements in the duchies, and the events of the civil war they have occasioned.

THE WAR OF CHIOZZA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 410.]

XV. WHILE they were laboring with such admirable diligence to augment the republic's means of resistance, four warriors were making head against the enemy with the small forces they had been able to assemble. Every day that they should gain would change the situation of affairs for their benefit. They had dispatched light vessels in every direction, to recall Carlo Zeno to the assistance of Venice, he having been detached at the commencement of the pending campaign, with a squadron of eight galleys, to which he had been able to rally several others in the ports of the Levant; but from him, for some time, no news had been received, his dispatches having been intercepted. His assistance was uncertain, and would only be received late. In the meantime, Pisani occupied himself in pressing the new armament, and in preventing the progress of the enemy. Taddeo Justiniani, who commanded the galleys already armed, would under no pretext compromise a squadron which was the only hope of the Venetian marine. The flotilla risked itself more readily, because it had a sure retreat in the shallow waters, to which the Genoese galleys could not pursue it. This force, which was almost always engaged in unprofitable enterprises, was at last enabled to seize on a favorable occasion offered by fortune.

Barbadigo, at the head of a detachment of fifty boats, surprised one evening, at low water, a galley and two other vessels of the enemy, stationed before the port of Montalbano, occupied by the troops of Padua. The galley could not manœuvre, and was, with the other vessels, carried by boarding. The flotilla bore away for Venice, with the full force of oars, towing the two small vessels they had captured; while the flames that rose from the galley announced from afar to the Venetians that last their arms had achieved an opening

triumph. Suddenly, all the city was in a state of enthusiastic excitement; and when the boats arrived with their prizes, and five hundred prisoners, every one demanded to be led against the enemy. Pisani was careful not to give way to so imprudent a confidence. The fleet however was reinforced. The month of September passed away, and they already had the certainty of being able to present a fleet of more than thirty sail towards the middle of October. The whole of October was passed in unimportant operations, as the Genoese admiral had been compelled to send twenty-four of his galleys to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, in search of provisions. The fleet and army that held Chiozza experienced all the privations to which they had condemned the Venetians.

The Doge publicly announced, that as soon as the galleys should be ready, he should embark with a portion of the senate, in order to take the command in person, resolved to avenge his country, or to perish at the head of its defenders. This example, given by the prince of the republic, an old man of more than seventy years, redoubled emulation. The occurrence of some small successes increased their hopes. The flotilla captured a convoy of provisions sent from Padua to Chiozza. Cavalli compelled the Genoese to evacuate Malamoreo, which they destroyed before abandoning it. The Venetian galleys continually performed their evolutions, but returned every night to the Grand Canal. As yet, no intelligence had been received from Carlo Zeno.

Of all the possessions of the republic, there remained to it only a small fort in the midst of the salt marshes on the coast of Italy. Three Genoese galleys were seen to prepare to attack it. Pisani went against these galleys with a detachment of the flotilla, forced them to fly, and pursued them even to the waters of Chiozza.

He had even arrived by a more direct route before they reached the town, and hoped to cut off their retreat, and to place himself between them and the port; but, assailed on two sides by a cannonade, to which he had nothing to oppose, he was compelled to seek safety across the shallow waters, which he was not able to do until some of his boats had been destroyed by the enemy. Antonio Gradnigo, of a ducal family, was among those who perished in this expedition.

It was now towards the close of the year 1379. The Genoese fleet, which had kept the sea for a long time, had not been able to recruit on the shore of Chiozza, where for four months it had experienced all manner of privations. It was necessary to bring twenty of the vessels into port, either to repair them, or to afford their crews some repose. The twenty-four galleys which had been detached, had returned and discharged the provisions with which they had been laden. Three others were so posted as to defend the pass. The allies expected a fleet from Genoa, which must soon bring them reinforcements. It was not without astonishment, mingled with alarm, that they saw thirty-four galleys in the waters of Venice; but they were far from believing that this fleet was in fighting condition, and that the Venetians had so far recovered confidence as to become the aggressors in their turn.

XVI. On the 21st of December, after a solemn mass, the Doge left St. Mark's, with the standard of the republic in his hand, and went on board of the ducal galley, followed by the greater part of the senators. Pisani had conceived the project of compelling the Genoese fleet to surrender; but in order to succeed, it was necessary to avoid fighting, since that fleet was superior in number, and incomparably better armed. It was necessary to surprise it in the port where it had had the imprudence to place itself. But they could not close even that port. The town of Chiozza is situated on a group of small islands amid the lagunes. It communicates by a bridge, as we have previously seen, with the neighboring island. Therefore it is separated from the sea by that strip of land which to the north leaves a passage between it and the island of Pales-

trina, which is called the pass of Chiozza. To the north, another communication is opened with the sea, by the interval which separates the island from the continent, and is called the pass of Brondolo. It will be seen that when one is in the port of Chiozza, and wishes to regain the sea, it is necessary to go out by one of these passes, or to ascend the lagunes by the canal of Lombardy, and go in search of the passes of Malamoreo, of the Lido, or of San Erasmo. It therefore entered into the plan of the Venetian admiral to shut up the enemy in the lagunes, by opposing to him at each of the three issues of Chiozza, of Brondolo, and of the canal of Lombardy, not precisely an armed resistance—for they were the stronger party—but an inert and insurmountable obstacle. It was necessary to carry, conduct, and establish these obstacles in each of the channels, and to prevent the Genoese from destroying them. Finally, it was necessary to place the Venetian fleet outside of the issues, so that it should not itself be shut up among the lagunes, exposed to sustain an unequal combat, and in order that it might be enabled to disperse the new fleet which was coming to reinforce the allies, and which had perhaps already sailed from Genoa.

This very complicated operation was at the same time a daring conception. We shall see what the difficulties were which presented themselves to its execution.

The thirty-four Venetian galleys, accompanied by sixty armed barks, and by several hundred boats, left the port in the night between the 21st and 22d of December, and directed themselves in silence towards Chiozza, across the lagunes. Pisani and Justiniani, who had taken the command of the advanced guard, towed two large vessels, destined to be sunk in the passes, in order to close them. They avoided approaching the port where the Genoese fleet lay, and before day-break they arrived in the channel of Chiozza, which is between the island of Palestrina and that of Brondolo. One shore of this pass had belonged to them since the Genoese had evacuated Malamoreo. Pisani made his flotilla immediately advance, and throw four or five thousand men on the opposite shore, with orders to carry the extremity of Brondolo, so that the fleet should have less difficulty in closing that

pass; but the island of Brondolo was covered with troops, who fell upon the Venetians and compelled them to re-embark in disorder, and with considerable loss. Pisani, however, had brought up one of his great hulks, which he intended to sink in the middle of the channel. The presence of the enemy's troops on the shore rendered this a very perilous operation. Seven Genoese galleys, which had had time to prepare themselves, hastened up before it was terminated, and attacked the hulk together, and set it on fire. It was sunk in the passage. The Genoese galleys were dispersed by the remainder of the Venetian fleet, and immediately a multitude of boats, laden with stores, came up, filled the hulk, and made of it a dike that obstructed the channel. As a portion of the Genoese fleet was disarmed at the time, they could not oppose to the Venetians a force sufficient to compel them to remove. The next day, Pisani completed the closing of this channel, by sinking other vessels there, and by joining them together with a strong stockade, which was protected by a battery placed on the southern extremity of the island of Palestrina.

This operation finished, it remained to do as much in the pass of Brondolo; but they could not do that on a sudden, and the enemy occupied both shores of the pass. This arm of the sea is not more than four paces in breadth, and there is little water in the middle of it. It is navigable for vessels only close to its banks. It was, therefore, necessary to come under the fire of the enemy in order to bring up the small vessels to be used in closing the pass.

Pisani confided this operation to Federico Cornaro, whom he detached with four galleys. Fourteen Genoese galleys came to oppose the undertaking. Pisani advanced with ten of his own in order to sustain his people. The combat was terrible in this contracted field of battle; but, finally, in spite of the attack of the enemy's vessels, and of the fire of all the batteries on the shore, the channel was closed, as that of Chiozza had been the preceding day. But the work was not yet completed. It was necessary to complete the hastily made stockades, to place them in a defensible state against the tempests, and

to protect them against the efforts of the enemy, who would lose no time in endeavoring to destroy them. The admiral, leaving his flotilla in the lagunes, ascended the canal of Lombardy with his galleys, in which canal he sank large vessels, left the lagunes by the passage of the Lido, sailed along the islands, and placed himself outside of the channels on the sea-shore.

Henceforth, the Genoese had no means of issue. It was necessary to overthrow these barriers in order to save themselves from being compelled to surrender. The Venetians posted themselves before the passes in order to cut off from their enemy all hope of escape. This was a perilous position, as a squall might drive them away, render all their labors useless, and raise the blockade. It was particularly difficult to maintain possession of the channel of Brondolo, under the continual fire of the batteries erected on both shores. Sixteen galleys were detailed to guard the stockade there, before which they regularly relieved each other, only two remaining at once in the channel. The enemy did not cease to attempt the removal of these obstacles. So severe a service began to dishearten the crews of Pisani's ships. The Doge, in order to inspire them with resolution, swore not to return to Venice until after the capture of the enemy's fleet. Nevertheless, Venetian constancy was exhausted: the seamen declared that it was sheer obstinacy to wish to keep the galleys in the passes, where they every instant ran the risk of foundering, and which lost a portion of their crews every day—that it was exacting more than could be expected of human power. The admiral did his best to exhort them, and to encourage them by his example. He explained to them the importance of the port, which, if given up, they could never hope to regain. All that he could obtain was a delay; and he solemnly promised them to leave the ground on the first of January, that is, in forty-eight hours, if on that day the fleet of Zeno should not arrive.

That fleet was expected with no less impatience by the generals than by the soldiers. The army was giving way to discouragement. All that had been accomplished would turn out a complete loss. The enemy, already superior in number, and soon to be reinforced, would re-

gain all his advantages. The blockade would be raised. If he should accept battle, he was sure of beating the Venetian fleet; if he avoided it, of taking Venice almost without resistance. To complete their misery, there remained no asylum for the Venetian fleet; in other ports, it would find only enemies; in its own, only famine.

Amid intense anxiety, all awaited the termination of that period which Pisani had so venturously fixed. One portion saw in it only an end to perils above their courage to endure; the other, the ruin of a great project, and the inevitable loss of the country. All eyes were continually fixed upon the sea, when, on the first of January, they perceived eighteen sail in the distance. It might be the Genoese squadron that was coming to the assistance of Doria. Twenty light vessels were sent to reconnoitre it. They returned, under full sail, their signals announcing that the squadron which was approaching was that of Carlo Zeno.

XVII. The arrival of Zeno revived all hopes. Not only did his return render the Venetians numerically superior, but his crews, composed of experienced mariners, were capable of surmounting difficulties before which the inexperienced sailors of Pisani must have succumbed. Zeno, on arriving, went on board the ducal galley to render an account to the chiefs of the republic of all that had happened to him since his departure from Venice.

With his squadron of eight galleys, he had at first cruised on the coast of Sicily, where he had taken and burnt a great number of Genoese merchantmen. During the winter he had presented himself before Naples, in order to attempt a negotiation with Queen Joan, hoping to bring her to a change of party, and to enter into an alliance with Venice. This negotiation had procured for him the advantage of passing a portion of the bad season in port; but the news of the battle of Pola had overthrown all his hopes of reconciling the queen with the republic, and he determined to carry the war to the coast of Genoa, in order to retain there the disposable forces of the republic. During the whole summer he ravaged the Ligurian shores, attacking all weakly fortified points, pursuing the Genoese squadrons,

and desolating their commerce. His name became the terror of that sea.

His instructions recommending him to protect the merchant fleets which the Venetians had in the Syrian ports, he set sail towards the Archipelago, rallying to his squadron some galleys which were in those latitudes, and aided the Emperor Calojohannes to subdue his son. He went to Beyrout to take charge of a convoy destined for Venice, and it was while he was there that he received intelligence of the danger of the capital. The squadron and the convoy made all haste in order to arrive there. Off Rhodes, they had fallen in with a great Genoese galley, the largest in the world, and which they immediately attacked with four galleys. The combat was unequal, but this vessel, which was of much stronger build than the Venetian galleys, making a vigorous resistance, it had been necessary to take her by boarding. In this action, Zeno had received two severe wounds—one in the eye, and the other in the foot. Arrived in the Adriatic, and beaten by a tempest which had engulfed one of his galleys, he had thrown his convoy into the port of Panuzo, and had hastened to the assistance of his country.

XVIII. Although not yet recovered from his wounds, Zeno desired, on the day of his arrival, to take part in new dangers; and his courage was honored with the most perilous post. He was ordered to take position with his squadron in the pass of Brondolo, where, for eight days, the other galleys had suffered so much. The next day a violent tempest assailed the fleet. The galleys were torn from their anchors, and were dispersed. The Genoese, seeing the station abandoned, hastened to the shore in order to attack the works of the Venetians. Zeno could bring forward only three galleys, the terrible fire of which compelled the enemy to remove. The following day, in spite of the wind, which blew more furiously than before, he obstinately kept firm before the Genoese batteries. The combat lasted all day. One Venetian galley was so badly treated that she was compelled to surrender. That which Zeno was on board of, was dragged by the currents and thrown by the tempest on shore, at the foot of a tower occupied by the enemy. It was

night; the stranded galley was fired upon from all sides. The bravest saw no hope of escape. The admiral imposed silence on those who dared to speak of surrender. He prevailed upon a sailor, who was a good swimmer, to jump into the sea with a rope, which he bore to some Venetian vessels that were not far off. When the cable was made fast, they threw overboard the armament of the galley, which was thus made to float; and, under the fire of the enemy, she was slowly towed off from that shore on which, a moment before, she appeared to be lost.

At this moment, Zeno received a wound in the throat from an arrow. He broke the shaft, without losing time in drawing the iron from the wound, and, traversing the deck with his usual vivacity, he continued to give his orders. In the obscurity, he fell through the hatchway into the hold, and was believed to be lost. A sailor, who came to his assistance, drew the iron from his wound, and the blood gushed forth impetuously. In order not to be suffocated, the admiral ordered himself to be placed on his stomach, and it was in that position that he arrived at the place where his fleet was stationed. The surgeons believed the wound to be mortal, and declared that he ought to be carried on shore; but the admiral refused to quit his ship, saying that if death were inevitable, it was there he should wish to meet it. Fortunately, nature baffled the sinister predictions of art, and, after a short interval, this hero was restored to his country.

XIX. On the 6th of January, Pisani obtained a considerable advantage over the troops that guarded the island of Brondolo. Some days after, he established on the shore batteries armed with those enormous cannon called bombards, which were proofs rather of the infancy of the art than of its power. In all new inventions, the first object is to augment effects by over-doing the means. Perfection consists in obtaining certain and well-calculated results with the least possible means. We are told that Pisani's bombards launched balls of marble of the weight of one hundred and forty and two hundred pounds. It was not then known that the quantity of powder necessary to send such balls could not be ignited at

once, and that consequently it was only a feeble portion of the charge that acted on the projectile, which considerably diminished the effect, at the same time that the expense was considerably augmented. These pieces also could be fired only once a day, and then the result was always very uncertain. However, one of the balls sent from them at hazard, killed the Genoese admiral. On the 22d of January, while visiting the works of Brondolo, Pietro Doria was crushed by a wall that was overthrown by an enormous bullet; happy, perhaps, in escaping by such a death from the reproaches that he could not have avoided for not having raised the blockade of Chiozza. Napoleon Grimaldi took the command. As he saw that the Venetians were closing up his forces more firmly with each succeeding day, he came to the great resolution of intersecting the island with a canal, and thus to open up a passage for his ships to the sea.

The Lord of Padua had succeeded in throwing into the place a reinforcement of eight hundred lancers and three hundred infantry. The shore of the island of Brondolo was about to become the scene of new combats. It was to Zeno that the republic still confided the command of its land troops. Unfortunately they were composed of adventurers of different nations, all equally insubordinate and avaricious. In spite of the example of their general, who, in the public distress, would share only in its dangers, this host of foreigners loudly demanded a gratuity, for the payment of which the treasury could furnish only five hundred ducats. Zeno, from his own means, doubled this sum, and appeased the tumult for the time.

The little army which the Venetians had collected at Palestrina, amounted to only eight thousand men. That of the Genoese was reduced to thirteen thousand, of which a portion occupied the town of Chiozza, and the remainder the island of Brondolo, which was joined to that place by a bridge. In order to prevent the Genoese from cutting a passage to the sea across Brondolo, it was necessary to drive them from that island, and to compel them to shut themselves up in Chiozza.

XX. On the 18th of January Zeno

crossed the channel which separates Palustrina from Brondolo. The Genoese who were in the last island stood firm in their intrenchments. The Venetian general, feigning to be disheartened at a fruitless attack, retired with some precipitation. The enemy ran out to pursue him; whereupon he charged them with his small cavalry force, the possession of which gave him a great advantage; and when he saw that the garrison of the place had made a sortie in order to assist them, he rushed upon it with his reserve, and, while a portion of it was still upon the bridge, overthrew it, made a great carnage in its ranks, and forced it to return. He hoped to press the pursuit so vigorously as to be able to enter the town *pêle mèle* with the fugitives. But on the bridge, obstructed as it was by those who were running from Chiozza, and by those who were flying from the island, the disorder was such that the planks bent under the dense crowd; an arch gave way, and many of the Genoese were drowned. Those who remained in the island found themselves without any communication with the town. In this desperate situation they threw themselves into boats in order to gain Chiozza, and some of their number fled even beyond the lagunes. The Venetians attacked ten Genoese galleys which had been stationed near to the shore of Brondolo, under the protection of the intrenchments they had carried. Some of them were set on fire. The Genoese, not being able to save them, endeavored to burn them. Pisani, when he saw the flames, came up with his flotilla, and all that escaped from burning fell into his hands.

This battle cost the Genoese three thousand men, besides six hundred prisoners. The alarm extended itself to Chiozza. Many of their soldiers seized small vessels in which to desert, and to throw themselves on the Paduan shore. Some of their number were so frightened as to attempt to cross the lagunes by swimming. It was a winter night, and they were found dead the next day. This decisive victory rendered the Venetians masters of the island of Brondolo, and shut up the Genoese in the town of Chiozza, where they could still defend themselves, but from whence escape was henceforth impossible, unless by assistance from the sea.

It is easy to understand that such assistance was impatiently expected. The government of Genoa had been informed for more than a month of the difficult position in which its army was placed. On the 18th of January, a fleet of twenty galleys, commanded by Matteo Maruffo, had left Genoa to raise the blockade of Chiozza; and Gasparo Spinola had arrived by land at Padua in order to throw a convoy into that place, of which he was to take the command.

XXI. While the Venetians, transported at their victory, were celebrating it by rejoicings, the soldiers of Zeno, always the more exacting in proportion as they saw their services more necessary, signified to him that they wished for a pay double that which they had agreed to serve for; declaring, that if their demand were not at once complied with they should immediately retire from the service of the republic. The treasury of St. Mark was far from being able to supply this demand. The general, although they had authorized him to promise that which was so imperiously exacted, wished to be prodigal only of his own fortune; and it was from his own means that he purchased the submission of the principal chiefs, who in return imposed silence on the exorbitant pretensions of the others.

This difficulty was not the only one he had to surmount. After having appeased these murmurs, he found it necessary to silence those of the patricians whom the example of the Doge had compelled to serve on board the fleet, but who, little accustomed to maritime war, began to find lengthy a campaign which had lasted for two months. They found themselves retained in the galleys by the oath that Contarini had taken not to return to Venice until after the conquest of Chiozza. They declared that military operations were conducted with too much circumspection. Their disapprobation was particularly manifested when Pisani and Zeno determined upon blockading the place. It might be succored, said the discontented; not to attack with vigor would be tempting the inconstancy of fortune, and an imitation of the fault committed by Doria, to which Venice owed her safety. They said that the two generals were not sufficiently prodigal of their lives. The latter,

however, persisted in their opinion, and made it prevail. It was not the least proof that they gave of their courage, the taking upon themselves the reproach of an event of which the issue might prove contrary to all their hopes. Already some symptoms had shown themselves in the naval force. Taddeo Justiniani believed that he had a right to be jealous of Pisani, and in order to put an end to the unhappy effects of discord, he was detached with twelve vessels. He was ordered to convoy vessels laden with grain, which were expected from Istria and Apulia.

XXII. The blockade being determined upon, they applied themselves to rendering it complete. The fleet of the besieged found itself considerably reduced. Five of their galleys, surprised by the flotilla of Barbadigo, surrendered without fighting. But the greatest inconvenience experienced by the Genoese from their situation, arose from their want of food. Resolved to prolong their defence, they forced all the inhabitants of Chiozza to leave the town. The besiegers could not have the inhumanity to drive back their fellow-citizens into a starving place. They sent them to Venice, where bread was still selling at quadruple its ordinary price. The country of Ferrara, however, furnished some assistance to the capital; but the convoys which came by the lagunes were compelled to pass so near to Chiozza that one of them was captured by the besieged.

This success of the Genoese was followed by another, much more considerable. Gasparo Spinola had been sent from Genoa to Padua to attempt to revictual Chiozza. He threw himself into the place during the night between the 14th and 15th of April, and brought a considerable convoy, which, during two or three months, did more for the defence than the courage of the defenders; and that courage was directed by their new commander, one of the most skilful officers of his age.

In the meanwhile there arrived at Venice a portion of the vessels loaded with corn, which they had expected from the Istrian ports. These vessels, however, had sailed without convoy, and they entered one after another. People were surprised at not seeing the squadron which had been sent to escort them. They reported that Tad-

deo Justiniani had ordered them to Venice at once, and that he was no longer on the Istrian coast, having sailed with his twelve galleys for Apulia, and that he proposed to return with another convoy; and that at the end of the preceding month a portion of that squadron, detached by Justiniani, under the orders of Enrico Dandolo, had surprised the town of Grado, then occupied by the troops of the Patriarch of Aquileia. This convoy was known to be on its way; nevertheless, it did not arrive; and, finally, some ships appeared which announced that the fleet of which they had formed a part, had been dispersed by a tempest. Six galleys had thrown themselves into the port of Ficulano; Justiniani, with the other portion of his squadron, had gained Manfredonia. There he was seen by the Genoese fleet, twenty galleys strong, which had that moment entered the gulf on its way to the relief of Chiozza. The Venetian admiral, wishing to avoid so unequal a combat, ran his galleys ashore, discharged the transports, and placed his crews on land in some hastily-erected intrenchments. But the enemy carried them; Justiniani was made prisoner, and those Venetians who escaped from the combat were compelled to traverse the whole of Italy in order to regain their country. At Ficulano two galleys had been taken, and the other four had fled.

XXIII. This event left no doubt that the fleet of Matteo Maruffo would soon appear; and, in the beginning of May, they saw the Genoese force, which had been reinforced by some galleys from Zara. It presented itself successively before all the passes, without finding one of them accessible. Maruffo sought, by all possible provocations, to draw the Venetians into battle; but the latter, determined not to make the fate of the war depend on the hazard of a battle, remained insensible to all insults, and firm in the port where they confined the besieged, and braved the Genoese admiral. Pisani, however, believed it necessary to remove from the shore, on the 26th of May, with twenty-five galleys; but it appeared that he wished only to scatter the enemy, without fighting, as nothing came of the manœuvre, and some days after, the Venetian fleet resumed its first station. They sailed round Chiozza every day, with various

success; but the magazines of the place were nearly exhausted. Carrara had prepared a convoy of eighty barks, which would have revictualled the town for some time. They were intercepted by the flotilla of Venice. Reduced to the last extremity by the want of food, the besieged, from the tops of their towers, saw, at the mouth of the Brenta, the convoys which were to supply them with abundance, and on the sea the fleet which had come to deliver them; but neither the fleet of Maruffo nor the Paduan boats could reach them. By the aid of signals, however, they communicated with the admiral; and as their industry was equal to their courage, they conceived the project of delivering themselves and gaining the fleet. To do that, it would be necessary to destroy the stockade which closed the pass of Brondolo; but the piles driven in the waters that surround the city would not permit them to go out in their galleys. The Genoese demolished the houses of Chiozza, and with the wood thus obtained they constructed boats, in which, after having removed the piles, they were to attempt to force the pass, attacking it from the side of the lagunes, whilst Maruffo, with his galleys, was to advance from the sea to second and receive them.

XXIV. But while they continued to rely upon their own efforts, they did not disdain to attempt to negotiate. Spinola proposed to return Chiozza to the Doge, on condition that the Genoese fleet and army should be allowed to depart freely. The offer was rejected, the Venetians requiring that the besieged should surrender at discretion; and it only remained for the latter to attempt to make their way through the besieging troops. They had had no difficulty in keeping up intelligence with the foreign soldiers composing the blockading army under Zeno. The demand for double pay was renewed by that soldiery. The general did his best to engage the mercenaries to desist from it. On the 15th of June, he was in the midst of his camp, then in a tumult, exhorting some, reprimanding others, menacing and persuading alternately, when he saw, with extreme surprise, one hundred boats leave Chiozza, row towards the pass of Brondolo, and attempt to remove the piles. He immediately showed to his seditious soldiers that

the enemy was escaping from them, carrying with them all the plunder on which they had counted. He ordered them to form and attack, and advanced himself into the shallows, where the water was up to his shoulders, thus dragging them forward by his example. The lagunes then presented the singular spectacle of an army hazarding itself on board of boats constructed of the remains of houses, and which they were compelled to lift over the piles; the Genoese now in the water, and now in their boats, and the infantry of Zeno advancing into the marshes to charge them. Maruffo presented himself at the same moment to destroy the stockade; but Pisani went to meet him with his flotilla, placed several galleys across the pass in order to prevent access to it, thundered upon the fragile barks that were endeavoring to escape, took twenty-one of them, sank several others, and forced the remainder to return to Chiozza.

The bad success of this attempt left the Genoese without hope. Deprived of drinkable water, after having eaten all the animals in the town, they were compelled to make a broth of old leather and brackish water, their last and only nourishment. Spinola, whose talents and courage were not to be questioned, retired and gained the continent, and left to his lieutenant authority to capitulate. The deputation went on board the flag-ship of the Doge, which was stationed near the town; there they represented that they had often combated the Venetians, but not without having observed the laws of war and of humanity; that they had wished to take away their power, but not their lives; that, for ten months, they had, like courageous men, used every exertion to defend Chiozza, and expected to receive, therefore, the gratitude of their countrymen and the esteem of their enemies; that compelled by famine to put an end to their resistance, they hoped to find in the Venetians that generosity so natural to a valiant nation, and that moderation to which all must be disposed who have proved the inconstancy of fortune. Their property and their ships they did not expect to keep, but to abandon them to the conquerors; but they had deserved not to be despoiled of their arms, and they demanded their lives and liberty. The answer was, that they must surrender

at discretion, and that the question of their life or death would be afterwards deliberated upon.

XXV. This negotiation led to new incidents. The report was spread among the mercenaries that the Venetians were about to receive the enemy to capitulation, and that the town would not be abandoned to pillage. Nothing more was necessary to rekindle the fire of revolt. Zeno and several senators made fruitless efforts to appease the sedition. They promised them an augmentation of pay, but without effect. One captain, named Roberto di Recanati, insulted the general by the boldness of his discourse. The soldiers took their arms, and ran towards the town with the intention of joining the Genoese. Zeno, sword in hand, precipitated himself before them; his energy and exhortations stopped the greater portion of their number, but some of them threw themselves into Chiozza. It was necessary that the signory should formally promise to the rebels a month's double pay, and three days' pillage of a place belonging to the republic. Nor did the matter end here. A plot was formed against the life of Zeno. The following night, the general, advised of this odious conspiracy, assembled the officers, and revealed to them the secret he had learned, and which concerned not less their honor than his life. Several of the captains were brigands, but all men have naturally a horror of assassination. They swore that they had no knowledge of the plot, and loudly demanded the name of the culprit, that they might punish him. Zeno then had Roberto di Recanati arrested, accused him, convicted him of his perfidy, and loading him with irons, sent him on board the flag-ship, where he was the next day hung. This arrest of Roberto occasioned a new rebellion. The soldiers surrounded the tent of the general, and demanded their captain. Zeno, who boldly presented himself before them, was assailed, and owed his life only to his helmet, which turned a blow aimed at him with a sabre. The officers hastened to his assistance, and rescued him. With the aid of some better disciplined companies, they dispersed and punished the rebels. Such was the deplorable condition of a general compelled to command mercenaries, surrounded by more dangers in the midst of his own

camp than in battle, and expecting every minute to witness the escape of that prey which he had kept surrounded for six months. However, on the 24th of June, the besieged raised the signal of distress. They surrendered at discretion, and having opened their gates, Zeno entered the place, which was delivered up to pillage. Nineteen galleys, and 4170 Genoese prisoners, without counting the foreigners, were the fruits of this conquest. Such were the sad remains of that formidable army which had caused Venice to tremble.

XXVI. But the fleet of Maruffo was much stronger than when it entered the Adriatic. It had been increased to thirty-nine galleys, and, in the interval between the 26th of June and the 1st of August, it had taken Trieste and destroyed its citadel, and Arbo, Polo and Ceifro d'Istria. On the 8th of July it appeared before Venice. In that city they were still indulging in the joyful transports excited by the conquest of Chiozza. They praised the magnanimity of the old prince of the republic, who had supported, with an immovable constancy, the perils and fatigues of a campaign of seven months. All this they were suddenly compelled to put an end to. On the 27th, Pisani received orders to sail with twenty galleys, to give chase to the Genoese fleet; but, on the 13th of August, that great man, more commendable even because of his civil actions than for his military exploits, died on board of his flag-ship, after a short illness. The galley which had carried his body to Venice, left that city on the 2d of September, leaving Zeno, his worthy successor, in the command on board. When he had joined the fleet, he conducted it before Zara. He saw in that port the fleet of Maruffo, without being able, in spite of all manner of provocations, to make it come out and accept battle. The place was newly fortified, and the garrison, reinforced by the crews of so large a fleet, was in a condition to sustain a long siege. Zeno established his cruising ground in sight of the port. Unfortunately, the fleet, which had hurriedly left port, was not sufficiently supplied with provisions. Although they had had time to embark food, it was not to be had in Venice, which was exhausted by a famine of ten months. This year had been very

unproductive throughout all Italy. The Venetian fleet, cruising off an enemy's coast, had obtained its supply of provisions by means of transports that went and came between the kingdom of Naples and roads of Zara. But this year, signalized by so many calamities, was still more so by tempests. Several of these convoys were dispersed, some were swallowed up by the waves, and almost all were retarded. The crews suffered the greatest privations; they were compelled, for a fortnight, to live on salted meat, without bread. The storms made the station doubly painful; and the murmurs of the sailors became so loud, that it was not possible to doubt the neighborhood of a mutiny.

XXVII. Zeno, after consulting with his principal officers, wrote to ask permission to return with his fleet to Venice. All the answer he received was an order to lay siege to Marano. This place was situated amid the marshes formed by the mouths of the Tagliamento. Removed almost two leagues from the sea, it communicates with it only by a canal which the reflux of the tide leaves dry. They wished to capture it because it was an offensive position against the states of the Patriarch of Aquileia. Zeno did not hesitate to present himself before it, but he knew the impossibility of the undertaking; and that impossibility was so evident, that the whole force broke out into murmurs against an order which denoted so absolute an ignorance of the localities. With one voice they demanded that sail should be made for Venice, without waiting for authority. The admiral, who would not accede to the demand of his men, determined to do so from his own conviction, preferring rather to encounter the indignation of the senate than to deserve the reproach of having left that fleet to perish which had been confided to his care.

The Venetian government was not accustomed to so much temerity in its generals. As soon as the fleet was seen, two senators went on board of it to forbid Zeno from entering the port, under pain of death. "My life," he replied, "belongs to the republic, and I will devote myself, if it is necessary, willingly incurring disgrace in order to save the fleet. But what then? Have they already forgotten our

last misfortunes? To what were they owing? To the disaster of Pola. And that defeat? To the little regard that was paid to the counsels of the unfortunate Pisani. A winter campaign cost him three-fourths of his crews. We are now in the month of December; we have kept the sea for a long time; tempests have worn out the fleet; the crews are exhausted by privations; they have been a fortnight without bread. I know that it is scarce in Venice, but is it not natural that the army should be admitted to a share of that which can be had? Is it just, in order to get rid of it, to order it on an impracticable enterprise? I am convinced that that expedition will cost you your fleet, and I ask that it be received into port." Three days were passed in messages and deliberations. The senate, much irritated against the admiral, menaced him with its full vengeance; but the murmurs of the sailors gave those senators who visited the fleet to understand, that it would not be safe to insist upon its removal. The people declared in favor of the sailors, and the fleet was finally authorized to enter Venice.

Zeno and his officers were introduced into the senate, in order to give an account there of their conduct. The admiral expressed himself with wisdom, and even moderation; but one of his captains, who could not, like him, listen in silence to the harsh reprimand which was addressed to them, protested against the tyranny of a government which thus outraged its most illustrious defenders, and which obstinately compromised the safety of the country, rather than revoke orders inconsiderately given. This want of respect excited the indignation of the whole assembly. They made Zeno and his captains leave the room, and commenced deliberating on their punishment. Almost all voices were united in support of a proposition to throw them into prison; but the people and the sailors tumultuously surrounded the palace, and announced by their cries their resolution to defend a general who was dear to them.

Zeno re-entered the senate hall without being called there, which bold act was a new crime; they treated him as a rebel. "You have," he said, "an army which has been for a long time victorious, but which

is now exhausted by fatigue and privations. See how indignant you are against it! You loudly accuse it because it has expressed its wants, perhaps demanded its rights. 'Let it perish,' say you, 'provided authority be preserved.' In fact, that authority will be all the more imposing in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, when you shall be stripped of all force. Ah! if such pride would permit it to be, the army would dare to believe that its interest could not be separated from that of the country. As the price of all the blood it has shed, it asks of you only the forgetfulness of fatal passions; it implores you not to compromise the country. If there is any one here with more wounds, let him rise, and proclaim himself to be a better citizen."

Saying these words, he left the hall, in spite of all commands to remain, descended to the piazzetta, passed through the crowds of people, who saluted him with acclamations, entered the church of St. Mark, where he performed his devotions, and retired to his own house.

The favor of the people was so decidedly pronounced, that it was not possible to either punish Zeno or to send away the fleet. The senate deliberated for several days. Finally, in order to reconcile the maintenance of its orders with circumstances, it was decided that the attack on Marano should be renewed; but in place of employing the fleet, they made use of boats, more proper to make the approaches to the place, and Zeno gave a proof of his submission by setting out immediately to direct the enterprise.

He made such remarks on this project as were suggested by his experience, and then he departed with one hundred and fifty barks to attack Marano. He was grievously wounded, yet continued his attacks. Repulsed with loss, he regained his boats only with much difficulty and danger, and was recalled to Venice to be afterwards sent at the head of a fleet to the Grecian seas, where nothing of importance took place.

XXVIII. The Genoese had been compelled to surrender Chiozza; but they had still a numerous fleet in the Adriatic. On the continent, the affairs of the allies were in a much more advanced state, since, for a year, the war in the lagunes had de-

manded all the efforts of the Venetians; nevertheless, Treviso, their principal place, was blockaded, and a prey to famine. During the winter they had proposed negotiations, without any result. The Venetians showed their willingness to make sacrifices, but their concessions had no other effect than to increase the pretensions of their enemies. The signory recalled its ministers, and commenced preparing for a new campaign. Determined to reunite all its means for the increase of its naval force, and believing that it could not preserve the Trevisano, the resolution was taken to abandon it, after a possession of forty-three years. But Venice feared to cede it to so odious a neighbor as the Lord of Padua; and, fearful of aggrandizing him, she offered the province to a still more powerful prince, the Duke of Austria. It was undoubtedly inconvenient to call into her vicinity so redoubtable a sovereign; but his other states were remote, and it would be difficult for him to establish himself solidly in Italy. Besides, it was a point of consequence to withdraw him from that formidable league against which the republic had struggled for three years. The treaty of cession was signed on the 2d of May, 1381. An Austrian army, six thousand strong, immediately entered the province, and gave a just cause for disquiet and vexation to the Lord of Padua. He was compelled to give up the places which he had taken. He put in operation at once all the arts of the weak—false promises, corruption, etc.—to prevent the Duke of Austria from establishing himself in the Trevisano; and he finally succeeded in his design.

A revolution, which, a short time before, had precipitated Joan of Naples from her throne, had drawn the attention of the King of Hungary to that quarter, as the vacant crown had been offered to his nephew, Charles, by the Pope, Urban VI.

The Count of Savoy and the republic of Florence chose this moment to offer themselves as mediators between the signory and its enemies. A congress was assembled. The Venetian ambassadors had not apparently received instructions to procrastinate the negotiations, for the treaty was signed on the 8th of August.

The republic was reduced to its lagunes, having already abandoned Dalmatia and

the Trevisano, and therefore had no cession to make; nor was it in a condition to exact anything. The conditions of peace were: 1. That the Lord of Padua should restore Cavarzeto and Maranzano to the republic, and demolish all the forts he had erected on the borders of the lagunes; that the limits between the principality of Padua and the possessions of the signory should be defined by arbitrators; and, finally, that Carrara should cease to pay all the contributions and taxes that had formerly been exacted from him. 2. That with respect to the Patriarch of Aquileia, all things should remain on the footing which they had occupied previous to the war. 3. That the King of Hungary should abandon his pretensions to the island of Pago, in the gulf of Fiume, agree to close his ports against all corsairs, and renounce salt-making on his coasts. For these concessions, the republic agreed to pay seven thousand ducats during several years, for historians differ as to the duration of this tribute. 4. Finally, relative to the Genoese, it was stipulated that both nations should renounce their commerce at the mouth of the Tanais, in order to avoid all subjects of discord; that each party should retain its conquests; that the island of Tenedos should be evacuated by the Venetians, in order to be held by the Count of Savoy, and that its fortifications should be demolished in two years; that at the end of that time its ultimate destination should be fixed, and that the sum of five hundred thousand ducats should be deposited by each party in the hands of the Florentines, as a security for the execution of the terms of the treaty.

When prisoners were exchanged, the Venetians, who had made 7,200, had only 3,380 to return: 4,000 had perished in the dungeons of Venice. The Genoese, on the contrary, returned almost all theirs.

This peace put an end to the ravages which Zeno had for some time been inflicting on the Ligurian coast; but it was on the point of being broken by the obstinacy of the Venetian governor of Tenedos, who, not being able to persuade himself that the republic had really and sincerely renounced possession of that island, obstinately refused to give it up to the commissioners of the Count of Savoy. It was necessary to menace him, to treat him as a rebel, to put

a price on his head, to send an army to reduce him, to besiege him in form, and at last to admit him to a capitulation. They restored to him all his goods, and indemnified him for his losses. Houses and lands in Candia were assigned to those inhabitants of Tenedos who wished to transport themselves there; to others, who wished to leave the island, and settle at Constantinople, or elsewhere, they paid the value of their personal property. Tenedos was fatal to the Venetians; it had cost them more to surrender it, than it had to capture it. It remained for the government to discharge the debt due to those citizens who had manifested the most devotion to the republic during its dangers.

XXIX. Thirty heads of families were admitted to the great Council. As there can be no purer origin of nobility, I shall mention their names, some of which have since become illustrious. At their head was Giacomo Cavalli, the Veronese general, who during the siege of Chiozza, had commanded the land troops. The others were,—Marco Storlodo, artisan; Paolo Trivisano, citizen; Giovanni Garzoni; Giacomo Candolmiere, merchant; Marco Urso, artisan; Francisco Girardo, citizen; Marco Cicogna, apothecary; Antonio Arduino, wine merchant; Raffaini di Carresini, grand chancellor; Marco Paschaligo, citizen; Nicolo Paulo; Pietro Zeukary, grocer; Giacomo Trivisano, citizen; Nicolo Longo, artisan; Giovanni Negro, grocer; Andrea Vendramini, banker; Giovanni Arduino; Nicolo Tagliapietra, artisan; Giacomo Pizzamani, Candiote noble; Nicolo Garzoni; Pietro Penzino, artisan; Giorgio Calerge, Candiote noble; Nicolo Reynieri, artisan; Bartolomo Paruta, furrier; Luigi di Fornese; Pietro Lippomano, citizen; Donato di Porto, artisan; Paolo Nani, grocer; Francisco di Mezzo, artisan; Andrea Zusto, citizen.

When this promotion to the patriciate had been made, there were two descriptions of nobles in Venice. All those who had existed anterior to this decree, formed a class by themselves. Nevertheless, they distinguished among the latter the heroes which, by common consent, ascended to the time of the origin of the republic, and which were known by the name of tribunitian families.

On the 5th of June, 1382, Venice lost Andrea Contarini, who died, exhausted by

age and by the fatigues of a long campaign by sea, of which he had shared all the perils. He was the first doge over whom a funeral oration was pronounced. Contarini, Pisani, and Zeno had had the good fortune, amid the great calamities of their country, to merit her everlasting gratitude. Zeno alone survived this disastrous war. When the question of giving a successor to Contarini came up, the public voice designated Zeno. His name was repeated and invoked by the people. The conclave of electors was formed. Two candidates were presented,—the one was Zeno, and the other was that Micheli Morosini, who during the war had tripled his fortune by his speculations. The suffrages of the electors were united on the latter. He was proclaimed Doge on the 10th of June, 1382, and reigned only four months.

Such was the "War of Chiozza," in the course of which were displayed all those high qualities for which the Italian race has long been renowned. The patriotism exhibited by the Venetians may be advantageously compared with that of the Athenians during the invasion of the Persians, though its consequences were less important to mankind, there being no comparison between Venice, however great as a commercial state, and however much she exceeded transalpine Europe in civilization, and that Ionic community which bore in its bosom that light which was to ulti-

mately illumine the whole earth. Those persons who are continually reading history for the purpose of hunting up proofs of popular ingratitude towards national heroes and deliverers, would do well to read, in the way of corrective, the above chapter from the annals of Venice; for on no occasion has the vice of ingratitude been more signally displayed than in the treatment of Pisani and Zeno. To these men Venice owed her existence. The first, her government disfranchised and imprisoned, because of a disaster that happened as a consequence of its own folly, and restored him to freedom only when impelled so to do by the people's demands. The second may be regarded as the saviour of the republic, and certainly he had the highest merits in every way; yet the oligarchs passed him by, in spite of—perhaps because of—his being the choice of the people and the soldiery, and placed the ducal crown on the head of a base miser, who had seen, in the apparent approaching ruin of his country, only the means of increasing his wealth. Had the American people rejected Washington, and conferred the Presidency on some contractor attached to the revolutionary army, they would have acted in the spirit of the aristocratical electors of Venice. The rejection of Zeno, and the promotion of Morosini, may be placed as an offset to the fine of Miltiades and the banishment of Cimon.—TRANSLATOR.

C. C. H.

THE VENGEANCE OF EROS.

IMITATED FROM THEOCRITUS.

A wooer very passionate once loved a cruel May—
 Her form was fair beyond compare, but bitter was her way;
 She hated him that loved her, and was unkind for aye,
 Nor did she know how great the god, how perilous his bow,
 How bitter are the shafts he sends on her that is his foe.
 Whene'er they met, whene'er they spoke, immovable was she,
 And gave him not a gleam of hope to soothe his misery.
 No smile her proud lip had for him, no pleasant glance her eye;
 Her tongue would find no word for him, her hand his hand deny.

But as a forest-dwelling beast far from the hunter flies,
 So did she ever treat the wretch : dire scorn was in her eyes ;
 Her lips were firmly set at him, her face transformed with ire,
 And anger paled her haughty brow that used to glow like fire.
 Yet even so to look on she was fairer than before,
 And by her very haughtiness inflamed her lover more ;
 Until so great a blaze of love he could no longer bear,
 But went before her cruel door and wept his sorrows there,
 And kissed the stubborn threshold, and cried in his despair—
 " O savage girl and hateful ! of no human birth art thou !
 Stone-hearted girl, unworthy love ! I come before thee now
 To offer thee my latest gift—my death—for ne'er again
 Would I incense thee, maiden, more, nor give thee any pain.
 But whither thou hast sentenced me, I go, for there, they say,
 For lovers is forgetfulness, a cure, a common way ;
 Yet not e'en that, the cure of all, my longing can abate.
 I bid these doors of thine farewell, but well I know thy fate.
 The rose like thee is beautiful—in time, it fades away ;
 And beautiful Spring's violet which withers in a day :
 The lily is exceeding fair ; it falls and wastes anon :
 The snow is white ; it hardens first, and then is quickly gone ;
 And lovely is the bloom of youth, but short-lived is its prime.
 And thou shalt love as I have loved—'twill surely come—that time,
 When thou shalt look within thyself and weep in bitter woe.
 But grant me, love, this last request—one kindness now bestow :
 When thou hast found me hanging dead before thy portal here,
 O pass not by my wretched corse, but stand and drop a tear,
 And loose the cord, and wrap me up in garments of thine own,
 And give one kiss, the first and last that e'er I shall have known.
 And do not fear to kiss the dead—the dead lips will not move ;
 I cannot change to life again, though thou shouldst change to love.
 And hollow out a tomb for me, my hopeless love to hide ;
 Nor go away till thou three times ' Farewell, my friend, ' hast cried.
 And if thou wilt, say also this, ' My friend was good and brave ; '
 And what I write upon thy wall write thou upon my grave !
 ' Love slew the man that lieth here ; wayfarer pass not by,
 But stop and say, A cruel May hath caused him here to lie. ' "

* * * * *
 The heartless fair came forth at morn, and there her lover hung.
 She nothing said, nor wept a tear that he had died so young.
 Her careless garments brushed the corse that hung before her path ;
 The wonted fountain tempted her, she sought the pleasant bath,
 And braved the god whom she had spurned ; for at that very place,
 A marble Cupid tipped the wave high o'er a marble base.
 The conscious statue toppled prone ; the stream with blood was dyed ;
 The cruel girl's departing voice came floating on the tide.
 Rejoice and triumph, ye that love ! The god his wronger slew.
 And love, all ye that are beloved ! the god will have his due.

CARL BENSON.

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

MISS PARDOE is not unknown in the literary world. First making her *débüt* as a novelist, then gracefully descending from the realms of romance to lead her readers through the enchanted domains of eastern travel, and now bending over the tomes of history that the silent past may rise in the freshness of present life under the power of her pen, if she has not achieved a permanent renown, at least, like the woman of sacred story, she hath done what she could.

As a novelist, Miss Pardoe's success was below her expectation. As a traveller, she did better, and with the lively powers of observation, the acute perceptions, the nice discrimination and ready wit of her sex, she unfolded to the Christian world more of the hidden mysteries of the social life of Mohammedism, than any writer has done since the days of Mary Wortley Montague. Beyond this, we wish that the series of our praise could be ascending, and that we could add, that as a historian our fair authoress had surpassed all that she had done before. Alas for our gallantry, that we cannot do this. In the scenic splendors of the court of the *grand monarque*; in the personal descriptions of fair women and brave men who revolved for nearly half a century around the most illustrious throne of Europe; in the gorgeous paraphernalia which attracted the attention of the world, blinding the eyes and stupefying the hearts of Christendom to the rottenness beneath; in the brilliant wit, the cultivated taste, the chivalrous demeanor, the haughty bearing, and the high self-esteem which sunk the nation in the court, and the court, as Louis himself styled it, in himself—*L'état, c'est moi!*—no one can enter with more earnestness and eloquence than does Miss Pardoe. But this is not history. To represent the relations in which man exists and the influences to which he is subject with truth and clearness; to give facts, but to give them with all their attendant circumstances, showing both the causes from which they sprung

and the consequences to which they gave rise; to embrace at one view the field to be explored and to give to each point as well its relation to the whole as its own individual worth; is the great object and scope of historical writing. Endowed with the power of the artist, Miss Pardoe can conceive and paint the character of great men and great periods, but she lacks that soundness of judgment which can detect truth through the clouds of falsehood and prejudice. Ready to perceive and prompt to avail herself of prominent points in the characters she delineates, she yet fails to detect the *motives* of conduct, and finds in all semblances what seem to her to be the true exponents of the heart. Extensive in her reading without being thorough, quick to perceive facts but tardy in drawing from them correct conclusions, clear in her vision of what men did, but blind to the reasons which prompted them, vivid in her descriptions but misty in her narrative, acute but never deep, learned but never philosophical, Miss Pardoe's history is always biography, and her biography barely the lineaments of a single expression of the character.

The reign of the fourteenth Louis is still the court wonder of the world. Impoverished under the reign of his predecessor, so that its taste, wealth, and arms had become a bye-word in the world; scarcely resuscitating under the regency of Anne of Austria, who, governed by the astute and wily Mazarin, cared little for any glory to her people, save that which should first illustrate the greatness of her own cabal and perpetuate its power; France under the statesmanship of Louis XIV. rose to a summit of renown with a suddenness, a lustre, and an apparently inextinguishable life, unsurpassed in all ancient history, unequalled in all modern time. How far this is to be attributed to the wisdom of the ruler, how far to the energy of the people, must always remain matter of question. So much only is certain, that the measures of Louis XIV., from the time

when, banishing all usurpants of the first power from his councils, after the death of Mazarin, and wielding his sceptre under the government of his own will alone, to the hour when the nation arrived at the acme of its glory, sanctioned and enforced as they were by the energy and loyalty of an undivided public sentiment, contributed directly and constantly to the elevation and glory of his reign, and to the dignity and power of his people. We do not propose to consider the philosophy of those measures, nor the results which followed them. A brief sketch of the times of the great king and of the principal events which happened at the French court during his reign, is all we can attempt in the present article.

The life of Louis XIV. is easily divided into three epochs. Governed during the first by his mother, during the second by his mistresses, and during the third by Madame de Maintenon, there seems never to have been a time through his whole life, when he was not a passive subject to the whims and caprices, or an earnest believer in the intelligence and policy, of the female sex. He wept with the bitterness of childhood when he first found himself at variance with his mother, though at the time he was nearly arrived at the maturity of manhood. He shut himself within his room, refusing all consolation, and resigning himself to the deepest melancholy, because his passion for Mademoiselle d'Hen-decourt had not been returned with equal ardor. Passionately fond of jewels, for the possession of which he deemed no sacrifice too great, he submitted almost without a word to be defrauded of a crown of diamonds, lest the honor of a favorite mistress should be compromised in the robbery. And in his old age, when his unbroken will had acquired an iron strength by long years of success, and his haughty spirit would brook neither hindrance nor restraint from his ablest ministers, he daily sought the advice of Madame de Maintenon, listened to her counsels, and transacted no important business except in her presence, and when she was ill, in her bed-chamber. It is but justice to his character to add to this, that, strongly bent as were all his predilections for the society, conversation and advice of the gentler sex, there was never a time, when, upon all bu-

siness of state, he did not entertain an independent opinion of his own, nor an occasion when he did not openly avow and earnestly enforce it.

Louis XIV. was born on the sixth day of September, 1638. For twenty-two years the beautiful Anne of Austria, his mother, had been the wife of Louis XIII., without issue. For this cause, and from the bitter jealousy with which the King had regarded her successive attachments to Monsieur, his brother, to Richelieu, and above all, to the gay and accomplished Buckingham, during his brief visit at the French court—attachments which seem to have been merely the sentimental flirtations common in that day—there had been no friendly intercourse between them for many years. They lived in separate palaces, held separate courts, and created around themselves separate attachments and interests. On the evening of the 5th of December, 1637, while returning from a visit to his old favorite, Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who had recently retired to a convent and assumed the name of sister Angelica, being overtaken by a sudden storm, Louis XIII. ordered his coachman to drive to the Louvre, where he immediately ushered himself into the presence of the Queen. He was received with undisguised astonishment and gratification, and, from that time until the death of Louis XIII. in 1643, Anne of Austria became alike the wife of the king and the queen of the nation.

The childhood of Louis XIV. was much of it passed in the midst of domestic dissension. The wars of the Fronde, commencing soon after the death of his father, and continuing through many years of the regency of Anne of Austria, desolated the fairest portions of the country. Mazarin, odious to the people from his foreign birth, and still more odious from his sordid avarice and oppressive taxation, attempting to incarcerate those members of parliament who were foremost in refusing to register the edicts of the regent, excited against himself a storm of civil commotion. In the shiftings of that body, vacillating between court influence and popular favor, François de Bachaumont, the epigrammist of the day, remarked in his place, that the parliament was like the schoolboys playing on the Boulevards with slings, (*fronde*;) 32

they dispersed at the sight of a police officer, but collected again as soon as he was out of sight. The comparison pleased, and the enemies of Mazarin thenceforth adopted hat cords in the form of a *fronde*, and were therefore called *Frondeurs*. Headed by Cardinal de Retz, one of the most remarkable men of his day, supported by princes of the blood, and claiming among its leaders the first noblemen of the realm, with the parliament to advise on the one hand and the people to approve on the other, the wars of the *Fronde* deluged France in blood, driving her husbandmen to the sword, and turning into a desert her most fertile champaigns.

The education of Louis XIV. and his brother, the Duke d'Anjou, was committed to Archbishop Pérefixe, under the supervision of Mazarin. The natural disposition of the two brothers was altogether dissimilar, and the wily cardinal developed their hereditary traits with studious care. Louis was vigorous, firm, resolute, quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his rights, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purposes, and violent in his resentments. His boyhood was, in short, the epitome of his after manhood. The Duke d'Anjou, on the contrary, was mild, effeminate, yielding; gentle in his disposition, forgiving in his temper, vacillating in his purposes, and weak in his understanding. The education of the two boys served to develop their natural traits, Louis was taught to command; the Duke d'Anjou to obey. Louis was encouraged in all manly sports; the Duke d'Anjou in those that were effeminate. Louis played with the drum, the sword, the musket, and the epaulette; the Duke d'Anjou with the toys of girls. In their little dramas, Louis enacted the man; no matter how many other characters might be required in the play, the Duke d'Anjou assumed a woman's part. "He was," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "the prettiest child in the world, gentle and quiet in his sports, while Louis delighted in handling arms, and drumming upon the windows and tables." As a specimen of his early character, Miss Pardee relates the following story:

"The king and children of honor were in the habit of exchanging trifling presents, and De Lomenie having on one occasion delighted

his royal play-fellow by some gift, and being desirous to amuse himself with a cross-bow which was just then in favor with Louis, the latter consented in return to lend him the coveted plaything; but, anxious to repossess it, eventually held out his hand to take it back, when Madame de Senecy observed: 'Sire, kings give what they lend.' Upon which, Louis, desiring his young companion to approach, said calmly: 'Keep the cross-bow, De Lomenie. I wish that it were something of more importance, but such as it is, I give it you with all my heart.'

Louis learned little from books of his teacher, the policy of Mazarin not admitting the mental progression of his young sovereign. In all that related to his physical development he was zealous; nor was he less willing to encourage the incipient vanity which betrayed itself in the actions and bearing of Louis; his haughtiness and his egotism met with no rebuke: it was the intellect, not the passions or the bodily strength of the prince which he desired to cripple; he was willing he should mount the triumphal car, provided the reins remained in his own hands, and to insure this, it was necessary that he should be incapable of grasping them. Louis, however, ignorant of literature as he was in early life, learned much from observation. The quick shifting scenes of the war of the *Fronde*, the stirring events which it produced, the various characters it brought into action, and the rise and fall of individuals with whom he was often brought into contact, made a deep impression upon his mind, so that at the age of thirteen years, when he ascended the throne, though ignorant of much that a king ought to know, he was already a shrewd observer of character, and skilled beyond his years in a knowledge of mankind.

From the year 1651, until his death in 1661, Mazarin held the reins of government. Though nominally king of the realm, Louis never adventured upon the supreme power, which he ever afterwards asserted, until the decease of the cardinal. During these ten years, no one, not even his mother, suspected the strongest elements of his character, which after circumstances developed. Precocious in his fondness for the female sex, vain of his personal appearance, and frivolous in his objects of pursuit, his whole time was spent in new

and ever-varying pleasures, into which the new court was plunged. As one new fancy chased another in this round of voluptuous enjoyment, and as each fair face and graceful form received in its turn the homage of the young ruler, the most acute observer could have detected little in the court, that augured of future greatness, either to the crown or the people.

During this period Corneille was at the height of his fame, and Molière just presenting his comedy entitled *Etourdi* upon the stage at Lyons. Attracted by the praises which were resounding to his talents as a new dramatist, Louis invited the parvenu comedian to Paris. Wearied with being a mere spectator of these public exhibitions, Louis began to cause them to be composed for the express purpose of being enacted by himself, his brother, and the principal ladies and nobles of the court. Exulting in the applause which he gained, in which the Duke d'Anjou, who from his extreme beauty invariably represented a female character, shared equally with himself, and unchecked by his mother or the minister, each of whom, bent upon their own schemes of personal aggrandizement, cared little to divert the attention of the king from the frivolous pursuits he was following, Louis devoted almost his whole time to committing his parts and enacting them before the court. To those who are acquainted with the French drama of that day, the mingled absurdity and labor of this employment will be most apparent. Sometimes assuming the character of a Mars or an Apollo, sometimes descending to enact the part of a Driad or a Fury, the young king came near being shipwrecked upon the shoals of a miserable folly, or a more miserable buffoonery. He had within himself, however, a sense of native dignity and a sensibility to ridicule, which saved him. In the play of *Britannicus*, hearing the verse in which it is said of Nero as a reproach, *Il excelle à se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains*, he declared he would never again dance in public, and he kept his word.

Among the bevy of court beauties who surrounded the throne, was Olympia de Mancini, a niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Already had the minister obtained for two of his nieces the most desirable matches

in the kingdom, and this, the third, more beautiful than either of her sisters, was no mean aspirant for the honors of a new matrimonial alliance. Accomplished beyond her years, gentle, pious, and affectionate to the queen-mother, but full of life, coquetry and repartee with the young noblemen of the court, she had become a universal favorite in the palace. Louis, then eighteen years old, full of susceptibility to the charms of the sex, and ardent in his attachments, had shown the fair Italian for many months pointed and constant attentions, and being the observed of all observers, had excited thereby the remark of all the court. Whether the heart of Olympia de Mancini was really touched by the admiration of the king, or her vanity only pleased, it is certain that she discarded all other admirers, and gave her whole powers of pleasing to the benefit of her royal lover. Her dream of future greatness was destined to be suddenly broken. The decease of her mother, whom she tenderly loved, had filled the hearts of the whole Mancini family with mourning. During the first burst of her sorrow, the young king had essayed in the tenderest manner to assuage her grief, and had even shut himself within his rooms, in token of deep mourning. But with the morrow came the love of excitement and pleasure; the king left his rooms for a hunt in the forest in the morning, and a dance in the ballet at evening. The belief in the love of one who could so soon forget her in her grief was quickly lost, and before the days of her mourning were ended, Olympia de Mancini had accepted the hand of the Count de Soissons.

The nuptial ceremonies followed soon after in great magnificence. At the wedding, another niece of the cardinal appeared upon the stage, Mary de Mancini, a younger sister of the bride, just emerged from a convent, where she had received her education. During the performance of a piece of music by an Italian choir, who were then singing for the first time in the palace, the notice of Louis was attracted towards the young girl, standing by herself apart from the rest, listening, entranced by rich sounds of melody, such as she had never before heard. Seeking an immediate presentation to the fair novice, who shrank timidly from the presence

of the handsome king, he was delighted with the charms of her conversation, and the brilliancy of her powers of repartee. In fact, Mary de Mancini was one of the most remarkable women who ever graced a court. With a face attractive to all without being beautiful; a person which, even then, gave its early promise of what its maturity was to be; an eye of such liquid lustre that it revealed beyond words the emotions of the heart; a bearing which was the result of a nature guided by grace, and a voice capable of such clear and soft expression that it enchanted all listeners; Mary de Mancini possessed in addition a genius, great, substantial and extensive, subjected to thorough discipline, and capable of the grandest conceptions. She conversed with great ease and elegance; wrote readily and correctly in prose or verse; discussed with equal zeal and intelligence a work of romance or a state dispatch; sustained an argument or related an anecdote with equal piquancy; was equalled in the causticity of her wit only by the kindness of her disposition, and informed herself upon all matters with an apparent intuition, which it cost others the severest labor to acquire. Unlike all of her sex in the style of her beauty as well as in the powers of her mind, whom he had hitherto known, and immeasurably their superior in qualities of character and heart, Louis, at first attracted by curiosity, soon conceived a respect for the young Italian he had never before felt for his favorites. As the intimacy increased, the young girl, conscious of her mental superiority, conversed with the king in a manner more free and open than others had ever dared to do. From her lips he learned his deficiencies and repaired them; from the stores of wisdom which she possessed, he found his own ignorance, and was impelled to overcome it. Charmed with the powers of her mind, grateful for her never-ceasing interest in his improvement, and filled with profound respect for the virtues of a mind and heart, which, though emulated by all, could never be excelled, for the first time in his life Louis sincerely and earnestly loved. So great an influence had the pure-minded girl obtained over him, that he could not bear to be out of her presence, and during her temporary absences from the palace, was un-

easy and melancholy until she returned. In the morning hunt, his horse was ever by the side of hers, while the courtiers were scattered through the forest in pursuit of the game. In the presence-chamber, after the presentation ceremonies; at the ballet; in the royal games; at the dinner-table; during the sojourns of the court from the capital, Mary de Mancini was the acknowledged and unrivalled favorite of the young sovereign, stimulating him forward in his purposes of good, and listening with a full heart to his impassioned eloquence of love.

Meanwhile, Anne of Austria could not suppress her alarm on perceiving that no amusement, however novel or exciting, could for an instant divert the affections of the king from Mary de Mancini; and while she resolved to conceal her uneasiness upon the subject from the cardinal, she nevertheless continued to urge him to greater exertions in the negotiations for the royal marriage; and was painfully startled upon one occasion, when she had been expressing her anxiety for the establishment of her son, to hear him allude with a laugh to the report which had been promulgated, that Louis XIV. contemplated a marriage with his niece, who he declared must be weak indeed, should she place any faith in the pledges of a sovereign of twenty years of age; but he nevertheless jested at the idea in a tone which, to the excited fears of the queen, appeared rather meant to elicit her own sentiments than to condemn the ambition of Mary; and she accordingly hastened to reply coldly and haughtily that she could not believe the king would be capable of so unbecoming an act; but that, were it possible he could entertain such a thought, she warned his eminence that the whole of France would revolt against both him and his minister, while she would herself head the rebellion and induce the Duke d'Anjou to imitate her.

Meanwhile the king was attacked with the scarlet fever so violently, as to cause considerable apprehension for his life. In this emergency Louis gained the soothing conviction that a portion at least of the homage he received came from the hearts of those who tendered it. The queen at once announced her intention of retiring to Val-de-Grâce in the event of his death;

and his brother refused to leave his bedside, although assured that the disease was contagious; while Mary de Mancini, who was refused the entrance of his chamber, spent hours of anguish which were only solaced by the messages that passed between the royal invalid and herself through the medium of a confidential attendant. The Count de Guiche and the Prince de Marsillac were his constant companions; and, encouraged by their devotion, the young sovereign exerted himself to contend against the suffering by which he was prostrated alike in body and in mind.

This sympathy was, however, by no means general. Individual interests were involved in his danger, which proved more powerful than attachment to his person; and the example of worldly prudence was set by the cardinal himself, who, on the tenth day after the king's attack, aware that he had nothing to hope from the Duke d'Anjou, dismantled his apartments of all their precious contents, and during the night dispatched his statues, his paintings, and his money to Vincennes, with an order that they should be deposited in one of the vaults of the fortress; after which he made advances to the Marshal Duplessis, the governor of the prince, and to the Count de Guiche, his favorite, in the hope of making better terms with *Monsieur*, should the evil which was anticipated indeed take place.

During this time, the saloon that joined the sick-chamber, which only a day or two previously scarce sufficed to contain the throng of courtiers by which it was crowded, became almost deserted. The hourly bulletin, which was posted over the fire-place, attracted from time to time the anxious eye of a noble, but the visit was a brief one; for the atmosphere breathed of contagion, and there were, as we have shown, few at court who were willing to subject themselves to its influence.

Meanwhile, all was dismay and despair in the sick-chamber of the young king; the sacraments had been administered to him without eliciting one token of consciousness; and the priests, superseding the courtiers in his private apartments, were chanting the funeral anthems in saloons from which the decorations of the last festival had not yet been removed.

His final recovery is, indeed, attributed to an empiric, who, learning that the court physicians had renounced all hope of saving his life, was furtively introduced to his bedside by Mary de Mancini and his nurse; and who, after having examined him with great attention, seated himself familiarly on the bed, exclaiming, "The lad is very ill, but he will not die of it."

"The prediction was verified; the directions of this singular physician were scrupulously obeyed; and the young king, who had been about to exchange the brilliant throne of the Louvre for the sombre vaults of St. Denis, rapidly progressed towards convalescence; and so soon as it was ascertained beyond all doubt that the danger was at an end, the queen directed the Prince de Marsillac to wait upon the Duc d'Anjou and communicate the joyful intelligence. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Paris and into all the provinces, to announce the happy event, and meanwhile Louis, prostrated by the voluptuous languor which so constantly succeeds violent and dangerous illness, found his best and most welcome resource in the conversation and care of Mary de Mancini, who seized so favorable an opportunity of introducing him to the literature of France and Italy, the delights of poetry, and the engrossing study of history. 'He amused himself by reading entertaining books during that period of leisure,' says the author of *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, 'and particularly in reading them with Mary de Mancini, who, like her sisters, was full of intellect. He was partial to verses and romances, which, depicting gallantry and heroism, secretly flattered his propensities.'

Alarmed by these increasing demonstrations of love, the queen-mother continually urged upon Mazarin the necessity of hastening the negotiations for the marriage of the king. Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining an alliance for Louis with the Spanish crown, the cardinal had made proposals to the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and the royal family removed to Lyons for the purpose of bringing Louis into contact with the bride elect. The preliminaries, however, had scarcely been settled, when a courier arrived from the King of Spain, proposing new terms of alliance between the crowns. Mazarin's policy had been successful: the existing negotiations with Marguerite were broken up; and Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV., became the queen expectant of the King of France. From this time until the following spring, active preparations were made for the royal marriage. At

the appointed time, the two courts met at a small town upon the borders of the two kingdoms, to witness the marriage ceremony, and seal the bond of amity between the rival courts.

It is not possible, within the bounds of a single article, to dwell upon the lofty etiquette and gorgeous ceremony of the royal nuptials. Maria Theresa, now the queen of France, possessed many qualities of head and heart which rendered her worthy of the throne she shared. Mild, gentle, lovely, uncontaminated by morals such as she found in the new court to which she came, and full of love to her royal husband, she deserved the scriptural honor of a virtuous woman, "that the heart of her husband should fully trust in her." Nor was she wanting in personal attractions. "The Infanta," says Madame de Motteville, "is short, but well made; we admired the extreme fairness of her complexion; her blue eyes appeared to us to be fine, and charmed us by their softness and brilliancy; we celebrated the beauty of her mouth, and of her somewhat full and roseate lips. To speak the truth, with more height and handsome teeth, she would deserve to be estimated as one of the most beautiful persons in Europe."

The novelty of the ceremonies appeared for a time to absorb the heart of Louis. Elevated by the renown which now first filled his soul with the love of kingly power; gratified by the splendor which accompanied the nuptial ceremonies; and proud of an alliance which shadowed forth the future greatness of his reign; Louis found enough in the first possession of his royal bride, to please his fancy and satisfy his ambition. Anne of Austria, relieved of her fears lest her son should tarnish the lustre of his crown by an ignoble marriage, rejoiced in the possession of a daughter whose blood boasted as noble descent as her own. Mazarin, fortunate beyond his utmost hopes, in securing provinces to the crown and peace to the nation, by the consummation of the Spanish alliance, felt himself more than ever securely seated in power, and sure of favor from the king and the kingdom.

In the midst of the plaudits of the people, welcomed by every demonstration of satisfaction and gladness, Louis, attended

by his courtiers, returned to Paris, and led his blooming bride into the presence-room of the palace. Beauty and wealth and royal splendor united to do him honor. As he passed around the room, receiving the smiles of loveliness and the homage of noble blood, he met Mary de Mancini, compelled against her will, by the place she occupied, to be present at the ceremony. As her name was mentioned, the king bowed without one vestige of emotion, or sign of recognition, and with a condescending indifference, that told a thousand fold more than words could do, passed on to salute other ladies who stood around the queen.

"On the morrow, pale, cold and tearless, Mademoiselle de Mancini drove to Vincennes, where she announced to the cardinal that she was ready to give her hand to the Prince Colonne, provided the marriage took place immediately, and he wrote without an hour's delay, to ask the consent of the king. Mazarin, delighted thus to have carried his point after having despaired of success, at once promised to comply with her wishes; and Mary returned to Paris, as self-sustained as she had left it, although perhaps not without a latent hope that her resolution would awaken some return of affection in the breast of Louis—induce some remonstrance—elicit some token of remembrance.

"Again, however, she was the victim of her own hope. The royal consent was granted without a single comment, accompanied by valuable presents which she dared not decline; and Mary walked to the altar as she would have walked to the scaffold, carrying with her an annual dower of a hundred thousand livres, and perjuring herself by vows which she could not fulfil.

"Her after career we dare not trace. Suffice it, that the ardent and enthusiastic spirit which would, had she been fated to happiness, have made her memory a triumph for her sex, embittered by falsehood, wrong and treachery, involved her in errors over which both charity and propriety oblige us to draw a veil; and if all Europe rang with the enormity of her excesses, much of their origin may surely be traced to those who, after wringing her heart, trampled it in the dust beneath their feet."

During the year 1661, within less than a twelvemonth after the marriage of the king, Mazarin the prime minister died. He was a man of pre-eminent abilities, of sagacious forecast, of great learning, and unequalled in his age for his wonderful powers of diplomacy. History, however,

has branded him as an ambitious statesman and a dishonest man. The fact that, during a period of thirty-one years, from 1630, when he first emerged from obscurity, to 1661, at his death, he had amassed a fortune of more than two hundred millions of livres, and that only through his control over the public treasury, is of no mean significance. In fact the extent of his wealth was never known, Colbert, his secretary, having revealed to the king shortly after his death places of concealment of more than fifteen millions of ready money, which he had not specified in his will.

The death of Mazarin became the turning point in the character of Louis XIV. Instead of opening new avenues to distinction for the ministers and chief men of the realm, it abolished the office which he had held, and made each subordinate responsible to the king alone. To the president of the ecclesiastical assembly, who immediately waited upon his Majesty to ascertain to whom he should address himself in future upon questions of public business, Louis promptly replied, "*To myself.*" He was now twenty-three years of age, apparently absorbed in the pleasures of court life, earnest in his pursuit of the baubles which surround a throne, careless of the good of his people, and the slave of his own passions; and yet from that day forth, the handsomest man in Europe, who had grown up in perfect ignorance, with a heart full of romantic gallantry, devoted eight hours of each day sedulously to business and the acquisition of information. In the outset, the courtiers doubted, the ministers gravely shook their heads, the beauties of the court, who had long known where the weakness of Louis lay, laughed scornfully, and the chefs de bureaux, plodding over long columns of figures, looked incredulous and smiled; but the event proved them all to be mistaken. The first age of Louis the Fourteenth had passed, and the boy had become a monarch and a man.

But though the habits of Louis were changed, it would be a great error to suppose that his character had changed with them. That neither the morals of the age nor his own principles demanded. Regular and even strict in the performance of his duties, punctilious to a nicety

in demanding in matters of business all that from others which he required from himself; devout, methodical, accurate; accessible to his ministers, and, at stated times, to the people; master of his own household and the realm; seeking for purity in the administration of justice, honesty in the control of the public purse, and diligence in the discharge of civil business; the love of romantic gallantry, that grand characteristic of the age, had never lost its power over his heart. For a short space only had the quiet charms of Maria Theresa satisfied the monarch. The opera, the soirée, and the evening ballets, where bevy of fair women vied in displaying charms to which homage was never wanting, better pleased him after the laborious cares of the day, than the quiet boudoir of the queen. The manners of the time sanctioned the *liaisons* which obtained among the gentry and nobility all over the nation, and there were few among the loveliest of the court ladies, who would not have preferred a splendid and scarce doubtful reputation of intrigue with the handsome king, than whom none better knew the avenues to a woman's heart, to the ridicule with which prudery and even virtue was assailed wherever it was met. The taste of Louis was faultless. The reputation of his court for elegance and grace was unrivalled throughout Europe. He loved with enthusiasm, and expressed his sentiments of affection with tenderness and dignity. And much as we may deprecate the morals of an age, which exalted seduction to a virtue, and branded chastity as a crime, we must not forget, that the culture of these very sentiments of gallantry did more to soften the manners, elevate the opinions, purify the affections, and refine the taste of a gross and barbarous age, than all other causes combined. It may have been the small seed of good, vivifying and growing in the midst of thorns of evil; it may have been—when is it not?—the overruling providence of Omnipotence making the wickedness of man conducive to general weal—

"From seeming evil still educing good."

But it is none the less true, that, looking no farther than second causes, beyond which human sagacity goes not, the gal-

lantry of the court of Louis XIV. produced the civilization of Western Europe.

The four years succeeding the death of Mazarin were among the most splendid of the reign of Louis XIV. France, at peace with all the world, started into the growth of healthy and vigorous youth. Her people, rising from the crushing influence of domestic dissensions and foreign broils, spread themselves over her wasted fields, enriching the meadows with joyous labor, and gladdening the hill-sides with gardens and vineyards. Her handicraft sped in the workshop and at the loom. The hum of earnest toil came up from the artisans of her hamlets and cities. Her products found remuneration in the most distant lands, and the ships of her commerce began again to return laden from foreign seas. The throne seemed for once to rest upon the affections of the people, and everything around it united to give it splendor. The civil wars had called forth men of talent and energy, who made the national glory and the splendor of the king, the object of their exertions. Statesmen and generals, savans and ecclesiastics gave vigor and taste to the public mind, and added new lustre to the throne.

During these years, prompt and regular at his routine of business, with which nothing was allowed to interfere, the young king devoted his leisure wholly to a career of pleasure. The queen, naturally taciturn, and averse to the frivolities of a court life, resolutely refused to become a sharer in his amusements. Rigid in the performance of her religious duties, between which and the queen-mother she divided most of her waking hours, and more retiring in her habits than was consistent with her rank, the loss of the illusion which rendered the period of her marriage a proud and triumphant dream, was mourned with bitter tears. Though the difference in their habits had undoubtedly produced the increasing coldness of the king, yet the truth that he had never loved her, and that his heart was constantly bestowed upon other and less deserving objects, began to break upon her mind, and to embitter her existence. The birth of a dauphin did indeed for a time reclaim the king from his mad pursuit of pleasure, and turn his affections towards herself; but the interval was brief as it was bright, and ever after-

wards, for a period of more than twenty years, until the time of her death, the proud daughter of Philip IV., forsaken by her husband, pined in solitude over the delusive dreams and broken vows of her unhappy marriage.

Chief among those upon whom the affections of Louis were lavished during the early years of his married life, and who, in fact, despite her unfortunate career, possessed many virtues of character and life, loving the king with her whole heart, and faithful to his interests in every trial, was Louise Françoise de la Baume de Blanc, daughter of Marquis de la Valière, a man of rank and reputation. A young and inexperienced girl, introduced to the palace as maid of honor, and regarding the king almost as an object of idolatry, there can be no wonder that she yielded to the temptations which surrounded her. The attentions of the king seem to have been, in the outset, nothing more than the gratification of a passing fancy for one, whom he chanced to have overheard expressing herself to her companions in terms of exaggerated eulogium upon his merits; but, as the acquaintance increased, finding within her deep resources of love and feeling, for which he sought in vain among the more splendid beauties of the court, his affections were awakened, until at last he lavished upon her the whole wealth of his heart.

For more than five years, Mademoiselle de Valière was the favorite of the king. This unusual constancy is to be attributed doubtless more to the opposition which the *liaison* excited among the members of the royal household, than to any other cause.

Miss Pardoe relates the following incident, which we copy in illustration of this:

"Shortly after this event, the unfortunate La Valière sacrificed her reputation to her ardent passion for the king; but her remorse was so great, that, far from parading her disgrace, as most of those around her would have done, she was so prostrated by shame, as to absent herself, so far as her court duties would permit, from all society; and the agony of her repentance was so violent as to occasion much embarrassment to her royal lover; while the reproaches of the queen-mother, and the deep melancholy of Maria Theresa, added to his annoyance. The young queen had reluctantly admitted the conviction of this new misfortune

but two incidents soon occurred which robbed her even of the equivocal happiness of doubt.

"A young valet-de-chambre of the king, named Valloc, had invented a species of interlude, consisting of dialogues, interspersed with dances, which obtained great favor at court, where they were enacted by all the principal persons of the royal circle, including Louis himself. On a particular occasion one of these interludes, of which the king had prompted the subject, was represented in the queen's apartments; and the boldness with which it shadowed forth the love of the monarch for La Valière was so great that, long ere its conclusion, a score of whispers had identified the characters, and she herself retired to her chamber, trembling at its probable effect upon those whom it was so well calculated to wound.

"A few days only passed over ere she was summoned to the presence of the queen-mother, and the circumstance was so unusual that Louise hesitated whether she should obey without previously consulting the king. A second messenger, however, urging her to hasten, left her no alternative; and with a sinking heart she was ushered into the apartment of Anne of Austria, whom she found closeted with *Madame*. There was an expression of triumph playing about the lip of the princess, which at once convinced *Mademoiselle de la Valière* that she was summoned on no indifferent subject, and one glance at the clouded brow of the queen-mother confirmed her in her conviction. Her fears had not outrun the truth. Coldly, haughtily, and peremptorily, Anne of Austria declared her dismissal from the court, adding that she was immediately to return whence she came, and that *Madame de Choisy* would conduct her to her house.

"The unhappy girl staggered back to her room almost unconsciously. A full conviction of the disgrace she had brought upon herself bowed her to the dust. She was about to be ignominiously driven from the court, to meet her mother as a guilty and condemned wretch, to whom the whole world was now only one wide desolation; while, at intervals, the idea that she was to be forever separated from the king dried her tears with the scorching fever of despair. No one intruded upon her solitude throughout the day, and she gave a free course to the anguish by which she was oppressed; but with the twilight Louis entered her apartment, and, finding her exhausted with weeping, insisted on learning the cause of her distress. Anxious though she was that he should know all, she shrank from exciting the storm which she was well aware must follow, and she persisted in withholding her secret, despite the entreaties, reproaches, and even threats of the king, who, eventually, displeased by her pertinacity, rose from her side, and without uttering another word, left the room.

"As he disappeared, *Mademoiselle de Valière*

sank back tearless and hopeless. She was now, indeed, alone; for even he for whom she had suffered had abandoned her, and hours went by before she again ventured to lift her head. After a time, however, she remembered that a compact had once been made between herself and her royal lover, that in the event of any misunderstanding, a night should not be suffered to elapse without a reconciliation. Her heart again beat more freely. He would not fail her; he could not forget his promise; he would write to tell her that his anger against her was at an end. And so she waited and watched, and counted every hour as it was proclaimed by the belfry of the palace; but she waited and watched in vain; and when, at length, after this long and weary night, the daylight streamed through the silken curtains of her chamber, she threw herself upon her knees, and praying that God would not cast away the victim who was thus rejected by the world, she hastened with a burning cheek and tearless eye to collect a few necessary articles of clothing, and throwing on her veil and mantle, rushed down a private stair-case and escaped into the street. In this distracted state of mind, she pursued her way to Chaillot, and reached the convent of the sisters of St. Mary, where she was detained a considerable time in the parlor; but at length the grating was opened, and a portress appeared, who, on her request to be admitted to the abbess, informed her that all the community were at their devotions, and could not be seen by any one.

"It was in vain that the poor fugitive entreated, and asserted her intention of taking the vows; she could extort no other answer; and the portress withdrew, leaving her sitting upon a wooden bench, desolate and heart-struck. For two hours she remained motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the grating, but it continued closed; even the dreary refuge of this poor and obscure convent was denied to her—even the house of religion had barred its doors against her. She could bear up no longer; from the previous morning she had not tasted food; and the fatigue of body and anguish of mind she had undergone, combined with this unaccustomed fast, had exhausted her slight remains of strength; a sullen torpor gradually overcame her faculties, and eventually she fell upon the paved floor, cold and insensible.

"Early in the morning the king was informed of the disappearance of *Mademoiselle de Valière*; and he had no sooner learned the fact than he hastened to the Tuilleries to question *Madame*, who either was, or affected to be, utterly ignorant of her fate. Nor was he more fortunate in his inquiries of the queen-mother, who, while she declared her inability to give him the information that he sought, reproached him with his want of self-command, remarking that he had no mastery over himself.

"'It may be so,' he exclaimed, goaded by

her words; 'but if I cannot control myself, I shall at least know how to control those who outrage me.'

"As yet he had obtained no clue to the retreat of his mistress; but Louis was not to be discouraged, and he adopted such efficient measures as, ere long, led him to a knowledge of the convent to which the unhappy fugitive had been seen to bend her steps. In another instant he was on horseback, and followed by a single page, galloped off in the direction of Chaillot, where, as no warning had been given of his approach, the grating remained inhospitably closed, and he found the wretched girl still stretched upon the pavement.

"It was long ere Louise was aware whose tears were falling fast upon her face, and whose hands had clasped her own. After a time, however, she recognized the king, and at length was enabled to confide to him the secret of her flight, and to implore him to leave her free to fulfil the resolution she had formed; but Louis was deaf to her entreaties, and finally succeeded in inducing her to pardon the past, and to return. It was not without compunction that she suffered herself to be persuaded, but her passion for the king ultimately triumphed over her scruples; and the page was dispatched for a carriage.

"It was with considerable difficulty that the king prevailed on *Madame* to restore Valière to her place in the household; but he was firm in his determination; and eventually, although with a reluctance which she made no attempt to disguise, she consented to his wishes; when, regardless of the manner of the concession, Louis thanked her for her compliance, and hastened to inform the anxious maid of honor of the success of his suit."

Through many troubles, Mademoiselle de Valière thenceforth remained an inmate of the palace. Publicly recognized after this as the favorite of the king; created at length a duchess; her children legitimized by an act of parliament and taken under the special superintendence of the king; and with princely wealth lavished upon her family for many years, La Valière found no cause of complaint against anything beyond her own heart. But such a state of things was destined to change. Long before he would permit her to leave the palace, she became convinced that her power over the affections of her royal lover was fast diminishing, and that another and happier beauty was profiting by the change. After years of neglect and suffering, the hour of departure at length came. She bade farewell to Louis, after the performance of grand

mass, her countenance pale as death, her gait unsteady and infirm from her violent emotion.

"The weakness, however, was not contagious. The eye of Louis was dry and his voice firm as he bade her farewell, and expressed a hope that she would be happy in her cloister; after which he stood composedly to see her enter her carriage, with a tottering step, and drive away. Not a sign of emotion escaped him, and the equipage had no sooner disappeared, than he entered into conversation with those about his person, as calmly as though he had never loved the unhappy woman, whose life was to be thenceforward one of trial and privation."

In the year 1665, the peace under which France had so eminently flourished, was broken by the death of Philip IV. Upon the news of his decease, Louis, by reviving the obsolete law of *devolution*, as it was called, laid claim to the Spanish Netherlands. After protracted and tedious negotiations, in the course of which it became evident that Louis, was determined to accomplish by force what he could not obtain by diplomacy, a triple alliance was formed between England, Sweden, and Holland, to oppose the aggressions of France. In the campaigns which followed, the forces of Louis, led by the most distinguished generals of the time, were uniformly successful, and the achievements of the army through a succession of years shed a brilliant lustre upon the military renown of the kingdom. At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the policy of Colbert, his chief minister after the death of Mazarin, achieved much for France. Compelled to abandon his intentions at the commencement of the war, which, unjust as they were, the wily statesman urged as good and sufficient to demand compensation for their withdrawal, Louis succeeded in retaining in his possession all the places which he had taken in the Netherlands.

Still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement, having succeeded in detaching England and Sweden from their connection with Holland and uniting them to himself, Louis resolved on a retaliatory war against the republic. All the nobility had been convoked; every appeal to national pride had been made to the people; every castle had furnished its chief and vassals; and partisans of every character, followed by numerous retainers in hope of rich plun-

der, swelled the number of the army to an immense force; Condé, Turenne and Luxembourg, names highest in the military annals of the day, led on the legions to the assault. One hundred and eighteen thousand men, all told, were mustered in the ranks; a hundred pieces of ordnance were provided, at that day an unprecedented number; fifty millions of money had been expended in preparations; a hundred and thirty-five ships of war had been added to the fleet, while the body guards, cadets, gendarmes, light-horse, musketeers, and Swiss, composing the household of the king, completed the magnificent undertaking. It is not possible to follow the history of this and succeeding campaigns in the limits of a single article. Let it suffice, that from this time to 1683, the triumphs of Louis XIV. added strength to his kingdom and glory to his reign.

Meanwhile, whether at home or abroad, Louis still followed his career of pleasure. Young, inexperienced and ignorant, his passion for Mary de Mancini had first awakened a love for intellectual cultivation. Timid, abashed, and sincerely loving in the first age of his manhood, La Valière had taught him the real value of a devoted heart. Haughty, self-confident and vain in middle life, the passion he now avowed for the Duchess de Montespan, was destined to show him the power of a proud and imperious woman. Past the age of sexual love, he was yet to reap what he had sown in early years, in subjection to the ambition of a woman, who never loved him, and whose influence over his actions rent from him the affections of his people, and commended to his lips the bitterness of an unloved and desolate old age.

Madame de Montespan was the very counterpart of La Valière. Louis was now in the first prime of manhood, when something more than the beautiful face or the tranquil and unobtrusive love of woman, was needed to hold fast his admiration. Madame de Montespan had seen this even before her marriage, and though, until that event, there is no reason to suppose that the king had ever proffered to her the homage of his heart, she had resolved to profit by it long before she accomplished her purpose.

"Thus were things situated, when the subtle

beauty was compelled by her family to accept the hand of the Marquis de Montespan, having, as she herself acknowledged, already bestowed her affections elsewhere.

"During the first months of their union, the Marquis expressed considerable satisfaction at her high station and extreme popularity at court; but, by his violent and unconcealed disgust at the attachment existing between the king and La Valière, forewarned her of the little indulgence she might expect at his hands, should she be betrayed into any levity likely to dishonor his name. It is probable, however, that ere long he became weary of seeing his wife devoted to vanity and pleasure, and of the restraint imposed by her official duties; for, on succeeding to an inheritance in Provence, he urged her strongly to obtain leave to accompany him when he went to take possession of the property.

"Madame de Montespan, however, young, beautiful, and admired, and, moreover, not sufficiently attached to her husband to make any sacrifice to his wishes, when they interfered so fatally with her own private views, instantly made a pretext of her position, and pleaded with great earnestness the duty which she owed to her royal mistress; suggesting that he should dispose of the estate to some member of his family, and reside entirely in the neighborhood of the court. It is a strange proof of the perverted feeling and accommodating morality of the time, that although, upon the evidence of his guilty wife, M. de Montespan had left no measure untried to reclaim her, there is, nevertheless, not one historian of the century, who does not seek to cast upon the forsaken husband the odium of this revolting intrigue.

"The favor of the new mistress became more assured from day to day; the fascinations of her wit, the gorgeousness of her beauty, and even the exactions of her capricious vanity, all rendered her triumph more complete. Among her other expensive tastes, the new favorite had a most inordinate passion for jewels. While yet a girl, she had delighted in diamonds and precious stones; and the generosity of the king upon this point was so unmeasured, that, after her disgrace, she herself declared that she possessed a collection worthy of an Asiatic prince, and that even were she to be deprived of the whole of her fortune, save her pearls and diamonds, she could still command opulence.

"This taste was shared by Louis XIV., who, in his private cabinet, had two immense pedestals of rose-wood, fitted in the interior with shifting shelves, in which he kept the most precious of the crown-jewels, in order that he might examine and admire them at his ease, an occupation in which he took great delight; nor did he ever hear of a gem of price, either in Asia or Europe, without making strenuous efforts to secure the prize.

"His most costly possession was, however,

the crown of Agrippina, a work of consummate art, composed of eight tiers of immense brilliants in a transparent setting; and after having overwhelmed the insatiable marchioness with pearls, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, he one day permitted her to carry to her apartment this priceless coronet, where it remained for so long a period unreclaimed, that she at length began to feel convinced that it had been a gift; and fearful of accident, should she leave it in the slight casket which it then occupied, she ordered another to be made more suited to its value. This done, and the imperial crown safely deposited in its new case, and secured by several minute locks, she deposited her treasure in the chest which contained her other jewels, where she visited it from time to time, and always with increased admiration.

"When the Princess of Modena passed through France on her way to England, where she was about to become the wife of the Duke of York, Louis gave her a magnificent reception; and as she was young and handsome, nothing was left unattempted to gratify and amuse her during her brief sojourn at the court.

"It chanced that upon one occasion the conversation of the king's circle turned upon regal decorations, and particularly upon the various forms and fashions of crowns, when the Marquis de Dangeau, who prided himself upon his antiquarian knowledge, observed that it was in the time of Nero the imperial crown was first arched; to which the monarch replied that he had not been aware of the fact, but that the crown of his mother was entirely open; adding, that he possessed one himself which was authentic, and which the Marchioness de Montespan would give them the opportunity of examining.

"Thus summoned to drag her hidden treasure into light, the disconcerted favorite found herself compelled to go in search of the glittering circlet; and after an absence of a few minutes she placed it upon a small table, where it excited universal astonishment and enthusiasm. The Italian Princess, M. de Dangeau, and the other courtiers who were present, lost themselves in hyperbole on the brilliant water, equal size, and rare perfection of the matchless diamonds; but when the king, raising it in his hands, obtained a closer and more perfect view of the jewels, he immediately fixed his eyes sternly upon the marchioness, exclaiming, 'How is this, madame? This is no longer my crown of Agrippina; all the stones have been changed.' Madame de Montespan turned pale and trembled; but having in her turn examined the coronet closely, she found herself compelled to admit that such was indeed the fact. The setting was still intact, but the antique brilliants had been replaced by paste.

"On arriving at this conviction, the appalled favorite had nearly fallen to the ground, and it required all the expostulations of those by whom she was surrounded, to enable her to preserve herself from fainting; while the king at once declared that, let the substitution have been made as it might, no one could for a moment attach any suspicion to herself; and she then felt compelled to explain the circumstance of the new casket, which she had caused to be made for the greater security of the coronet, in doing which, as was afterwards learned, the theft had been committed."

For nearly fifteen years, Madame de Montespan held undisputed sway over the affections of the king. Her children legitimized and ennobled; herself the acknowledged mistress of the court; her wealth almost without limit; her honors abundant, and her power well nigh absolute; she was envied by younger aspirants for the honors of the crowned head, and accounted happy by all. But the wages of sin are never withheld, though the day of payment be never so long delayed. Satiated with a love which needed perpetual homage for its sustenance; wearied with an imperious temper and proud spirit, which passing years served only to strengthen; and finding, in the increase of age, a love of quiet pleasure which Madame de Montespan could never gratify; Louis gradually withdrew his attentions from the reigning favorite. In vain did she exert all the art and prowess of woman to avoid the catastrophe. The hour of her trial came, and though momentarily delayed by pandering to the worst appetites of the monarch, Madame de Montespan, banished from the palace, deprived of the presence of her children, accused by her family, and branded infamous by all the good, found in the very prime of her life a premature old age and a wretched death.

Meanwhile an event of tragical importance, heralding what afterwards became the darkest feature in the morals of the age, had occurred within the royal circle.

"Thus were things circumstanced, when on the 29th of June, 1669, Madame rose at an early hour and visited *Monsieur* in his apartment; after which she conversed for a considerable time with Madame de la Fayette, to whom she declared herself to be in admirable health. On her return from the mass, the Princess went to the room of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her daughter, who was then sitting for her

picture, when she talked of her late visit to England, and enlivened the whole circle by her joyous spirits: and, on entering her own apartments, she asked for a cup of succory water, which she drank, and afterwards dined as usual.

"The party then adjourned to the saloon of *Monsieur*, whose picture also was in progress; and, during the sitting, *Madame*, as she was frequently in the habit of doing, laid down upon the cushions and fell asleep.

"During her slumber her face became so livid and ghastly, that *Madame de la Fayette*, who was standing by her, was struck by so extreme a change, and was just in the act of asking herself if the mere absence of expression could work so complete an alteration in the countenance, when the Princess suddenly awoke in such agony that even *Monsieur* became surprised and alarmed.

"As she was retiring to her own room, *Madame* stopped a moment, in the outer apartment, to converse with the treasurer of the duke, while *Monsieur* was preparing to go to Paris. On the stair-case, he, however, encountered the Duchess de Mecklenburg, and returned with her to the saloon; upon which *Madame*, leaving M. de Boisfranc, hastened to receive her illustrious guest. At that moment *Madame de Gamache* approached with a salver, containing another draught of succory water, in the enamelled cup from which the Princess was accustomed to drink, and a second glass for *Madame de la Fayette*, which were respectively presented to them by Mrs. Gordon, the waiting-woman of *Madame*; but, as the Princess still held the cup in one hand, she pressed the other to her side, exclaiming that she had so violent a spasm that she could scarcely draw her breath. She flushed painfully for an instant, and then turned very pale, exclaiming with a painful effort, 'Take me away! take me away! I can support myself no longer!'

"Terrified and bewildered, *Madame de la Fayette* and *Madame de Gamache* upheld the princess, who with considerable difficulty reached her chamber, where she threw herself upon the bed, writhing like a person in convulsions. Her physician was summoned; but he treated the attack lightly, declaring that, although painful, it was utterly without importance, while *Madame* continued to gasp out her conviction that she was dying, and to entreat that her confessor might be sent for.

"While all around her were in tears, she suddenly raised herself upon her elbow, and declared her conviction that she had been poisoned by the succory water which she had drank during the day; that probably some mistake had been made; but that she felt she had taken poison, and if they did not wish to see her die, they must administer an antidote.

"Oil and other antidotes were then admin-

istered to her, which served only to excite fearful sickness, without, in any degree, alleviating the original symptoms; and the princess became more and more anxious for the assistance of a priest, although her physician still maintained that her life was not in the slightest danger.

"At length the king arrived, accompanied by the queen and the Countess de Soissons, and Louis was powerfully affected by the change which had taken place in the countenance of *Madame*; while for the first time the physicians declared that the unfavorable symptoms were rapidly increasing. The appearance of the dying princess was fearful. Her complexion was livid, her eyes burned with fever, her nose and lips had shrunk, and a cold dew covered her skin. Louis occupied a seat on one side of her bed, and *Monsieur* stood on the other, weeping bitterly; all the attendants were drowned in tears, but were so bewildered that although the agonized invalid continually entreated them to apply other remedies which might at least mitigate her sufferings, they remained terror-stricken and helpless. It was in vain that both the king and *Monsieur* appealed to the physicians; they remained equally supine, but at length declared that the failure of the pulse and the coldness of the extremities announced the presence of gangrene, and that it was time to summon the viaticum.

"While things were in this state the English ambassador was announced, and he had scarcely entered the death-chamber when the princess beckoned him to her side, and by great exertion conversed with him a considerable time in English. This done, she declared herself ready to receive the viaticum; after which she took leave of her illustrious relatives, and recalled *Monsieur* to give him her last embrace.

"The extreme unction was then administered, and during the ceremony M. de Condom arrived, to whose eloquent and holy discourse she listened eagerly for a while, and then inquired if she might sleep. He was about, in consequence, to retire, when she motioned him to return, murmuring that she had deceived herself, for that the stupor under which she labored was not drowsiness, but death. M. de Condom once more knelt beside her in earnest prayer; the crucifix escaped from her relaxed fingers, her lips moved convulsively for an instant, and all was over."

The suspicions to which so sudden a death of a member high in the royal family gave rise, were of the most painful character. Greatly to the relief of the king's mind, however, to say nothing of *Monsieur's*, his brother, whose reputation seemed inevitably involved in the dreadful mystery, it was soon discovered that the authors of her violent death had been

moved to it by other motives than those at first surmised, and that neither her husband, nor any member of the court circle, had been cognizant of the deed. For many years after this sad event, *the art of poisoning*, if it may so be called, attained a degree of perfection in France, which the annals of crime throughout the world have never yet equalled. No rank, or station, or character, or age, or method of life, was free from its invasion. The children and grand-children of the king, the most beloved of the royal family, the happiest and noblest of the court, the purest of the priesthood, the most popular of the people, husbands, wives, mothers, daughters, infants in the cradle, would suddenly sicken without apparent cause, and despite of all medical aid, die in terrific convulsions. It seemed at one time to have almost become the grand characteristic of the nation, and, though never fully checked during the life of the king, bade fair, before the most vigorous measures were taken to bring the guilty to justice, to put an end to the royal family, and to destroy the most beloved of the court and the nation.

The declining years of Louis XIV., although the most important of his reign, and extending over a long period of time, can be touched upon only briefly in this article. His early passions, now gratified to satiety, had prematurely left him; his love of power, once easily satisfied, now demanded complete and un murmuring submission to his kingly will; his pursuit of pleasure, checked in mid career, had left his heart empty, desolate, and restless: and the exhausted man of the world, turning in disgust from its glittering temptations, sought, and sought in vain, to find in religion the excitement which earth denied him.

Maria Theresa died on the 30th of July, 1683. In the same year Louis secretly married François D'Aubigne, better known as Madame de Maintenon. Descended from a Protestant family, born in a prison, educated in poverty, wedded in early life to the deformed and impotent Scarron, left a poor and friendless widow at the age of twenty-five years, obliged to accept the situation of governess to keep herself from starvation, forsaking her religion to avoid the persecutions of her relations, and

herself afterwards the bitterest persecutor of the faith of her fathers, raised at length to independence, opulence, the highest honors and the most unlimited power, the life of Madame de Maintenon presents incidents more various and alternating than are to be found in the imagination, poetry, and wild romance of the middle ages. Possessed of ambition, which was gratified to an extent far above her highest aspirations, she was yet far from being happy. Writing of herself in after-life she says, "I was born ambitious; I struggled against it in vain. When the wish was made fruition, I thought myself happy; alas, it lasted only for a day."

The king had first seen her, when, as the widow of Scarron, she had humbly supplicated the continuance to herself of her husband's pension. Impressed with the beauty and grace of the young petitioner, Louis at last acceded to her request, saying, "*Madame, je vous ai fait attendre long temps, mais vous avez tant d'amis que j'ai voulu avoir seul ce merite aupres de vous.*" Afterwards, as governess to the Duke de Maine and Count de Toulouse, the sons of Louis by Madame de Montespan, upon the education of the former of whom she bestowed the greatest care, she became better known to him. During his frequent visits to the young princes, wearied with the perplexities of state, and annoyed by the imperious spirit of his mistress, Louis found consolation in the good sense and gentle spirit of their governess. At an age when men wish for some one among the gentler sex in whom to confide their joys and sorrows, and leaning towards a devotion which his long career of folly had unfitted him to find within himself, the yielding temper and apparent piety of Madame de Maintenon made her agreeable to him as a companion, and trusty as a friend. He first made her a present of 100,000 livres, with which she purchased the estate of Maintenon, and, growing in fondness for her society, gradually passed from intimacy to love. Though opposed by all the royal kindred, and himself fearing the ridicule which would follow it, so completely had he resigned himself to her influence, that he did not hesitate to make her his wife. In many respects Madame de Maintenon was an example of true excellence to the

women of her day ; but long as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes shall darken the pages of history, so long will her participation in that nefarious act cause her memory to be execrated, not by the descendants of the persecuted Huguenots only, but by the whole Christian world.

The character of Louis XIV. is to this day a matter of disagreement among historians. To some he seems to be a clear-sighted, wary and sagacious ruler, loving his people, perfecting his plans of government, and seeking the highest good of the throne and the nation ; to others, ignorant, weak-minded, and unprincipled, a dupe to his egotism, a slave to his passions, and a traitor to his promises. Both of these views of his character are to a certain extent correct, but both are alike extreme in the conclusions to which they come. Like rulers and statesmen of all ages, Louis possessed two characters, his public character and his private ; and though each ever bears upon and influences the other, by neither one, separated and examined alone, ought he to be judged. The ruling principle of both was undoubtedly pure selfishness, breaking down in the one case all barriers of morals, social order, and rectitude, in order to gratify his unbridled licentiousness ; building up in the other a wall of ceremony, state pride, and integrity, which, while it exalted the throne and elevated its possessor to a height, rarely witnessed, of human honor, at the same time extended a beneficial sway over the mass of the people. Though the character of Louis held within itself the elements of greatness, the combination of those elements failed in making him a great man. Possessed of a natural dignity, which everywhere commanded respect, he could sometimes stoop to the buffoon for the excitement of ap-

plause ; keen in his sense of honor, to a nicety which would suffer no infringement upon his most factitious rules, his transactions oftentimes partook of a character closely allied to knavery ; rigid in his interpretation of justice between man and man, to accomplish his own ends he often claimed a latitude never witnessed beyond the war-talk of a tribe of savages ; quick in his appreciation of true merit whether it appeared in high or low degree, and liberal in encouraging it, he allowed Arnaud, Corneille and Lafontaine—three great literary lights of his reign—to languish in obscurity ; aspiring for friendship, with which to solace his leisure from the cares of state, he infracted every bond which binds man in amity with his fellow-man ; earnest for greatness, he spent his life in pursuing bubbles ; zealous for religion, he rendered his last days accursed, by persecuting the church of God. Sixty-four years of a reign so spent were too brief for the human happiness he had made the object of pursuit ; it was more than three-score years too long for the glory of his reign, the good of the nation, or the happiness of mankind. At first a libertine, then an enthusiast, at last a bigot, and always a tyrant, he died, childless of all legitimate issue, forsaken by his wife, and hated by the people ; and at no time in the history of France have the sympathies of the nation been more fully expressed, than they were by the symbolic custom performed as he breathed his last. Hastening to the window, the usher raised his truncheon above his head, broke it in two, and exclaimed, "The King is dead ;" then seizing another, and waving it in the air, he cried, "Long live the King."

N. S. D.

THE PAINTER DUHOBRET.

FROM THE "MAGAZZINO PITTORICO."

AMONG the pupils of Albert Durer, in Nuremberg, was one whom he had received out of charity, discerning in him traces of talent, which he considered worth cultivation. This cultivation was not hopeless, under the eye of the master, even in one who had passed the age of forty, who was poor, even to indigence, and who had hitherto contrived to gain a scanty subsistence by painting signs, or the coarsest sort of tapestry, at that time much used in Germany. The name of this man, on whom fortune seemed to have wreaked her utmost spite, was Samuel Duhobret. He was short in stature, crooked, and ugly to a proverb, and withal had an imperfection in his speech that rendered his enunciation difficult, and at times unintelligible. He was in consequence the butt of his fellow-pupils; and they were continually breaking jokes upon him, which he bore in patient silence. Still harder to endure were the unfeeling taunts of Madame Durer, who occasionally visited the studio, and always had something harsh to say about the pupil who brought her husband no recompense for his trouble. In short, poor Duhobret's existence was joyless enough; and it would have been a burthen intolerable, with his crust of brown bread, when he had it, at home, and his lonely life abroad, but that he sometimes found himself able to escape from toil and humiliation into the country. There, under the free sky, with the smiling landscape around him, with the sound of streams and the song of birds in his ears, the heart of the desolate artist would expand. He amused himself with sketching some of the beautiful country-seats in the neighborhood of Nuremberg. In this pleasing occupation, and with no one near to laugh and jeer at him, Samuel was no longer the same man. The abject and melancholy expression disappeared from

his face, which lightened and glowed with the strange happiness he felt, as drooping plants revive and brighten in color under the influence of sunshine.

Choosing some quiet and sheltered spot, Duhobret was accustomed to pass many hours of the day, seated on the turf, with his portfolio on his lap. It was then that he produced those happy touches which gave himself confidence to undertake labors of more importance, and energy to shrink from no toil or privation. When he returned to the city, he carefully put aside the unfinished pieces, not daring even to show his best sketches; for he knew they would bring upon him a double portion of scorn and derision. He applied himself quietly to his daily tasks in the studio; and while he improved in the mechanical part of his art, nourished conceptions that gave him a world of his own creation.

Every day, as a general rule, Samuel came early to the studio of Durer, and remained until evening. Then he retired to the comfortless cell in which he lodged and worked in the silent hours of night, to transfer to his canvas the dreams of beauty he had brought from the country. He submitted to incredible privations to obtain the means of procuring pencils, colors, etc.: nay, so ardent was his longing for progress without obstacle, that he is said, by the historian of his life, to have been only withheld by stern principle, from stealing those indispensable articles from his companions.

Thus passed three years; and during that time neither Albert Durer, nor any of his pupils, knew of the nocturnal labors of Duhobret. How the powers of his physical nature were sustained under this incessant tasking of its energies, it is impossible to imagine.

But nature at last gave way. The painter was seized with a fever, which rap-

idly reduced the little strength that remained to him. No one came to see what had become of poor Samuel, though for a week he had not appeared at the studio. No one had the humanity to supply his wants, though he had not in many days tasted food, merely moistening his lips with water that stood in a stone pitcher by his bedside. As the fever abated, the wild dreams of delirium vanished, and Samuel thought himself near to death. For the first time, a bitterness entered his soul. He felt a desire to preserve the life which seemed so worthless to all the world. He must procure food, and adopt a desperate resolution.

Having risen from his miserable couch, he took under his arm the last picture he had finished, and went out, taking his way towards the shop of a vender of pictures. The piece was one on which he had bestowed great pains; but he resolved to sell it for whatever price was offered, if only enough to purchase a single meal.

As he dragged himself with difficulty along the street, he passed a house in front of which a crowd was assembled. On inquiring the cause, Duhobret learned that a great sale was to take place. Various works of art, collected during thirty years, by an amateur, whose gallery was the admiration of all Nuremberg, were to be sold at public auction, the death of the owner having occurred.

Struck with the hope of finding here a market for his painting, Samuel pressed through the crowd to the salesman, and by dint of entreaties, and the feelings of compassion awakened by his wretched aspect, prevailed on him to allow the piece to be offered at auction. The price at which he estimated its worth was three thalers. "Let it go," said the artist to himself; "the money will procure me bread for a week—if a purchaser can be found."

The picture was examined and criticised by many persons. The exhausted and anxious artist stood apart. At last it was set up for sale. The monotonous voice of the auctioneer repeated, "At three thalers—who will buy? At three thalers!" There was no response.

The stricken Samuel groaned, and buried his face in his hands. It was his best work! The salesman called attention to its beauties. "Does it not seem," he said, "that the

wind is really stirring the foliage of those trees, and that the leaves bend as they glitter in the sun! How pure and crystalline is the water; what life breathes in the animals come to drink at that stream; and the Abbey of Newbourg, with its fine buildings, and the village in the distance, etc."

"Twenty-five thalers," said a dry, weak voice, and the sound startled Duhobret from the stupor of despair. He raised himself on his feet to see whose lips had uttered the blessed words. It was the picture-vender to whom he had first thought of offering his work.

"Fifty thalers!" cried another sonorous voice. The speaker was a large man dressed in black.

"A hundred!" responded the picture-dealer, evidently in considerable vexation. His adversary was equally prompt.

"Two hundred thalers!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"A thousand!"

There was silence among the spectators, and the crowd pressed eagerly around the opposing bidders, who, like two combatants, stood in the centre.

The countenance of the picture-dealer showed his agitation, in spite of his forced calmness. After a moment's hesitation he cried, "Two thousand thalers!"

"Ten thousand!" responded the tall man quickly, while his face glowed with anger.

"Twenty thousand!" The picture-dealer grew pale as death, and clenched his hands violently. The tall man, in increased excitement, bid forty thousand. The look of triumph he cast upon his adversary was too much for the picture-dealer; and his eyes flashing with rage, he bid fifty thousand.

How was it, meanwhile, with poor Samuel! He thought all that passed a dream, and strove to awaken himself, rubbing his eyes and pressing his hand to his forehead, while the contest for his picture went on.

"One hundred thousand!" sounded a voice in accents of desperation.

"One hundred and twenty thousand! and the devil take thee, dog of a picture-dealer!"

The discomfited bidder disappeared in
33

the crowd; and the tall man, who had proved victorious, was bearing away the prize, when a lean, crooked, emaciated, squalid being presented himself before him. Taking him for a beggar, the purchaser offered him a small piece of money.

"If it please you," faltered Samuel, "I am the painter of that picture."

The tall man was Count Dunkalsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He tore out a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote on it a few lines, and handed it to the artist.

"Here, friend," he said, "is the order for the amount, which thou mayest receive at once. Adieu." And he passed on.

Samuel finally persuaded himself that all was not a dream. He became the owner of an estate, and laid many plans for living at his ease, and cultivating his favorite art as a pastime, when an indigestion ended his days. The picture that had brought him fortune in so singular a manner, remained long in the possession of Count Dunkalsbach, and is now in the collection of the King of Bavaria.

SONNET.

IN vain, my profound thoughts, ye greatly strive
 To appease the craving of an unfilled mind;
 The food of life it is not yours to give.
 In other's gift that sustenance I find;
 Cheerless with you to wander in a waste
 Magnificence, like a friendless, childless king!
 Careless though luscious wines invite the taste,
 Regardless though a choir of Seraphs sing.
 In vain, O love, an angel might descend,
 Conducting heaven-born Science by the hand,
 Though earth and sky in her might seem to blend,
 And Truth's incarnate self she seemed to stand;
 Quickly from her my heart would slip away
 To some frail tenant of a house of clay.

SONG.

LET me press thy hand in mine,
 Let me on thy bosom rest;
 Let me touch my lips to thine,
 For an instant blest;
 And the mortal moment seem
 Like an heaven's remembered dream.

Like two flames, together burned,—
 Stars inmixed, to human eyes,—
 Rivers in one channel turned,—
 Mingling vapors in the skies,—
 Heart with heart, and soul with soul,
 Be our lives one perfect whole.

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS, AND THE ABORIGINAL, SEMI-CIVILIZED NATIONS OF NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA; WITH AN ABSTRACT OF THE EARLY SPANISH EXPLORATIONS AND CONQUESTS IN THOSE REGIONS, PARTICULARLY THOSE NOW FALLING WITHIN THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

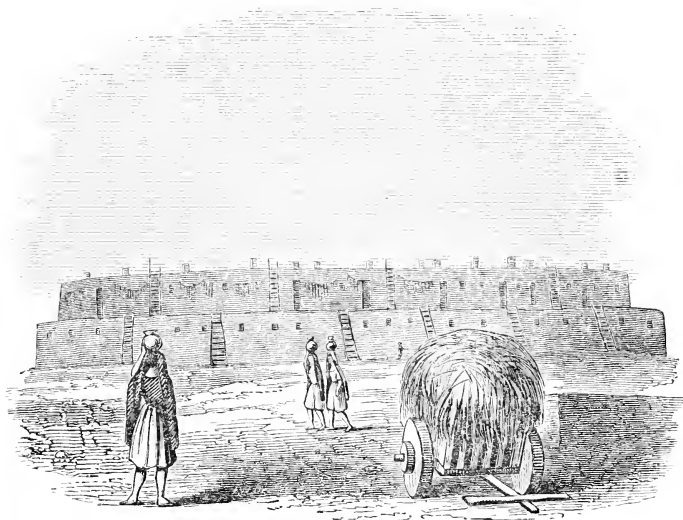


FIG. I.—BUILDING IN THE PUEBLO OF SAN DOMINGO.

By the recently concluded treaty with Mexico, we have had brought within the jurisdiction of the United States a vast extent of territory, comprising nearly the whole of New Mexico, and by far the larger portion of Upper California. The greater part of this vast accession is an arid, uninhabitable desert, sparsely peopled by a few squalid Indians, who find a scanty subsistence in grasshoppers, the larvæ of the ants, and in the withered roots of their desolate abodes. The only habitable portions of the territory are the valley of the Sacramento, on the Pacific, which has

a mild climate and fertile soil; a part of the narrow valley of the Colorado of California; and the valley of the Gila. The latter is in many places quite broad and very fertile, but requires irrigation to be in any degree productive. A portion of the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, and, *at present*, constituting the south-western boundary of the United States, is also capable of supporting a considerable population; but is not comparable, in any respect, to the valleys of the various tributaries of the Mississippi, and will hardly be regarded of

much importance except as constituting a half-way station on the lower route to California.

Within the habitable regions here indicated, and which have hitherto been very imperfectly known, are a number of Indian tribes, in many respects as remarkable as any on the continent. Two of these, the *Comanches* or *Cumanches*, and the *Apaches*, are wild and predatory, and having now the use of horses, may be regarded as the Arabs of the elevated deserts of the New World. They resemble the *Arapahoes* and roving *Pawnees*, who principally occupy the plains to the north-eastward of them, in habits; are exceedingly warlike, and constitute the chief and most dangerous obstacle to the passage southward of the traders and settlers, whom the novelty of first occupying the new territory may seduce from the comforts and delights of that garden of the world,—the great Mississippi Basin.* Besides these, and occupying the country between the upper waters of the Del Norte and the Sierra Anahuac, and perhaps extending towards the Colorado, are the *Navajos*, (pronounced *Navahoes*,) who are half-agricultural, and not less martial than the *Apaches*, who speak the same language with them, and clearly belong to the same family. Little is known concerning them, and, until recently, still less was known of the semi-civilized tribes to the southward, on the Gila, and between that river and the Colorado of California, except what was derived from the early Spanish explorers.

During the past fifty years vague and uncertain accounts have occasionally reached us of stationary nations, living in well-organized communities, peaceful in their habits, with a simple religion, culti-

* These Indians, to the west of the Rio Grande, are animated by the most intense hatred of the Mexicans. They have completely depopulated some portions of the frontiers of the Mexican States. The upper half of the valley of the Rio Grande is constantly subject to their incursions. One of the chiefs of a party of these Indians met, by appointment, by General Kearney, exclaimed, as the latter was about proceeding from the rendezvous, "You have taken New Mexico, and will soon take California; go then and take Chihuahua, Durango and Sonora; we will help you. You fight for land; we care nothing for land; we fight for the laws of Montezuma and for food. The Mexicans are rascals; we hate them all."—*Emory's Rep.*, p. 60.

vating the soil, constructing canals for irrigation,—in short, approximating to the condition of the tribes of Anahuac, at the period of the invasion of Cortez, in the first half of the sixteenth century. The recent war against Mexico, however unsatisfactory its results in other respects, has indirectly contributed in enlightening us very materially in regard to some of these singular aboriginal families. In prosecuting its military designs against the upper provinces of Mexico, various expeditions were sent out by the American government, and amongst them, one under General Kearney, designed to operate in Upper California. This expedition started from Fort Leavenworth in July, 1846; followed the usual trail to Santa Fé; thence crossed the Sierra Mimbres in a south-western direction, striking the river Gila in lat. 33° N., long. 109° W., following generally the course of that river until near its mouth, thence crossing the intervening territory in a northwesterly direction to the valley of the Colorado, and the settlements on the Pacific. Accompanying the advance guard of this expedition, was a small party of field and topographical engineers, under Lieut. Col. W. H. Emory. The Report of this gentleman, presented to Congress early during the late session, has just made its appearance,* badly printed on poor paper, and affording, in its mechanical execution, a fit commentary on the false economy of Congress.

This Report, although necessarily brief and hurried, nevertheless possesses high interest, inasmuch as it relates to a region hitherto almost unknown, and now, by a singular turn of events, a part of the territory of this confederacy. It gives a succinct view of the geography, topography, productions, capabilities, and inhabitants of the country through which the expedition passed, and may, in all these respects be regarded as a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge.

Lieut. J. W. Abert was a member of Lieut. Emory's corps; but, in consequence of ill health, was left with Lieut. W. G.

* "Notes of a Military Reconnaissance, from Fort Leavenworth in Missouri, to San Diego in California, including part of the Arkansas, Del Norte, and Gila rivers. By Lieut. Col. W. H. Emory. Made in 1846-7, with the Advance Guard of the Army of the West."

Peck, in New Mexico, under instructions to complete the survey of that territory. His Report, comprising 132 pages, illustrated by maps and drawings, has just been printed.* It contains much valuable and interesting matter,—particularly interesting at this juncture, when public attention is forcibly directed to our accessions at the South-west.

It is not our present purpose to go into a detailed notice of these reports. We shall avail ourselves of them, only so far as they relate to the Indian nations and aboriginal monuments falling under the attention of their authors, with the design of adding the new facts, thus obtained, to what was before known concerning them, so as to present as complete a view as possible of their character and connections. We shall give especial prominence to the notices of ancient monuments, buildings, and other remains, for the reasons that the existence of many ruined structures in the territories above indicated, and particularly near the river Gila, has long been known, and has given rise, in connection with the traditions of the ancient Mexicans, to many singular speculations and conjectures relative to the origin and migrations of the Aztecs and their traditional predecessors, on the plains and among the sierras of Mexico,—speculations involving the entire question of the origin of aboriginal American civilization.

Before noticing the various ancient remains found by Lieuts. Emory and Abert, it may not be out of place to observe that there still exist, in New Mexico, many remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, notwithstanding their long intercourse with the Spaniards, yet retain most of their primitive habits and customs. They are honest, moral, sober and industrious. Their religion possesses most of its original features,—the stem upon which the Catholic propagandists, with ready adaptation, have engrafted some of their own tenets. The authority which the Spaniards have, from the first, maintained over them, has been little more than nominal, and the inhabitants of Eu-

ropean descent have perhaps assimilated as much towards the natives as the latter have towards the intruders. The fragments distinguished as the Pecos and Taos Indians, the first to the eastward and the last to the northward of Santa Fé, are very well known from the accounts of travellers, or from their connection with recent events in that territory, and we shall omit any detailed notice of them in this connection. But beyond the Rio Grande, on the sources of the tributaries of the streams emptying into it from the west, and which interlock with the upper waters of the Gila and the eastern branches of the Colorado of California, there are a number of Indian towns, or *Pueblos*, the inhabitants of which, although belonging to the same family with the Pecos, and other Indians of New Mexico, and corresponding with them in most particulars, are yet, from their more limited intercourse with the Spaniards, less modified from their primitive condition. This observation applies, but with less force, to the Indians to the south-west of Santa Fé, on the borders of the high desert, distinguished on its western boundary for its saline lakes, and known as the *Llano Estacado*, or “Staked Plain,”—so called from the circumstance that a trail once existed across it, the course of which was indicated by stakes placed at intervals.

The subjoined description of the town of Acoma, situated on the Rio Jose, a tributary of the Puerco, to the west of the Rio Grande, in the region first indicated, will give a very good idea of the character of the Indian dwellings, as also of the care and skill with which the aborigines selected the sites of their towns—forcibly reminding us of the accounts (which they at the same time confirm) of the conquerors of New Mexico, who found “towns placed upon high rocks,” difficult of access, and having white buildings which glistened like silver in the sun.

“From the valley in which we journey,” says Lieut. Abert, “rise high blocks of sandstone, the tops of which are horizontal, and the sides of which reach perpendicularly to the height of three hundred or four hundred feet above the plain. This sandstone is very hard, and breaks in long prisms, the angles of which seem to resist the rounding action of the weather. This rock exhibits tints of yellow and light red.

* “Report and Map of the Examination of New Mexico; made by Lieut. J. W. Abert, of the Topographical Corps, in answer to a resolution of the U. S. Senate.” Washington, 1848.

"High on a lofty rock of sandstone such as I have described, sits the town of Acoma. On the northern side of the rock the rude boreal blasts have heaped up the sand so as to form a practicable ascent for some distance; the rest of the way is through solid rock. At one place a singular opening or narrow way is formed between a huge square tower of rock and the perpendicular face of the cliff. Then the road winds round like a spiral stairway, and the Indians have fixed in the rock logs of wood, radiating from a vertical axis, like steps; these afford foot-hold to man and beast in clambering up.

"We were constantly meeting and passing Indians who had their 'burros' laden with peaches. At last we reached the top of the rock, which was nearly level and contains about sixty acres. Here we saw a large church and several continuous blocks of buildings, containing sixty or seventy houses in each block. They were three stories high, and the walls on the sides that faced outwards were unbroken, and had no windows until near the top. In front the stories retreated back as they ascended, so as to leave a platform along the whole front of each, which platforms are guarded by parapet walls about three feet high. In order to gain admittance, you ascend to the first platform by the means of ladders; the next story is gained in like manner; but to reach the 'azotea,' or roof, the partition walls on the platform that separates the quarters of different families, have been formed into steps. This makes quite narrow stair-cases, as the walls are here not more than a foot in thickness. The entrances to the dwellings are from the roof. Here we found great quantities of peaches, which had been cut in halves and spread to dry in the sun.

"We entered some of the houses, and the inmates received us with great gladness. They brought out circular baskets, nearly flat, and filled with a kind of corn-bread, resembling hornet's nests, of the same color, and thin as a wafer. This they crumbled between their fingers and put in a second basket, from which we ate. Each family occupies the rooms that are situated vertically over each other. The lowest story is used as a storeroom, in which they put their corn, pumpkins, melons, and other eatables. The fronts of the houses are covered with festoons of bright red peppers and strings of pumpkins and musk-melons, which have been cut in slices and twisted in bunches to be dried for winter's use.

"The people," continues Lieut. Abert, "appeared to be well provided with all the necessities and luxuries which New Mexico produces. They are quiet, and seem to be generous and happy. As we walked through the town, we saw them unloading their 'burros.' Quantities of fine cling-stone peaches were spread out upon the ground, as the owners

were dividing the loads so as to carry them up the ladders. And whenever we approached they cried out, 'Coma! coma!' 'Eat! eat!' at the same time pointing to the fruit. They generally wear the Navajo blankets, marked with broad stripes, alternately black and white. Their pantaloons are very wide and bag-like, confined at the knee by long woollen stockings, and sometimes by buckskin leggings and moccasins. The women stuff their leggings with wool, which makes their ankles look like those of the elephant.

"These people cannot have associated much with the Mexicans, (Spaniards,) as they scarcely know a word of the language. This may be owing to an old Spanish law, referred to by Mr. Murray, which confined the Indians to their villages, prohibiting them from visiting the settlements of the whites, and also excluding the latter from the Indian towns. They seem to possess a smattering of the Roman Catholic religion; their dwellings are often crowned with the symbol of the cross; and, as I have already mentioned, one of the first objects which meets the eye in entering the town, is a large chapel with its towers and bells."

This town is clearly the *Acuco* mentioned by the first Spanish adventurers into this country.* The Indian towns which are situated where the natural defences are insufficient for complete protection, are fortified with considerable skill. Lieut. Peck, who visited it, mentions that the "Pueblo de Taos" is situated upon the banks of a little mountain stream, and consists of an immense adobe structure of successive stages, rising to the height of seven stories, constituting an almost impregnable tower. It is surrounded by a few smaller buildings, and the whole is "enclosed by an adobe wall, strengthened in some places by rough palisades, the different parts so arranged for mutual defence, as to elicit much admiration of the skill of the untaught engineers." It will perhaps be remembered that it was here that the Indians, roused into hostility, made their final stand against the American forces in January, 1847; and, as observed by Lieut. Abert, "the history of the bloody siege, lengthened resistance, and final reduction of the place, furnishes

* The ruins of San Felipe, on the Rio Grande, correspond very nearly in position with Acoma. They are situated on the verge of a precipice several hundred feet in height, the base of which is washed by the river.

sufficient evidence of its strength. For weeks in succession had they, in former times, resisted the attacks of overwhelming numbers of their wild prairie enemies, and this stronghold had defied all the assaults of the Spaniards. Built of adobes, a material almost impenetrable by shot, having no external entrance except through the roof, which must be reached by movable ladders, each story smaller than the one below, irregular in plan, and the whole judiciously pierced with loopholes for defence, the combination presents a system of fortification peculiarly *sui generis*.^{*†}

According to Mr. Gregg there are here two edifices, one on each side of the creek, which formerly communicated by a bridge. The *estufa* was a spacious hall in the centre of the largest. This is probably the *Braba* of the Spanish conquerors, as will be seen in a future page.

Lieut. Peck also mentions the pueblo of San Juan, which is surrounded by a dry trench, in which a row of palisades six or eight inches in thickness are planted, the interstices being filled with the clayey earth of which the "adobes" used in building are made. "These Indians have very fine fields of corn, and I noticed particularly their orchards of peach and plum trees. They cultivate almost all the fruit that is grown in the country, and an Indian settlement may usually be distinguished by a clump of trees. The Spaniards seldom take the trouble to plant them."

The cut at the head of this article represents a building in the Pueblo of San Domingo. It is copied from Lieut. Abert's Report, and will convey a very correct idea of the style, etc., of the Indian edifices. "The buildings of this Pueblo," says Lieut. Abert, "are built in blocks two stories high; the upper story is narrower than the one below, so that there is a platform or landing along the whole length of the buildings. To enter

you ascend to the platform by means of ladders, which can be easily removed, and as there is a parapet wall extending along the front of each platform, these houses can be converted into formidable forts."

Each of the Indian Pueblos or villages, is under the control of a cazique chosen from among themselves. When any public business is to be transacted, he collects the principal chiefs in an *estufa* or cell, usually under ground, when the subjects of debate are discussed and settled. Mr. Gregg was told that whenever they return from their belligerent expeditions, they always visit their council cell first. Here they dance and carouse frequently for two days, before seeing their families. The council has charge of the interior police, and keeps a strict eye over the young persons of both sexes of the village. The females, it should be observed, are universally noted for their chastity and modest deportment.*

The first aboriginal remains of any kind, noticed by Lieut. Emory, were upon the Pecos river, a tributary of the Rio Grande del Norte, among the mountains, in lat. 35° 40' N., and 105° 45' W., not far to the eastward of Santa Fé. Here are the ruins of an ancient Indian building in close proximity to a dilapidated Catholic church. It was built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks. About a century since the town was sacked by hostile Indians, but amidst the terrors of the assault and subsequent havoc, the Pecos devotees contrived to keep up the eternal fire in the *estufa*, (vault,) where it continued to burn until within seven years, when the tribe becoming almost extinct, the survivors abandoned the place and joined some of the original race, beyond the mountains, about sixty miles to the southward, where it is said the sacred fire is still kept burning. The ruins are figured by Col. Emory, but no clear idea of their character can be formed from the sketch.

Lieut. Abert states that many singular legends still exist relating to the former inhabitants. Among other things, it is said, they kept an immense serpent in their temple, to which they offered human sacrifices. We learn from another source that the buildings of the ancient town, which was

* The houses in the Mexican cities were flat-roofed, terraced and crowned with battlements. Cortez complains of the annoyance to which his soldiers were subjected from the Mexicans, "who fought from the tops of their houses, and threw missiles from behind the battlements." This would seem to imply that the Aztecs constructed their buildings somewhat upon the plan of those described in the text.

* Transactions of American Ethnological Society, vol. ii. p. 81.

founded before the conquest, are built of mud intermixed with small stones, and that some of them are still so perfect as to show three full stories. In the large ruined edifices above mentioned, there are four rooms under ground, circular in form, fifteen feet deep, and twenty-five feet across. In these burned the holy fire.

In the valley of the Puerco, on the road to Cibolleta, Lieut. Abert found remains of buildings formed of flat stones and plastered with clay. At one point, upon a high bluff, he also discovered some enclosures of stone. One was circular, ten feet in diameter, with walls three feet high, in which an aperture or door had been left. Another was elliptical, and its walls had been quite high. Besides these, there were many rectangular structures, the purposes of which were not apparent. They were more than a mile from water, and the approach upon one side was steep and difficult, while upon the other it was impossible—the rocks presenting a vertical face, one hundred and eighty feet in height. On the east bank of the stream, not far from the bluff just mentioned, Lieut. Abert noticed a collection of stone structures in ruins. They had been arranged so as to form a square enclosure, the sides of which were each six hundred feet long.

At the town of Tegique, which is about sixty miles south of Sante Fé, on the branch of a small stream, losing itself in the saline lakes of the *Llano Estacado*, Lieut. Abert found some ruins, a portion of which are at present covered by the modern town. They consisted in part of mounds, from six to eight feet in height, arranged in lines running due north and south, and east and west. At one place the mounds indicated a building of considerable size, which the Mexicans called "the church." While Lieut. Abert was there, he observed some people digging earth, of which to make adobes. In the course of their labors, they uncovered a wall consisting of sun-dried bricks. The mounds, which proved to be the ruins of buildings, were found upon examination to be divided by partition walls, into chambers not more than five feet square. Lieut. Abert concludes that they formed the lower stories or vaults of edifices, which, judging from the mass of fallen materials, were originally several stories high. Scattered around were frag-

ments of pottery, similar to that now used in the various pueblos, also arrow-heads of milky quartz. In their excavations, the people said they frequently found "*metates*," which are probably the stones called "*metlatl*" by the Aztecs, upon which they ground their corn.

Lieut. Abert also visited the ruins of Abo and Quarra, which he found to be precisely such as would result from the abandonment and dilapidation of the present Indian towns. Some of these, as will soon be seen, it is certain, existed previously to the conquest; for, in the accounts of the early writers, we find them referred to by the names which they still bear. Perhaps the most imposing of any of these remains, are those called "*Gran Quivera*," visited and described by Mr. Gregg. There is no doubt that Vasquez Coronado penetrated to this region in 1541. The Spaniards, after the second conquest, established missions and built churches at this and other important places,—the ruins of which are easily recognized.

Passing now beyond New Mexico, into the territory drained by the Rio Gila, on the great Pacific slope, we find numerous evidences of a remote population, and also remnants of nations still less changed from their original condition than those already noticed on the Rio Grande del Norte.

The first remains on the Gila, worthy of remark, were found in lat. 32° 50' N., long. 109° 30' West. Lieut. Emory's brief notice is as follows: "To-day we passed one of the long-sought ruins. I examined it, and the only evidences of handcraft remaining were immense quantities of broken pottery, extending for two miles along the river. There were a great many stones, rounded by the attrition of the water, scattered about; but, if they had not occasionally been arranged in lines forming rectangles with each other, the supposition would be that they had been deposited there by natural causes." Two days thereafter, Lieut. Emory passed "the ruins of two more villages, similar to those just mentioned. The foundations of the largest houses first seen were sixty by twenty feet, those found to-day, forty by thirty. About none were found any vestiges of the mechanical arts, except pottery. The stones forming the foundations are round and unhewn; and some

cedar logs were observed near them much decayed, but bearing no marks of edge tools." Except these rude remains, which can hardly be supposed to have belonged to the ancient population, the explorer had as yet found nothing to justify the current accounts of vast ancient ruins upon the Gila. Two days later, however, at the mouth of the San Carlos river, he discovered the foundation of a rectangular house composed of rough stones, and upon a mound near by the foundations of a circular structure, a few feet in diameter. Amid these were many fragments of pottery, and upon digging within them to the depth of a few feet, were found solid masses like the dirt floors of the Spaniards. The

succeeding day, at the base of Mount Graham, he observed the ruins of a large settlement. Among the remains was one circular enclosure two hundred and seventy feet in circumference, and another twelve hundred feet in circumference, which Lieut. Emory supposes to have been designed for defence. "In one segment of it," he observes, "was a triangular shaped indenture, which we supposed to have been a well. Large mezquite trees were growing on it, attesting its antiquity. Most of the houses are rectangular, varying from twenty to one hundred feet front. Many were of the form of the present Spanish houses, thus :—

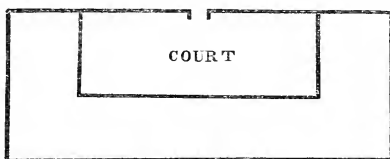


FIG. 2.

"Red cedar posts were found in many places, which would seem to detract from the antiquity of the other remains, but for the peculiarity of this climate, where vegetable matter appears never to decay. No relics were discovered which enable us to connect the builders of these ancient structures with any other races. No marks of edge tools could be found, nor any utensils, except the fragments of pottery everywhere strewn on the plain, and the rude corn-grinder still used by the Indians." So great was the quantity of this pottery, and the extent of ground covered by it, that Lieut. Emory conjectured it must have been used for pipes to convey water. There were also, scattered about, many fragments of agate and obsidian. The valley was evidently once the abode of a busy people. Tradition both among the Spaniards and Indians fails to reach them.

Two days subsequently, Lieut. Emory observed ruins, which so far as he could judge, (the ground being covered with mezquite bushes,) must formerly have been occupied by from five to ten thousand inhabitants. "The outline of the

buildings, and the pottery presented no essential differences from those already described. About eleven miles from this point, on a knoll, were found the traces of a solitary house, somewhat resembling a field work, *en cremallière*. The enclosure was complete, and the faces varied from twenty to thirty feet. The accompanying cut will convey an accurate idea of the plan."

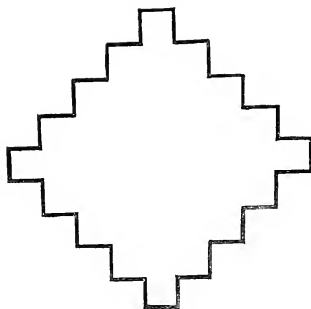


FIG. 3.

A few remains similar to those above noticed were observed at various points, as Lieut. Emory's party progressed. At one place, on the summit of a promontory of pitch stone, six or eight symmetrical and well-turned holes, about ten inches deep, and eight inches wide at the top, were found; near one of which, in a secluded spot, was lying a well-turned pestle. It is supposed these were the mortars or corn-mills of the ancient inhabitants.

In lat. 33° N., long. 112° W., Lieut. Emory, for the first time, found buildings standing, at all corresponding to the structures he had been led to suppose existed on the Gila, and known as the "*Casas Grandes*," or "*Casas Montezuma*." The latter name is the one common among the Indians, with whom Montezuma is the out-

ward point of their chronology, from which every event is dated. His memory is regarded with the profoundest veneration. "Near our encampment," says Lieut. Emory, "a range of hills-draws in from the south-west, giving the river a bend to the north. At the base of this range is a long meadow extending for many miles, in which the Pimos graze their cattle, and over which are scattered zequias, pottery, and other evidences of a once densely populated country. About the time of the noon halt a large building was observed to the left. It was the remains of a three-story mud-house, sixty feet square, and pierced for doors and windows. The walls were four feet thick, and formed of layers of mud, each two feet thick. It is represented in the following sketch, Fig. 4.

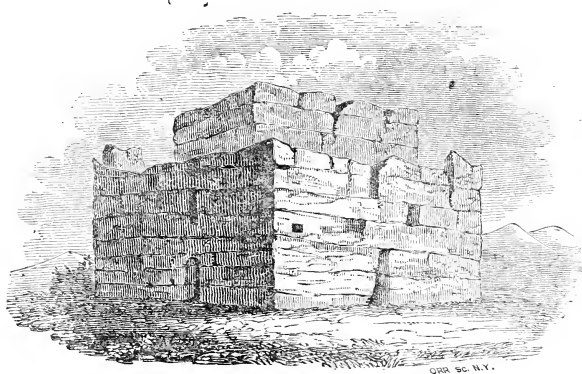


FIG. 4.—"CASA GRANDE" ON THE RIVER GILA.

"A long and careful search was made for objects of household use, or implements of art, but nothing was found except the corn-grinder, always met with among the ruins and on the plains. Marine shells, cut into various ornaments, were also found here, which showed that the builders either came from the sea-coast or trafficked there. No traces of hewn timber were discovered; on the contrary the sleepers of the ground floor were round and unhewn. They were burned out of their seats in the wall to the depth of six inches. The whole interior of the build-

ing had been burned out, and was much defaced. What was left bore marks of having been glazed, and on the walls of the north room of the second story were a number of rude hieroglyphics."

While encamped near this point, Lieut. Emory's party were visited by the Pimos Indians, whose town was a few miles distant. They were frank and unsuspicious, leaving their packs and valuables in the camp with perfect unconcern. Theft seems to be unknown among them. One of them was asked concerning the ruins just described. He replied that all that

was known was a tradition to the following effect: "In times long past, a woman of superior beauty resided among the mountains near this place. All the men admired and paid court to her. She received the tributes of their devotion, grain, skins, etc., but gave no favors in return. Her virtue, and her determination to remain secluded, were equally firm. There came a drought which threatened the world with famine. In their distress the people applied to her, and she gave them corn from her stock, and the supply seemed to be endless. Her goodness was unbounded. One day as she was lying asleep, a drop of rain fell upon her and produced conception. A son was the issue, who was the founder of the race which built these structures." When asked if he believed the legend which he had related, he replied, "No, but most of the Pimos do. We know nothing of their origin."

Capt. Johnston, who was killed at the battle of San Pasqual in California, accompanied Lieut. Emory in his expedition, and kept notes of the journey. From these, the following passages relating to ruins similar to those just noticed, have found the light. It will be observed that pyramidal structures, of the same type of those of Mexico, are mentioned.

"Still passing plains which had once been occupied, we saw to our left the 'Casa de Montezuma.' I rode to it, and found the remains of the walls of four buildings, and the piles of earth showing where many others had been. One of the buildings was still quite complete, as a ruin; the others had all crumbled, but a few pieces of broken wall remaining. The large casa was fifty feet by forty, and had been four stories high; but the floors and roof had long since been burnt out. The charred ends of the cedar joists were still in the wall. I examined them and found they had not been cut with a steel instrument. The joists were round sticks about two feet in diameter. There were four entrances—north, south, east and west,—the doors about four feet by two; the rooms as below, and had the same arrangement in each story. There was no sign of a fire-place in the building. The lower story was filled with rubbish, and above it was the open sky. The walls were four feet thick at the bottom, and had a curved inclination inwards to the top. The house was built of a sort of white earth and pebbles, probably containing lime, which abounded on the ground adjacent. The walls had been smoothed out-

side, and plastered inside; and the surface still remained firm, although it was evident it had been exposed to great heat from the fire. Some of the rooms did not open to all the rest, but had a hole a foot in diameter to look through; in other places were smaller holes. About two hundred yards from this building was a mound, in a circle one hundred yards around the mound. The centre was a hollow, twenty-five yards in diameter, with two ramps or slopes going down to its bottom. It was probably a well, now partly filled up. A similar one was seen near Mount Dallas.

"A few yards further, in the same direction, northward, was a terrace, one hundred yards by seventy, about five feet high. Upon this was a pyramid, about eight feet high, twenty-five yards square at the top. From this, sitting on my horse, I could overlook the vast plain lying north-east and west, on the left bank of the Gila. The ground in view was about fifteen miles,—all of which, it would seem, had been irrigated by the waters of the Gila. I picked up a broken crystal of quartz in one of these piles. Leaving the casa I turned towards the Pimos, and travelling at random over the plain, (now covered with mezquite,) the piles of earth and pottery showed for miles in every direction. I also found the remains of a zequia (a canal for irrigation) which followed the range of houses for miles. It had been very large."

At a point still nearer the Pimos village, Lieut. Emory noticed another "Casa Montezuma." "It was one pile of broken pottery and foundation stones of black basalt, making a mound about ten feet high. The outline of the ground plan was distinct. The pottery did not differ from what was before observed; and among the ruins the same sea-shells, one worked into an ornament, and a large bead of bluish marble, exquisitely turned, and an inch and a quarter long, were also found."

The Pimos Indians are, in many respects, a remarkable people. They are stationary and agricultural in their habits, peaceable, honest and social,—in fact, presenting in all respects the strongest points of contrast to their neighbors to the north-east, the predatory Apaches. "At the settlement of the Pimos," says Lieut. Emory, "we were at once impressed with the beauty and order of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat and cotton, are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. At the time of our visit, all the crops had

been gathered in, and the stubble showed that they had been luxuriant. The cotton had been picked and stacked for drying in the sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about two hundred feet by one hundred, for the convenience of irrigation. The fences are of sticks wattled with willow and mezquite, and in this particular give an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all.

The dress of the Pimos consists of a cotton serape, of native manufacture, and a breech cloth. Their hair is worn long, and clubbed up behind. They have but few cattle, and these are used in tillage. They possess a few horses and mules, which are prized very highly. They were found very ready to barter, which they did with entire good faith. Capt. Johnston relates that when his party first came to the village they asked for bread, offering to pay for the same. The bread was furnished by the Pimos, but they would receive no return, saying, "Bread is to eat, not to sell; take what you want."

"Their houses," says Lieut. Emory, "were dome-shaped structures of wicker-work, about six feet high, and from twenty to sixty feet in diameter, thatched with straw or corn-stalks. In front is usually a large arbor, on top of which is piled the cotton in the pod, for drying. In the houses were stowed water-melons, pumpkins, beans, corn and wheat, the three articles last named usually in large baskets; sometimes these baskets were covered with earth and placed on the tops of the domes. A few chickens and dogs were seen, but no other domestic animals except horses, mules and oxen. Their implements of husbandry were the axe, (of steel, and obtained through the Mexicans,) wooden hoes, shovels, and harrows. The soil is so easily pulverized as to make the plough unnecessary."

Among their manufactures is a substance which they call *pinole*. "It is the heart of Indian corn, baked, ground up, and mixed with sugar. When dissolved in water it is very nutritious, and affords a delicious beverage. Their molasses, put up in large jars, hermetically sealed, is expressed from the fruit of the *pitahaya*."

In manufacturing cotton they display much skill, although their looms are of the simplest kind. "A woman was seated on the ground under one of the cotton sheds.

Her left leg was turned under, and the sole of her foot upwards. Between her large toe and the next was a spindle, about eighteen inches long, with a single fly of four or six inches. Ever and anon she gave it a twist, in a dexterous manner, and at its end was drawn a coarse cotton thread. This was their spinning machine. Led on by this primitive display, I asked for their loom, pointing first to the thread and then to the blanket girded about the woman's loins. A fellow stretched in the dust sunning himself, rose up leisurely, and untied a bundle which I had supposed to be a bow and arrows. This little package, with four stakes in the ground, was the loom. He stretched his cloth, and commenced the process of weaving."

They had salt among them, which they obtain from the plains. "Wherever there are 'bottoms' which have no drainage, the salt effloresces, and is skimmed from the surface of the earth. It was brought to us both in the crystallized form, and in the form when first collected, mixed with earth."

The plain upon which the Pimos village stands, extends fifteen or twenty miles in every direction, and is very rich and fertile. The bed of the Gila, opposite the village, is said to be dry, the whole water being drawn off by the *zequias* of the Pimos for irrigating their lands; but their ditches are larger than necessary for the purpose, and the water which is not used returns to the river, with little apparent diminution in its volume.

It is scarcely to be doubted, that the Pimos are the Indians described by Father Garcias and Pedro Font, as living on the south bank of the Gila, in the vicinity of the Casas Grandes, of which an account will hereafter be given. They lived in two villages, called Uturicut and Sutaquisau, and are described by these explorers to have been peaceable and industrious cultivators of the soil. "When Father Font tried to persuade them of the advantages which would result from the establishment of Christian missions, where an Indian alcalde would govern with strict justice, a chief answered that this was not necessary for them. "For," said he, "we do not steal, we rarely quarrel; why should we want an alcalde?"

Thirty miles beyond the Pimos is a cognate tribe called the Coco Maricopas. All that has been said of the Pimos is applicable to them. Like them, "they live in cordial amity, and their habits, agriculture, religion, and manufactures, are the same. In stature they are taller, their noses are more aquiline, and they have a much readier manner of speaking and acting, and are superior in appearance, and perhaps in intelligence." Their animal spirits seem to be excessive. In illustration of their extreme simplicity, Lieut. Emory relates that after the trading had ceased, "they gathered around the camp-fires and made the air ring with their jokes and merry peals of laughter. A pair of spectacles was a great source of merriment. Some of them formed the idea that with their aid, the wearer could see through their cotton blankets. They would shrink and hide behind each other at his approach. It was at length placed upon the nose of an old woman, who explained its use to the others."

Although both the Pimos and Maricopas have an aversion to war, it arises from no incapacity in arms. They have at all times shown themselves able to meet and defeat the Apaches, whose hands are raised against every people. At the time of Lt. Emory's visit, a party had just returned from chastising these mountain robbers, for some aggression, bringing with them a number of captives, which they sold to the Mexicans as slaves. "They have a high regard for morality, and punish transgressors more by public opinion than by fines or corporeal penalties. Polygamy is unknown among them, and the crime of adultery, punished with such fearful penalties among the Indians generally, is here almost unknown, and is followed by the contempt of the relatives and associates of the guilty parties." They are said to be without any other religion than a belief in one great and over-ruling Spirit. Living remote from the civilized world, they are seldom visited by the whites, and intoxicating liquor and the vices which it entails, are unknown among them.

The two tribes are estimated to number from five to ten thousand. The Pimos have occupied their present position for an unknown period. The Coco Maricopas, on the other hand, have recently migrated

thither. In 1826, they were encountered on the Gila, at its junction with the Colorado, and subsequently at a point about half way between their present village and their former position. From the accounts of their earliest, contrasted with their present condition, it would seem that although originally an agricultural people, they have learned much from their proximity to the Pimos, whom they acknowledge as their superiors politically, and with whom they live on terms of intimate and cordial friendship. Their language is distinct from that spoken by the Pimos, and Mr. Gallatin has compared a short vocabulary, obtained by Lieut. Emory, with four Mexican languages in his possession, and the languages of thirty-two families of Indians living within the United States and further north, and found it to bear resemblance to none of them. He remarks, however, that "*apache*" is the word for *man*, and judging from analogy, they should belong to the great Apache family, for among the Algonquins the name signifying man was sometimes employed to designate tribes, as in the cases of the Linné Linape and Illinois.*

Lieut. Emory obtained from these Indians information of the existence, about a day's journey and a half to the northward, on the Salinas river, of a large building similar to the "Casa Montezuma," perfect, excepting the floors and roof. It was reported to be large, and the walls to be

* The Coco Maricopas were known to the Spanish missionaries long before the time they were visited by Mr. Carson. "In the map attached to Vanegas' History of California, published at Madrid in 1768, their name is inserted in a conspicuous way; and they are represented as occupying the country south of the Rio Gila for 150 miles upwards from its mouth. They are mentioned in the same work as having entertained friendly relations with Father Kino, the celebrated Jesuit, in the year 1700. They were visited in 1744-48, by Father Sedelmayer, who found them living in peace with the Pimos. To the westward of them, this authority mentions the *Yumas*, who were enemies of the Coco Maricopas, though speaking a dialect of the same language. These three tribes, viz: the Pimos, Coco Maricopas and the Yumas, with two others not named, were called the peaceable nations, which should be sheltered from the northern tribes. For this purpose several expeditions were proposed in order to conquer the Apaches, none of which, however, were undertaken."—GALLATIN, *Trans. American Ethnological Soc.* vol. ii.

beautifully glazed. The footsteps of the men employed in building it, are yet to be seen in the adobes of which it is constructed. Whenever the rain comes, the Indians resort to these ruins to look for trinkets of shell, and a peculiar green stone, which Lieut. Emory regards to be nothing more than verde antique. He also states as an impression following from a hurried survey, that the ruins which he saw on the Gila might well be attributed to the Indians seen in New Mexico and to the Pimos. The fact that the latter now construct no such edifices may be accounted for (he suggests) by supposing that they have lost the art of constructing adobe or mud-houses,—a supposition hardly possible, while they had the suggestions furnished by these buildings constantly before them. Wherever the mountains do not approach too closely to the river, and shut out the valley, the ancient remains are seen in great abundance, enough, in the opinion of Lieut. Emory, to indicate a former population of at least one hundred thousand. In one place, most of the valley, for a distance of twenty miles, was covered with ruins of buildings, and broken pottery.

Corn-grinders and pottery corresponding with those found among the ruins are still in use among the Pimos. The corn-grinder is simply a large concave stone, into which another stone is made to fit, so as to crush the grain by the pressure of the hand.

The Indians met with between the Del Norte and the Gila, at the Pimos settlement, belong to the great Apache family, having no fixed habits, and roaming about from place to place, wherever a prospect of plunder is afforded. The Mexican provinces of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, may almost be said to be tributary to them.

Above the Maracopas, and near the head waters of the Salinas or Salt river, is a band of Indians called the *Soones*, by Lieut. Emory, who, in manners, habits and pursuits, are said to resemble the Pimos, "except that they live in houses scooped from the solid rock."* They are

doubtless the same with the *Munchies* or *Mawkeys*, as they have sometimes been called, and which names may be regarded as corruptions of *Moqui*, the name applied by Humboldt to the stationary inhabitants between the Gila and Rio Colorado. He says, "The Indians between the rivers Gila and Colorado form a contrast with the wandering and distrustful Indians of the savannahs to the east of New Mexico. Father Garcias visited the country of the Moqui, and was astonished to find there an Indian town, with two great squares, houses of several stories, and streets well laid out and parallel to each other. The construction of the edifices of the Moquis is the same with that of the *Casas Grandes* on the banks of the Gila."* These Indians have been represented as nearly white, and extremely graceful in figure; but most of the late accounts which we have had of them, are based upon vague reports, and can hardly be relied on in their details. Humboldt observes that they "exhibit traces of the cultivation of the aboriginal Mexicans," and expresses the belief that, "at the period of the migration of the Toltecs, the Acolhuas and the Aztecs, several tribes separated from the great mass of the people to establish themselves in these northern regions."† The same authority states, on the testimony of the mis-

fifty miles to the westward of the Rio Grande, containing 1000 or 1200 inhabitants, who profess the Catholic religion, cultivate the soil, prosecute various domestic manufactures, and possess considerable stock.

Mr. Gregg also mentions the seven pueblos of the Moqui—a nation which, from what he could gather, resided a short distance beyond the Zunni, with whom they generally correspond, except that they are pagans, and display more skill in their arts.

It will be seen, in the progress of this paper, that the people called Soones in Col. Emory's Report, and Zunni by Mr. Gregg, are the "*Sunne*" or "*Zuny*" described by Espejo, who visited their country in 1581-83. It will also be seen, that they are the "*people of Cibola*" conquered by Coronado, and that their country is the true "*province of Cibola*," the position of which has been so long a matter of doubt among investigators. Although Col. Emory has thought the story about "houses cut in the solid rock" worth mentioning, it is presumed there will be a safe incredulity as to the fact, in the minds of all intelligent readers.

* Pol. Essay, Lond. ed., vol. ii, p. 315.

† Id., p. 316.

* It cannot be doubted that the *Soones*, of whom Col. Emory received so very vague accounts, are identical with the *Zunni*, noticed by Mr. Gregg in his "Commerce of the Prairies." He mentions the pueblo of Zunni, one hundred and

sionaries of the *Collegio de Queretaro*, that their language is entirely different from that of the Aztecs proper. Missionaries, it seems, were once established among them, who were massacred in the great revolt of the Indians in 1680, and they have ever since remained unsubdued.

Beyond these, to the northward, and north-east, is the nation of the *Navajos*, a branch of the Apaches, who are partially agricultural, and who excel in some departments of domestic manufacture. "Their country is shut in by high mountains, inaccessible from without, except by limited passes through narrow defiles, well situated for defence on the approach of an invading foe. Availing themselves of these natural advantages, they have continued to maintain their ground against all odds, nor have they suffered the Spaniards to set foot within their territory as conquerors."* Dr. Lyman regards them as the "most civilized of all the *wild* Indians of North America," and states that they cultivate maize and all kinds of vegetables extensively, rear large droves of magnificent horses, equal to any in the United States, possess large flocks of mountain sheep, and from the wool, which resembles mohair, "manufacture blankets of a texture so fine and heavy, as to be perfectly impervious to water."† They are much more martial in their habits than the tribes already noticed, and are almost constantly at war with the Mexicans. They have had some severe skirmishes with American trappers, which resulted much to their disadvantage, and of whom they stand in considerable awe. Dr. Lyman states that "in the autumn of 1841, an American trader, with thirty-five men, went from Bent's fort to the Navajo country, built a breast-work with his bales of goods, and informed the astonished Indians that he had come into their country to trade or fight, whichever they preferred. The Indians chose to trade, and soon commenced a brisk business. Lieut. Abert states that, from what he could learn from Col. Doniphan, who marched into the Navajo country, they build in a style corresponding with that of the Indians of New

Mexico, as illustrated in the accounts of the pueblos of New Mexico.

Thus far the new facts which have been placed before the world by the officers of the American army, and by American travellers. Father Pedro Font, in 1775, visited some ruins south of the Rio Gila, which probably entirely escaped the observation of Lieut. Emory, who, for the most part, travelled upon the northern bank of the river. Their precise locality we are unable to determine, but they were doubtless higher up the stream than those mentioned by Lieut. E. Father Font, (whose MS. relation is copied in the seventh volume of Lord Kingsborough's magnificent work, and has recently been published by M. Ternaux Compans,) states that the ruins which he visited cover more than a league, and that the ground was covered with broken vases and painted pottery. The principal building, a plan of which (fig. 5) is herewith presented, is



FIG. 5.

described as "a parallelogram, facing precisely the four cardinal points; extending seventy feet long from north to south, and fifty wide from east to west. It consists of four rooms, three internal of equal size, twenty-six feet by ten, and two external, thirty-eight feet by twelve, and they are all eleven feet high. The edifice has three stories,—four, counting one under ground. There was no trace of stairs, which were probably wooden, and burned when the Apaches destroyed the building. The whole structure is composed of earth, the interior walls being four feet thick, and well constructed, and the external six feet thick, and shelving outside. The timber work consists partly of mezquite, principally of pine, although the nearest pine forest is distant seventy-five miles. A little distance to the eastward there is another building, twenty-six feet by eighteen

* Bartlett's Progress of Ethnology, p. 17.

† Farnham's Life and Travels in California, p. 372.

* See Kingsborough, vol. vi., p. 539, and Trans. American Ethnological Society, vol. ii., p. lxxxv.

inside. There are also remnants of other structures near. Around the whole there are indications of an external wall, rectangular in outline, extending four hundred and twenty feet from north to south, and two hundred and sixty from east to west. From some remains of mud walls (torchis) and some scattered bricks, it appeared that there had been a canal to bring water from the river to the town.”*

Clavigero was aware of the existence of ancient structures on the Rio Gila, and attributes them to the Aztecs, who, he supposed, migrated from the regions far to the north-west, beyond the Gila and Rio Colorado. He does not, however, assume to know anything of the character of these remains, further than that they are quite imposing.

He describes certain buildings, nevertheless, under the name of “Casa grandi,” (to which he imputes the same origin,) situated two hundred and fifty miles to the north-west of the city of Chihuahua, and not very far to the westward of the Rio Grande. It will be seen that the account corresponds with that given us by Lieut. Abert, of the aboriginal structures on the Del Norte. These have entrances only from above, by means of ladders, while those met with on the Gila have doorways on a level with the ground.

“This edifice,” says Clavigero, (vol. i., p. 114,) “is constructed on the plan of those of New Mexico, that is, consisting of three floors, with a terrace above them, and without any entrance to the lower floor. The doorway is in the second story, so that a scaling ladder is necessary; and the inhabitants of New Mexico build in this manner, in order to be less exposed to the attacks of their enemies. No doubt the Aztecs had the same motives for raising their edifice on this plan, as every mark of a fortress is to be observed about it, being defended on one side by a lofty mountain, and the rest of it being defended by a wall about seven feet thick, the foundations of which are still existing. In this fortress there are stones as large as a mill-stone to be seen: the beams of the roof are of pine, and well finished. In the centre of this vast fabric is a little mount, made on purpose, by what appears, to keep guard on, and observe the enemy. There have been some ditches found in this place, and a va-

riety of domestic utensils, earth pans, pots, jars, and little looking glasses of *itzli*, (obsidian).”

Lieut. Hardy, a British officer, who travelled in this part of Mexico in 1829, also notices a certain “Casa Grande,” which is probably the very one described by Clavigero. His account is as follows:

“Casas Grandes is one of the few ruins existing in Mexico, the original owners of which are said to have come from the north, and I, therefore, determined to examine it. Only a portion of the external walls is standing; the building is square, and of very considerable extent; the sides stand accurately north and south, which gives reason to suppose that the builders were not unversed in astronomy, having determined so precisely the cardinal points. The roof has long lain in the area of the building, and there are several excavations said to have been made by the Apache Indians to discover earthenware, jars and shells. A specimen of the jars I was fortunate enough to procure, and it is in excellent preservation. There were also good specimens of earthen images in the Egyptian(?) style, which are to me at least so perfectly uninteresting, that I was at no pains to procure any of them.(1) The country here, for an extent of several leagues, is covered with the ruins of buildings capable of containing a population of at least twenty or thirty thousand souls. Casas Grandes is indeed particularly favorable for maintaining so many inhabitants. Situated by the side of a large river which periodically inundates a great part of the low surrounding lands, the verdure is perpetual. There are ruins also of aqueducts, and in short, every indication that its former inhabitants were men who knew how to avail themselves of the advantages of nature, and improve them by art; but who they were, and what became of them, it is impossible to tell. On the south bank of the Rio Gila there is another specimen of these singular ruins; and it may be observed, that wherever these traces are found, the surrounding country invariably possesses great fertility of soil, and abundance of wood and water.”*

With these facts before him, relating to the existing aboriginal families of New

* Travels in the Interior of Mexico, p. 465.

Mexico and Upper California, the attention of the reader is next requested to the not less interesting facts which follow, relating to the inhabitants of these territories at the period of the first Spanish conquest, in 1540-42. It is proper to observe, before proceeding, that many of these facts are drawn from the "Notes on the Semi-Civilization of New Mexico," by Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, contained in the second volume of the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society,—a volume which, for the variety and value of the information which it contains, upon archaeological and ethnological subjects, has rarely been excelled by the publications of any learned society. Mr. Gallatin has collected and collated most of the early accounts of Spanish adventure in these regions, with that industry and critical care for which his scientific labors are distinguished; and has left little to be added by those who shall succeed him in the same field. Several valuable relations have, however, escaped his attention, and he has failed to fix with certainty, or rather to his own satisfaction, some important localities, the positions of which, in the opinion of the writer of this article, can scarcely admit of doubt.

The untiring zeal with which the Spanish adventurers prosecuted their discoveries between the tropics and in the adjacent regions, during the first half of the sixteenth century,—leaving out of view the adventures of De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Cortez, Pizarro, and others,—cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the simple facts that in 1528-36, Cabeça de Vaca crossed the continent from Apalache, in Florida, to the Pacific Ocean; that in 1840-42, Vasquez Coronado passed from Mexico northward, through intervening hostile tribes, crossed the Gila, marched to the sources of some of the western branches of the Colorado of California, crossed the mountains dividing the waters of the continent, and descended into the valley of the Rio Grande, thence traversed the intervening country, and penetrated to the wide plains of the great buffalo range, beyond the upper waters of the Arkansas river; that at the same period, Fernando Alarcon, animated by a like adventurous spirit, reached the Gulf of California,

coasted along its shores to its head, sailed upon the Colorado, and determined the peninsular character of Lower California; and that all this was done nearly one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; before Hudson floated his ship upon the noble waters bearing his name, and before Smith spread the terrors of his arm among the Indians of Virginia, at Jamestown. The accounts which we have presented of the existence of mysterious ruined edifices upon the Rio Gila, of the character and habits of the aboriginal inhabitants upon its banks, to the northward, and on the sources of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, will have, to most readers, all the novelty of new discoveries; yet all these regions and tribes were visited and accurately described three hundred years ago, within fifteen years after Cortez subverted the Empire of Montezuma! The impulse which originated and sustained these expeditions, surpassing the adventures of romance in the astonishing variety of their incidents, was not, it is true, much to be admired. Mixed with an avarice as absorbing as it was unscrupulous, there was nevertheless much of that chivalric spirit which glories in great deeds, and which emulation and rivalry had urged to a point of almost superhuman daring. Nothing less than this, joined to an indomitable perseverance, could have sustained the early Spanish leaders under the difficulties and sufferings to which they were continually exposed, and which they uncomplainingly met, and bravely surmounted.

At the time of the conquest of Mexico, little seems to have been known, by the natives, of the nations bounding their provinces at the north, further than that most of them were wild and predatory. Those upon the north-west were designated by names signifying *barbarians*. No sooner, however, had the general subjugation of Mexico and its immediate dependencies been completed, and its provinces partitioned among the Spanish leaders, than the attention of the latter was directed to the unknown regions beyond them, of the riches and magnificence of which they often received the most exaggerated reports. Nuno de Guzman, to whom had been assigned the governorship of New Galicia, comprising the northern division

of Mexico, heard many of these accounts, relating to countries to the northward of his jurisdiction, which excited his curiosity and inflamed his avarice. He had in his service a Tejos (Taos?) Indian, who told him of a vast northern country abounding in gold and silver, and occupied by a numerous population, living in towns as large as Mexico. Confiding in these accounts, Guzman collected an army, and in 1530 started for this unknown region. Difficulties however intervened, and the expedition was abandoned. The Tejos Indian soon after died, and the story of "the seven towns" died with him.

Attention was nevertheless once more directed to the subject by De Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, who accompanied Pamphilo Narvaez in his unfortunate expedition into Florida, in 1528; but who, more successful than his leader, with a few followers, after encountering incredible hardships, and wandering for eight years in unknown regions, succeeded in reaching the Pacific Ocean, and finally the Spanish settlements in Mexico. "He stated that the natives which he had encountered along the sea shore, west of the Mississippi river, were miserably poor, living principally on fish. But in the interior, and farther westward, he found some tribes cultivating the maize, and others, who derived their subsistence from buffaloes, which he denominated 'wild cows,' and which he had seen in immense numbers. He also stated that he had heard of great cities, with houses four stories high, situated in the same direction indicated by the Tejos Indian. Antonio de Mendoza, who was at this time Viceroy of New Spain, and Vasquez Coronado, who had succeeded Guzman in New Galicia, aroused by these accounts, took measures to have the unknown northern region of which they had heard so much, explored. For that purpose they despatched a Franciscan, named Marcos de Niza, with several companions, (one of whom was a negro, named Estevanico, who had accompanied Cabeça in his wanderings,) with orders to assure the Indians of good treatment for the future, and to penetrate as far northward as they could go with safety. Niza proceeded as far as the lower border of the desert, beyond which the country of which he was in search was supposed to lie, and the name of which he had

heard was Civola, or Cibola. Previously to his arriving at this point, he had despatched some of his companions forward, who penetrated to Cibola, where they were attacked, and most of them slain. The survivors retreated precipitately, and met Niza at the point above indicated. They were highly exasperated, and the monk was obliged to appease them by dividing amongst them the valuables in his possession. He went no farther, but fled to Mexico, where, in 1539, in addition to an exaggerated account of his actual adventures, he imposed upon the viceroy a fabulous statement, in which he pretended that he had crossed the desert with two Indian chiefs; that he arrived in sight of Cibola; that it contained cities more extensive than Mexico, and that there was a great "richeness" there and an abundance of gold and silver and precious stones.* His account, exaggerated and false as it afterwards proved to be, nevertheless inflamed the imaginations of the Spaniards to the highest degree. They fancied another Mexico in the kingdom of Cibola, and were eager to add it to their list of conquests. Cortez, as Captain General of New Spain, and Mendoza, as Viceroy of Mexico, disputed with each other the right to undertake the conquest of Cibola. Mendoza persisted and fitted out a numerous army of Spaniards and Indians, with a regiment of cavalry, for the expedition. Cortez, disgusted, retired to Spain.

The command of the expedition was given to Coronado, the Governor of New Galicia. It set out immediately and arrived at Culican, two hundred leagues north of Mexico, on the second day after Easter, 1540. Coronado, leaving the main body behind, went forward with sixty horsemen, among whom was the monk Niza,

* The expedition undertaken upon the authority of Niza's relation, while it stamped him as an impostor, gave rise, notwithstanding its unfortunate results, to many jests at the expense of the Franciscan. "The famous Seven Cities of Brother Niza," says Gomara, with bitterness, in recording the unsatisfactory results of the expedition, "The famous Seven Cities of Brother Niza, which occupy six leagues of country, may contain a population of perhaps four thousand men, whose only wealth consists in having nothing to eat, and in going naked through the seven winter months!" But honest Gomara erred in the other direction from "Brother Niza."

and the Capt. Jaramillo. They proceeded on the Pacific slope, westward of the mountains separating the waters of the continent. In thirty days they arrived at Chichilti-calli, (house of Chichilti,) on the edge of a desert and chain of mountains. This point, according to Coronado's own account, was ten days' journey from the mouth of the river, or from the sea. In attaining it they had crossed several streams, Petatlan, Cinaloa, Taquemi and Senora, upon the banks of which they found a considerable agricultural population.

All these streams fell into the Gulf of California, and this point was estimated to be three hundred leagues north of Culican. After crossing the mountains, (probably a spur of the Sierra Mimbres, separating the lower or main fork of the Gila from its other more northern tributaries, or from the eastern tributaries of the Colorado,) they found several rivers, which they called San Juan, Frio, and Vermejo, and in thirteen days arrived at the first village of Cibola. The village was small, containing perhaps two hundred warriors: the houses were three or four stories high, composed of stones and mud. The inhabitants of the province, which was composed of seven villages, situated in a valley six leagues long, all united in defence of the first town. They were attacked and defeated, and the whole province brought at once in submission. The horses and fire-arms of the invaders were as effectual here, in inspiring terror and subduing the inhabitants, as they had proved among the more civilized people to the southward.

Twenty-five leagues further to the north-westward, the Spaniards heard of another province, called *Tucayan*, also containing several towns, which was conquered by a detachment sent by Coronado.

Shortly after some Indians came to Cibola from Cicuyé, situated seventy leagues to the north-east, who tendered the services and friendship of their nation. Coronado sent Capt. Alvarado to accompany them back. After five days' march, crossing mountains, they arrived at a village called *Acuco*, (Acoma of Lieut. Abert,) built upon an inaccessible rock, the inhabitants of which made peace with the Spaniards. Three days after, Alvarado reached the province of *Tiguex*, from whence he sent a messenger to Coronado, advising him to take up his quarters in

that district, and in five days reached Cicuyé. He soon returned to Tiguex, where he was joined by Coronado, and where he wintered.

These operations had been carried on by an advance detachment. The main body designed for the expedition, remained at Culican for a time, but afterwards advanced to the valley of Senora, (thus called to this day,) when provisions being abundant, they established a temporary colony.

Melchior Diaz remained with a detachment as Governor of Cibola, and a man named Gallego returned to Senora, conveying the news of Coronado's conquests, and taking with him the monk Niza, whose relations having been proved wholly false, he was in danger of losing his life at the hands of the enraged soldiers. We hear no more of him.

The remainder of the army under the guidance of Gallego, followed the track of Coronado, arrived at Cibola, and in the beginning of December left that place to join their commander at Tiguex. This last stage occupied them ten days; they crossed mountains, when it snowed every night,—passing, in some places, through snow three feet deep. Their arrival at Tiguex was opportune, for the province, in consequence of the excesses of the Spaniards, had revolted. It required two months to reduce the people once more to obedience, during which time many severe contests seem to have taken place.* A portion of the inhabitants fled to the mountains, and could not be induced to return while the Spaniards were in the territory.

In the spring, (5th of May,) the Spaniards left Tiguex for Cicuyé, twenty-five leagues to the north-east. Near here they found a deep river which it was necessary to cross on a bridge. Proceeding upon information, intentionally deceptive and undoubtedly designed by the Indians to lead them out of their country, they continued their march to the north-eastward, and at the end of six or seven days came to great plains, where for the first time they found Buffaloes. "These animals and

* Gomara states that the reduction of one of the towns occupied the Spanish forces for *forty-five days*. "The people, when besieged, drunk snow instead of water, and seeing themselves forlorn, made a great fire, wherein they cast all their valuables, their mantles and feathers, so that the strangers might not enjoy them."

their immense numbers, the plains with their deep ravines, and the Indians totally differing from those they had yet encountered, deriving their food and clothing from the Buffalo, are all minutely described. The description would now apply with precision to the country and the tribes which still inhabit it. The latter they called *Querechos*, which are undoubtedly the Arapahoes. Coronado, discouraged by the unpromising prospect, sent back the main body of the army, proceeding himself with thirty-six men to the northward, in search of a country abounding in the precious metals, which he was still assured existed in that direction. He soon met with a tribe of Indians, distinct from the *Querechos*, which were called "Teyas," (Taos?) who came into these plains to hunt the Buffalo. Their residence was in the valley of the Tiguex river, above the nation of that name. "They are said to be late invaders, who had come from the north, and had destroyed some villages in the vicinity of Cicuyé, but being repelled there, had made peace with the other inhabitants of the valley, and settled near them." They proved friendly towards the Spaniards, and supplied them with guides. Coronado continued his march northward still further, as high, Mr. Gallatin believes, as the 40th parallel of latitude, where he found Indians who still hunted the Buffalo, but who had some fixed villages. He also received information of a great river, the banks of which were thickly inhabited, which must have been the Missouri or Mississippi. He proceeded no further, the season being advanced, but returned to Tiguex, where, with his whole army, he spent the winter of 1541-42. It was his evident intention to resume his explorations to the north in the spring, but an accidental wound, and the attractions of a noble wife and young family at home, together with the disappointment and discontent of his followers, led him to evacuate a territory which held out no inducements for retaining possession. Accordingly, in the spring, he led his army back to Culican; but, bringing no treasures, no second Montezuma to grace his return, he was coldly received by the Viceroy, lost his reputation and his government of New Galicia together, and went into retirement, a disappointed man

Some monks, with a few followers, persisted in remaining behind in Tiguex, but most of them were soon killed, and the rest obliged to leave the country. Nevertheless, a few years thereafter, some zealous missionaries found their way into the country; and, in about forty years subsequently to Coronado's evacuation, a part of Tiguex was occupied by a party of Spaniards under one Leyva Bonillo. It does not appear, however, that much was done towards the second reduction of the country, until about 1600, when it was occupied by Juan de Onate. Eighty years afterwards, (1680,) the Indians revolted throughout the entire region and massacred the Spaniards, but were again reduced, after a protracted contest of ten years, (in 1690,) since which time they have been, nominally at least, subject to the Spaniards. The Moqui and Navajos, however, succeeded in maintaining their independence, which they still preserve.

In determining the several localities visited by Coronado, with the purpose of ascertaining the positions of Cibola, Tiguex, Cicuyé, etc., we must not forget that the Spaniards, wandering in a new country, could not have kept their bearings or recorded distances with great exactness. We can regard their estimates therefore as only approximating to the truth. Besides, our knowledge of the geography of this wide region is, even now, quite limited. The maps of Emory, Abert, Farnham, Gregg, and others, have furnished a very good general outline, leaving, nevertheless, some broad blanks to be supplied by future explorers. Of the region between the Gila and Colorado, in which, near the dividing ridge of the continent, the "Kingdom of the Cibola" was undoubtedly situated, we have very little knowledge, general or geographical, beyond that furnished by the early explorers. The deficiency, it is believed, will not offer an insurmountable obstacle to the success of our inquiry.

Allowing thirty miles to the day's march, which is about the average, under favorable circumstances, we have one hundred and twenty miles as the distance between the point on the Senora river, left by Coronado in his advance, and Chiehilti-calli, between longitudes 109° and 110° W. This is, according to the best maps, about the distance between the Senora river and the

Gila, called Nexpa by the chronicler. The discovery, upon the Nexpa, of ruined edifices, corresponding with those known to exist on the Gila, supports the belief that the two are identical, at the same time that it attests the antiquity of these remains. The description of Chichilti-calli, by Castenada, the chronicler of Coronado's expedition, represents it as situated at the edge of the desert of Cibola, consisting of a large roofless structure, built of red earth, and apparently at one time fortified. It is stated to have been destroyed by the natives, who constitute the most barbarous people found in the region, probably the roving Apaches.

According to the relation of Castenada, (which was, however, committed to writing twenty years after the occurrences to which it refers,) they were *thirteen* days from the ruins of Chichilti-calli, on the Nexpa or Gila, to the first town of Cibola, named Granada by Coronado, and situated upon a river flowing westward. The distance to this point from the Gila, upon our previous basis, would be nearly four hundred miles; but in crossing mountains or traversing a broken country, transversely to the direction of its water courses, they could not have exceeded, but would probably have fallen below, twenty miles a day, which, for thirteen days, would amount to about two hundred miles. Assuming that they kept due north from their former position, (which they must have done, unless they crossed the great dividing ridge of mountains, here running north and south,) they would, in this distance, have nearly arrived at the valley of the stream known as the *Rio Jaquesila*, one of the largest eastern tributaries of the Rio Colorado, the position of which is only approximately known. Coronado himself, in his letter to Mendoza, does not state the number of days occupied in this last march. He speaks of it, however, as far the most difficult part of his journey, and says, "The first day we found no grass, but a worse way for mountains and bad passages, than we had yet passed, and the horses being tired and greatly molested therewith, so that we lost more horses than we lost before, and some of my Indians died, and one Spaniard and two negroes, who died of eating herbs for lack of victuals." He says elsewhere, "It is a most wicked way, because of its inaccessible mountains." It appears from

his relation, however, that he travelled but thirty leagues and two days; in all say forty leagues or one hundred and twenty miles. The towns of the Cibola may have been situated upon some of the branches of the Jaquesila which take their rise in the mountains west from Santa Fé. It is, however, most likely, that they occupied the valley of some one of the northern tributaries of the Gila. But from what we can learn of these streams, there are none of them which extend thirteen days northward, unless it is the Rio Salinas of Lieut. Emory.* It may be regarded as certain, whatever the stream upon which they are situated, whether a tributary of the Gila or of the Colorado, that the towns of the Cibola occurred about one hundred and fifty miles northward of the Gila, about sixty miles from the western base of the Sierra de Anahuac, the dividing ridge between the waters of the Colorado and Rio Grande, between lat. 35° and 37° N., and long. 108° and 110° W.

From the accounts, the towns of Tucayan were situated about seventy-five miles to the northeast of Cibola, upon the same side of the mountains. We have no knowledge of any locality, corresponding in position, now retaining traces of an aboriginal civilization. It now, probably, falls in the country of the Navajos. There can be no doubt, however, as to the position of the town of *Acuco*. It answers fully to the existing town of Acoma, visited by Lieut. Abert, which, as already mentioned, is situated among the mountains, upon the San José, a small branch of the Puerco, a tributary of the Rio Grande. In reaching this point, Coronado's followers crossed the dividing ridge through the snow, as already described.

The river of the Tiguex, three days' march beyond Acoma, upon which the

* If Lieut. Emory is correct in supposing that the Rio Salinas holds the course indicated by the dotted line on his map, there can be no doubt that the Cibola villages were situated upon that river. We must, however, cut down the day's journey of Castenada to ten or fifteen miles, otherwise we shall place the Cibola country in too high a latitude. On the hypothesis that Lieut. Emory is correct, and that these towns were upon the Salinas the rest of Castenada's account is not only consistent with itself, but wonderfully accurate, in respect to courses and distances. The ruined buildings on the Salinas, of which Lieut. Emory speaks would favor this conclusion.

towns bearing the same name were situated, is clearly the Rio Grande. Following the course of the streams, which the Spaniards would naturally do, the distance from Acoma to the Rio Grande is about ninety miles. Here we find Quivera, Quarra, Tegique, Jemez and other towns, which are easily to be recognized in the Quivix or Quirix, the Tiguex and Hemez of Castenada's narrative. Nor is there any difficulty in deciding, from the description of the chronicler, that the present almost impregnable Pueblo of Taos is the identical prodigious structure called Braba at this early period.

Cicuyé, which is said to have been five days' march to the northeast of Tiguex, was probably the town now in ruins, known as the ruins of Pecos, and situated upon the large eastern tributary of the Rio Grande, bearing the name of Rio Pecos.* If not that particular town, it must have been one not far distant from it. Pecos is distant about one hundred miles northeast of the present town of Tegique, or one hundred and twenty miles northeast of the point where Coronado must first have struck the Rio Grande.

There is no difficulty, as has been already observed, in recognizing the region into which Coronado penetrated, after leaving Cicuyé. The first river encountered was the Rio Mora, the main branch of the Nutria or North Canadian fork of the Arkansas. The main body of the Spaniards wandered through the plains above the Nutria for thirty-seven days, and according to Castenada's computation must have travelled two hundred leagues beyond Tiguex. It cannot be supposed, however, that they maintained a constant direction. In returning, under the guidance of some Tejos Indians, they reached the river of Cicuyé or Pecos, thirty leagues below the place where they passed it before. They were told that it united with the Tiguex or Rio Grande, twenty days' journey to the southward. Allowing twenty miles to the days' journey, this would make the point of junction exactly where recent discoveries have ascertained that it occurs.

The *Tejos* Indians, (which Mr. Gallatin, by mistake, often calls *Texans*.) who occupied the upper waters of the Rio Grande,

are clearly those which are now called the Taos Indians. They have very nearly assimilated to the descendants of the Tiguex. It is equally clear that the *Que-rechos*, the roving hunters of the buffalo plains, were no other than the Arapahoes.

Respecting the ruins of *Chichilti*, found on the Gila, it may be observed that one of the Indian towns, to the east of the Rio Grande, is to this day called *Chichilli* or *Chillili*, a coincidence worth mentioning, in connection with the story of the Spaniards, that the ruined buildings were built by an extinct colony of the people of Cibola or Tiguex.

If any doubt still exists as to the correctness of the position which we have assigned to the country of Cibola, it must be entirely dispelled by the following passages from the relation of Antonio de Espejo, who visited this region about forty years after Coronado's expedition; and who not only passed through Tiguex into Cibola, but into the, as yet, unvisited country of the Moqui, further to the westward. This relation seems entirely to have escaped the attention of the various authors and explorers already named. It will be seen that the Soones of Lieut. Emory, and the Zunni of Mr. Gregg, are none other than the people of Cibola themselves, still occupying the country possessed by their ancestors in 1540.*

In 1581-83, Espejo, proceeding upon the accounts of Ruiz, a Franciscan monk, started with a numerous train of followers for the mines of San Barbara, in the department of New Biscay, (now falling in the state of San Luis Potosi,) and directed his course to the northeast. He encountered many Indian nations, and finally reached the Rio Grande, which he ascended to Tiguex. He left it at the proper point, probably near the mouth of the Puerco, and directed his course westwardly, to-

* We are thus relieved from the improbable supposition which Mr. Gallatin's hypothesis involves, namely, that the towns of the Cibola have been destroyed by the Apaches, and the inhabitants scattered beyond recognition. Mr. Gallatin, it should be observed, places Cibola on the upper waters of the principal fork of the Gila, or rather of the Gila proper. From the account of Castenada, it seems very certain that the Apaches, at that time, occupied this very region, and had already destroyed the colonies which had erected Chichilti-calli, and the other structures then found in ruins.

* On some maps this river is incorrectly named *Puerco*.

wards the country of the Cibola. The first place he encountered was Acuco, which, however, he calls by its present name, Acoma. His reception is thus recounted:—

“About fifteen leagues from this province, (Ameries,) travelling always towards the west, they found a great town called *Acoma*, containing about five thousand persons, and situated upon an high rock, which was about fifty paces high, having no other entrance but by a ladder or flight of stairs, hewn into the same rock; whereat our people marvelled not a little. All the water of this town was kept in cisterns. The chief men came peaceably to visit the Spaniards, bringing with them many mantles and chamois skins, excellently dressed, and great plenty of victuals. Their corn fields are about two leagues from thence, and they fetch water out of a small river near thereto, [the San José?] to water the same; on the banks whereof, they saw many great banks of roses, like those of Castile. Our men remained in this place three days, upon one of which the inhabitants made before them a very solemn dance, coming forth in the same with very gallant apparel, using very witty sports, wherewith our men were exceedingly delighted.

“Twenty-four leagues from hence, towards the west, they came to a certain province called by the inhabitants themselves *Zuny*, and by the Spaniards *Cibola*, containing great numbers of Indians; in which province Vasquez Coronado had been, and had erected many crosses and other tokens of Christianity, which remained as yet standing. Here they also found three Indian Christians, who had remained here ever since the said journey, and had almost forgotten their language.”

By these Indians, Espejo was informed of a great lake sixty days' journey distant, upon the banks of which were many large towns, the inhabitants of which had abundance of gold. He proposed to go there, but was able to persuade only nine of his followers to accompany him. With them he set out, and had proceeded but twenty-eight leagues to the westward of Cibola, when he discovered “another great province which, by estimation, contained above fifty thousand souls.” The inhabitants were distrustful, and sent him notice, upon pain of death, not to approach their towns. Espejo, however, through the intervention of kind words, backed by numerous presents, succeeded in obtaining access to them. “A great multitude,” he says, “came forth to meet him, sprinkling meal of maize upon the ground before his

horses.” Arrived in the principal town, they were well lodged and provided for, and altogether “much made of them.” Lest, however, they might change their favorable disposition, Espejo persuaded them to build a strong enclosure for his horses, which he represented to be very fierce and dangerous, and in this fortress encamped with his party—“a wittie policie,” which the chronicler recommends to all explorers who may hereafter be placed under similar circumstances. When he left, Espejo took with him a great store of “mantles of cotton, both white and other colors, with many hand-towels, with tassels at their corners, and a quantity of rich metals, which seemed to have much silver.”

This province was called *Mohotze*, in which those accustomed to Indian names will find no difficulty in detecting the modern *Moqui*, corrupted by traders and others into *Markey* and *Munchie*. The principal town was Zaguato or Ahuato. The inhabitants, in buildings, agriculture, etc., differed in no essential respect from the people of Cibola, with whom they maintained an intercourse.

According to the account of Castenada, all the villages at Cibola, in Tiguex and elsewhere, were built on the same plan. They did not consist of houses, but rather of *ranges of houses*, separated by streets, each block constituting a square. They coincided in modes of entrance and defence, in short, in all respects, with the edifices of the present Pueblos, as described by Lieut. Abert. They were seldom more than three or four stories high, but Castenada mentions some of seven stories. The town of Cicuyé was surrounded by a low stone wall, and the inhabitants asserted that they had never been subdued.

“The houses were well arranged in the interior. There was always a kitchen and an oven, and a distinct room for breaking the maize, and converting it into meal. This work, as usual, among the aborigines, was performed by the women. At a distance from the mountains, they had no fuel but dried grass, which they collected in large quantities, both for cooking and warmth.” Their buildings were composed of prepared earth. According to Castenada, “They had no lime, but substituted for it a mixture of ashes, earth and coal; and, although their houses were several stories high, the walls were but half a fathom thick. They made

great heaps of rushes and grass, and set them on fire; when reduced to coal and ashes, they threw over the mass a quantity of earth and water, and mixed the whole together. Of this compound they formed cakes which they used instead of stones. They plastered the outside of their buildings with the same mixture, so that the whole had the appearance of mason's work. This work was done by the women. The men brought the wood and did the carpentry."

"Under ground there were subterranean rooms, called by the Spaniards '*Estufas*,' literally '*Steves*,' and which may be translated '*Air-baths*.' In the middle of each was a fire, which was constantly fed with thyme or dried grass. These places were entered only by the men; women were forbidden to visit them. Some of them were round, others square; their upper floor, which was on a level with the ground, was supported by pine pillars, and they were paved with large smooth stones. Some were as large as a 'tennis court.' The '*Estufas*' at Braba were very large, and supported by twelve pine pillars, each of which was two fathoms in circumference and two fathoms high."

From the circumstances that a constant fire was kept up in these '*Estufas*,' that they were forbidden to women, and that sacred dances and councils were held only in them, we are able to identify them as corresponding to the structures of the Floridian Indians, called "*Hot Houses*" by the traders. In these also burned the eternal fire; they were temples and council-houses, and were *tabooed* to the women. The correspondences here displayed, no doubt extended to the religions of the respective nations, but upon this point Castenada is silent. Coronado, however, states that the people of Cibola worshipped the water, for the reason that it caused their corn to grow and maintained their life, and because their fathers had worshipped it before them. In respect to the religion of the people on the Rio Grande, Espejo informs us that they "had many idols, which they worshipped, and particularly in every house an oratory (the '*Estufa*') for the devil, whereunto they ordinarily carry him meat. And as it is the use among Christians to erect crosses upon the highways, so have this people certain high chapels, in which they say the devil useth to take his ease, and recreate himself as he travelleth from one town to another,—which

chapels are particularly well trimmed and painted." The ruins of small circular and other enclosures, observed on eminent positions by Lieuts. Emory and Abert, are no doubt those of the sacred edifices mentioned by Espejo, and it is worthy of remark that the same ideas, which led to their erection, existed among the Aztecs, who erected small temples on the hills and mountains, by the banks of streams and lakes, and at the corners of streets, for the accommodation of the invisible divinities which, they believed, were constantly present and moving amongst them.

"All these people subsisted principally on vegetable food. Maize, beans and pumpkins are repeatedly mentioned as being universally cultivated, and to these mezquite bread was occasionally added. Accounts differ as to the abundance of the supply. At Cibola, enough was raised to sustain the inhabitants, but at the other places mentioned, the soil was so fertile and easy of cultivation, that it was not necessary to plough the ground in order to sow, and the crops of one year would supply the inhabitants with food for seven. At planting time the ground was often covered with the preceding crops, which it had not been found necessary to take away.

"Game was not plentiful. There were, however, some antelopes and deer, besides ducks, turkeys, and partridges in abundance. Some of these fowls appear to have been tamed, as the Spaniards frequently speak of being supplied with poultry by the Indians."

The articles of dress consisted of prepared deer and buffalo skins, and cotton mantles of different sizes, but usually a Spanish yard and a half in length. They had also ornamental feather dresses, plaited on a network of thread. A most extraordinary fact is stated by Castenada, viz: that the unmarried women went perfectly naked, summer and winter; the reason assigned for which was, that any departure from chastity would be at once revealed. We do not, however, find the statement confirmed by other accounts.

Castenada states that cotton was not grown in New Mexico, but Jaramillo testifies that it was cultivated. Mr. Gallatin observes that the black-seed or American cotton will grow as far north as the latitude of Virginia, and it can hardly be doubted that it was cultivated by the Indians on the Rio Grande, as it now is by those on the Gila. Mr. Gallatin thinks,

however, that it could not have grown there spontaneously, but was brought from the south, between the tropics, from which direction he is disposed to derive all the agriculture of the continent. We may here mention, incidentally, that there are many circumstances which weigh heavily, if, indeed, they are not conclusive against this hypothesis.

Bows and arrows, clubs and bucklers, were the weapons of these Indians. They made fine pottery, and well varnished and highly ornamented vases are frequently mentioned as of common manufacture.

In character they are represented by Castenada as sensible, industrious, honest, and peaceable, indulging in no excesses, and refraining from cannibalism and human sacrifices. They had chiefs, but were usually governed by a council of old men, after the manner of the semi-civilized tribes of Florida. As observed by Mr. Gallatin, "although perhaps as intelligent as the Mexicans, and certainly more humane, they are in most other respects, especially in science and arts, very inferior to them." They were, and still are, remarkable for their conjugal fidelity, their respect for property, and for their integrity in all their dealings. Offences against society were efficiently punished by universal contempt, rather than by penal enactments, which circumstance bespeaks a far higher standard of morality than any other American nation possessed. Perfect equality existed among them; there were no serfs or degraded castes; nor were they oppressed by a coalition of hereditary masters leagued with an exacting priesthood. They were thus exempt from many of those evils which usually attend the early progress of a people towards civilization. They form, says the venerable investigator now quoted, "the only refreshing episode in the course of my researches" into the early condition of the aboriginal nations of the continent.

At the risk of protracting this notice to an unreasonable length, we must be permitted to add a few words more respecting the "unexplored region" in which the towns of Cibola were situated, and which is bounded on the east by the Sierra Anahuac and the Sierra Mimbres, on the south by the Gila, on the west by the Colorado, and north by the mountain chains sepa-

rating it from the great basin of the Salt lake. It seems to be a high plain, without verdure, and intersected by a few ranges of mountains, the general course of which is north-east and south-west; and which give the same direction to the streams by which the country is traversed. The valleys of these streams, as we gather from the early accounts—and we have no others—are narrow and fertile, and within them are found semi-civilized inhabitants, corresponding with those occupying the towns of Cibola. The people of the different valleys, and those of different parts of the same valley, as we gather from Coronado, Espejo and Garcias, were, and no doubt still are, independent of each, but maintain the most friendly relations, speak the same language, and have common institutions, habits and customs. The tribes or various communities known under the indefinite name of Moqui, were visited, as we have already seen, as early as 1583, by Espejo, and afterwards in 1773 by Father Garcias. The descriptions which they have left us might answer for the people of Cibola or Tiguex.

They have never been subjugated, and no doubt retain their primitive habits, impaired in no essential respect by the changes which have been going on in all other parts of North America during the past three hundred years. They therefore afford to the intelligent explorer an opportunity, never again to be enjoyed, of investigating aboriginal semi-civilization under its original aspects. Included now within the territory of trading, land-absorbing America, it will not be long before their fastnesses will be penetrated by the "Surveyor of Public Lands," and the advantageous sites for mill seats and future cities, be duly displayed in lithographic splendor, upon the walls of the office of the "*Moqui Universal Improvement and Land Investment Association*, No. — Wall street, New York!" Farewell then to the peace, simplicity, and the happiness of this Californian Arcadia!

In respect to the ruins on the Gila it may be observed, that although they differ slightly in construction from the buildings which existed at Cibola, and which still exist in New Mexico, they fall palpably within the capabilities of the people we have described, and may with great

plausibility, be attributed to them. If the account given by Captain Johnston on a previous page, of terraced and truncated pyramids, should be confirmed, the fact will certainly go far to prove that, if not erected by the Aztecs in their traditional migration from Aztalan, they were at least erected by a people having similar notions respecting the proper form for sacred edifices. We certainly have no account of the erection of such structures by the people of Cibola or New Mexico.

The general erection of tumuli over the dead, the construction of vast terraced pyramidal piles for sacred purposes, seem to have marked the steps of that primitive people, vaguely denominated the Toltecs, whose more imposing monuments still rear their spectral fronts among the dense tropical forests of Central America and Yucatan, but whose ruder, because earlier structures through the fertile alluvions which border the great Mississippi river and its giant tributaries,—silent but most conclusive illustrations of the Grand Law of Development, the stages of which nature has graven in the imperishable rocks, and of the truth of which history as a whole is an example and a witness. The Aztecs seem to have been of the Toltecan stock, modified in their character from intermixture or association with fiercer families. They undoubtedly derived their science and their elementary religious conceptions from their Toltecan kindred, and shared with them their not unmeaning nor yet unphilosophical predilections for pyramidal altars and elevated temples.*

* The following observations by Mr. Gallatin, upon the probable origin of the "Casas Grandes" or "Casas Montezuma," as they have been called, are worthy of attention:—

"The traditions of the Mexicans say that they came from the north or northwest, and occasionally remaining several years in different places, arrived at about the end of one hundred and fifty years, in the valley of Mexico. The supposition that they came from the Rio Gila, or any country north of it, was a mere conjecture of the Spaniards, which does not appear to have been sustained by any other fact than that of the ruins above mentioned. It is indeed contradicted by the Mexican traditions, which placed Aztlan, not in some unknown remote country, but adjacent to Michoacan; and according to Fernando D'Alva, they were descendants of ancient Toltecs, who had fled to Aztlan, and who now returned to the country of their ancestors. If an identity of language

NOTE 1.—*Knowledge of New Mexico by the Aztecs before the Conquest.*—The hypothesis of Mr. Gallatin that all agriculture in America originated between the tropics, implies intercommunication, at some period, between the aboriginal nations of New Mexico and those cultivating the soil to the southward. We must put this period remotely back, or admit, upon the same hypothesis, a knowledge on the part of the Aztecs of the existence of semi-civilized nations to the northward,—a knowledge which Mr. Gallatin is disposed wholly to deny to them. If we may credit De Solis, living buffaloes were kept in the zoological gardens of Montezuma at Mexico, and it was here that the Spaniards first saw them. De Solis' description is rather an amusing one, and is subjoined: "One of the greatest rarities was the Mexican bull; a wonderful composition of various animals. It has crooked shoulders, with a bunch on its back like a camel; its flanks dry; its tail large, and its neck covered with hair like a lion. It is cloven-footed, its head armed like that of a bull, which it resembles in appearance, with no less strength and fierceness." (*Hist. Mexico*, folio, book iii. p. 76.) In this connection we must remark that *Cibola* means buffalo, and that the kingdom of the Cibola meant simply the kingdom of the Buffalo. As there is no account of the existence of that animal south-west of the Sierra Mimbres, or below the Gila, it follows that it must have been obtained from New Mexico, (with the towns of which the people of Cibola were on the friendliest relations,) thus at once establishing some kind of intercourse between the Aztecs and these remote nations to the northward.

NOTE 2.—*The Exploration of the Gulf of California and the Colorado river.*—The voyage of Fernando Alarcon, alluded to in the text, is worthy of more than a passing remark. The subjoined condensed account of it, is from Mr. Gallatin's Notes:

"Fernando Alarcon was sent by the Viceroy Mendoza up the gulf of California, under the expectation that he might assist Coronado's land expedition. He sailed May, 1540, and after encountering many difficulties, reached the bottom of the gulf, and ascertained that California was not an island. He entered a very large river (the Colorado) which emptied into the gulf and had a rapid current. This he ascended nearly one hundred miles, with two shallops drawn with ropes by men on shore. The country was thickly

should hereafter be ascertained, it will appear most probable that the civilization of the river Gila and of New Mexico must be ascribed to an ancient Toltec colony. If the language should prove different from the Mexican proper, or any of the others spoken between the tropics, we may not be able ever to ascertain how this northern civilization originated. Whenever a people has become altogether agricultural, the first germ of civilization has been produced; and subsequent progress will depend upon the circumstances under which they may be placed."

Mr. Gallatin was not aware of the existence of the remains mentioned by Capt. Johnston.

inhabited. The Indians appeared at first frightened, and disposed to interrupt the Spaniards; but Alarcon avoided all hostilities, and they became pacified, even assisting in drawing the shallops up the stream, and supplying the Spaniards with provisions. They raised maize, beans and pumpkins, and on one occasion gave the Spaniards a loaf of *mezquiqui*. They worshipped the sun; and Alarcon persuaded them that he was the son of that luminary, and forbade them to go to war. They said that when at war they ate the hearts of their enemies (?) and burnt some of their prisoners. Alarcon returned to his vessels in two days and a half; the ascent had occupied fifteen days. He afterwards ascended the river to a higher point, to the vicinity of a district called Comana; met several tribes speaking different languages; heard of the country of the Cibola, which was variously represented to be ten and forty days' journey to the eastward; tried in vain to get letters transported across to Coronado, and finally returned to his vessels and sailed for New Spain. Although the true geography of the gulf was thus early ascertained, the voyage of Alarcon had been so much forgotten in Mexico, that the inhabitants one hundred and sixty years after, in the eighteenth century, regarded it as questionable whether California was an island or a peninsula."—*Transactions of the American Ethnological Society*, vol. ii., p. 50.

NOTE 3.—*Expedition to the Peninsula of California*.—In October, 1540, after the departure of the main body of Coronado's army from Sonora, Melchior Diaz, who was left as Governor of the temporary settlements made there, set off for the sea coast, in order to open a communication with Alarcon's vessels. At the computed distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, he arrived at or near the mouth of the Colorado, which he named Rio del Tizon, because the Indians, in cold weather, carried a firebrand, for the sake of warmth. From indications given by the Indians, he found a tree on the bank of the river, fifteen miles from its mouth, on which was written, "Alarcon came here; there are letters at the foot of the tree." The letters were found, stating that Alarcon had returned to New Spain, and that California was not an island but part of the main. Diaz ascended the river four days, crossed it on rafts, defeating the Indians, who disputed his passage, and marched along the coast of the peninsula to the south-west. He accidentally wounded himself and died, and his party returned to Senora.—*Id.* p. lxvi.

NOTE 4.—*Expedition to the Upper Colorado*.—"In the same year, 1540, after the capture of Tucayan, the Indians of that province gave information of a great river to the north-west. Lopez de Cardenas, with twelve men, were immediately sent by Coronado in that direction. After twenty days' march across a desert, they arrived at the river, which was the Colorado, but far above its mouth. The stream was there buried, apparently more than a thousand feet, below the table land on which the Spaniards stood. The descent was so precipitous that they found it impossible to reach the bed of the river. The country was altogether uninviting, the water scarce, and the weather cold. They accordingly return-

ed to Cibola. The few Indians they met were peaceable and friendly."—*Id.* p. lxviii.

NOTE 5.—*The Pimos Indians*.—The Pimos Indians found by Lieut. Emory on the Gila, although peaceable and agricultural, and in some other respects exhibiting a resemblance to the Indian families of New Mexico, and to the westward in the same latitude, nevertheless probably belong to a different family. The inhabitants of all the valleys through which the Spaniards passed, from the time they left Culican until they reached the Gila, seem to have cultivated the maize, beans, pumpkins, &c., and to have had fixed habits. The *Coracones*, mentioned by Coronado, the *Tabues* of Castenada, the inhabitants of Petatlan, and of the valleys of Senora and Suya, were all of this character. Their houses, like those of the Pimos, were made of dry rush, and were mere sheds. From his account we may infer that Coronado found Indians of like habits, etc., on the Gila. On the plains and in the desert regions intervening between the valleys above named, were found various barbarous families, among which, and most numerous, were the *Acaxas*, which were probably the Apaches.

NOTE 6.—*Account of Cibola, from Coronado's letter to the Viceroy Mendoza*.—"In this town where I remain, there be some two hundred houses, all compassed with walls, and I think with the rest of the houses not so walled there may be five hundred. There is another town near this, which is one of the seven, which is somewhat bigger, another of the same bigness, and four somewhat less. I send them all painted herewith to your lordship, and the parchment whereon the picture was found here, with other parchments. The people seem of a reasonable stature and witty, yet they seem not such as they should be, of that judgment and wit to build houses in the sort that they are. For the most part they go nearly naked, but they have painted mantles. They have no cotton wool growing, because of the cold of the country, but they have mantles thereof, and in their houses was found cotton yarn. They have divers precious stones and crystals. We found here Guinea cocks, but few. The Indians say they eat them not, but keep them for their feathers; but I believe them not, for they are excellent good, and greater than those of Mexico. The season which is in this country, and the temperature of the air is like that of Mexico; for sometimes it is hot and sometimes it raineth; but hitherto I never saw it rain. The snow and cold are wont to be great, for so say the inhabitants of the country, and it is very likely to be, both in respect to the manner of the country and by the fashion of their houses, and their furs and other things which the people have to defend them from the cold. There is no kind of fruit nor trees of fruit. The country is all plain and is on no side mountainous, albeit there are some hills and bad passages. There is small store of fowls, (birds?) the cause whereof is the cold, and because the mountains are not near. Here is no great store of wood, because they have wood for their fuel sufficient four leagues off, from a wood of small cedars. There is most excellent grass within a quarter league hence. The victuals which the people of the country have is maize,

whereof they have great stock, and also small white pease, and venison, which by all likelihood they feed upon, although they say no, for we found many skins of deer, of bares, and conies. They eat the best cakes I ever saw, and everybody generally eateth of them. They have the finest order and way of grinding their grain we ever anywhere saw, and one Indian woman of this country will grind as much as seven women in Mexico. They have good salt in the kernel which they bring from a certain lake a day's journey hence. They have no knowledge among them of the North Sea, nor the Western Sea, neither can I tell your lordship which is the nearest. But in reason they should be nearest the Western Sea,

and at least I think it is an hundred and fifty leagues from hence, and the Northern Sea should be much farther off. Your lordship may see how broad the land is here. Here are many sorts of beasts, bears, tigers, lions, porcupines, and certain sheep as big as an horse, with very great horns and little tails; I have seen their horns so big, that it is a wonder to behold their greatness. Here are also wild goats, the heads whereof I have seen. There is game of deer, ounces, and very great stags. They travel eight or ten days' journey hence to certain plains, lying towards the North Sea, where they kill the oxen, the skins of which they dress and paint."

A DAY IN OCTOBER.

SPIRIT of Summer! thou art here,

Returning, on the south-wind's wing,
From thy new dwelling, far away—
Leaving behind a dreary day,

In this thy kindly visiting,
That thou may'st see the fields, once more,
Where stood thy fairy tents of yore.

Deep sadness is there in thy step,

And sorrow in thy hazy eye:
And fluttering round the scattered leaves,
We know thy gentle bosom grieves,

As evermore we hear thee sigh;
For thou dost see a deathful hand
Hath thickly sown thy favored land!

O leave thy kiss upon my cheek,

For thou wilt soon be on thy way,
And Frost, the minister of Death,
Far-riding on the Winter's breath,

Shall robe the earth in white array;
And lonely shall I sit, the while,
Without thy parting kiss and smile.

And take with thee thine own rich hues,

The odors of thine own sweet flowers;
The birds of tender heart and note;
The balms that ever round thee float;

The twilight's dim, enchanted hours;
And keep them safe with thee, till Spring
Thy welcome steps again shall bring.

GHOST STORIES.

It is long ago since those pleasant evenings at Uncle Robert's. My cousins have grown up, and there is a new generation around the hearth. Eliza Parker was married to Stephen Ingalls the year after the visit I have been describing. Mary Horton is now a fashionable city lady. What has become of the schoolmaster I do not know. He left that part of the country about five years since, and returned to the West ; but where he has located himself I have never been able to ascertain. Possibly some Indiana or Missouri Congressman will recognize in these pages incidents which he has communicated to but a few intimate friends, and which rightly belong to no one but himself. Should he do so, he will, I am sure, excuse one who is obliged to assist a barren invention, for weaving these incidents into a narrative, and associating them with so respectable and harmless a personage as Martin Kennedy. I shall make no apology, therefore, for giving here an account of that gentleman's early life, naturally suggested by sundry allusions in his narrative of the misfortune of his friend Alison, as well as by the peculiar melancholy which colored his description. For the truth of the particulars I need not avouch, as I had them from his own lips ; I will endeavor to give them as much in his own style as possible.

If the indulgent reader will transport himself to a certain September evening twenty years back, in the now populous town of —ville, celebrated for its manufactures, he may perceive on the high hill that overlooks its eastern side, a small garden to the left of the plain white dwelling with four poplars standing in front. If he looks more carefully, he will discover towards the lower end of the garden, where it merges into a nursery or peach orchard, a young man and woman seated on a bank that slopes down to the gravelled pathway.

This is Martin Kennedy and his first and only love, Lucy Darling. Poor Lucy !

One would not fancy, to have seen her at this time, that she was destined to taste so soon the bitter cup of sorrow ; nor would any one recognize in the ruddy face of that handsome boy, the solemn and careworn lineaments of our friend the schoolmaster. Lucy was a slender girl, with blue eyes and fair hair ; she was ordinarily very still and reserved, but with Martin alone, she was a wonderful talker, and could laugh so genuinely, that it was plain to him she was then in her happiest moments. Years and years after, the sound of her merry voice and the sweet innocent expression of her eyes haunted his dreams and made him start from slumber in the dreary watches of the night. She was delicate and childlike ; the blushes came and went over her cheeks like the wind across a flowering meadow. All she did was graceful and lovely, and now as she sat by her lover's side, with her head leaning upon his shoulder, the two would have made a capital study for a picture of Lorenzo and Jessica.

It was near sunset. The garden where they were seated, being on the slope of the hill, commands towards the west, one of the finest views in the country. Immediately below is the town, with its spires and chimnies ; beyond flows the river, which at this point widens into what is called the Cove, making a sheet two or three miles across ; then succeed marshes with wooded islets and gradually rising farms and fields, which extend to distant forests ; in the distance the prospect is bounded by blue highlands. Just at this time of day, when the sunlight strikes deepest into the placid water and paints another sky below, the view is most delightful ; I remember often enjoying it from the windows of my apartment, when I, long after, succeeded Kennedy at the University. For the college buildings are situated upon the southern slope of the same hill, and the western windows look out upon the same beautiful scene. But I was not so fortunate during my

college term as my friend, if indeed it be fortunate to purchase a few months of happiness at the expense of a life-long woe.

It was within a few weeks of the end of Kennedy's last term in college, when he would soon be obliged to break the cherished associations which the four past years had gathered around him. He must soon part from his friend Alison; he must see no more his cherished companions, the old familiar faces; hardest of all, he must leave, for a time at least, the dear girl whose heart he had won, and whose love was the joy of his life.

The evening we have chosen to see the young lovers may answer for one of many that witnessed them thus together, as the time of separation drew nigh. Lucy was an only daughter. Her parents were people of methodical, secluded habits, and they had not yet learned to think of her as other than a child. Her father was always absent during week days at his store in the town below, and her mother was usually occupied with her household cares. A single servant made up the family. Few visitors came to the house, and the old people were not much given to "going abroad." But they never on any account missed going to meeting on Sundays. So regularly was Deacon Darling's pew filled on every Sabbath, that their absence would have been a matter of great surprise to the entire congregation; indeed the occasions when they had been obliged by sickness or storms to remain at home were remembered as eras in the family history.

Lucy's visiting circle was confined to a few schoolmates and friends who attended their meeting, and with whom for the most part she had little other intercourse than casual greetings as they came down the aisle together after the sermon. She had a piano given her by her aunt, and could play on it many old ballads and all the tunes in the psalmody. Once the minister, who was a great musician, had touched it when he came to visit her mother, and his condescension and commendation of the instrument she always took pride in mentioning. In truth, she was but a simple girl, and would not probably have made a very striking impression on any but such a simple young man as Kennedy must then have been.

He was about twenty, three years older than she, but with even less experience of the world than hers. His father had been a farmer in the next county, who had died when he was quite young, leaving him to the care of a guardian, a plain country clergyman, who instead of sending him to a school or academy, had kept him as a pupil in his own house until he entered the university. Consequently, he had been unaccustomed to the society of those of his own age, and had enjoyed but few opportunities of mingling either in the sports of boyhood, or the social gaieties of youth. When he came to the university it was like coming into a new world—a world for which he was unprepared and unfit to enjoy. He grew shy and reserved. Few understood him, and still fewer, scarce any, with the exception of Alison, knew how to reach his confidence. That he had something in him, however, came, long before the end of the four years, to be universally conceded. If he could not figure in the debating societies, yet it was found out that he was a lover of literature, and had acquired skill in writing. Hence, he was able to command all the respect he required, and enjoyed, perhaps, as much of the esteem of his associates during the last months they were together, as any member of his class.

It was some time in the first term of his junior year, that he became acquainted with Lucy. She was then on a visit to her aunt, who resided near by in the thriving village of — Falls. Once a year, she was generally permitted to spend a few days with this relative, with whom she was a great favorite, but whose latitude of religious opinion and general cheerfulness of disposition, led Lucy's parents to avoid encouraging too great an intimacy with her. These visits were bright oases in the waste of Lucy's life. She found in her aunt's house, although this good lady lived quite alone, such a different atmosphere, that she always enjoyed herself there better than anywhere else. The burden of restraint which so oppressed her at home, was there unconsciously removed, and, without knowing why, or in the least intending it, she was there another creature; no longer subdued, timid, hesitating, but lively, artless, genuine.

The circumstances under which Kenne-

dy first made her acquaintance, were, therefore, most favorable to a rapid understanding between them. Lucy's aunt had known his father and mother, and being aware how secluded had been his early life, was possessed of the key to his reserve. She delighted to see two young people having so many points of resemblance enjoying themselves. Hence, she contrived amusements for them, and brought them together as much as possible during the few days her niece was left to her charge. The distance was so little that Kennedy could walk over every evening after tea, and he readily obtained permission of his tutor to do so, upon his aunt's request.

The game of backgammon—this precious week, I have every reason to believe, laid the foundation of my friend's wonderful proficiency in that noble amusement—a proficiency which afterwards, in later years, became the solace of so many desolate hours. Lucy's aunt was herself an incorrigible player, and next to her own game, her next chiefest pleasure was to superintend and comment on the play of others. How many rubbers were decided in the course of those evenings, by Lucy and Kennedy, under her inspection, we will not invoke the kind old lady from her repose in the village church-yard to inquire. There were also duets with voices and with the flute and piano, and it was not surprising that before the week ended, Lucy's aunt should have pronounced emphatically, that she never heard "All's Well," or the "Minute Gun at Sea," given with better feeling and expression.

In short, before the end of that blissful week, the young couple were as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years, and happier in each other's society than if they had been bound together by the closest ties of kindred. When the afternoon came that Lucy was to return home, Kennedy could do no otherwise than volunteer his services to escort her. It was a fine autumnal day, and the four miles of road that extend from the village to —ville lying for the most part along a ridge of elevated land, the views in many places are extremely picturesque. What could be more natural than that our half-conscious lovers should linger in their walk, and often turn aside to behold the many-

colored woods and fields ripening for the harvest? Or was it surprising that as they were seated together on a grassy slope, young Kennedy should find words to say, "Dear Lucy, I love you!" and be permitted to kiss her unresisting lips? And that then he should grow eloquent with his hopes and prospects, and that Lucy should drink the music of his words, and suffer her shrinking heart to confide in his boundless promise? It was all natural. They could not help it. They were enjoying the innocent brightness of existence; the dew of heaven yet hung fresh upon their garments. Sorrow and grief they had not yet tasted. Alas! the bitter cup was already preparing.

After Lucy's return, Kennedy became, of course, a frequent visitor at the house of her father and mother. They were not morose or suspicious people; they were willing the children, as they seemed to them, should enjoy themselves. Indeed, Kennedy was of that free, healthful disposition which pleases without the intention to do so. He dreamed of no particular obstacle to his love; that her parents would ever make their daughter so unhappy as to thwart her affection for him when it should be prudent for them to be married, did not once enter into his calculations. He was to be an educated man, and he felt himself, so far from loving above his station, rather superior in that respect to the daughter of a merchant. The old folks, for their part, never once dreamed of the possibility of the young people falling in love. That was an infirmity of human nature, of which they had had no experience, and which their system did not take into account. It rather gratified their pride, that Lucy should have such well appearing companions as Kennedy, and sundry young ladies and gentlemen whom she had now added to her circle of friends. Kennedy was studious, and delighted rather in intellectual relaxation than in the noisy sports and pastimes practised often by young people in that rank of life. He got up a little reading party which met once a week, where they read Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying," and other works of similar interest, approved of by the minister. In addition to this, he was accustomed to read to Lucy and her father and mother at home, during the long winter

evenings. The old people were well enough pleased with all this; his cheerfulness and new ideas amused them and kept them awake; he was, they thought, a good-natured boy; they liked him; the old lady used to ask him to tea, and was never tired of seeing him eat; the old man urged him to attend their meeting and sit in their pew. The minister came to know him, and would sometimes, when he met him at the house, inquire after the health of some one of the professors.

Thus prosperously continued affairs with the young lovers, during the year that intervened before the close of Kennedy's college course. Their intercourse was almost as unrestricted as if they had been brother and sister. Many happy hours they had alone, when they talked of the future, when their spirits mingled in a heaven created by their affection, when all before them took the hue of their own delight. As the time of separation drew nigh, Kennedy grew more and more sanguine in his anticipations, or, at least, appeared thus in his conversations with Lucy, partly from a desire to give her courage, and partly, perhaps, to hide from himself some natural misgiving which the bravest young man, dependent on his own strength alone, cannot wholly avoid. The patrimony left him by his father was barely sufficient to carry him through the university; from the day he graduated he would have only his own resources to depend on. He had little acquaintance, no family influence, no business connection.

Yet he had health and youth, and the blessed ignorance of evil which aids hope. There was no undertaking too great for his dreams; others had been successful, had made money and earned a respectable place in society, and so could he.

"My dear Lucy," he would say, often as they sat together, as we have seen them, in the garden, "you have no idea what I can do. I shall go West when I graduate. That is the place for educated young men; there is a wide field for students. At first, I shall teach school; then I shall have a profession, and in a year or two, I shall be back to claim you. Will you wait?"

"Never—of course," would little Lucy say, looking into his eyes, "because I don't love you, Martin, and you know I do not, and——"

"I'll not hear it!" Martin would ex-

claim. "Perhaps, Lucy, I shall be so rich, we can build a house on this very old hill-side. How fine that will be!"

"Perhaps you'll have to take me to the West with you, before that time," would Lucy answer. "Do, Martin, look at those clouds; I wonder if there the sunsets are as beautiful as here. I should like to see; will you take me?"

"My own girl, my brave lady," would Martin reply, "never shall you be sorry that you loved me. I will take care of you forever."

"But my father and mother, will they let us go? I fear they never will. They know we love each other, I'm sure they do; yet they never speak. I cannot tell what they mean. I heard them talking of you, and saying what a pity you were poor, and the son of a farmer. O Martin, I feel so sad sometimes, because you are going, I am almost child enough to cry!"

Poor Lucy! In a few days more, there would be no Martin to kiss away her rising tears, and whisper words of boldness and resolution. The lovers must part, not without much grief and some foreboding on both sides.

Kennedy had never liked a certain slyness, which was sometimes apparent in the deacon's manner, and he observed more of this insincerity in taking leave of the family than he had ever noticed before. The old man did not say he must let them hear from him or inquire into his prospects, but just shook his hand loosely and wished him success in all his future undertakings, and would be pleased to hear of his temporal and spiritual prosperity in any station Providence might call him to fill—all which sounded to Kennedy very cold and formal.

But there was little coldness and formality in the parting that took place that evening, at the bottom of the garden; next morning, at the breakfast table, poor Lucy's eyes were so red and her voice so tremulous, her worthy parents had much ado not to have her suspect them of pretending to be unmindful that she had sobbed all night in her little chamber.

As for Martin, he had little thought of grief on that morning, as the steamer on which he had taken passage the night previous rounded Castle Garden, and poured forth her throng of passengers, on one of

the most crowded piers of New York. The strangeness of his situation, transported as if by enchantment, in a single night, from the quiet of his chamber in the college building, to the noise of a great city, filled him with excitement. There was too much of novelty in all around him to permit his lamenting the past, or taking much thought of the future. Not that the image of Lucy was ever a long while absent from his thoughts: for all that he saw, or said, or did, all his emotions and impressions, were connected with and had a reference to her, as to his own self. She was a part of his consciousness, and was included in his identity. Not to think of her, was not to be aware of thinking at all. Yet in these few days of his bursting, as it were, into the world, a sensitive young man, with so much to distract and confuse him, full of the ardor of youth and the confidence of strength, it is not surprising that he should have felt more exultation than sorrow. Fortune seemed to smile before him; love and hope lent him inspiration; he was in a poetic state; a kind of golden halo surrounded him and clothed the dull earth with a skyey splendor. He always spoke of this first journey to the West, as one of the pleasantest episodes in his life; it was, he used to say, like the journeying of Christian through the land of Beulah, and within sight of the Delectable Mountains.

A few hours after landing at New York, he embarked for Philadelphia. With him travelled a friend from his own village, who was taking his young bride to a paradise in some prairie of Illinois. The party remained a day in Philadelphia. Here, at the breakfast-table of the hotel, they met another young man with a pretty wife, and young lady companion, who were journeying the same way. Upon taking the canal boat at Harrisburgh, the next day, the two parties mutually came together and joined forces. Gay times they had in the pleasant days which followed, as they wound along the banks of the beautiful Juniata. What with the beauty of the ladies and the extraordinary hilarity of the young gentlemen, they were quite irresistible in the crowd of travellers, and formed a sort of mirthful aristocracy, which compelled all who came within its influence to be merry in spite of themselves.

An accident to the cars, which they took

at Hollidaysburgh, compelled the train to stop over night on the Alleghany. Here the only sleeping accommodations were two large rooms, a few benches and chairs turned upside down; hardly sufficient for a hundred and fifty persons. The confusion which prevailed, the hostile state of feeling towards the railroad company, and general disposition to be uncomfortable, may be fancied. But to our young company, it only afforded more food for mirth. With them, all was *couleur de rose*; like the crazed Ophelia, they could turn everything to "favor and prettiness." Well, some of them had need enough to be merry. They little knew how much sadness was in store for them!

When they arrived at Pittsburgh, it was a dull smoky day, and drizzling clouds hung gloomily over that city of soot and furnaces. But in the cabin of a certain steamer, which left the landing that evening, anything but gloom was experienced by our party of voyagers. Here it was that Kennedy first saw specimens of those men of Gath, who are reared upon the corn and bacon of the western valley. The captain of the boat was a head taller than other men, and stepped three paces in one. The clerk, though not above the size of ordinary men, carried the stomach of ten. Each passenger separately treated this glorious conviver to whiskey, and then they besieged him in groups. He was not coy, nor did he resort to any artifices to gain the honor of drinking, without its substantial reality. He merely drank *all the time*, as though it had been a part of his profession and a matter of duty. Kennedy many months after met him in Cincinnati, wanting a situation; with his abilities, however, he could not have remained long out of employment.

Among the passengers were several German students from Leipsic, travelling for pleasure; Kennedy invited them to sing student songs and held long conversations with them, in the Latin tongue, respecting the nature of Liberty. They all, with himself, mutually vowed unalterable friendship, but he never saw them afterwards.

Next day, Kennedy's flute, the same which he had so often played with Lucy, was put in requisition for a dance in the cabin. In the course of the day, there came on board, from some landing on the

Kentucky side, a superannuated couple, each nearly threescore and ten, who were just starting upon a marriage tour. This was too much for the wickedness of our young ladies. Nothing would do but the ancient couple must don their wedding suits and dance a *pas de deux*, after which they were permitted to sit in state, and superintend the diversions of their tormentors. One of the young ladies also victimized a bashful Connecticut Yankee till he made himself supremely ridiculous; however, the notice it brought upon him was the means of his obtaining a good situation as overseer of a farm in Illinois.

But to detail the various unexpected and amusing incidents of this fortnight's journey would fill a book, besides taking attention from the fortunes of our hero. Suffice it, that he arrived safely, full of heart and hope, at Cincinnati. Here he endeavored to find employment as a clerk, and to that end gave his first leisure to the study of book-keeping. Not being able to succeed in that, he presented himself to the city school committee, was examined, and promised a place as a teacher on the occurrence of a vacancy. Meantime he was obliged to pay expensive board, and except a little for copying music, in which he had some facility, he earned nothing; the small sum of money he had brought with him (all he was worth in the world,) was running low.

Still he did not lose heart. Something would turn up; nobody could come a stranger, to a new city, and find employment in a moment. He did not conceal his wants from the few whose acquaintance he made at the boarding-house. Among these was a musician who had a room next his own. This man offered him a situation to play the flute in the orchestra of a theatrical company which was to perform in Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. How repugnant such a mode of life must have appeared to Kennedy, may be supposed, yet he was on the point of accepting it, when the clerk of a large steamboat, who boarded at the same house, advised him to "go upon the river" as it is called, i. e. to endeavor to obtain a clerkship himself. This kind-hearted man offered him a free passage up and down with him, and promised to instruct him in the routine of the labor. Kennedy gladly availed himself of this proposal to go down to Louisville, where he

had learnt that an old school-mate had found employment in teaching, and where he hoped he might, if he could not obtain a clerkship, be likewise engaged.

It was a cold night in November when he arrived at that city. The next morning he visited his friend, who taught some thirty or forty boys in a large room, for a small salary and the title of "Professor." He had heard they wanted an academy in the village in Indiana, opposite the city. Our friend accordingly posted over and found that if some "enterprising young man" would come there and get up a private school, it was very likely he might "pay his way." This was a poor enough prospect to be sure, but Kennedy was by this time in no condition to choose. He had but three dollars in his pocket.

In a short time he had pupils enough to begin with, and had by tuning two antediluvian pianos, preserved his credit with the landlord of the house where he boarded. He went to work in a vacant store-room, fitted up with rough board seats, thrashing some fifteen or twenty not over cleanly dressed boys out of their strong propensity to swear at the master in the street, (as they had been accustomed to do under some former dynasty,) and instilling into them a knowledge of arithmetical computations and the intricacies of the vernacular tongue.

But this did not last long. The patrons of the school did not prove model paymasters, and there was evidently no chance of increasing its numbers. The result was, that Kennedy abandoned it and returned to Louisville before January, with just money enough to take him across the river. There he heard that a gentleman residing on his plantation, eight miles out of the city, wished to engage a teacher for his own, and the children of one or two of his neighbors.

Without any letter of introduction, Kennedy set out one cold snowy afternoon, for this gentleman's house. It was a dismal day, and the peculiar circumstances under which our hero was placed were certainly not very inspiring. To a New Englander, accustomed to an open country, a walk among blind roads, through half cleared, heavily wooded lands, is the most cheerless that can be imagined. Who can tell how Kennedy's hopes were fallen at this pe-

riod, but they who have themselves encountered similar trials? He had written several times to Lucy, but had received no reply to any of his letters. The competence which he was so confident of earning had fled before him like a mirage. He knew not if she remembered him; he had no expectation of seeing her. He had no hope for the present but to procure the means of life. He felt forlorn and weary.

It was almost dark when he reached the house, which appeared almost surrounded by the forest. Whatever anxiety he might have had respecting his reception, he had no sooner entered and stated his business to the lady than it was at once removed. Had he borne letters from the President and all his cabinet, he could not have been received with a more cordial hospitality. Her husband, the lady said, was gone to the city, but would be back in the evening. Meantime he must be tired. Dorothy, one of the housemaids, must bring some slippers. He must lay aside his wet garments and have a cup of tea. How did he like Kentucky? It was a wild country, she presumed, compared with the East? Had he learned to eat corn-bread?—and the like sort of cheerful conversation, all which passed in so perfectly cordial and matter of fact a manner, that before the gentleman arrived, Kennedy felt as much at his ease as though he had been an expected guest. That evening the family assembled in the parlor, and there was more pleasant conversation than he had enjoyed for a long while; when he retired to his chamber for the night, it was with a firm conviction that the reputation which Kentucky has always borne for generous hospitality was not undeserved.

The result of the visit was, that he became for the next three months a member of the family, and taught Latin and trigonometry in a log house without a floor, to four or five as expert boys with the rifle as you would wish to see, and other appropriate studies to a like number of girls. He became quite a marksman, and could even ride such horses as are to be found nowhere save in that roadless region. But now the warm weather was coming on, the hot steamy days of May, when there lurks an ague in every mist that exhales from the "Pond Settlement." Kennedy had saved his earnings and longed again to try his

fortune in the busy world. There was to him, whose home had been by the seashore, an indescribably depressing influence in the air scented with rank vegetation. He had been immured, as it seemed to him, during the months he had remained there, and he now determined to leave, lest he should be a schoolmaster to the end of his days.

Accordingly he came up to Louisville where his friend (afterwards shot in the street) still taught school. Here he exerted himself in all ways for nearly a month to find employment; he did not desire the poor calling of a teacher; he felt himself equal to the "bustle of resort." He tried all means to get a clerkship or a situation in business. He went into every store that seemed to promise anything, up and down that long Main street. He boarded every steamboat at the landing. He stirred up all the acquaintance he could make to inquire. But it was all to no purpose. No one wanted a clerk who had never been in business, and who used the English language with such grammatical correctness.

Finally, when his cash was nearly spent, he heard they wanted an academy up the river, in Madison, then a thriving town of it may be eight thousand inhabitants, now probably a city. With a letter of introduction, and money to pay his fare, he set out and arrived there one rainy evening in May. He was too late—another had been before him. But he was resolute, and where there is a will there is a way.

Should this true story ever meet the eye of any disheartened pedagogue, striving for dear life, in a country overflowing with plenty, let him remember that if his education will not procure him subsistence, perhaps some other accomplishment may. It were better that he should blacken his visage and turn Ethiopian minstrel, than starve. Indeed, in most Western villages, at the time of which I am writing, he would have been much more respected. The schoolmaster had not gone abroad there then; the people dreaded and despised him.

In a few days there appeared a card in the Daily Banner, informing the inhabitants of Madison that a certain individual was prepared to teach them in the art of music. The next Sunday heard his voice

in the church gallery chaunting the Episcopal service. He hired a large room, and gave a gratuitous performance, with an empty barrel for a music stand, to the young gentlemen of the place; and so fascinated a goodly number of them, that they incontinently became pupils. Best of all, he met in the bar-room of the inn, a graduate of a famous college in the centre of New England, who wore on his breast that mysterious pin which was to be a symbol of learning and "fraternity" the world over. In this instance it proved so. The graduate, who was a law student, was a true man, and he and Kennedy at once struck out a friendship that was never broken. By this means the latter became intimate with the learned men of the town, and played whist with judges, doctors and colonels.

So passed the summer. But as it drew towards autumn, our friend became more and more dissatisfied with his partial success. His labor was iksome to the last degree, and it barely paid his expenses. He determined to try Cincinnati once more, and if unable to gain a livelihood there, to return to the East, where the labor of his hands (for he was a good mechanic) would soon put him on the road to competence.

Accordingly he took passage for the Queen City. Here, while calling upon a lawyer to see if something might not be done in the way of drawing and copying papers, a gentleman came in, who said he was looking for some one to teach his daughters in his house. He was a man of wealth, and was ready to pay a liberal salary.

The next week found our friend seated with five girls, two of them almost young ladies, in a lofty back parlor. Kennedy used to take quite a pride in relating how odd it was that he, a rough man, should at this time have had the care of several who afterwards became celebrated belles, and are now fashionable women in a great city. But if any one could tell the truths of his own life, it would be stranger than any fiction. There was nothing particularly romantic in Kennedy's adventures; they only show the difficulties which lie in the way of educated young men, who have had no good worldly training, nor any assistance of friends.

He continued in this manner to perform the duties of a governess, till one day as

he was walking down the Main street, who should he meet but the man, who with his pretty wife, had been his fellow traveller, more than a year before, from Philadelphia. "Ah," said this individual, whose name was Crandell, "you are the very man I was thinking of. I am a printer. I am going to start a penny paper, and you must edit it."

"Come up to my room," said Kennedy, "and we will talk of it."

Next week saw the first number of the *Daily Luminary*. It was published two months before Kennedy was twenty-one—a boyish affair, full of the inexperience and glowing animal spirits of youth, which none of his perplexities had yet broken. It was successful. Our friend was not a fluent writer, but he had perseverance, and it was found that he had good sense, and some wit. He had at last got hold of a string that he could pull. Poverty no longer stared him out of countenance; he began to feel the dignity of independence.

Only one thing now troubled him. Lucy—why had she never answered his letters? Could it be she had ceased to care for him? Even if it were so, she surely might have written. In the midst of his labors such thoughts would constantly annoy him. In his midnight musings, on the crowded street, or on that busy landing where he often walked to enjoy the beauty of active life—wherever he was, or however engaged, the idea of Lucy was perpetually recurring. It was an undertone that ran through his whole existence; the doubt respecting her was a sickness that preyed upon his heart. In business, he might now consider himself prosperous; might look forward to the realization, a year or two hence, of his long cherished wishes, if—ah, that if!—Lucy was the same Lucy he had left so long ago. Anxious as he was, however, he would have been infinitely more so had he known the real truth.

For some months after Kennedy's departure for the West, Lucy's depression was too plain to escape the observation of her parents, and with a very little sounding, they soon ascertained its cause. For the first time they now began to think of her as a marriageable young woman, for whom it was their duty to provide. Her

suffering on account of the departure of an old companion, was, they thought, quite natural. It showed the gentleness of her disposition, while at the same time it set them to reflecting that such a warmth of affection should be bestowed upon a husband. The idea that Kennedy might be a suitable person, hardly once entered their heads. He was her playmate, as it were, her companion, an agreeable good-natured fellow, but a mere boy, just such another simple creature as herself. Besides, he was almost without relatives or friends, quite alone, hanging loose on the world. It was doubtful if he would ever settle down into a sedate man. He was a pleasant person to have about, very cheerful and even funny, but he lacked "stability of character," the deacon thought. He was young yet, only twenty, or thereabout, and there was no predicting what he might turn out. Indeed, it is questionable if Lucy's father and mother ever considered of him enough to be distinctly aware of these reasons. He was merely out of the question; the idea of a *student* marrying their daughter, was purely absurd.

Having made up their minds to this, or rather, having never debated it, they laid their heads together during the hours usually appropriated to curtain lectures, to contrive how she must be disposed of. It was plain that now she was a young woman, she must be a girl no longer. Hence it would not do for her to be corresponding with a young man because he had happened to be one of her young companions. Poor, simple Lucy! In the frankness of her heart, she told her mother how that she and Martin had promised each other to correspond, and showed her a letter she had written to him containing all the news and nothing concerning herself. Her mother said it was a very good letter. When it was fairly sealed and superscribed, she gave it to her father for the post office. That worthy man, thinking it was high time a stop was put to this childish nonsense, put it in his pocket, and ultimately into his counting-room stove. He had, previous to this, received Kennedy's first letter, which, after duly inspecting its contents, he had disposed of in a similar manner.

Here he thought the thing would end. At breakfast, accordingly, he would en-

large a little upon the character of students. He thought them wild young fellows. Seldom or never did they grow up to be substantial men. There was Mr. Such-a-one, he remembered, nothing would do but his son must have a liberal education. Well, the young man ended in the poor-house.

Sometimes the well-meaning mother would advert to the proverbial impiety of students, and professional men generally. Men of learning were commonly too proud to become possessors of "vital godliness." She even feared their young friend Kennedy (at the mention of which name Lucy was sure to blush) would never be a "truly pious" man. She remembered how she had overheard him imitating the minister's peculiar manner of reading a hymn, and she thought such irreverent levity not a good sign in a boy.

"Indeed, mother," Lucy would say, "but you laughed. But perhaps you do not like him because he does not write to me. Isn't it strange?"

And then the deacon would frown severely, and remark that she spoke very pertly to her mother.

After a month or two Lucy prepared another letter; the first might have been misdirected, and Martin might be waiting for her to write first. Her parents thought it better to let it share the fate of the former one than to openly forbid her writing. But such folly must be indulged no longer. It was time she was married off and placed in circumstances where those weak and childish fancies would no longer afflict her.

Accordingly, after considerable consultation, it was at length settled that Jeremiah Brown, the eldest son of old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were both members of their meeting, would make her a suitable husband. Jeremiah had no great personal advantages. He was gawky and sallow. But what is beauty compared with worth? Jeremiah was a steady, practical youth, not brilliant, it is true, but shrewd and cool. He was settled in business, and with what his father had advanced him, and a handsome portion which Lucy might receive, being an only child, the couple would be in easy circumstances.

Mrs. Darling and Mrs. Brown presently grew intimate. They took tea with each other, and Lucy must always go and re-

main with her mother. Jeremiah must come frequently after his mother of evenings, and Lucy must of course entertain him with her songs and the backgammon, at which he always won. After a while he came alone, and Lucy's careful parents would then contrive it to be sometimes both out of the room, leaving the young couple to chat alone. Poor Lucy! She did not see the game they were playing for her happiness; but Brown was awfully dull in conversation. He reasoned and argued, in his fashion, on all sorts of subjects, and his talk ran on in a long weary monotone, like the turning of a coffee mill. He had "improved his mind," and knew all the newest ologies and graphies. He discoursed of "developments," and in his letters wrote "centre" center. On doctrinal points he was almost as tedious as the minister himself.

He did not for a long while appear to be any more aware of the trap that was laying for him, than was Lucy, the unconscious bait. He visited there because it fell in his way to do so, and was equally ready to converse with father, mother, and daughter—because, like most people who talk to hear themselves, it was a matter of indifference whom he had for a listener.

But he began to "smell rats," as he would probably have phrased it, long before his victim. The scheme was grateful to him. He had impulses like most men, and the idea of having so pretty a girl as Lucy for a wife, pleased his fancy. He soon began to "pay attention"—the first move in the matrimonial game. He came often, and sat late. He made Lucy a present of Butler's Analogy, which, he said, very truly, was a very profound work. He gave her the benefit of much of his instructive conversation.

Poor Lucy drooped. She was in great affliction. Why, *why* had Martin forgotten her? Why did they wish her to pretend to like Mr. Brown, when they knew he tired her to death? She had no consolation, no grain of comfort. Her kind aunt, who had been her only confidant, had died of a typhus fever, the summer after Martin had left.

At length she summoned courage to speak with her mother. It was like a declaration of war between two parties who have long been on the eve of collision. The

poor girl shed an ocean of tears. She did not like Mr. Brown; she did not wish to marry any one. She desired to live at home all her life; she loved her father and mother; wouldn't they let her? She should die if they sent her away—and much more to the same effect.

Her wise mother was not sorry to see her take on thus. Her tears did not affect her, for she thought a little crying would do the child good. Self-willed and passionate people, she said, must expect to suffer now and then. She thought her daughter showed a very hard, proud spirit in opposing her parents. Her love for them could not be much, when she was hindering them in what they most desired. If the truth was known, she suspected it was nothing but a foolish fancy for that boy, Kennedy; notwithstanding he had been gone nearly two years, and nobody had ever heard from him.

This was touching the right chord; poor Lucy's heart burst then, and revealed all its hoarded treasure. She *had* promised Martin, she said, to be his wife; she liked him; she never could like any other. It was so strange what had become of him.

Well! of all the foolishness that ever was heard of, exclaimed the excellent mother, with uplifted hands, this was certainly the very beat. She had not expected quite such silliness. It made her almost ashamed of her own flesh and blood. She could not talk upon it. Lucy had better retire to her chamber. She hoped her father would not find it out.

When Lucy came down to tea that night how affectionate they were, her father and mother! How they hung over her and spoke in mildly modulated words!

Lucy was ashamed that she should afflict them so much. And then there was reason in what her mother said. Martin had been away so long! He must be dead. And so in her little chamber, while the musical slumbers of the venerable authors of her being shook the floors below, this dutiful daughter buried herself in her pillow and sobbed herself to sleep.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land," is a precept of the same divine wisdom whose providence "visiteth the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." It would be bet-

ter if parents oftener considered how true it is, and all observation confirms it, that the promise attached to the fifth commandment is contingent upon the declaration appended to the second.

Lucy honored her father and mother above all things else. She thought all they did was meant for her good, and that whenever she differed from them she must of course be in the wrong. Her life had been so much under their strict control, and she was of so trusting a disposition, that she could not but confide in them entirely.

But the struggle now was unlike any other she had encountered. She had given her love to Martin, her whole heart. He was lost to her; she could not hope ever again to see him, if indeed he was alive, which she could hardly believe. She could not love any one again—should she continue to dream of his image and oppose her father and mother, when by yielding she should make them so happy? She had nothing in particular against Brown. Only the idea of being shut up in a house with such a tiresome creature all her life was horrible. It would kill her; she felt it would.

But now the opposing party were bringing up their heavy artillery.

Let it not be supposed that this true story is written to throw obloquy upon the most sacred order known among men, or that aught which follows here is set down in malice. All ministers are not crafty and cruel; there is probably no such one in the country as he who was the spiritual adviser of the Darling family.

He was a large, strong man, with a hard-featured countenance, high cheek bones, and pointed nose. His voice was deep and mellow, and very condoling; its benevolent stop, to use an organ figure, was particularly rich. He was full of goodness all over; it appeared not only in his conversation, but in all his ways and motions; it seemed to ooze through his garments, and impart a glossy sleekness to their surface, so that to touch him was like touching pitch. He was a very great man; the women of his congregation were much in awe of him. He had a large study surrounded with books, where he used to sit and read his correspondence, and receive his visitors. He was a lover of music and the Fine Arts—especially those of eating and

drinking. Goodly and comfortable was he, well to do in the world. He had a family, and had married his own daughter to one to whom his only objection was that he was rich; his wife was never spoken of. Altogether he was a wonderfully great and good man. He slid out of all controversies, and none could ever tell exactly what particular shade of doctrine he most favored. Few men became a pulpit better, or were better judges of good old Madeira.

This excellent man in the course of his visits at Mr. Brown's and Deacon Darling's, became aware that an alliance was cooking between the two families. He soon saw, also, that something was wrong somewhere; the course of love did not run smooth. How could Mrs. Deacon D. resist that condoling voice, especially when he pulled out the benevolent stop, and executed thereon a grand palaver solo? She could not. The good man was made acquainted with her view of the whole difficulty. Out of his kindness to the family, he condescended to take an interest in Lucy's welfare, and volunteered to assist her parents in keeping her within the path of duty.

He held a private conversation with her, this great man, whom she had been all her life accustomed to dread and look up to, as men look up to a mountain. It was a set conversation; he desired to speak with her alone, and the mother called in Lucy and left them together.

Now if all the goodness in all the world were collected and expressed, it would not equal what in that poor girl's eyes this miracle of condescending dignity displayed in that interview. He took her by the hand, and reasoned with her like a brother. At one time she feared he was going to shed tears. He showed her, not only the folly but the sinfulness, the extreme wickedness of her persisting in disobedience. In short, he wrought upon her so powerfully that her rebellious heart was tamed. Thenceforth she had no will. Her spirit was broken. She was as clay in the hands of the potter.

Poor Brown saw nothing of all this business. He was busy observing Lucy's developments, of which he had in his mind nearly a perfect chart, and in reading Carlyle. He settled the question which was the greater man, Napoleon Bonaparte or

General Washington, the very evening after she had been finished by the minister.

Not to be tedious in recounting all the influences which were brought to bear in effecting the proposed match, let it suffice that in the end, the parents succeeded in their determination of making their daughter happy. The parties were married in due form; Lucy cried at the wedding, and was laughed at, as she deserved, by her old companions. The minister performed the ceremony with great unction, and yielded to the merriment which followed it, quite like an ordinary old gentleman.

Everybody was happy, because they had all done right. The fathers and mothers had settled their children comfortably in life; the minister had promoted an honorable union between two estimable members of his flock; even Lucy felt that she had done all her duty.

But there was a mildew upon her heart, and the flower that promised fruit so fair was blighted and withered. Week after week, month after month, she grew pale and old. Brown went on arguing and setting to rest all the vexed questions that disturb the world's repose. He perceived no wear in his wife; he saw none of her secret tears. She was very subject to headache and various nervous illnesses, for all which he recommended exercise.

It was near the latter end of summer. They lived in a cottage house, half a mile further over the slope of the hill than Lucy's former home, at the end of what is now a fine street of well built residences. Every afternoon, to conform to Brown's wishes, who liked system, she was accustomed to walk for her health. She generally took the way that led over to her old garden, and would there sit at times, and watch the sunset, as of old.

She was thus seated one evening in the early part of September, when she felt a light touch upon her shoulder. She started to perceive a tall man standing by her side.

The next instant her lifeless form was borne into her father's house by Martin Kennedy. The shock of his sudden ap-

pearance had been too great for her enfeebled nerves. She recovered from one fainting fit only to fall into another, and soon grew so ill that her alarmed mother sent at once for their physician. Brown came in while Kennedy stayed in the parlor, and the latter soon perceived that his long-loved Lucy was the wife of another.

He rose and went forth without saying a word. From that time the elastic temper that had carried him through so many trials, was crushed within him.

For a long time he did not know what pains had been taken to conquer Lucy's love for him. But after her decease, which took place within a week of the succeeding morning, when she lay there in her father's house, a dying, childless mother, he began to revolve in his mind what might have been her possible history.

As years went by, more and more came to the light. Lucy's mother, in some conversation, when the minister sought to console her in her affliction, confided to him the truth respecting the intercepted letters. He communicated it to his wife, and thus it gradually came abroad. The wretched father and mother went down to their graves and were forgotten; Brown became heir to the old man's property and married again. He is now the father of a family.

Kennedy passed from youth to age, a wearied, stricken man. The impulse which in him supplied the place of ambition was gone. He was equal to no new enterprise. The life of an editor disgusted him; he loved to live by the shore of the sea and breathe his native air. Gradually he dwindled into the situation in which I found him at my uncle's, at the time when he related the story of Alison. He was loved and respected for his character and bearing, but it was thought a pity he had so little energy.

His history will account for his peculiar susceptibility in matters of the affections, and may render it plausible, notwithstanding his firm belief, that what he took to be poor Ellen's ghost was only an illusion of his own distempered senses. G. W. P.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE close of a long and laborious session of the British Parliament, has been succeeded by a complete stagnation in political affairs. The Court is rusticated in Scotland, and the ministers and legislators, taking advantage of the season, have retired into various parts of the country to recruit. Some Chartist trials have ended in the conviction of the accused, and other cases are still under investigation; but that body, partaking of the general languor, appear to have ceased from all active exertion.

The death of Lord George Bentinck, at the age of 46, has created a great public sensation. He was a man of remarkable energy and determination of character, which, until the last three years, had been principally directed to field sports. He entered Parliament in the year 1828 on conservative principles, and was one of Sir Robert Peel's silent supporters, taking little active part in politics, but devoting himself with ardor to the turf and the chase. The events of 1846 gave the energies of his mind a different turn, and from that period his attention was almost exclusively devoted to politics. The free trade doctrines then brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, converted his former supporter into his most bitter opponent, and viewing the conduct of the Premier as an apostacy from his former principles, his opposition was personal as well as bitter. He at once assumed, in the House of Commons, the leadership of that portion of the conservatives who adhere to the high Tory principles, and astonished his friends, as well as the public, by his aptitude for debate, and great political knowledge. From his previous life he was unacquainted with many of the details necessary to be mastered by one who should try his skill in debate with his able opponent; but nothing daunted, he set about their acquirement with a vigor and determination, truly characteristic. He was known to be closeted with reports and official documents for ten and twelve hours previous to a debate; and to this great change in his habits is attributed his sudden death. In entering what may be called his political career, he still retained his love for the field, and is reputed to have been a winner of a very large sum at the Doncaster Races which took place a few days before his decease. He was found dead on the 21st Sept. from spasm of the heart, in a field near Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, the seat of his father, the Duke of Portland.

A new society has been formed in Dublin, with Lord William Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, at its head, having for its object to procure an arrangement by which the Imperial Parliament shall hold its sittings in Dublin during such convenient portions of each year, as may be sufficient for the transaction of business more particularly relating to Irish affairs. This project is creating some little excitement in political circles.

On the 6th Sept. intelligence of a disposition to renew the recent disturbances, was received in Dublin. The peasantry of Tipperary, in a body of about 4,000, had encamped on Aubrey Hill, many being armed with pikes and rifles, while the hills around Carrick swarmed with armed men, levying contributions on the neighboring farmers, and forcing others to join the movement. The police stationed in small divisions in the neighborhood were compelled to leave their posts and seek refuge in the towns, and a military force was found necessary to quell the rising. No great alarm appears to have been felt in the towns, as the success of repressive measures on previous occasions had imparted to the inhabitants a feeling of confidence, warranted by the result. Troops were immediately dispatched to the scene of the disturbance, and soon succeeded in breaking up the organized bands, and forcing the insurgents to return to their homes. Some arrests were made, and the country became again tranquil. The disturbance appears to have been of an agrarian and not of a political character.

The Special Commission for the trial of O'Brien, Meagher, and several others, accused of high treason, was opened at Clonmel on the 21st Sept., by Lord chief justice Blackburne of the Queen's Bench, chief justice Doherty of the Common Pleas, and justice Moore. After a charge from the foreman, the Grand Jury returned true bills against O'Brien, and four others, and on the following day true bills were found against six other persons, but Meagher's name does not appear in either list. Each of the prisoners having had a copy of the indictment delivered to him, they were informed by the Court that five days were allowed them for pleading.

France still continues the great object of European interest. The Assembly has repealed the decree of the provisional government, abolishing arrest for debt; and it has been de-

cided by a Committee, that in trials by jury the verdict shall be given by a majority, and that unanimity shall not be required.

On the 2nd of September there was an animated discussion on a proposition demanding that the state of siege should be raised, pending the discussions on the Constitution; the object being, apparently, to get rid of the shackles in which the Parisian press is bound. Ledru-Rollin declared the debate on the Constitution could not proceed during the state of siege. General Cavaignac, on the other hand, declared his belief of its necessity, but that he and his colleagues left the matter entirely in the hands of the Assembly, and were content to conduct the government without it, but relieved from the responsibility of any consequences which might ensue, if the assembly, with the state of Paris before its eyes, should differ from him in opinion; and he insisted that the power over the press was indispensable to the maintenance of order. His views were sustained by the Assembly on division, by 529 votes against 140.

General Cavaignac thereupon took an opportunity of declaring the principles on which he had acted, and would continue to act, in suspending the journals. He would instantly suspend any journal which should call in question the Republican principle. All discussion in the press relative to the advantages of a Republic and a constitutional monarchy was forbidden under pain of suppression, but otherwise, discussion was *free*! The sense of security felt under martial law, appears to have influenced many of the Representatives in giving their votes.

From official returns, it appears that the decree issued by the Provisional Government on the 16th March last, imposing an addition of 45 per cent. in the assessed taxes, was expected to have produced 191,728,445 fr., but the amount yet realized has only reached 96,231,777 fr., leaving the balance to be collected. The French army, actually on foot, amounts, according to the declaration of General Lamoricière, the minister of war, to 548,000 men. The estimated expense of the war department for the year, is 425,233,224 fr. Portions of the army have been engaged in quelling insurrectionary disturbances caused by attempts to collect the 45 per cent. tax, which is resisted in many departments, particularly in the South. In the department of l'Herault, troops have been called out to expel a number of laborers who entered on the lands of some wealthy proprietors, with the intention of appropriating them to their own use. Several journalists have been fined and imprisoned, for publishing their papers without having given the required security, and for disobeying other laws relative to the press. The number of unemployed operatives in different parts of France, is a subject of great uneasiness. In Lyons, a club of *Mon-*

tagnards has been established, which is regularly attended three times a week by about two thousand operatives, and at Lille, numbers have paraded the town demanding work.

The election of three members of the National Assembly, for the department of the Seine, which took place on the 20th September, was the cause of considerable previous excitement. The friends of Louis Bonaparte, who declared his determination to serve if elected, were strenuous in their exertions for his success, and it was said the government was determined, either by an exclusion law or an alteration of that part of the Constitution which relates to the election of President of the Republic, to prevent the possibility of the prince arriving at that station. The clubs of the "Red Republic" were also on the alert, and put forward the notorious Communists, Cabet, Raspail and Thoré, as their candidates. On the returns being made known, the three following were declared elected:—Louis Bonaparte, 111,192 votes; Fould, (moderate,) 78,518; and Raspail, 66,815; Cabet and Thoré stood next on the list. Louis Bonaparte likewise headed the list at the elections in Moselle, Yonne and Charente Inférieure, and his name appears in the lists of several other electoral districts. In some places only one half or one third of the electors deposited their votes.

Louis Bonaparte arrived privately in the French capital on the 23d September, and no impediment was offered to his taking his seat in the Assembly; but all necessary military measures had been taken by General Cavaignac to suppress, on the instant, any demonstration which might be made; and in the event of any disturbance, the Prince and his relatives were to have been immediately put under arrest. All, however, passed off quietly, and his first effort in the Assembly was a speech expressing his deep and sincere affection for the Republic. Raspail issued an address, stating that he awaited the moment of the recognition of his election as a member of the Assembly, to leave his dungeon; but in this he was disappointed, for immediately on it's being officially made known, leave was demanded from that body to prosecute him for his part in the outbreak of May 15th, which was promptly granted.

On the 24th September, Ledru-Rollin delivered an inflammatory speech at a public dinner, in which he declared the Republic to be in a weakly condition; recommended socialism, and declared that nothing had been done for the people since February, and that the excuse was want of money. He then asked how the old Republicans obtained money? By taxing the emigrant aristocracy, and issuing assignats, he replied; and these, he hinted, would be proper remedies at the present time. He was also clamorous about what he termed "the abandonment of Italy."

The military commission under General Bertrand, charged with the examination and classification of the insurgents of June, have concluded their labors, after sitting eight hours on each day, for two months, without excepting Sundays or holidays. They had to decide the cases of 10,838 individuals; of these, 6,276 have been set at liberty; 4,346 condemned to transportation, and 255 sent before courts martial. Two thousand seven hundred of the condemned have already been sent away, and the rest are in the forts waiting to be forwarded to their destination.

The National Assembly is daily engaged in discussing the details of the Constitution, which will not be completed for a considerable time. The special committee appointed on the subject of the indemnity to be paid to the French colonists in consequence of the abolition of slavery, have fixed the amount at 120,000,000 fr., two thirds to be paid in cash, and the remainder in government stocks. Their decision is warmly opposed by the Minister of Finance on behalf of the government, who had previously stated the amount of indemnity at 90,000,000 fr. A credit of a million of francs has been granted for the relief of necessitous citizens of Paris, and a like sum for the use of the charitable institutions throughout France, together with a credit of fifty millions for establishing agricultural colonies in Algeria.

An armistice has been established between the Austrians and Piedmontese, for the purpose of putting an end to the war in Lombardy, through the mediation of the French and English governments, but both parties are increasing their military resources in case of failure of the negotiations.

Affairs at Rome are in a very unsettled state. The Pope is in great political embarrassment, with an empty treasury, and without means to supply its wants. In Bologna energetic movements were necessary for the suppression of sedition; Cardinal Amato had issued an edict forbidding the carrying arms, and fears were entertained lest he should be overawed by the military malcontents lately disbanded by the government.

The war in Schleswig-Holstein is suspended by an armistice of seven months. The Belgi-

an workmen who left Paris after the French Revolution in February, for the purpose of revolutionizing their native country, have been tried, and seventeen men are condemned to death.

Disturbances have taken place at Frankfort in consequence of the national Constituent Assembly having rescinded a vote previously passed respecting the armistice with Denmark, and which would have led to a continuance of the war. The Radical representatives addressed inflammatory speeches to the mob, who then attacked the hotel in which the rest of the members were in the habit of meeting. The military were called out, and some lives lost. The Archduke John has issued a proclamation denouncing the outbreak, which he says was made by a party whose object is to involve the country in civil war. An insurrectionary outbreak has occurred at Baden, to quell which a military force has been dispatched. The movement is headed by Heinzen and Struve, the latter having gone into Baden in consequence of a political prosecution pending against him. They were said to have a force of 3000, composed of German, French, Italian and other refugees. The public monies were plundered, and the authorities put in prison. Struve has published an address calling on the Germans to arm and resist the *reaction* at Frankfort.

The state of Prussia is unsettled. A change of ministry has taken place. Radical assemblies were meeting in various parts of the kingdom, and it appeared as if that body were preparing for some great attempt. Ten thousand met at Breslau, where they were addressed in the most exciting language. Riots also occurred at Cologne in consequence of the arrest of some persons accused of conspiracy, who were liberated from the hands of the police by the mob. The ferment was increased at Berlin by a report of the King's intended flight to Königsburg. The difficulties in Hungary still continue. On the 18th a deputation from there arrived at Vienna, charged with a mission, not for the Emperor, but for the people—that is, the National Assembly. It was decided by the Assembly that the deputation could not be received, but that the demands should be taken into consideration.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Architect, a series of Original Designs, for domestic and ornamental Cottages and Villas, connected with Landscape Gardening, adapted to the United States. Illustrated by drawings of ground plots, plans, perspectives, views, elevations, sections and details. Vol. I., quarto. By WILLIAM. H. RANLETT, Architect. New York: Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings.

This elegant and valuable work, of great use to such as are building country seats, or laying out grounds in the country, and also to landscape artists and builders, continues to be published in numbers, each containing beautiful lithographic drawings of villas, cottages, and gardens, with ground plans of each for the use of builders, and for those persons of taste who wish to plan an elegant and convenient country house or cottage. The work must also be of value to carpenters in the country; many of them being their own designers and architects. Mr. Ranlett's work will much assist them. We have examined it, and read portions of the text appended to the drawings, with great interest. It is full of important matter to be known by all builders and planners.

The Past, the Present, and the Future. By H. C. CAREY, author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

From the title only of this work no reasonable conjecture could be given of its scope and contents, a defect by which the small attention it has attracted may perhaps be in part accounted for. It is an investigation and exposition of the true sources of national and private wealth—of that economy and polity which should be used to make both individuals and nations rich and powerful. The facts which the author uses to establish his views, are the great facts of history, known to every sensible reader. The inferences are those of common sense, and require only a cool head, free of theory and mysticism, to understand them to their entire consequences.

The author is not what is usually styled a "protectionist;" he does not advocate a protective policy as good in itself or in the abstract; he says very little about the effects of „high

wages," or the protection of American labor against foreign operations; but he shows that the farmer cannot become wealthy until he has the manufacturer within reach, and that so far from being rivals or enemies, the farmer and handicraftsman are natural allies and brothers, and cannot prosper apart. How, and by what induction, this is demonstrated, with what convincing proofs, not of mathematics, but of the logic of common sense and of philosophy, by which every farmer and miner may discover where his true interest lies, not in the mere production of a surplus of bread stuffs, to bring the price of his labor ruinously low, so that nothing can help him but a famine in Europe, but rather by the creation of a market at his own door—by the encouragement of domestic industry—to develop these arguments, would require a full review of Mr. Carey's book.

The author is a thorough republican, and though an economist, is jealous for the interest and honor of his country. His work, taken as a whole, combines more points of value than any we have read. The method of it is new and singular; it proceeds directly in the face of Ricardo and Malthus, and begins by putting their premises in the limbo of "false facts." We venture to predict that this work, which has now been before the public a year or more, with very little appreciation of its value, will eventually occupy the first rank in its class as a "primary treatise" on the wealth and economy of nations. Its line of argument is quite distinct from that of the valuable work of Mr. Colton on "Public Economy," and of the statistical work of Seaman on the "Progress of Nations."

To enable the reader to form some idea of the style and sentiments of this admirable work of Mr. Carey's, we subjoin the following extracts:—

"Why is it that men are everywhere seen flying from their fellow men: from those destined by the Deity to be their helpmates: from parents and relations: from old houses, and old churches, and old school-houses: old comforts, and old feelings: and from all the conveniences and advantages that tend so largely to promote their happiness and their respectability, and to increase their powers of exertion: to seek in Texas and Iowa, Oregon and California, new homes and new relations, amidst woods that they cannot fell, and swamps that they cannot drain?

and upon the poor soils that yield, invariably, the smallest return to labor?

These things would seem almost impossible: yet if we turn to India, we may see the poor Hindoo cultivating the poorest soils, and then laboring almost in vain, to drive through the rich black clay that lies between him and his market, the half-starved cattle that bear his miserable crop. Here we have the same state of things; and both here and there it may be traced to the same cause: *necessity*. In neither can man exercise power over the rich soils, because *in neither have men power over themselves*; and until they shall have it, they must continue to fly from rich soils capable of yielding tons, by aid of whose manure poor soils might be enriched, to poor soils becoming daily poorer, because to them even the manure yielded by their own little product cannot be returned. They borrow from the earth, and they do not repay: and therefore it is that they find an empty exchequer: performing thus the process that farmers are enabled to avoid, when, as in England and New England, the consumer takes his place by the side of the producer. Therefore it is that the average produce of New York is but fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre, while that of Ohio is even less, although acres may readily be made to yield forty or fifty bushels: and therefore it is that the average produce of Indian corn is but twenty-five, when it should be a hundred bushels, and that of potatoes but ninety when it might be four hundred bushels.

"If we desire to understand the cause of these extraordinary facts, we may, perhaps, obtain what we want by taking a bird's-eye view of a farmhouse of western Pennsylvania, near neighbor to the rich meadow-land above described. The farmer is reading the newspaper, anxious to know what are the crops of England, and whether or not the rot has destroyed the potato crop in Ireland. Last year many of the people of Europe starved: but he sold his crop at a good price, and paid off his debts. This year he wishes to purchase a new wagon, and to add to his stock of horses: but unhappily for him, the farmers of England have had a favorable season, and the rot has not appeared in Ireland. Starvation will not sweep off its thousands, and he will get neither horses nor wagon.

"His eldest son is preparing to remove to the west, to raise wheat on dry lands in Wisconsin or Iowa, and to send to the already overstocked markets increased supplies of food. His daughter is grieving for the approaching loss of her brother; and of her sweetheart, the son of the neighboring wool-grower: who is about to leave for Michigan to raise wool, that he may compete with his father, who is studying carefully the newspapers hoping to see that the sheep of Australia have rotted off and thus diminished the supply of wool. He wants to pay off his debts: but this he cannot do, unless the price of wool should rise, and thus increase the difficulty of obtaining clothing. Why do these sons move off? It is because there is no demand for labor. All the land is held in large farms, because the poor soils alone are cultivated; and farmers that would live at all must farm and fence in a great

deal of land, where a dozen bushels to the acre are considered a good crop. Why does he not clear some of the meadow-land? It is because there is no demand for milk, or for fresh meat: for hay, or turnips, or potatoes: or for any of those things of which the earth yields largely, and which from their bulk will not bear carriage. He knows that when the great machine yields by tons, the product is worth little unless there be mouths on the spot to eat; but that when he restricts it to bushels the product may be transported to the mouths. There is no demand for timber; for all the young men fly to the west, and new houses are not needed. The timber is valueless; and the land is not worth clearing to raise wheat, almost the only product of the earth that *will* bear carriage. To clear an acre would cost as much as would buy a dozen in Iowa; and the product of four acres, at ten bushels each, would be equal to one of forty. He therefore goes to the west to raise more wheat; and his friend goes to raise more wool; and his sister remains at home unmarried. Why does she not marry, and accompany her lover? It is because she has found no demand for her labor, and has earned no wages to enable her to contribute to the expense of furnishing the house.

"Here, then, we have labor, male and female, superabundant for want of wages with which to buy food, and clothing, and houses: food superabundant, for want of mouths to eat it: clothing material superabundant, for want of people to wear it: timber superabundant, for want of people desiring to build houses: fertile land superabundant, for want of people to drink milk and eat butter and veal: and poor land superabundant, for want of the manure that has for ages accumulated in the river bottom; while the men who might eat the veal and drink the milk produced on rich lands, are flying to the west to waste their labor on poor ones; *those who should be consumers of food becoming producers of food*.

"Why is this? It is because they want a market at which the labor, male and female, the food and the wool, can be exchanged for each other. They want a woollens mill, and had they this, the sons would stay at home and eat food, instead of going abroad to produce more. The daughters would marry, and would want houses. The timber would be cleared, and the fertile lands would be cultivated. The manure would be made, and the poor lands would be made rich. The milk would be drunk, and the veal would be eaten, and the swamps would be drained to make meadows. The saw-mill would come, and the sawyer would eat corn. The blacksmith, the tailor, the hatter, and the printer would come, and all would eat corn. The town would grow up, and acres would become lots. The farms would be divided, and the fencing of each diminished. The railroad would be made, and the coal and iron would come: and with each step in this progress, the farmer would obtain a better price for his corn and his wool, enabling him from year to year to appropriate more and more labor to the development of the vast treasures of the earth; to building up the great machine, whose value would increase in the precise ratio of the increase in the return to his labor."

Gowrie; or, the King's Plot. A Whim and its Consequences. By G. P. R. JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Which of these is the eldest, or whether they be both of twin birth, written (as some learned contrapuntists have had a faculty of writing music,) with both hands at once, we have neither leisure nor curiosity to inquire. To say that we have read either of them would be to confess a capacity for mental subjection, or self-compression, which ought to disqualify us in the opinion of most readers for the office of criticism. We do not feel required to admit anything which would thus criminate ourselves and interfere with our profession; it is enough to say: "Gentle Readers, here are two more novels by James, republished by the Harpers. You all know what this author can do, from what he has done during the last fifteen years. He has been writing all this while, and there is every probability that he will continue to do so during the term of his natural life. It is impossible to read all his productions and scan the particular merits of each of them. They possess a strong, or rather weak, family likeness. The first of these last two commences:

'On the 15th of August, 1599, a young man was seen standing on one of the little bridges in the town of Padua.'

The second opens thus:

"A solitary room at midnight; a close, single wax candle lighted on the table; the stiff, dull, crimson silken curtains of the bed close drawn; half a dozen vials, and two or three glasses."

So far as we have read, our opinion inclines to the first. The title sounds more romantic, and the sentence is short. In the second, when we come to the "*stiff, dull, crimson silken,*" we feel that the author is going to draw the wire this time to the utmost degree of tenuity. It would require considerable courage to attempt a novel beginning with such a sentence; one need be sure of several days to allow the mind to recover a healthy tone.

Still, we have all been indebted to Mr. James for many pleasant hours; and while we smile at some of his defects, it would be unbecoming not to speak of him with respect, as a writer who enjoys an unsullied reputation in a department where bad qualities most readily manifest themselves. It is a pity habit or necessity should compel him to write so much, he loses the art of writing well.

The Playmate, a pleasant Companion for spare hours. (No. 12.) New York: Eerford & Co., 1848.

The masterly sketches that serve to illustrate this excellent child's book, together with the tales, some of which are translated from the German, make it, together, the most desira-

ble thing of its kind. This number contains "The Kite-fliers," "The Seven Boys and the Monster," from the German; "The Guest," a Dalecarlian Legend;" "Leonora, a little Drama in two scenes," &c. &c., all well written, and some excellent.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The season for novelties in these departments has set in with great promise of fertility, during the past month.

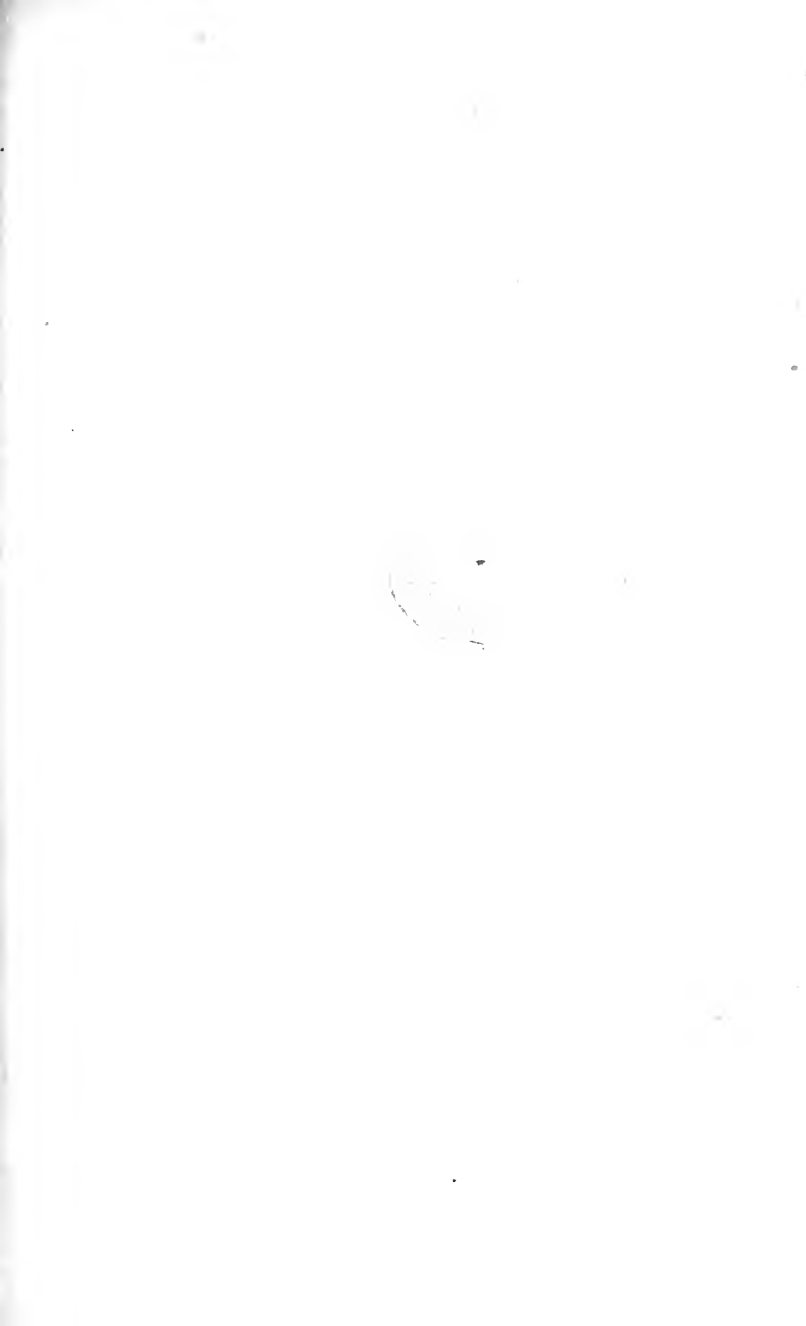
At the Park Theatre, Madame Bishop has drawn very full houses, by appearing in unsupported scenas, bravura songs, and a not very elaborate or tasteful dramatic piece, got up to exhibit her fine powers.

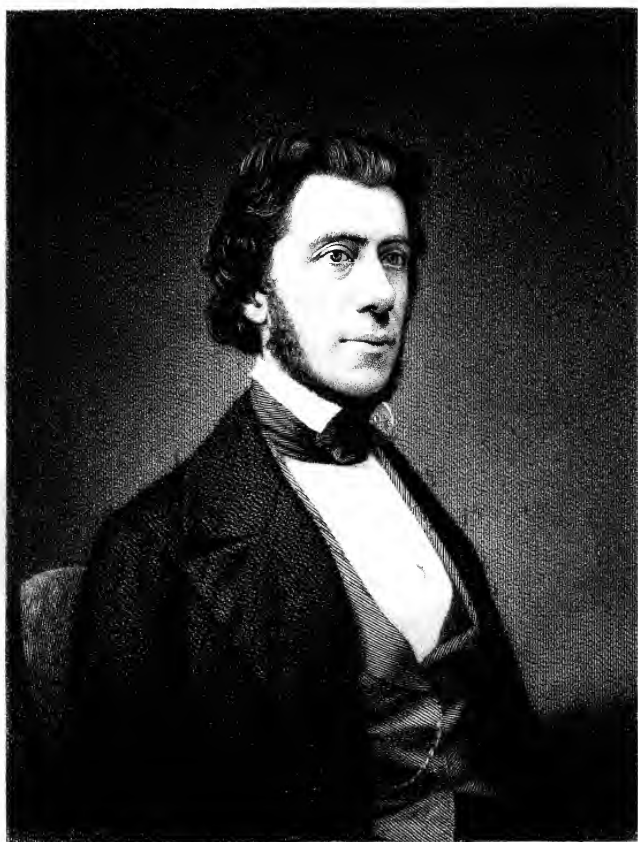
At the Astor Place Opera House, Mr. Macready has also drawn good audiences, but has not, in general, been so successful as was anticipated on his arrival. He is not thought to have lost any of his ability, and his reputation as the first living actor is not, we believe, disputed, among the best judges. His performance of Hamlet alone should secure him this pre-eminence. We hope to find room during his visit to speak of his merits more minutely.

Maurice Strakosh, a pianist of great skill in the De Meyer school, gave a grand "festival" at the Tabernacle, on which occasion that building was lighted with a thousand extra candles, much to the inconvenience of the audience, both on account of the glare and the dripping. The great feature of the evening to lovers of good music, was the performance of Beethoven's Egmont, by a well-proportioned orchestra, numbering thirty-two violins. This overture is, perhaps, the greatest piece of musical tragedy ever written in that form, and its performance on this occasion was highly effective.

We have also had concerts by an excellent band recently arrived, the Germania Society. It is not too much to say that this is the best orchestral playing ever given in the city. At Mr. Pirsson's, the piano forte maker, they played some quartets of Beethoven, in a manner which few amateurs in this country have ever had a chance of hearing. But in public their bills are mostly made up of German waltzes—injudiciously, we think. Such music is not popular here and ought not to be anywhere. The most exquisite playing in the world could not make whole evenings of it attractive to our citizens.

A new young violinist named Ikkelheimer, has just arrived from Paris. He is we believe a pupil of Vieuxtemps, and he gives promise of becoming a very great artist. But upon the only occasion when we have had an opportunity of hearing him, the instrument he used was so very unpleasant and screaming, we should have preferred lending him a better one to endeavoring to form an opinion of his merits.





William L. Garrison.

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Contents for December.

CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS,	547
LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II. By N. S. Dodge,	561
TWO LEAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY. By Lieut. John J. Hardin,*	577
MODERN IMPROVEMENTS: THE NEWSPAPER PRESS,	584
UNDINE: THE BIRTH OF A SOUL. By Henry W. Colton,	599
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KEATS. By C. A. B.,	603
HUNGARY AND THE SCLAVONIC MOVEMENT. By John M. Mackie, A.M.,	611
GHOST STORIES. By G. W. Peck,	627
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	646
CRITICAL NOTICES,	648

* Who fell in Mexico.

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CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS.

THAT the Whigs have gained the election,—not by management or corruption, but by the effect of free discussion and of the moral sentiment and enthusiasm of the people; aided by a conviction that the interests not only of the manufacturing classes, but of all who live by honest industry, either of the hand or head, required a change of policy; that it is a victory not of one section of the country, or of one class or interest over another, but of an equalized majority; that it was achieved in the face of an executive faction, proposing, as party watchwords, “the glory of our arms,” “the extension of our empire,” “the freedom of trade,” “democracy,” and other great sayings, fine catch-words in the mouths of demagogues; how and by what causes this has come about—by the operation of what sentiments, motives and convictions, is indeed an inquiry well worth the attention of every serious man, of every lover of freedom, and (for a warning sign,) of every opposer of the great course of liberty.

It will not, perhaps, be regarded as a speech of mere presumption, or of affected wisdom, to say that this remarkable victory must be attributed first to the

PUBLIC SPIRIT, the sincere patriotism of the WHIGS—exhibited in their opposition to the grounds of the war, and their advocacy of a just system of national economy and policy; and, no less, to the character of their candidates, in whom appeared those traits most admired by a free people, the traits of honor, of truth and of courage, and the wisdom of moderation, of economy and of prudence. By the joint power of their *principles*, their *measures* and their *men*, together indicating a public spirit agreeable to the bias and enthusiasm of modern and Christian freedom, the Whig party have achieved this great and singular victory.

A people of more than eighteen millions, of a temper and courage unsurpassed, richer than the wealthiest monarchy of the old world, more laborious and more enterprising than any; a nation founded like Rome by refugees, but not like Rome by robbers and assassins, composed of exiles from all lands in search of liberty and lawful happiness; such a people, self-educated, self-governed; such a people, without agitation or civil tumult, have ejected from their seats, under the forms of their constitution, a set of rulers whose policy it has been to misemploy that noble temper and manly

courage; to waste that hard-earned wealth; to depress and deny its natural protection to that unequalled industry and enterprise; to imitate the policy of a nation founded by robbers and assassins, and to convert the exiles of freedom from all lands into a community of land pirates.

Those, on the other hand, who have been chosen in their places, are men who, with the greatest distrust in their own abilities, have abjured all speculations of their own; impressed with a wise and tempered respect for the wisdom of our ancestors, they have proposed to themselves, as guides of conduct, the maxims and the principles of those of their predecessors, by whose prudent care this great and flourishing empire has grown to its present height of glory.

When, with a manly and becoming modesty, the candidate professed himself unequal to the task of governing a great nation, and suggested that the people should be permitted, as their fathers had been, to legislate for themselves, our ears, accustomed so long to the bragging accents of demagogues, would hardly receive the sounds, and we seemed only to be listening to some new kind of deception, so totally had the style of heroism and forbearance passed out of our remembrance. Our faith in the honesty of rulers had languished by the absence of examples, and the idea of power had become separated and almost naturally opposed to that of honesty. Enough, however, was left, either of the tradition, or of the instinct, of greatness, to move the hearts of the people.

Nor was that true ambition, which preferred the choice of a people to the choice of a party, less a problem to us than the modesty that would not assume a function which it could not justly use; we mistook it for the low ambition of the intriguer, who rides into power on the back of confusion. Accustomed so long to disbelieve and to distrust, we had no ears for truth; our imaginations, occupied so long with rumors of plots and deceptions, would not receive a clear unbroken image of the truth. It was too simple and dignified; the cry was, "well acted," not "well done." We waited to observe the changes, the inconsistencies, the vacillations, the anxiety, but they did not ap-

pear; confidence and trust soon took the place of suspicion.

But who were they that elected honesty and consistency in place of falsehood and deceit? The Whigs; they saw it first, and preferred it.

Honor, says Montesquieu, is the principle of monarchies, virtue that of republics; but that is an imperfect distinction; for if virtue be in the people, honor will be in the rulers. A republic, therefore, may lay claim to both these principles, of which monarchy asks but one.

"During the reigns of the Kings of Spain, of the Austrian family, whenever they were at a loss in the Spanish councils it was common for their statesmen to say, that they ought to consult the genius of Philip the Second." With our statesmen, the genius of Washington presides over sincere and difficult deliberations; the genius of the Spanish conqueror misled and deceived, has almost destroyed his nation; but the genius of Washington has so far saved and sustained ours. But who, of all that have come after him, have so nearly, and with such a close communion of spirit, taken counsel from our great founder and guide, as the candidate who, modestly professed his unwillingness to attempt to do what the Congress alone should do, and who goes into office with but two pledges, the oath to maintain, and the promise not to usurp, the powers of the Constitution?

With a President elected upon grounds so important to the people, and so respectable to himself, let us now inquire with what views of policy and principles of legislation, the party who have elected him comes into power; deducing these from a survey of their past conduct and professions.

They have elected a candidate who would give no pledges; because, by giving them, he would be compelled, in carrying them into effect, to usurp the powers of legislation, to exercise a corrupting patronage, and to put his will and opinion, adopted or conceived, in place of that of the representatives and judges of the people.

If the election be a test of their principles, the first and most characteristic of these must be, that Congress, and not the Executive, shall exercise the legislative

power, in agreement with the Constitution; which appoints a House of Representatives, to express the opinion and the policy of the people, and a Senate, to stand for the interests and rights of the governments, or States. The success of the election shows, that the majority of the nation are resolved to maintain their old law, in its original purity, and will not allow legislation to proceed from a power appointed only to execute laws. Despotism, whatever be its name or shape, is one and the same thing with the union of executive, legislative, and judicial power in one man, or in one body of men. An executive forbidding laws, or suggesting them with authority, and at the same time, influencing their construction in the courts, is a despotic executive; be it a king, a representative body, an aristocracy, a committee of public safety, or a dictator. This, then, as proved by the late election, is the first doctrine of the Whigs, that the President shall not assume the functions of a legislator, nor affect to carry out the measures of his party. If the party which elected him prevails in Congress, in the natural and constitutional order of events, he shall execute their laws: if the other party prevail, he shall execute theirs; provided, in either case, they have not violated some direct and obvious provision of the Constitution; nor have not hurried through, with an indecent haste, a question that required time and deliberation.

The Whigs, by their late successes, have therefore, not only vindicated the Constitution, and established one of its most important and democratic features on a new foundation, namely, that of the approbation of the majority; whereas, before it was not known how far the spirit of the nation might not incline toward a despotic and monarchic construction of the laws;—but they have changed the character of the great election, and put it on a new footing. It will never again be necessary for a party to select a candidate for his skill in political intrigue, and his art of managing Congress and the people. The reasons of a party choice must now be found in the superior virtue of the candidate, in his dignity, his firmness, his weight of character, his personal and moral attributes; hereafter, we are to in-

quire not of the political skill, the finesse, the favor, the adroitness, the probable bias, or the theoretic views of our candidate, but only of his fame, his courage, his eminence of character, and his fitness to moderate in the affairs of a great and peaceful empire. We are to seek henceforth, for the qualities of an Alfred, a Franklin, a Madison, and not for those of a Walpole, a Van Buren, or a Peel. Schemers, theorists, and politicians of two faces, are struck from the list, by this election. The people have recovered their courage and their self-respect; and are resolved from this time forth to make their own laws, by their own agents, under the regular forms of their old government.

So much for the first principle and corner-stone of the Whig platform, which was not made over-night, by a circle of wire-pullers, heated with a heavy supper and flowing cups, and published in a morning, like the daily news, or the face of a sycophant, modelled to the time; but rather, by the simultaneous movement of millions, over the face of the continent.

The present generation, who had come into active life within the last age, under the influences of the Jackson dynasty, could not at first understand the merit of this renunciation. They insisted upon knowing the private and speculative opinions of the candidate, as, whether he believed in such or such a tariff, permitted by some President of the Dynasty,—whether he would, if elected, extend his royal favor to those humble and meritorious citizens who live by the labor of their hands, and would permit *his* Congress, if they desired, or force them if they did not desire, to pass laws against English and French interferences. The candidate replied merely, by reiterating the doctrine of the old Whigs, that the opinions of a President could not, in any case, have the force of laws, either to forbid or to compel the adoption of particular measures; and that they were consequently “of no importance to be known to the people.” Still, numbers were dissatisfied. Those who looked upon government as merely a board of commissioners for the suppression of nuisances, and who wished to convert the White House into an office of agency for Philanthropic Associations, did not approve of

a candidate whose theoretic opinions were to be of less consequence to the nation than those of Messrs. Orators Smith, or Jones. With all their protestations and declamations about liberty and the rights of man, they betrayed a fatal ignorance of the laws, and of the tendency of events, and showed no confidence in the people; for if they had possessed that confidence, they would not have looked to a President, but to a majority in Congress, to carry out their measures; and their first desire would have been to elect a President who would so far respect the people and the Constitution, as to suffer public opinion to do its proper work in Congress. Or if they did perceive all this, they were striving to effect good ends by evil means, and to make the vice of the government serve their virtue; a virtue, indeed, which draws great suspicion upon itself when it enters into so close a league with faction, and takes falsehood to be its leader.

So much, we repeat it, for the principle of the election; an election to which the name of expediency may be applied with the greatest justice; ours is, indeed, an expedient election. Partial elections, founded on factious schemes, or on the narrow basis of a single measure, are indeed *not* expedient, as the event has shown, though the odious stigma of "availability," in a bad sense, may be very justly set upon them.

But this doctrine of the Whigs, expressed by their candidate, was not the sole cause of their success, though it well might have been, had its importance been sufficiently known to the people. Other causes, of vast moment, each sufficient of itself to concentrate the action of the party, were in operation to produce the result.

Setting aside the formidable usurpations of power, the *twenty* vetoes, the corruption, and the intrigues, there were three great points of policy in which the character of the usurping dynasty had made itself odious to the nation. These were, in its maltreatment of Mexico, its neglect of the interests of labor, and its mismanagement of the revenue: the first betraying injustice, and a disregard of the law of nations and of conscience; the second discovering a disposition to separate the interests of government from those of the people; and the third showing either a

want of knowledge of the common principles of trade, or a determination to injure and impede the business of the country.

First, then, in considering the CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS, in the late election, let us review in brief the course of conduct of the Administration, from the beginning of the war, which was at the instant of that precipitate and ill-considered measure which brought a new republic into the Union encumbered with a war with one of our natural allies.

After all that has been urged and argued against the admission of the State of Texas, there remains but one real and inevitable charge against the Administration in the conduct of that affair, and that is, that they neglected to *mediate* before they *annexed*. Previous to annexation they stood in the position of a mediator between Mexico and Texas, and might easily have adjusted all difficulties, by the payment, perhaps, of a less price than has been agreed upon for California and New Mexico.

By such a course of conduct they subjected themselves to the charge—either,

Of having committed a great error. And in the management of public affairs, where counsel is neglected, a blunder is a crime.

Or, if incapacity was not the reason of their fault, they fell next under the shame of a precipitate and hasty conduct; a want of foresight and deliberation, sufficient to render the friendship and the enmity of such a government equally undesirable.

Or, if neither of these charges hold good against them, then they must be condemned for a deliberate undertaking of the war, contrary to the system of our national policy, and contrary to the law of conscience.

It is not necessary here to enter upon any conjecture of the motives or influences which actuated the Administration, in taking this step. When the new State was annexed, its wars and the difficulties of its boundary were known to be annexed. It was the plain duty of the Administration to act as a mediator and pacificator in the first instance; and if they failed in that, and it was thought to be a point of duty and of honor to protect our citizens in Texas

against the invasion of Mexico, the next step might have been a remonstrance, to be followed, if necessary, by a display of force; as in aid of an ally, with whom we had concluded a treaty offensive and defensive. And when, by lawful methods, an honorable peace had been concluded, and Mexico persuaded into a reasonable treaty, the annexation would have followed without the disaster and miseries of a war. But by foregoing the annexation of the new State, engaged as it then was, in a quarrel with the parent republic, we embraced not only the responsibilities of a dangerous and costly alliance, but the shame and odium and enmity of a partnership in the quarrel itself; a course which brought upon us the hatred of the Mexican nation, with all its unhappy consequences. The nation did indeed partly rescue itself from the disgrace of this conduct by indemnifying Mexico at the close of the war, in a sufficient sum; receiving from her a range of territory which, there is little doubt, she would have gladly sold before the war. But for this we are to thank, not the Administration, whose entire line of policy was opposed to such a step, but the opposition in Congress, and the voice of the nation, both of whom demanded peace.

Thus it appears, that by a single instance either of neglect, or of maladministration—the neglect to mediate in a sufficiently dignified manner between Mexico and Texas, or the entrance into the petty quarrels of a neighbor—the Administration involved us in a great debt, sacrificed a considerable army, with many valuable officers, and obliged us, in mere defence of our honor, to pay for an acquisition which our neighbor would no doubt have sold us, had we applied for it at the proper time and in a proper spirit. To say that this is the most notorious instance either of incapacity, or of evil counsel, that has appeared in the history of this country, is to say nothing; there are not many instances to be found parallel with it in the history of our race.

Still, it cannot be denied that on the whole we have gained something. Not in the demonstration of our prowess, indeed; for we knew as well before the war as we do now, that we are descended from the most warlike races of the world, that the

history of our glory begins with the fall of Rome, and goes on brightening in a line of victories by land and sea, through a course of ten centuries; nor has our courage been called in question on this side the peace of 1812:—our gain lies in the wisdom of experience; in a demonstration of the soundness of the policy established by the fathers of the Revolution, and of the debts and disasters that are incurred by every departure from that policy. We have a clear evidence in the consequences of this war, that a single instance of neglect, dishonesty, or precipitation, on the part of our government, may do more mischief than an age can mend.

“We have discovered, that by an eternal law, Providence has decreed vexation to violence, and poverty to rapine. We have opened our eyes to the ill husbandry of injustice. We have found that the tyranny of a free people is of all tyrannies the most exasperating and the least to be endured.”

In estimating the causes of the late victory, it seems proper, therefore, to attribute as great weight to the one which we have just noticed, as to the one considered before it; these two, the necessity of restoring the people and their Congress a due influence in the affairs of the nation, and the odium of mal-administration in the affair of Mexico, might be deemed sufficient reasons for the change in public opinion. But there are others of perhaps equal importance.

Passing by the absurd conduct of the Administration party, in the affair of the Oregon boundary, when after insisting with a silly eagerness on the possession of an entire disputed territory, either through an ignorance of common decency, or a desire to embroil us in a quarrel with England, about wild lands, as in the Mexican business, losing to us all that superior credit of moderation and courage that would have been gained by a quiet adjustment of the difficulty in the first instance, and reflecting an irretrievable discredit upon our sense;—passing by that notoriously absurd affair, let us come to the third of those causes enumerated, namely, the separation of the interests of government from those of the nation in the system of the tariffs.

The election of the present Administration is known to have been brought about

by a deliberate deceit practised by the aspirants to office upon the people of Pennsylvania, who were assured that the candidate offered them was as great a friend to the protection of their manufactures, their mines, and their industry generally, as Mr. Clay. Now the well known doctrine and practice of the present Administration, elected by the Kane letter, is that tariffs should be merely for revenue, and if any protection comes by them, it is and must be incidental merely; that is to say, it must be *unintended*.

The doctrine of the party of that Administration is that government shall collect its revenue as is most convenient for itself, without regard to the well-being or the prosperity of the people. This doctrine applies of course to all classes of men, and all classes suffer by it; but consistent as it is with their great plan of raising the Executive Power to an independence of Congress and the People, it seems to have originated from the experience of the Jackson Administration, when those wise and far-sighted politicians distributed the treasures of the Empire in loans without security to the directors of a number of banks in various parts of the Union: telling them at the same time to make a patriotic use of the money, and on the strength of it to extend all the credit they thought fit to those who needed it. The directors fulfilled these instructions to the letter, and for every dollar of the public money issued six or seven in promissory notes of their own, based upon the private notes of a multitude of land and stock speculators in all parts of the new countries. It is a melancholy reflection, to think on the ingratitude and waste of these people, after the confidence shown them by the government; and so severe was the lesson, from that time forth, it became a maxim with the dynasty to place no confidence in the people, and never to let them finger a dollar of the public money on any account whatsoever. They resolved then, with a virtuous indignation, that the people did not deserve any help from the government, no, not if they starve for it. As their philosophy had been before in the extreme of generosity and goodness of heart, even, we regret to record, to a degree of weakness,—but who will not pardon so generous, so amiable a fault?—so, it now rose

on a sudden, Timon like, into the attitude of a dignified and stoical misanthropy. The people were no longer to be trusted; “Perish credit, perish commerce,” cried an orator in the House, but let the government keep its money at all hazards. Accordingly, a great maxim began, from that day, to dignify the measures of the dynasty. This was, that the government should pay no regard to the business of the country while engaged in collecting its revenue.

This maxim led to two results; first, to a discarding of the doctrine of protection, and a refusal in general to take the interests of agriculture, manufactures, or commerce into the account, while adjusting the tariff for revenue; and secondly, to collect all duties whatsoever in specie, depositing these collections in the iron chests of the government.

The first of these acts arose apparently from a general distrust in the honesty of the laboring or poorer classes, who are most apt to borrow money on long credit, for the purchase of lands, the stocking of farms, &c.; and the second from a moral observation on the injurious effects of gold and silver on the disposition of the people.

Accordingly, all the gold and silver in the country began to be collected at the post offices and custom houses, and the people, properly punished for their immoralities, in pursuit of these idols, had to invent a paper currency, of sixpences, shillings, &c., as a substitute.

The philosophers of the Dynasty made also another discovery of great importance to humanity, turning upon the difference of race and climate. This was, that labor ought to be divided equally among the nations. They determined, from a great and profound study of the English character and climate, that that people were particularly fitted to be manufacturers, not only because of the situation of their island, and the propriety that the greatest maritime power should command the markets of the world, but that their moral superiority entitled them to that preference; whereas the grasping, money-getting, ambitious temper of the Americans, could never be kept in check, unless they were chained to the hoe and plough, and driven by a stern and independent government into such pursuits as were a proper check on their ambition.

These philosophers had observed that the surplus wealth accumulated by farmers serves only to demoralize them, being either invested in manufactures or shipping, or spent in idle pleasures and the useless luxuries of education. This cause of national deterioration chimed in happily with their observations of the English character, which they saw was not so injuriously affected by a superabundance of wealth. They therefore proposed, that the farmers of America should be restricted in their gains to such profits as might happen from time to time by a European famine; and if they should be led by such a circumstance to produce a surplus of corn and pork, and the price of their produce should so far fall as to give them no profit, that also would have a good effect in checking their unreasonable eagerness for gain.

Moreover, it was a part of this system, that the establishment of manufactures in the neighborhood of farms and villages affords too easy and rapid a means of accumulating wealth; for in that case the farmer, having a population of operatives directly at his door, eating his wheat and pork and potatoes, would become independent and insolent—set himself up to read newspapers, frequent political meetings, and criticise the conduct of the government; a condition which a stern and independent executive ought not to tolerate; for if things were to go on in that way, all dignity and power would be soon lost to the rulers, and the influence falling into the hands of the multitude, the country would be ruined.

In this way then they reasoned. "If we allow manufactures to increase in this country, they will prevail to that degree that a third if not a half of the population will by and by be interested in them, which would be a great calamity. For if the farmers have this immense market of ten millions of persons opened to them, their sons will stay at home and accumulate wealth, instead of going to the West to people the new territories which our glorious conquests will by and by add to the Union. We who know how important it is to keep farm labor low, and widely scattered, need no arguments to convince us of this. Population would double in the Northern States and would remain there, to the detriment of the newly

conquered territories. Where hamlets are, would by and by be villages. Where villages, manufacturing towns. Where towns, trading cities. Who knows too, whether the balance of power might not pass entirely out of our hands if we suffer these things?"

In conclusion, our philosophers resolved that England should do all our manufacturing, and that the surplus wealth of the farmer and small planter should be spent in the expenses of transporting grain and other raw material to England, or in the profits of English importing houses. They consequently agreed that trade ought to be free, in order that England might continue to supply us with manufactures, and we her with bread, whenever there happened to be a famine. And when there was no famine, we might buy English goods with gold and silver, and so diminish the quantity of those pernicious metals in the country. Besides, as some of these philosophers were cotton-growers, their scheme gave the wiser and more philosophic part of the community a just advantage over mere hoers and ploughers; for as England must have cotton, there would always be something to exchange with her for her manufactures, even when there was no famine.

If these philosophers did not reason in this manner, they at least advised the conclusions of such reasoning as rules of conduct. For in 1846, the Administration forced a tariff through Congress, by which the manufacturing interests were nearly destroyed, and the producing interests brought to a very low pitch. By the peculiar operation of this tariff, which is adjusted to rise or fall with the prices of the commodities taxed, that great disease of trade, fluctuation in price, is increased to an extraordinary degree. For not only is the price of *articles* variable, occasioning the usual distresses and hindrances of business incident to other disturbances, but the duty itself varies so as to augment the variation in the price. By this adjustment *ad valorem*, to the value, a fall in price is accompanied by a proportionate one in the duty. The consumer being thus tempted to the purchase of a foreign commodity by extraordinary cheapness, a competition by home products becomes impossible, and the

manufacturers of course are ruined. But when in the order of events the price rises, the duty rises with it, and an extraordinary cheapness is followed by an extraordinary dearness. By the first condition the home producer and by the second the consumer is oppressed. Confidence is impaired. Three fourths of the importations being at the risk and under the entire control of British exporting capitalists, no man can tell from month to month what to look for—when the market will be deluged, or when it will be scant, when foreign goods will be cheap or when they will be dear—the control over these circumstances being wholly in the breast of British merchants and manufacturers.

This system of subjecting our markets to the control of foreign traders works evil in such a number of ways, and disturbs and chokes up so many channels of prosperity, it would require a volume to contain their mere enumeration. Suffice then to mention a few only, of the most important.

The first effect of the lowness, but chiefly of the uncertainty, of the prices of foreign goods and their duties, is to destroy confidence in all investments in mines and manufactures. Capital, diverted from its natural channels, either lies unemployed or ceases to exist. The surplus population of the mining and agricultural districts, instead of engaging side by side with the farmer in fashioning their wool, cotton, and flax, and in that process consuming the surplus of the farmer's grain and pork, wanders off to the new regions of the West to contend there with poverty, ignorance, and disease, employed in the hard and profitless labor of pioneers; when in the natural order of events, they should be enjoying a comfortable life in villages and towns in the older States.

But that is not all. The farmers left behind are soon borne down and impoverished by the flood of produce poured over them from the West, where their sons and brothers have gone, to compete with and to destroy them. Could a large part of them engage in new occupations, in mines and manufactures, the remainder might be able to sustain themselves, with the assistance of the markets opened for them in the manufacturing towns. But the policy of the government forbids; and

they are compelled to struggle on oppressed with debt and misery, earning a miserable pittance from a soil which they have no means of improving, and which grows poorer and poorer by that want from year to year. Such is a true picture of the condition of vast numbers of small farmers and planters in the Atlantic States.

As far as these unfortunate agriculturists are aware of their own misery, and of its causes,—and it is hard to believe them ignorant of truths so simple and so obvious,—it is not difficult to account for their decision against the policy of the Administration. They knew that Western competition had destroyed, and must forever destroy their hopes of competency. They knew that European famines, even, could not benefit them much, since in the very year of the famine a surplus of food was produced more than double what was wanted to supply the foreign markets. They read in the newspapers, that England was constantly inclosing waste lands and improving her own agriculture. That famines would not often occur. That their only hope was either to establish a protective system, and by that means raise the price of food and provide a market at their own doors, or to sell out or give away their miserable farms and emigrate to the prairies, there to begin life anew, contending with all the miseries and discouragements of a recommencement. It was, therefore, not at all to be wondered at, that in casting their vote they should have cast it for a protective policy, with a view to provide a market for their products.

Nor is it at all remarkable that great numbers of the cotton-growers of the South should have shown by the results of this election how little they approved the policy of the government. The greatest good fortune that could happen to them, would be, to have a Manchester brought to them, or erected within reach of them; to which they could send their cotton, saving the cost of a shipment. Still more, if a second Manchester could be erected near them, and double the quantity of the produce be consumed by these *two* Manchesters. It was therefore very reasonable that such of them as knew this, should vote for the erection of several Manchesters, in Massachusetts, in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Georgia, in

the Carolinas and in Ohio. While the Manchesterers in New England were in operation, their cotton brought them ten cents; when these, as at present, were broken down, it brought them but six cents, and even less. This was a very solid and simple reason for giving the Whigs a victory.

But there were other arguments operating on the minds of cotton-growers.

The early substitution of negro for white slaves in the southern colonies, compelled them to confine their attention in a great measure to the cultivation of such products as are profitable only when cultivated by negroes, whose physical constitution and natural indolence enable them to endure the hot and unhealthy climate of the South. Though the negro requires less for his subsistence, he is notwithstanding a more expensive farm laborer than the free white man, though perhaps a better one than the white man enslaved. For while he consumes, it may be, a fourth less of food and clothing, he accomplishes at least a third less work. It is even very probable that a free white farm laborer working for wages, will accomplish double the work of a black slave. But by this very activity he is disqualified for the labor of rice, cane, and cotton fields; while the indolence and mental sluggishness of the negro enable him to live, performing moderate tasks, with abundance of sleep and rest.

This condition of things precludes the accumulation of wealth by the planter, excepting in the cultivation of such products as cannot be grown by the labor of free white men. The institution of slavery is not, however, confined to those districts where slave labor is profitable. Over wide regions of the South, where white labor would be far more profitable than that of slaves, as in Kentucky, the interior of Virginia, and the upland and table land of the continent generally, in the South and West, where the climate is free from miasma and is not visited with the alternate damps and heats of a sea-coast summer in the South, it has also an existence. In these regions the proportion of slaves to freemen is steadily diminishing, and the white population of poor laborers feel aggrieved by the presence of slaves among them, because it is repugnant to the natural pride of a free citizen to work side by side with slaves subject to the lash.

The honor and merit of industry is taken away by such a relation, and no free man of spirit will endure it. Slaves themselves are quick to see the dishonor of such a condition, and they do not pretend to conceal their contempt for white laborers. The poorer white population of the interior are therefore extremely desirous of a change. They wish by some means, either by the entire removal of the negro population, with whom, be they slave or free, they have in general too much natural pride to engage in gross labor; or by the introduction of new and more profitable occupations, such as those of mines and manufactures, in which the slave cannot be placed in rivalry with them, to better their condition. Even if the lower drudgery of manufactures, such as the attendance upon machines, and the transportation of loads, were given to negroes, there would still be occupation in the higher departments of business, for free white men, were a new field opened for industry in manufactures and mines.

Nor are the owners of unprofitable plantations less interested in this change. The markets being already overstocked with cotton and with corn, and the hemp and tobacco lands exhausted, they cease to accumulate wealth. Rice and sugar can be grown only in certain districts. They are therefore in the condition of capitalists whose money is invested at a low and variable rate of interest. Such of them as had hopes of employing their useless negroes, to whom they were too much attached by habit and affection, to send them to a Texas or New Orleans slave market, and whom both interest and humanity forbid their turning into the woods to starve, (for the negro turned loose in the woods of North America, cannot live like the freed slave of Jamaica, or Domingo, on the fruits of trees, or like the barbarians of Africa, but must either perish of famine or live like the aborigines, by hunting, being destitute both of the energy and the capital of the Western white emigrants,)—those impoverished planters must look with the greatest eagerness and anxiety to the least shadow of a plan for bettering their own condition and finding a new employment for their laborers. It is, therefore, not at all remarkable, that numbers of them

cast their vote at the late election in favor of a policy calculated to provide a market for the produce of their farms. A policy which, though it may for a few years add somewhat to the personal expenses of the masters, in the matter of a few dollars more for a fine broadcloth coat or a pair of French boots, must increase the value of their lands to an amount an hundred times exceeding such trivial losses, and what is of equal moment to their minds, provide means of education and employment for their slaves and children: the first of whom they are now driven to sell, and the second to colonize in the barbarous regions of New Mexico and Texas.

The governing power of the Empire had been pretty equally divided between the North and the South. Since the adoption, however, of the usurping policy so much in vogue with many southern legislators for the last twenty years, that respect and confidence so freely given to the counsels of the South by their northern brethren, has been in large part withheld. Only those legislators of the South who have shown a knowledge not only of the true interests of the country, but of their own interests; and who have set their faces against plans of disunion, of conquest, and of the extension of institutions which already encumber and impoverish them, have retained the confidence of the people, and have kept that high and honorable position which they held as the successors of Jefferson, of Madison, and of Washington.

That the influence of these liberal and powerful minds should have been thrown into the scale in support of the present candidate was indeed to be expected. They did not inquire whether he would, or would not, assist in extending the institution of slavery; all they asked from him, was a pledge that he would not interfere with the will of Congress and the people. That pledge he gave, and he received in consequence their cordial support.

In this enumeration of the causes of the success of the Whigs, at the late election, we have shown by what considerations so many of the planters and agriculturists of the older States were induced to give the Whig candidate their support. We have yet to extend the enumeration over the votes given by the commercial

classes, and by those who are concerned in banking, and in the larger operations of trade.

First, then, for the reasons of the support given to the Whig candidate by the commercial classes. The inland commerce of the country by roads, railroads, and canals, which gives subsistence to great numbers of boatmen, mechanics, and persons engaged in employments connected with trade and transportation, depends in great measure for its life and importance upon the larger commerce of the great northern lakes, the southern and western rivers, and the ports of the sea-coast. For the protection and encouragement of maritime commerce, the government expends annually a vast sum, exceeding eight millions of dollars; and in time of war would not hesitate to spend an hundred millions, if needed, in a naval armament. The harbors of the ports of entry where ships congregate, are protected by costly fortifications, in which a standing army is maintained in time of peace. All this cost is incurred for the protection of an inferior branch of commerce; for it is well known that the trade of the great lakes and rivers already exceeds in importance, and must soon be of ten times the magnitude of the maritime trade. And yet such are the odd and ridiculous prejudices of the Dynasty, that while they willingly spend millions on their maritime commerce, they grudge a dollar towards that of lakes and rivers; on which, much more than upon that of the sea, the internal prosperity and wealth of the country is dependent.

This unaccountable parsimony of the Dynasty, is also set off in fine relief by the freedom with which they voted the expenditure on the war with Mexico. The pretence and sole excuse for that war was to increase the wealth of the Union: but so far from increasing it, it must be half a century at least before it shall have paid, if it ever pays, the cost of its acquisition. But when it is understood that an hundred millions expended upon harbors and rivers for the benefit of western, northern and southern commerce, would inevitably add three times its own value to the business of the country, and that too in a few years, the contrast between the profes-

sions and the practice of the Dynasty becomes not only absurd, but even ludicrous, if we did not seem to see, at the bottom of it all, jealousies and hatreds the most dark and bitter, and a black ambition at work that would sacrifice the welfare of the people to gratify its aspirations.

No wonder, therefore, that the commercial classes voted in great numbers for a candidate who goes into office pledged not to interfere with the action of Congress, if that body think it just and proper that the commerce of the interior should receive at least equal protection with maritime commerce.

The representatives of the people passed a bill for the protection of the River and Lake commerce. By the provisions of this bill a moderate expenditure was allowed for the creation of harbors on the great lakes, for the protection of that commerce in corn, pork, and other commodities by which the farmers of the West are supplied with money and manufactures from the East. The Administration vetoed this bill, though it was proved by the best evidence that its passage would be the means of perhaps doubling the trade between the East and West. The reasons given for its extinction were grounded upon a general opposition to the entire scheme of internal improvements: agreeably to that misanthropical philosophy which was adopted by the Dynasty, after the results of their great experiment with the government funds in the time of their founder. They had concluded from that experiment that government should never again extend aid in any shape to the people. And now they thought that if the farmers of Wisconsin wish to have harbors built for their produce upon the lake shores of New York, why, those farmers might build these harbors themselves: and then, if it was answered that they were poor men, and had no money, they would reply, if they said anything, that that was none of their business; that it was no business of government to be looking after the affairs of the country. That the duty of the government of a great Empire under a great and stern Dynasty, was to be looking to the affairs of its neighbors; snapping up bits, corners, and angles of

territory, here and there, on this side and on that; so as to make the empire of a pleasant shape, to look pleasant on a map of the world. This was the substance of all they could say in reply to those who inquired of them the reason why the Administration refused the farmers of the West the privilege of a harbor for their produce on the shores of Lake Ontario. They gave the same answer to those of them whose position obliged them to send their corn by the great rivers of the West; in which a vast quantity is annually sunk and ruined by snags and other obstructions, to the great loss of those who engage in the transportation of goods. They would not be meddling in the matter, they said: it was the business of a great empire to be making glorious wars, and sending armies into the field; and not to be debasing itself with this miserable log sawyer's job, to fill the pockets of a set of corn-growers and sugar-planters. If they wanted a port or a river conquered from Mexico or from England, on the other edge of the continent, they had no objections, but would send a troop forthwith, armed with rifles to secure it; but as for sending an army of Irish laborers, armed with saws, spades, and pickaxes, to remove logs and sandbars from rivers, or to dig out harbors, and pile breakwaters on the lakes, they thought it not only a dirty, ungentlemanly business, unworthy the ambition of a glorious Administration, but they had great suspicions it might be unconstitutional. These arguments, put forth, indeed, in a language and style of great dignity, which we dare not attempt to imitate, were all that could be offered against the River and Harbor bill.

When the great doctrine of our philosophers,—that the government of a country must never meddle with the affairs of that country, but only with the affairs of its neighbors; that it must not attempt either to educate, enrich, or protect its own citizens, but must freely engage in subduing, civilizing, protecting and enriching the citizens of neighboring nations,—when this doctrine first appeared, the more sensible part of our citizens paid very little heed to it; for it was not given out in a single, distinct proposition as above, but in disjointed parts and fragments, in the speeches of the orators of

the Dynasty ; wherein, of all other places, it would be least likely to be seen by a reading and reflecting public. It had been felt, but had not been clearly remarked, that ever since that beneficent act of the Hero, the giving of the public money to the banks, the stoical philosophy had been adopted as a system ; and that a great and stern Administration should never trust the people in any particular, or extend aid to them in their affairs, began not only to seem philosophically reasonable, in the private thoughts of the hangers-on, and organ-grinders, and wire-movers of the government, but was in very truth the practical maxim of the Administration ; that it guided them to the opinion that Congress ought to have as little regard paid to it as possible, and should be snubbed and diminished of its authority on all occasions ; for, being a kind of real presence of the people set up under the nose of the executive, it was constantly infected with the feelings, prejudices and interests of the populace, whom it behooved an imperial administration to govern and not to serve. That the interests of the farming and cotton-planting population were as little to be regarded ; for if government should listen to every suggestion of interest that came to it, it would have its hands full indeed, and at last be turned into a mere agent of the people, in derogation of its high dignity as a conquering Power. That a corrupt, grasping, avaricious set of merchants and dealers, should look to their own affairs, and by no means pretend to solicit aid from a government occupied in preserving the *balance* of the world, a task arduous indeed, since that it alone on this side of the world having any power or resources, it must rival in its enterprises all those of Europe put together, and weigh down its side of the globe with conquests and acquisitions unimaginably extended. That it was quite idle for the people of the United States to be engaging in manufactures ; the superior industry and ingenuity of England being already well occupied in that, and it was unphilosophical to have more than one great manufacturing people. If the farmers and planters of the Atlantic States cannot compete with the West, that is all in the course of nature ; they had an equal

chance, and was a government to be boosting them with tariffs ? That if protective tariffs should be granted for a few years, the country would be deluged with all sorts of cheap manufactures, and our intercourse with England very much diminished. That there would be an injurious abundance of wealth, which would lead to vice and idleness. That Democratic institutions flourished best when difficulties were created for the virtue of the people to contend with, the strife against depressing circumstances being a fine whet to the edge of private virtue. Other considerations were offered, as, that if the power of a rival manufacturing people were suffered to grow to too great a height on this side of the water, there might be danger of disturbing the balance of power in Europe, to the detriment of England, a matter which the Imperial Administration has greatly at heart. That as the trade in English goods to this country was almost entirely in the hands of English houses, who send their goods through commission houses taking the risk and profit themselves, it would betray a petty jealousy of them, to set up the interests of a million of mere laborers, a mob of mechanics, against these great capitalists. But this revulsion of feeling against the people carried the Dynasty still further, and led them to condemn and thwart the whole system of credit, by which the poorer classes who have no money are enabled to get occupation, and carry on enterprises which would never have been thought of in another country. As the working of this system is very interesting and remarkable, it will not, perhaps, be esteemed a loss of time to spend a few sentences in explanation of it, and to show in how odious a light it must appear to a stern and philosophic Administration.

It will always happen that some individuals in a community will have a little more money than they wish to use for the immediate purposes of life. This money will perhaps be a quantity of gold and silver laid by in a chest. Now, as the value of gold and silver is given to it by its use as a "tool of trade," an instrument for facilitating the exchange of one kind of goods or labor for some other kind, it has no value,—it yields no return,—when locked up, or buried in the earth. The community will

not pay me for keeping my surplus gold and silver locked up in a chest, but they will pay me for the use of it, as they would for the use of a horse, or a plough, if I will lend it to them and suffer it to go from hand to hand in the market. Money was coined by the government for *circulation*, just as a plough was made for ploughing.

In order, therefore, that the hoarded money of individuals may pass into circulation, depositories of it, called banks, are instituted, into which the hoards of individuals are poured, either as temporary deposits which they draw upon as they need, or as permanent deposits in the shape of stock, for which they are to be paid by the community;—and in the following manner:

A farmer, let us say, has a piece of land, but has no funds to buy seed corn with, or to purchase stock, or build a house. The corn and stock dealer is a poor man, and cannot wait until harvest to take his interest, or usance, and he does not care to be paid in corn, or in chickens. The farmer, therefore, goes to a neighbor and gets him to endorse a note for him, to be paid after the harvest. But the corn dealer does not want a note; he wants currency,—money; the note is a private affair, and is of no use to him. He therefore puts his own name on the back of the note and goes to the bank with it; and the bank lends him the useless money that has been deposited there by the community at large to be put in circulation. The bank knows that harvest time must come, or at least that the endorsers are in good business, and will pay, barring extraordinary accidents. In exchange, therefore, for this note of which the community know nothing, and which is too large for currency, the bank gives a number of notes of its own, conveniently small, in which the community have entire confidence, and which they will use as money; the bank guaranteeing the payment in gold and silver if it is wanted, being paid for this guarantee and the trouble, a certain increase, usance or interest, just as the lender of seed corn would be paid out of the increase of the grain he lent. Thus it appears that a bank has two offices—*first*, to collect the hoarded gold and silver of the community and keep it ready for circulation like

a reservoir, for every man's use; and *second*, to convert the private credit of one man to another into a currency for the community at large; in short, to convert a private inconvenience into a public benefit.

By this system of banks a kind of community of goods is established; the hoards of individuals are gleaned up and poured back into the markets, and the ends for which government coins specie are carried out to a degree almost of perfection. Moreover, by this system the surplus profits of every man are made serviceable to his neighbor, and the poor, but industrious and honest citizen is placed on an almost equal footing with the rich capitalist who has his chests full of gold and silver. To this system alone may be attributed that wonderful equalization of means and resources which has covered our continent with independent citizens, which has cleared millions of acres of forest, which has made rivers like highways, which has employed the labor of the famishing emigrants of Europe, which has swelled the population of this country from two to twenty-one millions in a century, which has increased our wealth until it now exceeds by two hundred millions annually the united wealth of Great Britain and Ireland.

A philosophical Administration are, nevertheless, violently opposed to this credit system; they see great evils in its abuse. They know that the abuses of the banking system are very injurious to the country. They know this from the most direful experience, having tried their own hand at lending the government funds without adequate security. This experience, chiming in with their philosophical views of human nature in general, have set them against banks, and in general against all the means adopted by men of business for keeping up a circulation of gold and silver in the smaller channels of business. Though they continue every year to coin gold and silver in small round pieces at a great cost, they take care to keep it together in large masses and to lock it up from individuals. To prevent a too free and rapid circulation of specie, they take care not to fall in with the system of credit in any shape. "Perish credit," they cry, while they pro-

vide great hoarding chests, and put into them the millions of gold and silver collected per force in that shape from the importers; who, to fill these government hoards, are obliged to draw the gold and silver from the reservoirs where it was deposited by the community; so that the man who puts a thousand dollars in gold into the vault of a bank, thinking that from that point it will flow out through all the channels of trade, hears the day after that it has all gone into the hoarding box of the government, to lie there perhaps three months unused, when the community are so much in want of it they would willingly pay an hundred dollars to have it in circulation for that time. But the evil does not stop here. The bankers, whose business it is to convert private notes into a public currency, which is a good and safe substitute for gold and silver, cannot do this unless they have a proportionate quantity of specie in their vaults, and for every thousand of gold and silver drawn from their vaults they are obliged to refuse to convert three thousand of private notes into current notes. Thus when the government thus indirectly draws a million from the banks of New York, which happens whenever there is a great arrival of foreign dutiable goods, they effectually stop three millions of currency from the smaller channels of the markets. Thus all kinds of business are impeded; nobody has any money to pay their small debts; the small dealers either stop entirely or cease to make profits, while the great capitalists who have money enough, go on and make large profits, and the brokers in Wall street make fortunes by lending at

exorbitant interest. By this arrangement of the government every importation from Europe is not only made ruinous to the manufacturers, whose distresses are doubled by foreign competition and want of a currency to pay their workmen, but it throws a damp over every species of enterprise, from the publication of reviews (as we are well aware) to the growing of corn and the digging of canals. The whole business of this continent is thus made subject to the whim of the English importing houses, who can make money plenty or scarce as they see fit; and as there is less and less money, and less and less manufactures, they send more and more goods to flood the market, draw specie from the banks, to choke their own and all other profits, and to keep the whole system of society in a perpetual fret and agitation.

Upon the whole, but particularly when we consider this last result of the philosophy of our great Administration, what with the unjust beginning and ridiculous end of the Mexican and Oregon affairs, what with the attempt to change the whole system of our business, the denial of protection and aid to all branches of industry except maritime commerce, and that principally for the protection of English importing houses; what with, in fine, the whole odious catalogue of errors, blunders, lies and meddlesome experiments; what with all this, and the forbearance and noble spirit of our candidate and his friends, it seems to be a matter rather of congratulation than of astonishment that the Whigs have achieved so easy and so complete a victory.

LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II.*

IN the life of Pope, written by Mr. Bowles and published in the year 1806, it is said, that Lord Hervey wrote the *Memoirs of his own time*, leaving strict injunctions with his executors that they were not to be published until after the decease of George III. It seems now that such was not the fact, the injunction not to publish having proceeded from a son of Lord Hervey. Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, who, perceiving that the *Memoirs* were written with great freedom, forbade out of motives of delicacy and duty, that they should ever see the light until two generations, at least, had passed off from the stage. More than the prescribed limits, one hundred and ten years in fact, have elapsed since Lord Hervey completed his manuscript; the actors during the reign of George II. have long since taken their places in the niches of history; the direct male line of the family of Hanover completed its drama in the morning of our day, when the old men around us were first stepping upon the threshold of active life, and the middle-aged were busy in the plays of the school-ground; and the earnest present of the Georgian era, with its wit and learning, its eloquence and poetry, its state and splendor, its fair women and brave men, has long since been hushed into the stillness of the silent past. The time then has come at length, when the *Memoirs* of Lord Hervey—first announced to the world by Horace Walpole, in his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, published in 1757; desiderated by Lord Hailes in his compilation of the *Opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough*, who, in his lamentation over the fashion of destroying original papers during the eighteenth cen-

tury, rejoices that "much which was then in doubt would be made clear, should the writings of Lord Hervey ever see the light;" and alluded to with an ill suppressed curiosity by every historian of the reign of the second George—the time then has come at length, when, without personal offence or public impropriety, they may be given to the world.

The *Memoirs* are preceded by a prefatory and biographical notice of the noble author, written by the editor, John Wilson Croker, who prepared and published an edition of Lady Hervey's letters in 1821. The original manuscript, as it now exists, was committed to his hand by the present Marquis of Bristol, nephew to the late Earl of Bristol, and grand nephew to the author of the *Memoirs*. Mr. Croker describes the MS. as being wholly in autograph, remarkable for its clearness and legibility, and complete as it came from the author, with the exception of several chasms, indicated by * * upon the printed page, *occasioned by former possessors having destroyed several sheets here and there, that appear to have contained additional details of the dissensions in the royal family*. He thinks that these omissions are not, upon the whole, to be regretted; that they have spared us much scandal; and that they have not essentially diminished the historical value of the work. Now, with all deference to Mr. Croker's apology for his noble employer and his most noble ancestors, we take the liberty of expressing an opinion entirely contrary to his upon this subject. We can discover no possible ground in the whole chapter of rights, upon which one of Lord Hervey's literary executors, in any generation

* *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his accession to the death of Queen Caroline.* By John, Lord Hervey. Edited from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1848.

since his day, could have been justified in mutilating a manuscript of veritable history. The expunged portions contained, undoubtedly, the true narrative of the difficulties which existed between Frederick Prince of Wales, and his royal parents, from the day he first landed in England until his decease, and the causes which produced them,—a secret, unparalleled in all modern history, which neither contemporaneous writings, nor tradition, have ever satisfactorily unlocked. We agree with Lord Hailes, when speaking upon this very subject, that to destroy the records of genuine history is a relic of barbarism unpardonable to the last degree, and that they who suppress memorials of truth, “do all that they can to leave the history of the eighteenth century in darkness.”

Mr. Croker has also made some alterations from the original MS., with which, however, as they pertain mainly to the correction of lax and antiquated orthography, the suppression of indelicate expressions, and the substitution of more decent equivalents, we do not feel disposed to find much fault; still we cannot but regard *even this* as a matter of very serious question. Waiving the subject of orthography, as of comparatively little consequence, we should like to ask how far the prevailing taste of any particular age, present or future, has a right to go in its demands for the revision, alteration and expurgation of ancient manuscripts? What would be thought of an expurgated edition of Shakspeare, for example, emended and corrected according to the most approved notions of a New York Blue Stocking Club? Or of a revised edition of Dean Swift's writings, by the Cincinnati Moral Reform Society? Or of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, rendered fit for beginners by a grandmother? The truth is, there is great danger in these days of over-delicacy about language, and over-carelessness about sentiment,—for such is the character of nine-tenths of the fictitious publications of the last ten years,—there is great danger of indulging the scruples of refinement to the manifest hurt of historical truth. If we would know what other generations before us *were*, if we would possess a true idea of individual character and national manners as they really existed, we must take them as they

are, even at the expense of strict decorum; and if the oral and written intercourse of the purest men and women who lived a hundred years ago was of a character to shock our delicacy, so undoubtedly were oftentimes the manners which they cultivated and the dresses which they wore; to banish the one of which from the descriptions of the poet, or the other from the portraits of the limner, would be no less absurd, than to insist upon the dialect of the present day being used in their conversation.

Lord Hervey was the eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, daughter of Lady Howard, and granddaughter and heiress of the third Earl of Suffolk. The readers of Horace Walpole's letters may remember several complimentary allusions to Carr, Lord Hervey, an elder brother of the author of the *Memoirs*, by the first wife of the Earl of Bristol. Horace says, “that he was reckoned to have had parts superior to his more celebrated brother,” a remark incidentally confirmed by Pope, who, in one of his sarcastic sallies towards the second Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of his *Dunciad*, professes the pleasure with which he pays to the memory of the first, “the debt he owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived the family of as much wit and humor as he left behind him in any branch of it.” With all his intellect and agreeability, Carr, Lord Hervey, seems to have been a man of great laxity of principle. Lady Louisa Stuart speaks of him, in her introduction to the works of Mary Wortley Montagu, as a person of great talents and great vices, and adds also, under certainly the strongest corroborative testimony, the very curious fact, that *he was undoubtedly the father of Horace Walpole*. If there were no evidence in the *Memoirs* before us of the truth of this, in the almost incredible laxity of Sir Robert Walpole's conjugal relations, connected with the well-known assertion of Lady Mary, that “the wife of Sir Robert was one of the very few women who always retained the friend after she had lost the lover,” it certainly affords the most satisfactory explanation of those strange eccentricities of Horace's mind and character, which, so utterly dissimilar to his own family, were yet close akin to the Bristol

stock, which Lady Mary immortalized by her division of the human species into *Men, Women, and Hervey's*.

Lord Hervey's early education seems to have been of the most thorough kind. The hope of the family after the death of his brother, the comfort and support of a superior and judicious mother, and the main reliance of many personal friends of his father, whose early retracy from court had been deeply regretted by the party to which he belonged, his early promise was cherished and cultivated by all the appliances which rank and wealth could evoke. After a successful completion of academic studies, and having made the usual tour of the Continent, the young nobleman attached himself to the court of the Prince and Princess at Richmond, where he soon became a great personal favorite. At this period Pope and his literary friends were in great favor at this young court, of which, in addition to the handsome and clever Princess herself, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, and Miss Lepell, with Lords Chesterfield, Bathurst, Scarborough, and Hervey, were the chief ornaments. Perhaps the world has rarely seen more of beauty, gaiety, wit, elegance, taste, and refinement than were to be found in the galaxy of the Prince and Princess of Wales during the last years of George I. Pope, the wit and poet of the circle, warmed into a new life by the smiles of royal courtesy, was never tired in after days, when the sunshine of favor had been withdrawn, of satirizing the follies in the midst of which he had basked. In the outset he had courted the acquaintance of Lord Hervey, and an intimacy had sprung up between them and their joint friend, Lady Mary, which promised to be perpetual. Alas, for the mutability of human love, that he should have become the bitterest enemy of the former, and have given ample occasion to the latter to realize the truth of Congreve's mourning bride, when she declares that

"Earth hath no curse, like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

How far the quarrel with Lord Hervey induced Pope's subsequent rupture with Lady Mary, we are not informed. It has been often ascribed to the rivalry of the

gentlemen for the good graces of the lady; but besides the improbability of Lady Mary's tact failing her in a matter of gallantry concerning herself, in all points of which it was her pride and boast to give denials without offence and favors without jealousy, we can trace no evidence for, and some little against the statement. Lady Mary told Spence her own version of the quarrel, and he relates it thus in his *Anecdotes*:—

"I have got fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters by me. You shall see what a goddess he makes of me in them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, *without any reason that I know of*. I got a third person to ask him why he left off visiting me: he answered, negligently, that he went as often as he used to do. I then asked Dr. Arbuthnot to get from him what Lady Mary had done to him. He said that Lady Mary and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together—(and I do not remember that we ever were together with him in our lives)—to write a satire on certain persons; that he refused it, and that this had occasioned the breach between us."

The estrangement between Pope and Lord Hervey commenced in 1725, two years before the decease of George I., but it was greatly increased in bitterness two years later, when the new court, to which Lord Hervey soon gave in his adhesion, discarded its old friends, and continued Walpole at the head of the government. Whatever may have been its cause will probably now never be known. Lord Hervey was not unlike Pope, in many characteristics of mind and heart, and especially in that nervous irritability so common to men of a poetical temperament, the *genus irritabile ratum*. Floating together upon the surface of a life, the brilliancy of which was made up of sententious witticisms and sparkling repartees, lively tittle-tattle and biting pasquinades, and, to a certain degree, rivals for ladies' favors and courtly smiles, it was not wonderful that a disagreement should spring up between them, which should at last grow into open hostility. Where the public quarrel commenced, or who was the first aggressor, it is difficult to tell. In Pope's "*Miscellanies*," published in 1727; in his first edition of the "*Dunciad*," published in 1728; and in some lighter pieces published subsequently,

there are bitter allusions to Lord Hervey, either by the use of his initials, or under a fictitious name. These are slight, however, compared with an attack made jointly upon him and Lady Mary, in one of Pope's Imitations of the Satires of Horace, where he dubs Hervey as *Lord Fanny*, and Lady Mary as *Sappho*, in couplets offensive to all decency, and alike disgraceful to the writer and the publisher. Retaliation followed from both the parties attacked, and counter-retaliation from the poet, until the warfare became tedious and disgusting. As a specimen of the bitterness of the parties, we subjoin two quotations, made by Mr. Croker from the published satires :—

"So much for Pope,—nor this I would have said,

Had not the spider first his venom shed :
For, the *first stone* I ne'er unjustly cast,
But who can blame the hand which throws the
last !

And if one common foe the wretch has made
Of all mankind—the folly on his head."

In his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, published in 1734, Pope took occasion to immortalize the personal foibles, the faults, weaknesses and vanity of Lord Hervey, in one of the most brilliant and popular sallies of mingled invective and sarcasm ever published.

P. Let Sporus tremble—

A. What ! that thing of silk ?
Sporus ! that mere white curd of ass's milk ?
Satire or sense, alas, can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings !

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes nor beauty ne'er enjoys ;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks ;

Or at the *ear of Eve*, familiar toad !
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
And he himself one vile antithesis."

But to return to Lord Hervey. In the

midst of the fascinating society of the Prince's court, he soon found a new attraction in the person and mind of Miss Lepell, daughter and heiress of Brigadier General Nicholas Lepell. Of the virtues of the character of Miss Lepell, as well as of the charms of her person and face, we have abundant testimony, not only from Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Chesterfield, and others, friends of Lord Hervey, but even from his avowed enemies, one of whom, Pope, goes out of his way to compliment and eulogize *her*, that his satire upon the husband might be the keener. Gay wrote :

"Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, fair Lepell ;"

and a celebrated ballad of the day thus eulogizes the happy pair :

"For Venus had never seen bedded

So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey, the handsome, was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell."

Mr. Croker says :—

"To her more solid merits as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, we have the earlier, and nearer, and more valuable testimony of Lord Bristol, who seems to have been enchanted, not more by the brilliant than the amiable qualities of his daughter-in-law, and to have endeavored with a growing affection and admiration to render less irksome to her the occasional vivacities of his Countess—a lady of considerable talents, a very lively but not equable temper, and of so ready and sharp a wit, that in one of her letters she triumphantly tells Lord Bristol that she had answered some impertinencies at court so cleverly, that the Queen said 'she saw that Lord Hervey had derived his talent for repartee from his *mother*.'"

In 1725, Lord Hervey was returned from Burg as member of Parliament, and, following the lead of the young court, joined vigorously in the opposition. At the accession of George II. however, when the new King foiled all the expectations of his long-tried friends, and, selecting Walpole as Prime Minister, began to follow out the measures of the former reign, Hervey deserted Pulteney and the clique of the Craftsmen, so called from a violent party paper of that name, and accepting a pension of £1000 per annum, came out in

favor of the ministry. Distinguishing himself no less by the vigor and logic of his pen, a talent of no small account in that day of powerful and searching political discussion, than by the terseness and completeness of his speeches, he soon rose to the first rank among the supporters of the ministers, though honored with no *place* by the King. This became at length a great source of dissatisfaction between himself and the party with whom he acted, and even threatened a rupture of their friendly relations. Brought forward, however, by the force of circumstances, as a sort of exponent of the party, in a gross attack upon Walpole, which appeared in the "*Craftsman*," he was forced into a duel with Pulteney, the great opponent of Walpole, from which he came off with considerable reputation. His demands for office could no longer be refused, and in 1727, he became Vice Chamberlain to the King, from which date the chief interest of the *Memoirs* begins.

Before we leave the personal history of Lord Hervey to examine the subject of his *Memoirs*, it may be well enough to say that he retained his place, his standing, his influence, and his friendships, until 1741; when Sir Robert Walpole, finding himself in repeated minorities, was forced to retire from his position at the head of the government. He died on the 8th of August, 1743; his wife surviving his loss for more than twenty-five years. Many of his friendships, especially that with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he retained to the last. Lady Louisa Stuart relates the following incident in her works in reference to this:—

"Lord Hervey dying a few years after Lady Mary settled abroad, his eldest son (George, Lord Hervey) sealed up and sent her letters, with an assurance that none of them had been opened. She wrote him a letter of thanks for his honorable conduct, adding that she could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shown him what so young a man might perhaps be inclined to doubt—the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love."

Although Mr. Croker is inclined to treat the remark of Lady Mary, in regard to the Platonic nature of their friendship, rather

superciliously, we have no manner of doubt that it is true. The world, especially that part of it which have known no difference between friendship and love, technically so called, and which have found the great element of both in what Lord Kames calls "self-satisfaction," have no faith in the existence of a sentiment between the sexes, except that by which we are endowed for the continuance of the species. And yet there is no emotion of which mankind are susceptible, that is capable of being sustained by the proofs of a greater number of examples, where a mutual friendship has been cultivated for years between individuals of the different sexes, as pure, generous, magnanimous, unselfish and enduring as human ties can be, than this; and we believe it will be found universally true, that in all cases where such a friendship has existed unimpaired for many years, it has always been of this character.

The friendship of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary had existed for more than twenty-six years, and though there may be here and there throughout the correspondence expressions of regard inconsistent apparently with the lady's declaration, yet we have no doubt that to the parties themselves they were the simple utterance of compliment on the one side, and the courteous acknowledgment of it on the other. Take for example a letter of his, written in 1737, when he was forty-one years old and Lady Mary forty-seven, in answer to one of hers in which she had complained that she was too old to inspire a new passion, he, after complimenting her charms, as Mr. Croker says, "more gallantly than decorously," goes on to say:—

"I should think anybody a great fool that said he liked spring better than summer, merely because it is further from autumn, or that they loved green fruit better than ripe only because it was further from being rotten. I ever did, and believe ever shall, like woman best

'Just in the noon of life—those golden days
When the mind ripens ere the form decays.'"

One of Lord Hervey's last letters, after he became greatly reduced by long and severe illness, was written to his old friend. It is simple and touching in no common degree:—

"*Ichworth Park, June 18th, 1743.*

"The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and like all other roads I find the farther one goes from the capital the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes, to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse. May all your *ways* (as Solomon says of wisdom) be *ways* of pleasantness, and all your *paths* peace; and when your dissolution must come, may it be like that of your lucky workman. Adieu!"

The great interest of the Memoirs commences, as we have already remarked, in 1727, when Lord Hervey first received the key of Vice Chamberlain. At this time George II. was forty-seven years old, the Queen a few months older, and Walpole fifty-four. The characters of all the royal family have long been familiar to the readers of English history of that day. The King, perhaps the weakest in intellect, as he was the most obstinate in opinion, of all the Hanover family who have yet filled the throne, is perpetually before us, with his bluff, easy countenance, (except when fretting, as he often was, over some fancied neglect of his family or some pertinacious opposition in Parliament,) his fat, burly figure, his strong German accent, his rough, earnest manner, and his opinionated conversation, which suffered no contradiction at the time from Queen or Minister, yet set off in many strong points of native good sense, love of truth, and acquiescence in the inevitable;—the Queen, strong-minded, intelligent, gracious, bearing, with the true dignity of a noble woman, the abuse and neglect of his Majesty without a murmur, and always ready to seize the favorable moment when his heart could be brought to bear upon his opinions enough to gain his assent to measures essential to the welfare of the nation;—the Prince of Wales, always at variance with his father and mother, maintaining a strong power in opposition to the crown, which, however, for fifteen years effected no change in ministerial policy; irascible, fluctuating, ultra,

and yet possessed of the true elements of a great and good man;—the Princess Royal, gentle, loyal, beloved, and accomplished, becoming the victim of *state politique* in a reluctant marriage to the hideous Prince of Orange, pining for love without its passion, and for home without daring to approach it;—the Princess Emily, earnest, violent, talented, dissatisfied with her position, disgusted with her parents, and tired of her life of celibacy, her chief amusement consisting in petting her father's weaknesses in his presence and ridiculing them in his absence;—the Princess Caroline, the youngest and most indulged of all the children, gentle, quiet, amiable and tender, loving and beloved by all who came within the beautiful sphere of her attraction, and most of all by Lord Hervey, for whom, says Horace Walpole, "she had conceived an *unconquerable* passion;" and whose death was really the signal for her retirement from the world;—all the personages of the royal circle, each consistent in principle and character to the end, advance and recede upon the stage of action, in its various phases, until we become familiar with them as with the characters and faces of household inmates.

Upon his accession to the crown, Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, had been for some years the avowed favorite of George II. She was the daughter of Sir John Hobart, and sister of Henry Hobart, Knight of the Bath, subsequently created Earl of Buckinghamshire. Early married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of the Earl of Suffolk; with a slender fortune on her own part, and the reverse of opulence on her husband's; without expectations from her family, and with little hope of Mr. Howard's success in political life, the young couple had resorted to Hanover towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, to endeavor to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. In process of time the young wife became Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, and after the rupture between the Prince and Miss Bellenden, whose *confidante* she had been, and who had never reciprocated the gross passion of her royal lover, she succeeded to her friend's post of favorite, though neither to her dislike nor her resistance.

Though George II. was certainly very

amorous, it seems to be allowed on all sides, that his continued attachment to Mrs. Howard arose more from his idea that an affair of gallantry gave him freedom from the government of the Queen, than from any real affection. It is certain that his fondness for the person even of his wife, to say nothing of his entire reliance upon her opinion, was far greater than for any of his mistresses. This seems not to have been known, however, until some years after the accession to the throne. At that time, Mrs. Howard, having long been known to have enjoyed the confidence of the King, was courted by all the expectants of office—Sir Robert Walpole only excepted, who seems to have discovered in the outset where the source of power lay—in the hope of finding her wishes the law of the King. Such, however, proved not to be the case. No favorite of royalty ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy and power of the situation than Lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the Queen, and disclaimed by the minister, she owed to the dignity of her own behavior the chief respect that was paid to her at the last, a respect which must have been meagre compensation for the slavery of her life and the mortifications she endured. Notwithstanding the earnest assertions of Lady Suffolk's descendants, backed by no inconsiderable proof, that her connection with the King was purely of a Platonic character, Horace Walpole's supposition of the contrary is fully confirmed by the revelations of Lord Hervey, who had certainly every opportunity to know the facts in the case. Still, added to her personal beauty, which is said to have been very attractive, her symmetrical figure, exquisite make, and beautiful complexion, always set off by remarkable gentility, and simple taste in dress and bearing, contrasting well amid the more showy belles of the court, there was so much of intelligence and character, of discretion and love of truth in her whole life, which continued to the age of seventy-nine, that it made her many friends and gave her high respect from all who knew her. Indeed, she was always treated both during her connection with the court, and after her retirement, as if her virtue had never been questioned; and though her extreme deafness damped her enjoyment

in society, she formed around herself, at her villa of Marble Hill, a coterie, the refinement, intelligence and wit of which, the *sarans* of that day are never tired of praising. Pope alludes to her defect of hearing in his lines "On a certain Lady at Court:—"

"I know a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend,
Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumor,
Nor grave through pride or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humor
And sensible, soft melancholy.
'Has she no faults then,' (envy says), 'Sir?'
'Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

Whatever may be the truth in regard to Lady Suffolk's connection with the King, it is certain that Mr. Howard sold his own noisy honor and the quit-claim to his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a year. The Queen's forbearance, good sense and decency, contrived to diminish the scandal at the time, and to give it a shade of doubt to posterity, to whom, as Sir Walter remarks in his review of the Suffolk correspondence, it is after all of little interest, since gossip is only valued when fresh, and the public have generally enough of that poignant fare, without ripping up the frailties of their grandmothers.

Throughout the whole Memoirs the reader is indulged with frequent glimpses of the Queen's tact in managing his Majesty, without his suspecting it. Lord Hervey often speaks as freely upon this subject, as he does in the following passages:—

"As people now saw that all court interest, power, profit, favor, and preferment were returning in this reign to the same track in which they had travelled in the last, lampoons, libels, pamphlets, satires and ballads were handed about, both publicly and privately, some in print and some in manuscript, abusing and ridiculing the King, the Queen, their ministers, and all that belonged to them; the subject of most of them was Sir Robert's having bought the Queen, and the Queen's governing the King; which thought was over and over again repeated in a thousand different shapes and d'esses, both of prose and verse. And as the 'Craftsman' had not yet lashed their Majes-

ties out of all feeling for these transitory verbal corrections that smart without wounding, so the King's vehemence and pride, and the Queen's apprehension of his being told of her power till he might happen to feel it, made them both at first excessively uneasy. However, as the Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's, she could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that while she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received, with the greatest devotion and reverence, those directions in public, which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favorites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess, ever received any favorable answer from our god; storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men; and Queen Anne by her women—her favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—“And who do they say governs now?”

The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of that day were composed:

‘ You may strut, dapper George, but ’twill all
be in vain;
We know ’tis Queen Caroline, not you, that
reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of
Spain.
Thus if you would have us fall down and
adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse as your dad did
before you.”

Another pasquinade of the time began thus:—

“ Since England was England there never
was seen
So strutting a King and so prating a
Queen,” &c., &c.

Another of the lampoons describes the pleasure with which he received Lord Edgcombe, who was very short in stature:

“ Rejoiced to find within his court
One shorter than himself;”

Notwithstanding the gross character of these libels, their authors seem never to have been discovered, though the King made many attempts to do so. Learning that one of them had been shown to Lord Scarborough before it was published, his Majesty taxed him with the fact. He confessed the truth of the accusation, but refused to say by whom it had been shown him, alleging that previously to his reading it or knowing what it was, he had passed his word not to reveal the name of the author. The King replied to him in great anger,—“Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation and you the King, the man should have shot me, or I him, who had dared to affront me, in the person of my master, by showing me such insolent nonsense.” Lord Scarborough replied, that he had never told his Majesty it was a *man* from whom he had it, and persisting in his concealment, left the King in almost as much anger against him as the author.

Lord Hervey frequently apologizes in the course of his narrative for repeating what he calls “little circumstances,” meaning the current gossip of daily life in the palace. It is curious how the lapse of time has exalted into an importance, far exceeding all his anticipations, the personal descriptions and minor details of his *Memoirs*, while it has detracted in the same degree, and in even a greater one, from the value of his historical narrative. The subject-matter of the latter is an old story, familiar from boyhood; but the former,—the anecdote, the manners, the personal peculiarities of those whose names are household words, the bon-mot, the repartee, the carriage of the body or the wearing of the dress,—lost in the long current of years, and now again appearing fresh to the mind of a generation distant from the scene, dispelling doubts, dissolving difficulties, explaining enigmas of conduct,

and acting upon the past as the current topics of the day act upon the present, elucidating, resolving, confirming it, becoming land-marks of history, invaluable from their bearing upon what we already know, and connecting the beginning and the end of a century of years by a fresh and indissoluble bond. Such knowledge cannot be overvalued. It is the wand of the enchanter, evoking by its touch spirits of life from the distant past; the key-stone that completes the arch of a nation's history; or, better still, the object which starts into being the new and valuable ideas of life, making

“The past and present renne
Beneath time's flowing tide,
*Like foot-prints, hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.*”

The following anecdote, for example, sheds light on the Townshend rupture from Sir Robert Walpole's party, the causes of which have always been supposed to exist in personal difficulties, without knowing what they were:—

“There was an occurrence at the latter end of this summer (1728) at Windsor, relating to the court Lord Townshend then made to Lord Trevor, which I shall relate, because I think it will give a short but strong sketch both of Lord Townshend's and Sir Robert's temper; but before I begin my relation, I must premise that Sir Robert Walpole at this time kept a very pretty young woman, daughter to a merchant, whose name was Skerrett, and for whom he was said to have given (besides an annual allowance) £5000 as entrance money.

“One evening at Windsor the Queen asking Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townshend where they had dined that day, the latter said he had dined at home with Lord and Lady Trevor; upon which Sir Robert Walpole said to her Majesty, smiling, ‘My Lord, Madam, I think is grown *coquet* from a long widowhood, and has some design upon my Lady Trevor's virtue, for his assiduity of late in that family is grown to be so much more than common civility, that without this solution I know not how to account for it.’ What made this railery of Sir Robert Walpole's very excusable and impossible to shock my Lord's prudery, let him pique himself ever so much on the chastity of his character, was, that my good Lady Trevor, besides her strict life and conversation, was of the most virtuous, forbidding countenance that natural ugliness, age, and small-pox ever compounded. However, Lord Townshend affecting to take the reproach literally, and to understand what Sir Robert meant to insinuate

of the political court he paid to the husband as sensual designs upon the wife, with great warmth replied, ‘No, Sir, I am not one of those fine gentlemen who find no time of life, nor any station in the world, preservatives against the immoralities and follies that are hardly excusable when youth and idleness make us most liable to such temptations. They are liberties, Sir, which I can assure you I am as far from taking as approving; nor have I either a constitution that requires such practices, a purse that can support them, or a conscience that can digest them.’ Whilst he uttered these words his voice trembled, his countenance was pale, and every limb shook with passion. But Sir Robert Walpole, always master of his temper, made him no other answer than asking him with a smile, and in a very mild tone of voice, ‘What, my Lord, all this for my Lady Trevor?’”

The Miss Skerrett, named here, is the same person to whom more than one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters are addressed, and who seems to have been, from the frequent mention of her name in other letters, upon terms of intimate acquaintance with her. Sir Robert, after his first wife's death, in 1738, was married to her, thereby gaining an addition, if the journals of the day may be believed, to his already princely fortune of £80,000. A daughter, born to them long before the marriage, was afterwards created with the rank of an Earl's child, greatly to the scandal of the peerage. Gay's satire of the “Beggars' Opera,” which had a great run in its day and is still read by lovers of the old drama, caricatured Walpole, his lady, and Miss Skerrett. Gay afterwards published a second part, more severe than the first, which Sir Robert had prohibited from appearance at the theatres, rather than suffer the ridicule of being produced for a succession of nights upon the stage in the person of a highwayman. The poet, irritated at the bar put in the way of his success, added some supplemental invectives to the piece, and applying to the Duchess of Queensbury, beautiful, accomplished, and at the head of the fashionable world, resolved to print it by her advice, upon subscription. The Duchess, interested in the author, and having herself a personal pique to gratify, set herself at the head of the undertaking, and making her solicitations so universal and so pressing, that she went even to the Queen's apartment and around the draw-

ing-room, inducing every one to contribute his guinea for printing of the book. The Memoirs tell us that

"The King, when he came into the drawing-room, seeing her Grace very busy in a corner with three or four men, asked her what she had been doing. She answered, 'What must be agreeable, she was sure to anybody so humane as his Majesty, for it was an act of charity, and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his Majesty to contribute.' Enough was said for each to understand the other, and though the King did not then (as the Duchess of Queensbury reported) appear at all angry, yet this proceeding of her Grace's, when talked over in private between his Majesty and the Queen, was so resented, that Mr. Stanhope, then Vice Chamberlain to the King, was sent in form to the Duchess to desire her to forbear coming to court; this message was verbal. Her answer, for fear of mistakes, she desired to send in writing, wrote it on the spot, and this is the literal copy :

"Feb. 27th, 1728-9.

"That the Duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen; she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think and speak the truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavor to support innocence and truth in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honor, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

"C. QUEENSBURY."

During the year 1733, the anxiety of the nation in regard to a Protestant succession to the crown,—then and for many years before and after a subject of paramount interest throughout the realm,—induced the King to communicate to Parliament the intended marriage of his eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, to the Prince of Orange. The match had become one of necessity, it being the only marriage the Princess Royal could have made in all Europe, that would have been satisfactory to the people. To the Princess it was a

choice of two evils, either of which was sufficient to becloud all the brightness of her life, and to dampen all her expectations of the future. On the one side was the certainty, should she outlive her father, of dependence upon a brother's maintenance, with whom she was upon terms of irreconcilable enmity; on the other side, a marriage with a royal personage indeed, but who, from all accounts that she heard, must be an object of disgust to every beholder; on the one side a wedding to a deformed Prince, on the other a life of maiden meditation in her royal convent. Lord Hervey says:—

"The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his face was not bad, his countenance was sensible, but his breath was more offensive than it is possible for those who have not been offended by it to imagine. These personal defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor Princess Royal so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent, warm, animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a Princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other."

After great delay occasioned by neglect towards his future son-in-law by the King, the indifference of the Princess Royal, the sickness of the Prince of Orange, and the discussion about ceremonials, the wedding day at last came.

"The chapel was fitted up with extreme good taste, and as much finery as velvets, gold and silver tissue, galloons, fringes, tassels, gilt lustres and sconces could give. The King spared no expense on this occasion, but if he had not loved show better than his daughter, he would have chosen rather to have given her this money to make her circumstances easy, than to have laid it out in making her wedding splendid.

"The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and a less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper, than one could naturally have expected such an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke-like hair that flowed all over his back and hid the roundness of it; and

as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable about his stature.

"But when he was undressed, and came in his night-gown and night-cap to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony the next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, '*Ah, mon Dieu! Quand je vois entrer ce monstre, pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m'a assommé. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne! Mon Dieu! c'est trop sotte en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*' Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able, for this was a circumstance he could not soften and would not exaggerate. He only said, 'Oh, madame, in half a year all persons are alike: the figure of the body one is married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes, that one looks at it mechanically, without regarding either the beauties or deformities that may strike a stranger.' 'One may, and I believe one does,' replied the Queen, 'grow blind at last: but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference as long as one sees, in the manner of one's growing blind.'

Gross as the custom alluded to in the above passage seems to us of the present day, it prevailed universally, among all classes of society, throughout France and England, during the early part of the eighteenth century. It was often carried much further, indeed, than it seems to have been in the case of the Princess Royal; for two years later, upon the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, my Lord Hervey says, that at nine o'clock in the evening the wedding took place, the royal family supped together afterwards, and after the Prince and Princess went to bed, the whole company was permitted to pass through their bed-chamber to see them. "The Gentleman's Magazine" of the year 1736 (April) gives a more minute account of the whole ceremonial. After supper, their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bed-chamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room,

where the Duke, his brother, undressed him, and his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honor to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the Princesses, and being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room; and the Prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and cap of the finest lace, the *quality* were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed, surrounded by all the royal family. The custom seems never to have extended into Spain, for the Duke de St. Simon, who in 1722 accompanied Mlle. d'Orleans to Spain, to be married to the Prince of the Asturias, takes great praise to himself for having overpersuaded the modesty and gravity of Spanish etiquette to submit, on that occasion, to the *French custom* of having the whole court introduced to see the young couple in bed. The practice has been now banished from the higher classes for three generations, but it is worthy of remark, to the curious in olden customs at least, that the same thing is done to this day among the population of the rural districts in France and England, and traces of it may be found among the retired farming communities in New England.

The open rupture between the King and Lady Suffolk occurred in the year 1734. The causes which produced it are familiar to the public, both from Horace Walpole's "Reminiscences," and from the Suffolk correspondence; but the consequences it produced upon the habits of George II., who, either from his fondness for variety, or his ambition for the reputation of gallantry, it was early surmised, would never be contented until he had become engaged in some new *affaire de cœur*, have never before been told us as fully as the "Memoirs" reveal them. It is almost impossible, clearly as the details are laid before us, to assign a reasonable motive for the desire that seems to have been universally entertained and expressed by all the members of the royal family—the Queen and the daughters—that his Majesty should not suffer Lady Suffolk's place to remain vacant. We are told that the "Queen was both glad and sorry" to have Lady Suffolk removed—"glad to have even this ghost of a rival" laid, and sorry to have so much more of her husband's time upon her hands; that the Princess Royal

wished "with all her heart that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him forever in her room;" that the Princess Caroline hoped he would soon find a companion, for he had been "snapping and snubbing every mortal for a week;" and that the Princess Emily, though glad at Lady Suffolk's disgrace, because "she wished misfortune to most people," was so tired with his "airs of gallantry, the impossibility of being easy with him, his shocking behavior to the Queen, and his difficulty to be entertained," that she heartily desired he would soon adopt a new mistress. Whatever the motives of this laudable anxiety on the part of a loving wife and dutiful daughters may have been, they were not destined to remain long ungratified. With the approbation of the Queen, whose love of power was gratified by the *éclat* of the regency whenever he was absent, but against the earnest dissent of Sir Robert, the King resolved on visiting Hanover in the spring of 1735.

"But there was one trouble arose which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt upon this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

"Notwithstanding all the Queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the King's return put off so late in the year, she grew extremely uneasy, and by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than

she had suffered to appear while they were deferred. Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and never less than *forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the King's order, who used to tag paragraphs with, *Montrez ceci et consultez la-dessus le gros homme.*"

The King returned from Hanover in October, 1735. His absence had been a time of great relief to the Queen and his daughters, so that the extreme irritability he manifested to every member of his family, and especially to the Queen, as soon as he arrived and constantly afterwards, made life in the palace almost unendurable. Take a single example, among the numbers which Lord Hervey instances:

"In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places; the King affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, told Lord Hervey, as Vice Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney, to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered: 'My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own; I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture; thank God, at least she has left the walls standing. As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or not; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.' 'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?' 'Yes, my Lord; I am not so nice as your lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not say, that, if his Majesty had liked *his fat*

Venus as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations.

"So again at breakfast the next morning, while they were speaking, the King came in, but by good luck, said nothing about the pictures. His Majesty staid about five minutes in the gallery, snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk and be snubbed in the garden."

This state of things became at last so insupportable that it seemed necessary, to save open discord in the palace, that some remedy should be provided. Sir Robert Walpole, whose good sense seems never to have deserted him in any extremity, told the Queen plainly where he thought the difficulty was. In his own language, the King had tasted better things abroad than he could find in England. He said the Queen must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence she had formerly had; that three and fifty and three and twenty no more resembled each other in their effects than in their looks; and that, if his advice were followed, the Queen would depend upon her head and not her person for her power over his Majesty. In fine, Sir Robert advised the sending for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good natured and simple woman, to whom the King had heretofore shown a liking, and place her every evening in his Majesty's way.

It is certainly greatly to the credit of Queen Caroline, that, under the circumstances, she did not resent this advice. The moral aspect of the subject is one thing; but the political bearing of it, which Sir Robert alone had in view, and which indeed seemed the only course to be pursued to save open outrage from the palace-life, or the repeated and protracted absences of the King from England, was certainly another thing. The King's irritability of temper extended to every event and every subject that came before him. Sir Robert seems to have been the only person exempt from downright abuse. The *Memoirs* say:—

high favor on things going so well abroad, that he had only now and then his skin a little razed by this edge when it was sharpest, whilst others were sliced and scarified all over. Sir Robert Walpole, too, the King said, (speaking on the present epidemical rural madness,) he could forgive going into the country; his mind wanted relaxation and his body exercise; and it was very reasonable that he should have a month in the year to look after his own private business, when all the rest of the year he was doing that of the public and his prince; but what the other puppies and fools had to do to be running out of town now, when they had had the whole summer to do their business in, he could not conceive.

"When the Duke of Newcastle, among the rest, asked his leave to go into the country, the King told him it was a pretty occupation for a man of quality and at his age, to be spending his time in tormenting a poor fox, that was generally a much better beast than any of those that pursued him; for the fox hurts no other animal for his subsistence, whilst those brutes who hurt him, did it only for the pleasure they took in hurting. The Duke of Grafton said he did it for his health. The King asked him why he could not as well walk or ride post for his health; and said, if there was any pleasure in the chase, he was sure the Duke of Grafton could know nothing of it; 'for,' added he, 'with your great corps of twenty stone weight, no horse, I am sure, can carry you within hearing, much less within sight of your hounds.'"

Although the captious and fretful disposition of the King did not abate, Sir Robert's advice in regard to Lady Tankerville seems not to have been adopted. Perhaps the Queen may have shrunk from it at the last; perhaps the minister did not deem it prudent to carry out measures which he had announced so publicly. In place of Lady Tankerville, however, the King attached himself temporarily to Lady Deloraine, a governess to the younger Princesses, who is said to have been a very beautiful, though a very weak woman. She was now in her thirty-fifth year, though Lord Hervey says she looked ten years younger. The *liaison* was, however, of short duration. As the autumn approached, the King began to give out hints of revisiting Hanover, much to the consternation of his family and the chagrin of his minister. No reasoning could dissuade him from his purpose, no entreaties change his design, so that, with what grace was possible, Sir Robert and the Queen assented to the journey. Once arrived in

"Sir Robert Walpole was at present in such

Hanover, his Majesty's happiness did not last long without alloy.

"The fact was this: whilst the King was at Herenhansen, and Madame Walmoden at her lodgings in the palace at Hanover, one night the gardener found a ladder, which did not belong to the garden, set up against Madame W.'s window; and concluding it was a design to rob her, this poor innocent, careful servant made diligent search in the garden, and found a man lurking behind the espalin, whom he concluded to be the thief: accordingly, by the assistance of his fellow-servants, he seized and carried him to the captain of the guard then upon duty. When the prisoner was brought to the light, it proved to be one Monsieur Schulemberg, an officer in the Imperial service: he complaining to the captain of the guard of this violence, who thinking nothing but a design of robbery could be at the bottom of the affair, and that a man of that rank could certainly be no robber, ordered him to be released.

"This affair made a great noise immediately, and Madame Walmoden thinking it would be for her advantage to tell the story herself first to the King, ordered her coach at six o'clock in the morning, drove to Herenhansen, and went directly to the King's bedside, threw herself on her knees, drowned in tears, and begged of his Majesty either to protect her from being insulted, or give her leave to retire. She said she doted on him as her lover and her friend, and never when she gave him her heart considered him as a King; but that she found too late, that no woman could live with a King as with a man of inferior rank."

The King, surprised at the unexpected visit, upon learning what it meant, became exceedingly indignant—not towards Madame Walmoden, indeed, whom he seems never to have distrusted, but towards the captain of the guard, M. Schulemberg, and all others concerned in the affair. What strikes one as most odd in the whole matter, but to which one by degrees gets accustomed in reading of George Second's notions in regard to marital duties, is the account which he writes to the Queen of the whole affair, and the views he begs she will take of it. Speaking as if to a friend of his own sex, he asks her what she thinks of the business, adding, *that perhaps his passion for Madame Almoden will make him see it in a partial light*, and desiring the Queen to "*consulter le gros homme*," (meaning Sir Robert,) "*qui a plus d'expérience, ma chère Caroline, que vous dans ces affaires, et moins de préjugé que moi dans celle-ci.*"

Perhaps there is nothing in all written biography to compare with the revelations which George II. was accustomed to make to his wife of the most minute details of his amours. Horace Walpole says in his reminiscences, that it was understood in the palace that the King always made the Queen the confidante of his flirtations, which made Mrs. Selwyn, mother of George Selwyn, and herself beautiful and of much vivacity, once tell him, that he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, as she knew he would tell the Queen. Lord Campbell speaks of the same thing in his life of Lord Chancellor King, and gives a note of the Chancellor in corroboration of these incredible confessions. "On this occasion, he let me into several secrets relating to the King and Queen—that the King constantly wrote to her long letters, being generally of all his actions, what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired, &c., &c.; and that the Queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours; not scrupling to say that she was but one woman, and an old woman, &c., &c., by which perfect subservieney to his will, she effected whatever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him in bounds." Lord Campbell has indeed added a very natural doubt, whether the whole of this strange story was not a fiction of Walpole's over his wine to mystify the Chancellor; but the concurrent and still more detailed evidence of Lord Hervey unfortunately puts these scandalous transactions beyond all doubt. In addition to this, the latter says that the Queen received one letter in which the King desired her to contrive, if she could, that the Prince of Modena, who was to come the latter end of the year to England, might bring his wife with him; and the reason he gave for it was, that he heard her highness was pretty free of her person, and that he had the greatest inclination imaginable to pay his addresses to a daughter of the late Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans,—"*un plaisir que je suis sûr, ma chère Caroline, vous serez bien aise de me procurer, quand je vous dis combien je le souhaite.*"

The King's continued stay in Hanover

became at last very offensive to the people. The courtiers were always dissatisfied with these absences, as it made the season dull and unpopular; and those in the interest of the Queen, because it was an indication of her declining power.

"The tradesmen were all uneasy, as they thought the King's absence prevented people coming to town, and particularly for the birthday; the citizens made this preference he seemed to give to his German dominions a pretence to show their disaffection, but were before so thoroughly disaffected that it made no great addition to what they felt, though it opened the sluices of their clamorous mouths. The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them, (and those who, if he had heard all this, would have fretted him most,) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man of his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask, if he must have a mistress, whether England could never furnish a one good enough to serve his turn, and if he thought Parliament had given him a civil-list greater than his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary travelling charges, or to enrich his German favorites."

Pasquinades at last became abundant upon the delicate subject, and squibs, practical jokes and satires kept the town full of amusement. One of them—an old, lean, lame and blind horse, with saddle and pillion—bore this inscription: "*The King of Hanover's equipage! Let nobody stop me! I am going to fetch his Majesty and his ——— to England!*"

At the Royal Exchange the following placard was posted:—"It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British Dominions for three months in the spring."

On St. James' gate this advertisement was posted:—"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish: whoever will give any tidings of him to the church-wardens of St. James' Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N. B.—This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to be worthy of a crown."

Sir Robert Walpole found it at last all but impossible to transact the ordinary

business of the crown, without the presence of the King. To all solicitations for his return his Majesty turned a deaf ear, wondering at the importunity of *le gros homme*, as he always styled the minister, and begging that portions of his letters in reference to Madame Walmoden might be referred to him. Finding all ordinary means of reclaiming his Majesty to fail, Sir Robert at last fixed upon the design of *inducing the Queen to invite her husband to bring his mistress to England*, a proposition which, however shocking in its moral and social bearings, cannot fail to excite our admiration at its finesse and boldness. The Queen, staggered at first by the outrageous impudence of the proposal, at length consented to discharge her part of the business, and accordingly wrote to the King signifying her desires in the matter. She adds, that she has had the apartments of Lady Suffolk enlarged, refurnished and prepared for the proper reception of *his friend*. The King answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, it is impossible not to wonder at the modesty and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:—

"This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head, and the value he set upon her heart. He told her, too, she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. *Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline. Vous connaissez mes faiblesses — il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous — et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir sentir, et aimer.*" His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit."

Madame Walmoden, however, did not

return with the King, nor did she appear in England until after the Queen's decease. Perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most minute and copious details in the two volumes of the Memoirs, refer to this event, completing, as it did, the history of Lord Hervey's court life. We have not space to make the extracts from this narrative which would do it justice. It is sufficient to say that the Queen died as she had lived, self-possessed, calm, and affectionate to those around her, but at the same time a practical skeptic in all religious faith, unforgiving towards her enemies, bitter in every feeling towards her oldest son, the Prince of Wales, and either blind to folly or weak to wickedness towards the faults of her husband. She refused to see the Prince during her whole sickness, and though frequently spoken to in regard to his desire to approach her, she constantly and unhesitatingly denied him the *entree* of her chamber. Hence is seen very clearly the satire of Pope's last tribute to her memory :—

"Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest."

We regard the publication of the Memoirs of Lord Hervey as a valuable, we might say with equal truth, as an *invaluable* accession to English history. The extracts we have given are scarcely a sample of the character and value of the work. Especially in the portraits of the prominent men of that day, of which the volumes are full, do we regard it of unquestioned authority and unsurpassed excellence. The actors in the drama of life a hundred years ago again walk upon the stage, mingle in its scenes, contend in its strifes, and rejoice in the applause of the crowd, like those of to-day. Onslow and Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and Horace Walpole the elder, Bishop Butler and the Earl of Chesterfield, starting from behind the curtain of the past, are again before us in all the freshness and vigor of daily life, and, for the first time, we feel that we know them as they really were. Omitting much that we desire to know, or, to continue our figure, expur-

gating many passages of the play which could not fail to have interested us, much of which barbarous work has been done indeed by later managers—Vandals of history—into whose hands it had fallen, there is still not a little left, teaching us, as we remember how entirely the strifes, the labors, the jealousies, the ambitions, the greatness and the glory of that age have faded and gone, in language more emphatic than the preacher's—

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

The page of history has long since recorded the character of George the Second. Lord Hervey's Memoirs of his Court will not alter that record. "He was next to George the Third in the strength of his purposes and the rectitude of his public character," is the remark of his recent British eulogist. He may have been so,—*proximus sed longo intervallo*—but he was none the less a churl and a tyrant. Managed from his accession to the crown until his death by the address of his wife and the duplicity of his ministers, so that the public measures should not destroy the general weal of his subjects, and bound by the laws of a limited monarchy the danger of infracting which was ever before him in the expulsion of the ill-fated James, he was nevertheless in heart and soul no less a tyrant than Henry the Eighth—was as much the subject of his own excesses, the slave of his own vices; in his family a ruffian, in his cabinet a knave, in his bed-chamber a profligate, and in his very gallantry—his joy and boast—a boor. George II. in his private character stands second to no royal personage who has disgraced the crown of Great Britain. He had made the impress of his vices upon his heart long before his death, and that did not efface it. Peter Pindar would have said of him truly—

"A change in George's life you must not hope :
To try to wash an ass's face
Is really labor to mis place ;
And really loss of time as well as soap."

N. S. D.

TWO LEAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

TAKEN DOWN FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH GOVERNOR SHELBY.

No portion of the history of the revolutionary war is so rich in daring exploits of partisan warfare, or in bold personal adventure, as that of the Southern States. Prior to 1780 the British forces had overrun South Carolina, Georgia, and the eastern part of North Carolina. All the staunchest patriots were compelled to flee from their homes. Some of these refugees joined those enterprising and daring chieftains, Marion and Sumter, and carried on the war in the extreme South. Others fled for safety to the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, and uniting their desperate fortunes to the native intrepidity of the hardy mountaineers, planned and executed continual exploits of aggressive warfare against the British and Tories who were east of the mountains.

The most important affair in all the partisan warfare of the Revolution, both as it regards the numbers engaged and its results, was the "Battle of King's Mountain." The officers and men engaged in this bold enterprise resided in the mountains of North Carolina and the southern part of Virginia, aided by several hundred refugees from South Carolina and the eastern part of North Carolina. They were not called into the field by the government or any board of war, nor by their admiration for any particular military commander. It was a spontaneous and masterly effort of the best energies of the patriots to strike a vigorous blow at a victorious enemy. Without commissaries, or staff officers, or efficient military organization; and destitute of provisions and military stores; and without the expectation of pay for their services,—they assembled in the mountains, each man carrying whatever provisions he could on horseback, to attack one of the most skilful and brave officers in the British service.

Of those who participated in this memorable achievement, no one took a more prominent or active part than Col. Isaac Shelby, who was then the county lieutenant commanding the militia in Sullivan county, North Carolina. Although others are entitled equally with himself to the credit of executing the plan which was adopted; yet was he the mainspring of the enterprise, and to him is justly due the merit of projecting the exploit which was so gloriously terminated.

After the close of the revolutionary war, Col. Shelby removed to Kentucky, where he was twice elected governor. It was whilst residing in that State, that the writer knew him in his boyish days; yet is the impress of the old soldier stamped fixedly on his memory. With a stalwart frame, perhaps an inch less than six feet in height, somewhat inclined to corpulency; his thick suit of iron gray hair shortly cropped; narrow but highly arched head, with prominent perceptive developments, evincing sound practical sense, close penetration, great watchfulness, and unflinching resolution; with closely compressed lips, strongly marked features, and a long heavy eyebrow overhanging a piercing blue eye; when aroused and excited he looked as terrible as the thundercloud of his native mountains. Yet was there ever about him in private life, amidst his friends, a kindly voice, and ready smile which radiated over his countenance, like the rays of the evening's sun beaming on that same cloud when relieved of its fury.

During the residence of Gov. Shelby in Kentucky, up to the time of his death, there existed an intimate friendship between him and the father of the writer, General Martin D. Hardin, late of Frankfort, Kentucky. And when Gov. Shelby was chief magistrate of Kentucky, he appointed M. D. Hardin his Secretary of

State. Among the papers which fell into the hands of the writer, as the executor and eldest son of Gen. Hardin, were several sheets of paper in two parcels, in the handwriting of M. D. Hardin, which are headed as follows :—

“Notes of the affair at King’s Mountain, taken from a conversation with Governor Shelby, 16th July, 1815.”

“Notes of conversations with Governor Shelby, 20th September, 1819.”

These papers contain an account of the battle at King’s Mountain, and of the battle at Musgrove’s Mill which preceded it. They have been carefully preserved for more than twenty years, and as they embody minute and interesting details not stated in any history, it seems to be a duty not to permit them to sleep longer in oblivion. Now that all who participated in these scenes have left the stage of action and live only in the memory of their glorious achievements, no offence can be taken at any statement contained in these notes.

It is the duty of a nation to preserve every authentic memorial of the honorable exploits of her sons. These leaves of history may be of service to some future historian. In re-writing these notes, the writer has confined himself to stating in narrative form the facts set forth in the notes, and has forborne from collating other facts connected with this subject mentioned in different histories, preferring to keep within the bounds of strict authenticity, to deviating in search of extrinsic information to garnish the narration.

Inclosed in “the notes,” was a letter from Gov. Shelby to M. D. Hardin on the subject of these conversations. No better evidence of Gov. Shelby’s honest truthfulness of purpose, and anxious desire to do strict justice to all, could be given, than is contained in this letter. A copy of it is therefore prefixed to the notes.

JOHN J. HARDIN.

Jacksonville, Ill., March 6, 1846.

GOVERNOR SHELBY TO M. D. HARDIN.

“DANVILLE, Oct. 11th, 1819.

“Dear Sir :—On my way home from Shelbyville I could not help thinking a little about the inquiries which you made of me concerning the action on King’s Mountain, and the events that led to it. And I was apprehensive you

took up the idea that Campbell was only a lieutenant-colonel at home previous to that affair. If you did so understand me, it was an error, for he was a full colonel of a regiment at home, though not the county lieutenant.

“Lest in some future conversation on that subject, you might happen to mention his rank erroneously as coming from me, I take this occasion to correct the error. He was equal in rank to the other colonels in camp, but it was his good sense ; his strict discipline and warm devotion to the cause in which we were embarked, that induced myself and others to give him the command.

With sincere regard and affection,

Your friend,

ISAAC SHELBY.

General M. D. HARDIN.”

BATTLE OF MUSGROVE’S MILL.

In August, 1780, General John McDowell, of North Carolina, commanded about two thousand militia who were stationed at Smith’s ford, on Broad river, which was about fifteen miles below the Cherokee ford. Col. Isaac Shelby, of North Carolina, commanded a regiment under Gen. McDowell. The term of service for which the men had enlisted was just about expiring. It was ascertained that there were about seven hundred Tories camped at Musgrove’s Mill, on the Eronee river, a few miles distant from the camp of Major Ferguson. Col. Shelby conceived the plan of breaking up this camp and routing the tories. For this purpose, having obtained leave from Gen. McDowell, he raised about seven hundred volunteers from the army without regard to rank, very many field officers having volunteered. Col. Clarke, of North Carolina, was made second in command.

To effect their design it was necessary that the affair should be conducted with both secrecy and dispatch. Accordingly Shelby’s force left Gen. McDowell’s camp on the 18th of August, a short time before dark. They travelled on through the woods until dark, and then fell into the road and proceeded on all night, passing within three or four miles of Ferguson’s camp and going beyond it to the Tory camp at Musgrove’s Mill. This post was forty miles from McDowell’s camp.

Soon after daylight, when Shelby had arrived within half a mile of the camp, a citizen was taken prisoner, from whom he

learned that the night previous the Queen's American Regiment, commanded by Col. Ennes, from New York, had reached the post at the mill, and that the enemy were then from twelve to thirteen hundred strong. Just as this information was received the enemy's patrol fell in with the advanced corps of Shelby's force. The patrol was immediately fired on and driven in with the loss of several men. This gave the enemy the alarm. Although the Tory force was so much larger than had been expected, neither Shelby nor his men thought of anything but meeting them. Ground was selected for an engagement stretching at right angles across the road, about half a mile from the Eronee river. The army was formed, Shelby taking command of the right wing, and Col. Clarke of the left. Col. Williams of South Carolina was stationed in the road in the centre, though without a separate command.

Whilst the Tory force was forming, Shelby and his men were not idle. Immediately after taking their places in line and securing their horses, they commenced making breastworks of logs. In half an hour they had one breast high. So soon as this was completed, Shelby sent Capt. Inman with a company of mounted men in advance to make a false attack on the enemy. This feint was well executed. Inman and his men charged on the enemy, fired their pieces, and then, as directed, fled in apparent confusion. The enemy's centre on whom the false attack had been made, seeing the flight of this force, immediately pressed forward in pursuit, in considerable disorder, shouting, "Huzza for King George." On approaching the breastwork they were unexpectedly met with a deadly fire. The superiority of the enemy in numbers emboldened them to press forward their attack, notwithstanding the advantage which our troops possessed by the breastwork. After an hour's hard fighting the left wing of the enemy, composed of the Queen's regiment, drove our right wing under Shelby from their breastwork. Our left wing, which was opposed by the tories, maintained its position. The battle was maintained some time longer, the right flank of the right wing gradually giving way, whilst the left flank retained its connection with the centre at the breastwork. At this juncture

Col. Clarke sent his reserve, consisting of forty men, to Shelby's aid. Shelby thereupon rallied his men, and ordered a charge, which was well seconded by officers and men, and the enemy were broken and fled in confusion. The rout now became complete along the whole line, and the enemy were pursued to the Eronee river, with great slaughter. Above two hundred of the enemy were killed, and two hundred prisoners were taken. On our side, Capt. Inman, who had conducted himself most gallantly, and thirty men were killed.

The broken forces of the enemy having crossed the Eronee, it became necessary to follow up the pursuit on horseback. Shelby called back his forces and mounted with the intention of pursuing the scattered Tories, and then turning against Fort Ninety-six. While consulting with Col. Clarke, a messenger arrived from Gen. McDowell, bringing a letter from Governor Caswell to McDowell, informing him of Gates's disastrous defeat at Camden on the 16th of August, and advising all officers commanding detachments to retreat, or they would be cut off.

Col. Shelby, perceiving the hazardous position in which he was placed by this unexpected calamity, with Cornwallis in front, and Ferguson on his flank, immediately ordered a retreat. Taking his prisoners with him, he travelled all that day and the ensuing night without rest, and continued their march the day succeeding until an hour by sun, when they halted and fed their horses. Although they had thus been marching and fighting incessantly for forty-eight hours, the indomitable energy of their commander permitted his troops no rest, when there was danger of losing all by delay. Halting therefore no longer than was required to feed their horses, the line of march was resumed. It was well it was so; for the news of the defeat of the tories at Musgrove's Mill had reached Ferguson, who had dispatched a strong detachment to intercept Shelby and release his prisoners. By making a hard forced march this detachment reached the spot where Shelby and his men had fed their horses, within thirty minutes after they had left it. But not knowing precisely how long Shelby had been gone, and the detachment being entirely exhausted, the pursuit was relin-

quished, and Shelby reached the mountains in safety with his prisoners.

The time of service of the men having expired, and there being no opportunity of doing any immediate active duty by a partisan corps, when they reached the road which led to Col. Shelby's residence, he and the men from his neighborhood returned home, the prisoners being left in charge of Col. Clarke. After going some distance, Col. Clarke in like manner returned home, giving the prisoners in charge to Col. Williams, who conducted them to Hillsborough. At this place Col. Williams met with Gov. Rutledge, who finding him in charge of the prisoners, supposed he had commanded the expedition in which they were taken, and as a reward for the gallant achievement, gave him a Brigadier General's commission. Without detracting from the merits of Col. Williams, who was a gallant officer, is it not right to say that this is an example too frequent in military history, where the rewards of a bold achievement fall on the wrong shoulders?

Col. Shelby described the battle at Musgrove's Mill as the hardest and best fought action he ever was in. He attributed this to the great number of officers who were with him as volunteers. Considering the nature of the march, and the disparity of numbers, the action at Musgrove's Mill must be considered as one of the most brilliant affairs fought by any partisan corps during the Revolution.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

In the early part of the year 1780, Col. Shelby was appointed Colonel of Sullivan county in North Carolina, with the authority of County Lieutenant. Col. Sevier held the same command in Washington county, N. C. These counties are situate west of the Alleghany mountains, and now constitute a part of Tennessee. Col. William Campbell at the same time commanded a regiment in Washington county, Virginia, but was not the County Lieutenant.

After the defeat of General Gates at Camden, on the 16th of August, 1780, the patriots were very much dispirited. Many who resided in the eastern portions

of North and South Carolina, sought safety and liberty in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, amidst the hardy patriotic mountaineers of those districts.

In September, 1780, Major Ferguson, who was one of the best and most enterprising of the British officers in America, had succeeded in raising a large body of Tories, who, with his own corps of regulars, constituted an effective force of eleven hundred and twenty-five men. With a view of cutting off Colonel Clarke, of North Carolina, who had recently made a demonstration against Augusta, which was then in the hands of the British, Ferguson had marched near the Blue Ridge and had taken post at Gilbertstown, which is situated but a few miles from the mountains. Whilst there he discharged a patriot, who had been taken prisoner, on his parole, and directed him to tell Col. Shelby, (who had become obnoxious to the British and Tories from the affair at Musgrove's Mill,) that if Shelby did not surrender, he (Ferguson) would come over the mountains, and put him to death and burn his whole county.

It required no further taunt to rouse the patriotic indignation of Col. Shelby. He determined to make an effort to raise a force, in connection with other officers, which should surprise and defeat Ferguson. With this object in view, he went to a horse-race near where Jonesborough has since been built, to see Sevier and others. Shelby and Sevier there resolved, that if Col. Campbell would join them, they would raise all the force they could, and attack Ferguson; and if this was not practicable, they would co-operate with any corps of the army of the United States with which they might meet. If they failed, and the country was overrun and subdued by the British, they would then take water and go down to the Spaniards in Louisiana.

Col. Campbell was notified of their determination, and a place of rendezvous appointed in the mountains, east of Jonesborough. At the time appointed, September 25th, Campbell joined them, and their united force numbered about one thousand mounted riflemen. They crossed the mountains on the 27th, in a ravine, and fell in, accidentally, with Col. Cleveland of North Carolina, who had under his command about four hundred men.

The force having been raised by officers of equal rank, and being without any higher officer entitled to command the whole corps, there was a general want of arrangement and organization. It was then determined that a board of officers should convene each night and decide on the plan of operations for the next day, and further, that one of the officers should see those orders executed as *officer of the day*, until they should otherwise conclude. Shelby proposed that Colonel Campbell should act as officer of the day. Campbell took him aside, and requested Shelby to withdraw his name and to consent to serve himself. Shelby replied, that he was himself the youngest colonel present from his State, that he had served during that year under several of the officers who were present, and who might take offence if he commanded; that Gen. McDowell, who was with them, was too slow an officer for his views of the enterprise in which they were engaged, and added that as he ranked Campbell, yet as Campbell was the only officer from Virginia, if he (Shelby) pressed his appointment, no one would object. Col. Campbell felt the force of this reasoning and consented to serve, and was appointed to the command as officer of the day.

The force of the detachment was still considered insufficient to attack Ferguson, as his strength was not known. It was agreed that an express be sent to invite General Morgan or General Davidson to take the command. Gen. McDowell tendered his services for this purpose, and started on his mission. Before proceeding far he fell in with Col. Williams of South Carolina, who was at the head of from two to three hundred refugees. Gen. McDowell advised them where the patriot force was encamped. They joined the army, and thus made a muster-roll of about sixteen hundred men.

The board of officers determined to march upon Ferguson. In the mean time, two or three of their men had deserted after their first rendezvous, and had gone to Ferguson and advised him of the intended attack. The army marched to Gilberts-town, and found that Ferguson had left it several days before, having taken the route towards Fort Ninety-Six.

Finding that Ferguson was retreating,

and learning what was his real strength, it was determined, on Thursday night, the 5th of October, to make a desperate effort to overtake him before he should reach any British post, or receive further reinforcements. Accordingly they selected all who had good horses, who numbered nine hundred and ten, and started the next morning in pursuit of Ferguson, as soon as they could see.

Ferguson, after marching a short distance towards Ninety-Six, had filed off to the left towards Lord Cornwallis. His pursuers never stopped until late in the afternoon, when they reached the Cowpens. They there halted, shot down some beeves, ate their suppers, and fed their horses. This done, the line of march was resumed, and continued through the whole night, amidst an excessively hard rain. In the morning Shelby ascertained that Campbell had taken a wrong road in the night, and had separated from him. Men were posted off in all directions, and Campbell's corps found and put in the right road. They then crossed Broad river, and continued the pursuit until 12 o'clock of the 7th of October. The rain continued to fall so heavily that Campbell, Sevier and Cleveland concluded to halt, and rode up to Shelby to inform him of their determination. Shelby replied, "By —, I will not stop until night, if I follow Ferguson into Cornwallis's lines." Without replying, the other colonels turned off to their respective commands and continued the march. They had proceeded but a mile when they learned that Ferguson was only seven miles from them, at King's Mountain.

Ferguson, finding he could not elude the rapid pursuit of the mounted mountaineers, had marched to King's Mountain, which he considered a strong post, and which he had reached the night previous. The mountain, or ridge, was a quarter of a mile long, and so confident was Ferguson in the strength of his position, that he declared, "the Almighty could not drive him from it."

When the patriots came near the mountain they halted, tied all their loose baggage to their saddles, fastened their horses and left them under the charge of a few men, and then prepared for an immediate attack. About 3 o'clock the patriot force

was led to the attack in four columns—Col. Campbell commanded the right centre column, Col. Shelby the left centre, Col. Sevier the right flank column and Col. Cleveland the left flank. As they came to the foot of the mountain the right centre and right flank columns deployed to the right, and the left centre and left flank columns to the left, and thus surrounding the mountain they marched up, commencing the action on all sides.

Ferguson did all that an officer could do under the circumstances. His men too fought bravely. But his position, which he thought impregnable against any force the patriots could raise, was really a disadvantage to him. The summit was bare, whilst the sides of the mountain were covered with trees. Ferguson's men were drawn up in close column on the summit, and thus presented fair marks for the mountaineers who approached them under cover of the trees. As either column would approach the summit, Ferguson would order a charge with fixed bayonet, which was always successful, for the riflemen retreated before the charging column slowly, still firing as they retired. When Ferguson's men returned to regain their position on the mountain, the patriots would again rally and pursue them. In one of these charges Shelby's column was considerably broken; he rode back and rallied his men, and when the enemy retired to the summit, he pressed on his men and reached the summit whilst Ferguson was directing a charge against Cleveland. Col. Sevier reached the summit about the same time with Shelby. They united and drove back the enemy to one end of the ridge. Cleveland's and Campbell's columns were still pressing forward and firing as they came up. The slaughter of the enemy was great, and it was evident that further resistance would be unavailing; still Ferguson's proud heart could not think of surrender. He swore "he never would yield to such a d—d banditti," and rushed out from his men sword in hand and cut away until he broke his sword and was shot down. His men, seeing their leader fall, immediately surrendered. The British loss in killed and prisoners was eleven hundred and five. Ferguson's morning report showed a force of eleven hundred and twenty-five. A more total defeat was

not practicable. Our loss was about forty killed. Amongst them we had to mourn the death of Col. Williams, a most gallant and efficient officer. The battle lasted one hour.

The victors encamped on the mountain that night, and the next morning took up their line of march for the mountains under a bright sun, the first they had seen for many days. They made the prisoners carry their own arms, as they could not have carried them in any other way. Amongst the prisoners Shelby found some officers who had fought under him a few weeks previously at Musgrove's Mill. They said they had been compelled to join Ferguson, and when they had been examined and their account found to be correct, they were well treated.

Owing to the number of wounded and the destitution of the army of all conveniences, they travelled slowly, and in one week had only marched about forty miles. When they reached Gilbertstown a week after the battle, they were informed by a paroled officer, that he had seen eleven patriots hung at Ninety-six a few days before, for being rebels. Similar cruel and unjustifiable acts had been committed before. In the opinion of the patriots it required retaliatory measures to put a stop to these atrocities. A copy of the law of North Carolina was obtained, which authorized two magistrates to summon a jury, and forthwith to try, and if found guilty, to execute persons who had violated its precepts. Under this law thirty-six men were tried and found guilty of breaking open houses, killing the men, turning the women and children out of doors and burning the houses. The trial was concluded late at night. The execution of the law was as summary as the trial. Three men were hung at a time, until nine were hung. Three more were tied ready to be swung off. Shelby interfered and proposed to stop it. The other officers agreed, and the three men, who supposed they had seen their last hour, were untied. One of them said to Shelby, "You have saved my life, and I will tell you a secret. Tarleton will be here in the morning. A woman has brought the news."

It was then two o'clock at night, but no time was to be lost; the camp was instantly aroused, everything packed up, the wounded sent into secret hiding places in

the mountains, and the line of march taken up.

The next day it rained incessantly, but the army continued its march without stopping, until they crossed the Catawba at 2 o'clock the succeeding night. The river was breast high when they crossed it. The weary troops bivouacked on its banks, and the next morning it had risen so much as to be past fording. This obstacle being such as to prevent all pursuit, they leisurely retired with their prisoners. As an evidence of the hardships undergone by these brave and hardy patriots, Col. Shelby says that he ate nothing from Saturday morning until after they encamped Sunday night at 2 o'clock A. M.

The information given Shelby by the condemned prisoner, turned out to have been substantially correct. Lord Cornwallis had detached Tarleton to pursue and attack the patriots and to rescue the prisoners. Soon after Tarleton was dispatched the former took an old Whig prisoner and examined him. He told the prisoner he could not learn who had defeated Ferguson. The old man told him, Cornwallis then inquired the force of the patriots. He told him it was 3000 riflemen. Cornwallis asked where they were gone. He replied, they were bearing down on him. Whether this was told under the belief that it was true, or if it was told as a *ruse de guerre*, it answered a very excellent purpose. Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon immediately consulted together, beat to arms, struck their tents, burnt some extra clothing, and retreated to the south side of Broad river in confusion. At the same time a messenger was sent to recall Tarleton, who was overtaken after he had proceeded eighteen miles, and who immediately returned to Cornwallis's camp.

At the time Shelby and his co-patriots raised their force, Cornwallis, supposing he would meet no further serious resistance in North or South Carolina, had projected the invasion of Virginia in three columns. He was to advance in the centre, a second detachment was to march on his right, and Ferguson was to command the left wing. The time for the invasion was fixed, officers were out through the country collecting the tories, and a few days more would have made them very strong. The defeat of Ferguson prevented this invasion, and so intimidated the tories that most of them

declined joining the British, generally preferring to make a profession of faith to King George rather than take up arms in his behalf.

At the time the nine hundred and ten men were selected to pursue Ferguson, they were informed that there were six hundred tories embodied near them, and it was suggested that they should be attacked. Shelby opposed this, saying that if they turned after any other object they would lose Ferguson.

After the battle at King's Mountain, this force, like all other partisan bodies called out for a particular emergency, was difficult to be kept embodied. The men one after another returned home, so that when they reached the Catawba there were not more men than prisoners.

It is impossible for those who have not lived in its midst to conceive of the exasperation which prevails in a civil war. The execution, therefore, of the nine Tories at Gilbertstown, will by many persons be considered an act of retaliation unnecessarily cruel. It was believed by those who were on the ground to be both necessary and proper, for the purpose of putting a stop to the execution of the patriots in the Carolinas by the Tories and British. The event proved the justice of the expectation of the patriots. The execution of the Tories did stop the execution of the Whigs. And it may be remarked of this cruel and lamentable mode of retaliation, that whatever excuses and pretences the Tories may have had for their atrocities, the British officers, who often ordered the executions of Whigs, had none. Their training to arms and military education should have prevented them from violating the rules of civilized warfare in so essential a point.

Those patriots who desired to continue in service after the battle at King's Mountain, especially the refugees, wished to be formed into a corps and to be under the command of Gen. Morgan. To effect this Col. Shelby went to head-quarters and saw Morgan, who said they were just the men he wanted. Gen. Gates consented, and the Board of War of North Carolina ordered out these militia, who marched up and joined Morgan; most of them were with him the next campaign, and proved the stuff they were made of at the nobly-won battle of the Cowpens.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.†

NUMBER ONE.

THOUGH much may be invidiously said, by those who are disposed to look only at the dark side of human affairs, in relation to the failures of man in his efforts at moral and political improvement, the present must at least be admitted to be a period of movement, if not of progress; and cer-

tainly, as far as the spirit of adventure and speculation, and the development of the industrial arts, are concerned, exhibits a stirring and *go-ahead* character, that may well delight and fully satisfy even the utilitarian; who, with such happy self-complacency, considers every addition

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Editor submits this article to his readers, with the caution, *first*, that as it is held a part of wisdom not to strike until we are struck, he enters personally into no controversy, nor throws out any challenge to the periodical press. And *second*, that having observed, in certain *monthly* periodicals, both in this country and in England, attacks upon the personal characters of respectable publicmen, of the grossest and falsest character, calculated to gratify the spleen of literary, political, or religious zealots, it seems to him a defect in the above article, that it rather invidiously confines its satire to newspapers, when the same observations apply, though in a more general acceptation, to monthly reviews. It is to be taken, of course, as a general satire; “let the galled jade wince,” &c. Great powers are subject to great vices; we may estimate the importance of a profession by the importance of its abuses. It is a consolation, too, to reflect, that the rogues, cowards, and slanderers in a profession, serve in their degree to distinguish and elevate its respectable members.

† The writer of the inclosed essay, in offering it to the Editor, takes the liberty of accompanying it with the remark, that national satires, however severe they may be, are always tolerated, and even taken in good part by the people—who feel too much above the reach of the individual censor, and too secure in their impassibility and intrinsic power and dignity, to wince from the scourge, however hardly it may be laid on; though they may condescend occasionally to take hints, or learn a lesson from the fault-finding traveller and the unsparing satirist. This was sufficiently evinced in the toleration, and even good humor with which the Athenians, otherwise so jealous of their dignity, and vain of their accomplishments and achievements, received the *acted ridicule*, and species of surgical satire, (as it may well be termed,) with which Aristophanes attacked and cut so deeply into their corruptions, and the defective parts of their political institutions and moral character; though these scourings came from the hand of an avowed and scornful aristocrat, who belonged to one of the noblest and most illustrious families of the State. It is

well known that the “Love Alamode” of Macklin, in which such brilliant and scathing satires on the Scottish character occur—satires which are edged with such exquisite ridicule in the part of Sir Pertinax McSycophant—is quite as often represented in Scotland as in England; and has always been as well received by an Edinburgh, as by a London audience. We have ourselves seen “the Merchant of Venice” nearly as numerous attended by Jews, as by other auditors; and even John Bull, irritable and morose as he is, is ever quite as ready to laugh as others at the satires upon his foibles, and caricatures of his peculiarities, poured forth from his own and the continental press, and that daily garnish the shop-windows of his capital. The ridicule of political editors, in the essay, has, as will be seen, no personal direction in any instance, but is altogether general, and, as must be perceived, is merely intended to amuse, and will doubtless be so received by the public, should you give to it a place in your pages. The periodicals of this country, the writer may be permitted to observe, are far less often enlivened by pieces of a light and amusing character, as this is intended to be, than those of England, and the continent of Europe; though they frequently excel the latter in the more didactic and serious discussions in which they chiefly deal. The remark of Mons. de Tocqueville, that opinion is less free in this country than in England or Europe, has been vehemently and indignantly denied on our part, and been treated as the erroneous dictum of a foreigner, who has been too short a time among us to give or form a correct opinion on this subject. We therefore do not suppose that a piece of satire of this character, directed in a playful, rather than a serious vein, against a class, and not against individuals, will be deemed unsuited to the pages of the American Whig Review,—a work, whose course thus far has been characterized by uniform independence, and a bold and fearless censure of wrong-doers in high places, however eminent their position, or however specious and imposing their character or repute.

ATHENION.

made to the physical comforts or conveniences of life, as affording a new proof of the correctness and wisdom of his views, and of the truth and beauty of the "greatest happiness principle." But in whatever light the subject may be regarded, it is a point of some interest to inquire, what share our own beloved country may claim in the inventions and advances by which the age has been so signally benefited, and brilliantly illustrated. Leaving out of view the numerous mechanical inventions and improvements, by which the genius of our countrymen has been so much signalized, and the country itself so greatly advantaged, as matters too notorious to need mention or illustration here, we shall rather refer to those lofty, enlightened, and philanthropic principles, which have been developed and established by the councils and labors of our revolutionary patriots and sages, and been rendered sacred by the sacrifices they made in vindicating them. Among these, the complete freedom of speech and the press, and the liberation of the human mind, thus far, from the shackles and unnecessary restraints to which it is everywhere else more or less subjected, may be instanced, as not the least signal and glorious of the numerous other triumphs of the same kind, that have contributed to shed lustre over our country, and renown its name. It is, to be sure, greatly to be regretted, that these noble privileges are not always used, as it was hoped and fondly expected that they would be, to diffuse information among the people, and advance the cause of liberty and truth; but on the contrary, are often so sadly abused to the opposite purposes of disseminating error, varnishing over falsehood, and supplying new weapons to the ferocity of party warfare and proscription, as to afford some color of reason to those who maintain, that the evils flowing from their unrestricted exercise serve but to show, that the supposed acquisition of a right sometimes proves to be only the removal of a wholesome and necessary restraint upon the passions and unruly propensities of man's fallen and corrupt nature. It is yet pleasing to reflect, that after all the discounts, which, as usual, must be made from the advantages attending this glorious and happy disenthralment of the national mind, the

latter so far preponderate over the former, as to leave us just cause to be proud of the spectacle exhibited by our country, of a whole people daily and freely interchanging their sentiments with each other, both in private and public, with no other evil consequences, beyond those which we have already referred to, than an occasional street-fight, lynching scrape,* or legislative fracas; which, where they happen to assume a serious character, or are attended by a sprinkling, however slight and local, of that "red rain" with which these mere passing clouds of an otherwise peaceful sky, are always more or less charged, never fail to revolt, and produce nearly as strong a shudder of the public feeling and sensibility, as those phenomena erroneously termed *blood showers* once did in superstitious minds, and in remote and ignorant times. In other words, these outrages and irregularities—the results chiefly of a bad police—are always regarded by the better informed and more orderly portion of the community, in the same light as they would be in other countries, where such occurrences never take place; though foreigners, and British tourists in particular, are in the habit of referring to these merely casual outbreaks of personal violence among us, as proofs of our republican rudeness and barbarity,

* Among the last reports of the cases adjudged and decided by this respectable and popular tribunal, we notice the following, which we quote as a specimen of its mode of *doing business*; which, it will be seen, at least affords no room for the usual complaint of the law's delay—though the practice of taking the evidence after the condemnation and punishment of the accused, is often and unavoidably attended with such *mistakes of the apothecary*, as those detailed in the following record of the proceedings of one of these *lits de justice*, lately held in a Western State:

"*Lynching*.—An amount of money having been stolen from on board a wharf boat at Vicksburg, a man named Robinson was suspected of the robbery, and was taken possession of and the lash applied to extort confession. The torture induced him to implicate another man named McQuade, who was also lynched to such an extent as to endanger his life, but persisted in declaring his innocence. A legal investigation showed that *neither was guilty*; and prosecutions were entered against the perpetrators of the outrage. Much excitement existed, and it is to be hoped that the feeling of the people of that place is such as to prevent in future such outrageous acts."

and of the "savagizing effects of free institutions."

As respects the rows and rencontres that sometimes take place in Congress, and our other deliberative assemblies, we do not ourselves recollect but a single case of a really serious character, or in which an actual homicide was committed on the floor of a legislative hall; and this, it is proper to note, occurred in a far western territory, where the perpetrator of the deed, though not exactly brought to justice for it, was yet made to feel a full measure of punishment, in the general reprehension of his conduct by the press, and the *unpopularity* into which he immediately fell with his constituents, and in the community in which he lived. We have italicized a word in the foregoing sentence, and must here digress for a moment, in order to have an opportunity of explaining, for the benefit of foreigners, that the phrase has a force and meaning in this country, not easily comprehended by those unacquainted with the character and workings of a popular government. For where the will of the people forms the supreme authority and moving power of the whole political system, their opinion, whether expressed negatively by their neglect, or positively by their favor, soon comes to be considered as a fixed and infallible test* of the merits and pretensions of individuals; this standard being supposed to afford a means by which their moral claims and character

* A still more compendious mode, however, of ascertaining the qualifications of candidates, and their fitness for office, is that more recently invented, of simply filing a set of interrogatories, before each election, in the office of the nearest newspaper, causing them to be published, and duly served on the different parties to whom they are addressed, and notifying them that they must be at once and categorically answered. The answers of those thus put to the question, or who have the question put to them, will always be found, like an arithmetical proof, to give the sum or exact amount of the candidate's merits and pretensions, which are more conveniently brought out in this way than in any other that has yet been devised. If he is found to answer, that is, responds in a manner satisfactory to his sagacious examiners, it is at once decided that he will answer equally well when in office, though this seldom turns out to be the case; there being no reason indeed, why it should, as there is no visible connection between cause and effect, where the rule appears to be confirmed, though it is sufficiently obvious, where it fails or proves to be fallacious.

were the people there as often brought may be both more easily and accurately ascertained, than by the old-fashioned and mechanical mode of judging them by their conduct and actions—which, however worthy and blameless they may be, are deemed scarce deserving of a moment's notice or regard, where they have become in any way unpopular with their neighbors or the people at large. This ban they may chance to incur, either by a demeanor not liked or approved of by the multitude, by expressing opinions different from those of the party to which they may have attached themselves, and *kicking out of the traces*, as it is technically termed, or for "any other reason why." This state of things necessarily creates a struggle of motives in the breasts of those aspirants who, while they desire to secure the voice and applause of the people, are not altogether deaf to that of honor and conscience. Hence, between the equipollent motives of ambition and duty, such novices often find themselves placed in a dilemma dangerous to human weakness, or sadly trying to virtue and principle. For they plainly perceive, that however just and righteous the decrees of the majority may be, the good and the wise seldom see much to approve or admire in them, and are therefore most generally in a minority; while religion tells them that though the many are called, the few only are chosen, in that awful *election* by which the fate of the soul or its eternal "bliss or bale," is finally and irrevocably decided. Thus between the condemnation pronounced upon the *majority* from a high quarter, and the favor promised to the *minority* from the same source, the luckless candidate, if at all scrupulous, is often sadly perplexed and *flabbergasted*; while if he hesitates, he is lost, as far at least as the political race is concerned, in which those only are successful, who start early, strain forward unceasingly, and thus risk the chance of the Devil's taking the foremost, which, in such contests, is always the most reasonable, and indeed, almost a certain calculation.

To go on, however, with our subject, the *rowdiness* charged upon us by foreigners, and which no doubt prevails to a considerable degree in some of our newer States, would, we have little question, occur to the same extent in other countries,

together in elections, and on other public occasions, as they are under our government. The *judicial combats*,* and other conflicts of various kinds, which sometimes come off in our courts of justice, or within their immediate precincts, and which have been so often and so satirically referred to by foreign journalists and censorious travellers, in their attempts to defame and disparage our national character, are after all, however little creditable they may be to our morals and manners, not a whit more disgraceful and unworthy of a civilized people than the deliberate and bloody duel, still so much in vogue in the old world, or the scientific pugilism, so

fashionable in England, as to form there a usual, and as it is alleged, necessary accomplishment of a well educated gentleman!

With respect to the excesses of the press, it unfortunately happens, that as "to the pure, everything is pure," the reverse of the maxim holds equally true. Hence, in the hands of corrupt and fallen man, even the best gifts of Heaven are much oftener abused and perverted, and are more apt to be used for evil purposes, than those to which they ought, and were designed to be applied. Thus the inestimable privilege of free discussion, which seems to be so especially entitled to the character of a blessing and boon from Providence, by being calculated to elicit and vindicate truth, and being accompanied by no condition but that of employing it for the beneficent ends it was intended to promote, (as any other restraint upon its exercise operates, like a flaw in a gem, to destroy its value,) has yet been converted into a teeming source of private discord and civil dissension, and much oftener serves to "darken council," than to enlighten and improve the people, whom it has been the means of dividing into bigoted and hostile parties—each professing themselves the friends of equal rights, yet each equally aiming at a monopoly of power, and seeking to establish a union, permanent and indivisible, between its particular *political church* and the *state*, and to impose its creed on those of the opposite faith, as well as to exclude them from all the honors and offices of the government. For while the liberty of the press, as we have already observed, will bear no other restraints than those which discretion and prudence should impose on its managers, these gentry appear to regard this precious and intangible freedom, in the light of a privilege rather than of a law—an error committed in relation to many equally important franchises, which the ignorant multitude claim, and are taught to consider among the natural and inalienable rights of man.* Nature, however, so far from creating any rights of this kind, restricts their enjoyment, even as the offspring of law and positive institution, to those only who properly appreciate and know how to use them; or

* "A *Fracas between Justices*.—Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, the Assistant Justices' Court, located on the corner of Third street and Bowery, was the scene of a funny fracas occasioned by the collision of Alderman Croluis and Justice Haskins. The latter was one of the Justices said to be holding over, having been superseded by the election of Mr. Wm. H. Van Cott. It appears from facts in the case, that Alderman Croluis, being chairman of the committee of public offices, proceeded to the above court, for the purpose of placing Mr. Van Cott on the bench. On entering the court, Justice Haskins was on the bench, and, of course, in possession; on the request being made by the Alderman, Justice Haskins ordered him to leave the room; this the Alderman declined doing, when the Justice left his seat to eject the Alderman, by taking hold of his collar. Both clinched, and a kind of rough and tumble scramble took place between them, in the midst of which the Alderman's ear came in contact with the edge of a door post, and as the latter was much the sharpest the Alderman's ear suffered somewhat from the collision. Constable Austin, after some little difficulty, separated the pugnacious magistrates, when who should make his appearance in court but Justice Van Cott, and took his seat on the bench by virtue of his election. Justice Haskins disputed his right, seized him by the collar, and after a violent struggle, succeeded in removing him from the bench."—*Charleston Courier*, July 24, 1848.

[This affair happened in New York.]

We had extracted, but have carelessly mislaid, another *récit*, taken from a paper of the same date as the above, of an encounter between a Judge Griffin, of Illinois, who was practising between terms, (a *practice* common in the West,) and a member of the Bar in that State, in which the judge was shot through the abdomen or thorax, we forget which, but it was hoped not mortally, as he was alive at the last accounts. Whether a suit will follow, or an action be brought by the judge when he recovers; or whether he will *recover*, if he does; or will *follow suit*, by shooting his antagonist in return, remains to be seen, though the latter is the course which he will most probably pursue.

* See Note at the end.

to the wise, the virtuous and the free, by whom alone they can be maintained and preserved, and rightfully exercised. They are hence no more transmissible than happiness, merit, or prosperity, or any of the other more coveted advantages of life, which no one brings with them into the world, and which, therefore, cannot be made the subjects of inalienable inheritance. For though they may be bequeathed, they cannot be inherited or enjoyed, but by the worthy and the wise, or preserved, but by the prowess, the patriotic, and the brave. The gentlemen of the press, in particular, seem to forget, that liberty is not freedom, nor freedom liberty, in the latitudinous sense usually attached to these terms; which, on the contrary, are rigorously limited in their signification, and rather imply restraint and submission, or the existence of that high and happy civil condition, in which law prevails over license, order over anarchy, and justice over violence and oppression. The increasing license, scurrility, and insolence indulged in by the conductors of the daily press, the result no doubt of the enjoyment by all classes of the "largest liberty," is indeed now fast rendering that once boasted engine of freedom and improvement, much more of a nuisance and pest, than a benefit to the community; or much less of a terror to evil-doers, than to the better part of society, who have most to fear from the missiles and firebrands which its conductors hurl about in the community, with so little consideration, and so little regard to decency and propriety. The penalties of a libel suit, and the still more direct terrors of the avenging pistol and bowie-knife,* are now in fact the only practical checks upon the excesses and in-

* In the absence of the decorum and forbearance by which those who assume the perilous office of managing the safety-valves of these high pressure political engines, should be governed, the example set by Lieut. Pollock of the Navy, who not long since shot an editor, (though, as it turned out, not mortally,) is calculated to have a salutary effect, and if generally followed, would soon work a cure of the evils on which we have been commenting; and the license of the press be corrected in the only way in which it can be, that is, *through* its conductors, or by the "wild justice of revenge."

[The author of this article, it will be perceived is a "Southerner."—Ed.]

trusive spirit of these daring and reckless triflers with the public peace, who have got such exclusive possession of this patent instrument of oppression and torture, by which the mind may be put to the rack, quite as effectually as ever the body was by the more material appliances used in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and upon far slighter pretexts than those which served to bring their victims before the judges of that dread tribunal. Thus, if we may drop one metaphor, in order to employ another—as a warrior in battle sometimes changes his weapons, to make a more effective onslaught upon the enemy—that once bright and fruit-bearing offshoot of the Tree of Liberty, which, it was so fondly anticipated, would, like the root-tipt branch of the famed Indian fig, strike into the soil, and become in turn a support to the noble trunk from which it sprung, has proved a mere parasite growth, and noxious plant, entwining its parent stem with deadly embrace, and affecting it with the corruption, rotteness, and decay, against which it was designed and expected to guard and preserve it. The chief authors of this result, the fraternity of newspaper editors, who, with that posse of *irresponsibles*, their correspondents and contributors, now form a species of *press-gang*, scarcely less lawless and formidable than the desperate band of that name, whose operations, as a part of the recruiting service of Great Britain, so much disgrace that country, have, in a word, by their increasing influence and audacity, become little less than a New Power in the State, the *pen-feathers* of whose soaring pretensions and growing tyranny it is surely high time to pluck and reduce, so as to compel them to *walk*, or conduct themselves like other people for the future, or a little more decorously than they at present do, towards their fellow citizens, and the patient and long-suffering public. Otherwise, the mock oracular style in which they deliver their dictums and decisions on all subjects; the swelling importance with which they "strut and *fret* their hour on the stage," (for they are always in a passion at something, or with somebody or other,) and habitual *enragé* demeanor, which occasions them to bear a not remote resemblance, if we may use a humble but not unapt

similitude, to so many sitting hens, just off their nests, with their plumes and tempers always equally ruffled and decomposed; picking at, and quarrelling with every one around them, and forming a perfect embodiment of ill-humor, fussy consequence, and mischievous pugnacity; is only ridiculous to the lookers on, and those who are not in immediate collision with them in the political arena. But to be a little more serious, Mr. Editor, it is surely greatly to be regretted, or as scholars phrase it, *valde defendus*, that these otherwise useful and well informed members of the community, should exhibit so little judgment and discretion, as they notoriously do, in the conduct of the vehicles which they drive with such Jehu-like and reckless fury through all the high-ways and byways of the land, and over all who either attempt to check their course, or are not quick enough in getting off the track when the Editorial Automadon* is careering along it, and pressing forward, lash in hand, to keep ahead in the political race, and arrive in triumph with his candidate to the dust-enveloped starting pole (poll;) a triumph which he always considers as insuring the *success of free principles*, at least for the time being, and as more immediately brought about by his exertions, than by the mere mechanical voting of the majority.

Among the many pernicious practices, however, in which the corps habitually indulge, there is none more mischievous or deserving of reprehension, than their insolent and unprincipled violations of the privacy of domestic life, and iconoclastic attacks on the Lares of the social hearth, that form together a mingled system of espionage and private war, which is the more to be condemned and deprecated, as it is in general unattended by, or barren of any useful and compensating results. For like the divers after sunken treasures, the *profound researches* of the *Free Breth-*

ren, in these directions, more usually end in their bringing up mere trash and trifles, than in their finding anything of value, or any of the important objects of which they profess and affect to be in search. In this species of sub-marine and wholly profitless pursuit, they exhibit both an "alacrity in sinking," and a quickness in returning to the surface, their proper place and appropriate arena, truly wonderful, considering the antipodal, or apparently contradictory character of these qualities. They are, nevertheless, naturally enough combined in those who, in addition to a heaviness of head, that renders them no less expert divers than were the heroes of the Dunciad, of whom they form the most successful modern rivals and imitators, are afflicted with a professional shortness of breath,* that necessarily prevents them from remaining long under water, or penetrating any deeper into the sea of politics in which they are so fond of dabbling, than the day to which their mill-horse labors are confined, does into the bosom of the ocean. It is, at any rate, under a manifestly strained construction of the laws of freedom, that these inquisitorial gentry have been led to regard a Daily Print as partaking of the character, and arming them with the power of a general warrant, that authorizes them to enter the domicils, overhaul the domestic transactions, publish the private correspondence, and *show up* the names and concerns of those who either become candidates for public office, oppose them in politics, or dare to differ from them in opinion. It may be urged however, in extenuation of these practices of the fraternity, that with the exception of an occasional street-fight, broken head, or homicide, they are seldom attended with any worse consequences than an indignant discontinuance of the offending paper, by the injured and outraged party, or the paying, sometimes, of *black mail* by those who either fear

* We use this classic allusion, rather by way of a flourish, than as one naturally suggested by the subject, as the vehicles alluded to are much more calculated to present the images of so many scavenger's carts, loaded with garbage and trash, than the skilfully guided and picturesque *aurigas* of ancient Greece, straining and glowing towards the goal, in the Olympic race of emulation and renown.

* This chronic affection, so peculiar to the tribe, may possibly owe its origin to, and we have no doubt, took its rise from their constant and strained efforts to aggravate their small voices, and make them pass for those of the multitude; which more often results in exemplifying the fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin, whose bray at once betrayed his real character, than in a successful imitation.

exposure, or whose sensibility, like the animal flower* that blooms beneath the deep, shrinks from the garish light of day, and the rude and profane handling of vulgar curiosity. Yet those who are in the habit of levying this kind of secret tax from the scared communities in which they live, are in general, it is understood, sufficiently forbearing and liberal in their terms, and in most instances allow the trussed victims, when fully in their power, to buy themselves off for far less sums than might be extorted from them, were the screw of the Press, or the *screw press*, applied as stringently as it might be to the oozing purses and writhing sensibilities of those unfortunates whom they thus bleed, as the vampire does his prey, by silent assault and secret depletion and exhaustion.† The least effort to check or restrain the licentiousness in which they so insolently indulge, at once brings them together with electric effect, and they forthwith unite, shoulder to shoulder, and with one voice, to resist and denounce the attempt, as an interference with the *liberty of the Press*, by which they mean, as we have already shown, the liberty which they themselves take with the characters and concerns of all the rest of the community.

Among the privileges, as we have already said, which they seem to consider themselves as above all others entitled to exercise without question, and by the right of usage and prescription, is that of assailing and denouncing whomsoever they find, or may happen to consider as standing in the way, either of their favorite candidates, or the *onward march of free principles*, and dragging them, without notice served, before the tribunal of the Public; a tribunal for which they contrive to carve out quite as much business as it can well attend to, and which they have succeeded in rendering scarcely less truculent and terrible, than was that of the Inquisition of Spain, in the darkest days of its persecution and

power. Hence, when on a late occasion a distinguished member of the guild was expelled from the chamber of the Senate of the United States, for insulting and reviling the members of that body, at the moment when he was enjoying a privilege extended to him by their courtesy and kindness, he was greatly astonished at this daring and unprecedented proceeding, and loudly complained of and denounced it as an "unparalleled outrage," and a high-handed and temerarious attack upon the *Freedom of the Press* !* Another of these worthies, who, by some underhand or corrupt means, had got possession of and published the late Treaty with Mexico, before the injunction of secrecy, during which it was being matured, had been removed, thus notices the efforts made by that body to trace out the source, or discover the perpetrator of this treachery :—

"*The United States Senate and the Liberty of the Press.*—The United States Senate has solemnly completed its disgrace. It has *meanly and sneakingly* skulked out of its contest with the humble but independent correspondent of a *free press*, of the *free city* of New York, belonging to this *free* and independent republic. Mr. Nugent, the correspondent of this journal, has been discharged by the Senate, after an illegal and high-handed incarceration of three or four weeks, against all law, all constitution, all right, all liberty, and all honor! The conduct of this body deserves severe and determined examination. We shall give the full value of their services to posterity. In this examination, we profess to have the humanity not to descend to criticise the conduct of the meaner and more contemptible members of that body, such as Hannegan, Hale, Turney, Moore, and others of their calibre and standing! * * * The gross *hypocrisy and infamy* of the conduct of the Senate, shall not be permitted to pass into the history of the past, without a full and critical examination, calculated to have a good

* The sea-anemone.

† We must in justice and candor admit, that we have never heard this practice attributed to but one of the fraternity, who may also be innocent of the charge, though there is no knowing how many may have been guilty of it, as such doings are not proclaimed from the house-top, but are always secretly and silently managed.

* This demi-official appears to have felt himself no less outraged on the above occasion, than was a certain equally important country justice, who being somewhat roughly handled by an ugly customer whom he had attempted to arrest, bade him, with aroused indignation, "recollect that he was an officer, clothed with magisterial powers; that when he shook him, he shook the laws, and all the authorities whom he represented; an announcement that struck such terror into the soul of the astonished delinquent, that he at once submitted, and without giving any further trouble, allowed himself to be straightway conducted to prison.

and salutary effect on all the future conduct of that responsible branch of the government.”*

Where are there, we may ask, any greater enemies of the Press, than these insolent and scurrilous vulgarians, who are forever abusing its privileges, and who respect nothing, not even the highest authorities, nor the most elevated characters of the country? The conduct of both of these men, who, by the courtesy of the Senate, were allowed to have their reporters in its chamber, serves fully to verify the remark which one of them himself makes in the following paragraph, which goes still further to show, how sometimes, even without the help of that “miraculous organ” conscience, the guilty are condemned out of their own mouth, and by their voluntary acknowledgment:—

“When kindness and favor are shown to the vile, the only use they will make of it will always be to turn around and abuse you. This holds good in every day life, and at all times.”†

One happy consequence, nevertheless, of the inquisitorial and searching operations thus carried on by these “Brothers of the Holy Office”—whose domiciliary visits are the dread and terror of every community—has been, to do away with and utterly abolish that antiquated remnant of aristocracy and feudal barbarism, *the Castle*; for before the age of illumination, and the glorious era of free discussion, every man’s house was viewed and superstitiously respected as a fortress and sacred retreat of this kind. It was, to be sure, partly by a fiction of law that every three-story house, and every log cabin of the forest, was invested with this lofty and imposing character; a fiction which we owe to the same mint of fancy from which we derive the romantic and interesting story of John Doe and Richard Roe—those two pugnacious, quibbling, advantage-taking, tautologous, and long-winded champions, who are always so ready to engage in the quarrels of others, and who have been employed for at least these two centuries past, in indicting, convicting, ejecting and imprisoning innocent and inoffensive folks with whom they had

no personal difference or real controversy whatever. The above mode of attacking the opinions of other, that is, by personal abuse and defamation, has unluckily been found so much more convenient and effectual than the old-fashioned method of argument and persuasion, and affords an assailant so many fair opportunities of putting in those *home* thrusts which operate upon the feelings as well as the convictions of an antagonist, that it has been naturally adopted by the whole corps of editors and newspaper writers throughout the land, and has been attended in practice with an extraordinary degree of éclat and decided success. The aim in this revived species of strategy (for it is by no means new) being to convict, rather than convince, the obstinate recusant and troublesome customer, who proves too “cunning of fence” to be put down by the weapons of logic; it becomes expedient in the first instance to reduce him to the defensive, which is readily and at once done by this perfectly fair and skilful mode of attack; as he finds that he has to contend, not against an array of arguments and facts, but of charges and insinuations—which, if only repeated often enough, and with sufficient confidence and perseverance, are sure, sooner or later, to have their effect, and to drive him with defeat and confusion from the field. This being once done renders any after attempts at proof or disproof a hopeless matter, as referring to a by-gone affair, which nobody but the wronged and calumniated party himself has any concern in or cares anything about. In the event of the charges failing prematurely, (for as we have already hinted, their after reputation is a matter of no earthly consequence,) and where the individual to be assailed stands on too high ground to be attacked by direct accusation, (which, from the usual weakness of our common nature, is seldom the case,) the able editor and practised political writer are still left as before observed, a final resource in the *petit guerre*—the sly warfare of insinuations, hintings and dark questionings—all of which are nearly as good substitutes for facts and reasoning as the *charge overt* itself, or the *counter-check quarrelsome*—their effect being heightened, precisely in proportion to the moral sensibility and

* New York Weekly Herald, May 6th, 1848.

† Ibid.—Article “Black Ingratitude.”

virtue of the person to be victimized. The editor, on the other hand, if he be of the true pachy-dermatous species, has the advantage of fighting in the armor given him by nature, whose seven-fold thickness effectually protects him from injury and secures him against retaliation. Where all these methods of intimidation, viz., by calumny, mysteriously worded interrogations, implying the existence of something dreadful against the character of the unlucky wight thus brought to the bar of the public and the editorial *questioning committee*, unexpectedly fail of effect, a personal assault upon the anomalous genius who thus daringly holds out, and obstinately keeps the field, is an alternative and resort still left the enterprising editor and anonymous calumniator, and has often succeeded in putting down those who are found to have less bone and sinew than brain and character—there being no necessary connection between muscle and merit, or between strength of mind and force of body. Yet as no good is without its attendant drawbacks and disadvantages, it may be deemed vain and unwise to complain of the hard condition thus attached to every benefit which Heaven has bestowed on man, and which, as one of the arrangements of Providence, may well be acquiesced in on the present occasion, or in the case of so great a boon and privilege as the liberty of speech and of free discussion.

While, then, the daily press continues to shed with the diffusive power of the sun the rays of intelligence over the land, and between the crevices of the remotest log hut of the forest, shall we complain that in doing this it at the same time disperses every shadow of privacy and retirement, and even those deeper glooms of obscurity and concealment under which repentant guilt and proud misfortune once sought shelter, and once found respite and repose? Most certainly not; but we must still be allowed to protest against such abuses of its privileges as some of those we have been noticing, as the power of this potent and elephantine agent might surely be shown in some more eligible, and at any rate in some less offensive way, than in thrusting its "lithe proboscis" into every door and domicile that it passes, and bespattering with dirty water whoever may

chance to irritate it or cross its path. Much allowance, to be sure, as we have already said and admitted, should be made for its conductors, and those who are in the habit of freely availing themselves of its privileges—who, between the duty they owe to the public, and the consideration due to the feelings and character of private individuals, are certainly placed in a difficult and (to use a Peter Pindaric phrase,) a somewhat "Peg Nicolson predicament," from which there appears no other way to get out than the one they usually adopt, namely, by compromise; the principle, it will be recollected, on which the great charter of our liberties was originally framed and founded.* This policy is at once so obvious and imperative, that in accordance with it the helmsman or master of one of those newly launched party fire-ships is generally careful to provide himself, at the outset of his career, or in commencing a cruise against the enemy, with a *double set of papers*; the one designed for the inspection of the curious and the satisfaction of the public at large, and the other for the use and perusal of his *owners* only, and of the party under whose colors he sails. The false papers, or *Prospectus*, as they are collectively and technically called, being addressed to the public generally, rather than to the party, always contains carefully worded professions of peaceful and patriotic intentions, and emphatic declarations of a determination on the part of the commander of the craft, to pursue an upright, fearless and independent career, and to observe strict justice and impartiality in his course towards both friends and enemies! This specious and deceptive document is generally headed with some flourish or motto, such as *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*—or, "Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's"—which not only reads agreeably, but greatly helps the effect intended to be produced upon

* The analogy in the two instances may not appear at once obvious, but will be found to be much closer than might be at first suspected—a magnanimous disregard of private interests forming the point of resemblance, and sufficiently assimilating the two cases; the sole difference being, that an immolation of the private interests of others is the only sacrifice made on these occasions by the corps on the altar of the public good.

the mind of the too believing and pensive public. These formulæ and catch-words having been fairly written out, signed, &c., the *catch* or *ketch* itself (for the word may be indifferently spelled either way,) is deliberately fitted out for a hostile cruise and sent against the enemy—its hold well stored with warlike materials, and ordinance ready to be run out at the shortest notice, with arms, hand grenades, and every species of missiles, so that it is enabled to commence hostilities, and bristles up with the *qui rive* suddenness of an enraged porcupine the instant that it gets to sea, or into the blue water of politics and party warfare. The promptness, indeed, with which even the smallest of these pugnacious and fire-breathing corvettes assumes a bellicose attitude and commences offensive operations—the eagerness with which it courts insult and begins to lay about it in every direction—popping, squibbing and thundering, as if resolved at any rate to be heard and observed—is truly a matter of astonishment, considering the small amount of real force which they possess, and the quiet and Quaker-like character which they wear at the outset, or on first leaving port.

A still lower class of these auxiliaries of party brigandage and warfare, whose operations we are compelled to notice, are a sort of *mud-machines*, which do not venture very far from shore, but hurl from a distance, dirt, stones, and rubbish of all kinds, at the heads of the enemy, and sadly bespatter all within their reach, but in general, do them no further injury; being, in this respect, like those serpents whose bite is not poisonous, though they are no less spiteful and prone to strike than the most venomous of the species. In addition to these numerous rovers of the tempestuous sea of Liberty, a variety of journals of a more or less ephemeral character, shoot up and coruscate through the troubled sky—some like flying-serpents, that appear to be spontaneously engendered by the fiery political atmosphere in which they move; others resembling rockets, that soar up, as if affecting the stars, but explode after a short flight, and disappear forever; while not a few, with wide expanding wings and great note of preparation, rise, like short-legged birds, with difficulty from the earth, and after a convulsive effort or two, come

to the ground again, and straight are seen no more. Assuming a partly literary, and partly factious character, these balloon-like ephemera present a truly strange combination of igneous elements and explosive matter, burnt spirits, and heavy gas; so that though they spread wider wings, and ambitiously attempt to soar higher than the rest of these offspring of corruption and faction, they fly lower, and struggle feebly on with the flashing semblance, but without either the brightness or the fiery speed of the meteor. In this way, or rather by a process not exactly known, and contrary to the maxim, “*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*,” out of nothing, a something, or it might be more properly said, *a nothing* is made, compounded of mere smoke and noise, and bearing at least an anomalous and shadowy form among the *Asteroids* of the day, which revolve invisibly in their spheres, or so near the earth, as to be wholly overlooked, except by the *inquisitive inquirer*, and the pryers into the history of such non-descript and irregular bodies.

But to drop the *meteorous*,* or metaphoric style, and assume the serious,—we must once more say, that though certainly no apologists for the errors of the Press, we are well inclined to subscribe to the maxim, that the interests of private individuals must and should yield on all occasions, to those of the public. Editors, indeed, even while asserting this doctrine, are usually willing enough to admit, that a certain degree of respect is due to the feelings and reputations of the former,—though in practice, as we have already observed, they treat this as a mere theoretical principle, and seem to consider themselves as in general left no choice, but to prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*, and to consult exclusively the *salus populi*, which they also held to be the *supreme good*—the first and the last concern of man, and more especially, of all truly patriotic editors. Hence no doubt their Spartan, or rather Indian disregard of the complaints of the injured, and the groans and writhings of the wounded and dying, ever rising around them in their desolating political career; which is in general one long campaign, conducted always with

* *Meteora* is the Greek term for *Metaphors*.

rather more fury than strategy, and in which they are so often compelled to sacrifice every private feeling, and even common decency and propriety, upon the altar of their country's good. At most, it appears, they can only steer between extremes, in the manner they usually do, and which we have already described,—namely, by making at the outset a graceful obeisance to their patrons and subscribers, in a Prospectus, or by saying over their moral creed, and making public profession of their belief in and allegiance to those rules of decency and propriety, by which the rest of the world are governed in their conduct to, and in their intercourse with each other. Beyond this, they seem to have made up their minds, that no editor who has a proper sense of his duty towards the public, can be reasonably expected to go. Hence the Prospectus of a modern and thorough-going party paper always forms a safe and sacred repository of the moral resolutions and principles of its conductors, and thus generally bears a not distant resemblance to a tomb-stone—the only difference being, that it promises of the *unborn*, what the latter vaunts of the *dead*, both being equally veracious, and equally credited by their readers; who nevertheless are content to pardon their monotonous cant and romancing, as a homage paid to virtue and morals, at the expense of modesty and truth. The Knights of the Type and Ink-bottle are probably further moved to this conspicuous act of public worship and hypocrisy, by the consideration, that the principles of morality and decency, to which they thus ostentatiously proclaim their allegiance, may some day or other* actually come into vogue and practice among the fraternity, and exercise a proper authority and influence over their conduct and writings. Though there is certainly little like-

lihood of an event of this kind ever happening, it is yet, we repeat, well for them to prepare for such an emergency,—the more especially, as a flourish of this kind costs only a little extra ink and paper, a few emphatic phrases, and a well-turned sentence or two. It is at any rate proper at the outset, in taking out their license, to observe a decent demeanor, and at least to *profess* that they do not consider it as giving them a privilege

“To run a muck at all they meet;”

to stab at the reputation of their neighbors; to dig up the ashes of the dead, and commote society from its foundations, and

“Deal damnation round the land
On each they judge their foe;”

though they in the end but too often use it without stint or scruple, for all these fell and unhallowed purposes. Nor need they make it generally known, but be careful to leave it to others to find out as they may, that they mean to employ it also as a convenient *roving commission*, which empowers them to pursue whatever course they please in politics—either to trim between parties, go over to the enemy, or sail back again, as may best suit their present interests and convenience. Though the Press, thus managed, serves, as might be expected, scarcely any other purpose than to obscure truth, circulate falsehood, and promote persecution; it is religiously, or rather superstitiously regarded by the people, as the Palladium of Liberty, if not as the very Ark of their political safety and salvation. The most favorite image, however, under which they are accustomed to regard it, is that of a *Watch-tower*, with “Sentinels” and “Heralds” posted on its top, lighted up by “Beacons,” and provided with “Toesins,” “Clarrions,” and a thousand other means and contrivances for sounding and spreading the alarm, whenever liberty is invaded, or the slightest speck of public danger appears on the horizon. Compared with this great bulwark, the Constitution itself is viewed as but a secondary safeguard; and those higher securities, virtue, vigilance, and individual self-government, and the low-heard, but awful commotions of experience and history, are held as of little

* They would seem to have derived a hint on the subject, from the politic course pursued by a certain eccentric Italian, who was observed to bow reverently to a statue of Jupiter in the Vatican, whenever he passed it. On being asked his reason for this rather mysterious movement, he replied, that “as in the course of human events,” the deposed deity might possibly *come up again*, and recover his lost superlative and sway, he supposed that he would not fail to remember those who remembered him in his adversity, and paid him respect during his misfortune.

value, when weighed against the inestimable privilege secured to every member of the community, of freely speaking his mind, on all subjects and occasions; of writing whatever he pleases, and *taking the responsibility* for the consequences:—though it has been observed, that through the influence, perhaps, of that “pale cast of thought,” by which the *resolution* of even the loftiest spirits is sometimes “sieklied o’er,” but few exhibit any particular forwardness to avail themselves of this last unquestioned and “inalienable right.” On the contrary, those who are most ready to exercise to their fullest extent the two first glorious franchises—those of writing and publishing what they please—are found generally to affect the anonymous, and prefer the unpretending *incognito*, even when most fiercely asserting the above indefeasible rights of freemen: influenced, no doubt, by a desire to do good in secret, or a diffident disinclination to make a parade of their services to the public, which they rather leave to others to find out and appreciate; a task, which those who might choose to undertake it, would probably be enabled to achieve in due time, and with final success. The editor *par excellence*, or who has the actual charge of the paper, has not only to bear the brunt of the political warfare, which these retiring and disinterested gentlemen contribute to kindle and keep up around him, but is required also to have at least courage and assurance enough to cover with his responsibility the articles that appear in his columns, and especially such as come from the *heads* of the party to which he belongs; who are not only *leaders*, but often the authors of *Leaders*, and from behind the Telamonian shield of the editor, are enabled to take a more assured aim at such of their opponents as stand fairly and bravely exposed in the open arena of conflict.

The first measure, therefore, of every new administration, is to secure the services and subserviency of at least one or more of the ablest and most experienced of the Swiss-corps* we have been describing,

* “He who attends to the English newspapers—the scope which they give themselves, and the tone they take as to persons and opinions—will be apt, we think, to come to the conclusion that the *Press* is practically freer in Great Britain,

and to establish a daily paper, exclusively devoted to its interests and support. The conductor of this *organ* and *Royal Gazette* has, in addition to his other duties, the hard task imposed upon him, of enacting the laborious and not very dignified part of the political auctioneer of the party; and is accordingly obliged to adopt both in his language and manner the air and peculiar slang of the vendue-table; being expected and required to cry up, puff and bepraise—not only all that the government does, has done, or intends to do—but at proper intervals, that is, every other day or so, to eulogize, and give a dissertation upon the merits and abilities of each and every member of the cabinet, lest they should be

than in the United States. * * * Let the reason be what it may, certain it is, that John Bull contrives to be, in a habitual way, a good deal more free-spoken about those who govern him, and even about his *Institutions*, than is exactly usual in the United States. Many books, directly advocating a Republic, are published in England; but let anybody try if he will to do the like in this country, and write in favor of monarchy, or against popular government.”—JOURNALIANA, *N. Intelligencer*, March 25th, 1848.

The writer of the above, it is carefully to be borne in mind, in maintaining that the Press is freer in England than in the United States, does not mean it to be inferred that it is also more licentious. For this is impossible, both from its having long since attained in this country the utmost limits to which it is practicable to push its excesses, and from the circumstance, that under a government like that of England, where it is subjected to a certain degree of restraint, its efforts are always and naturally directed to the object of enlarging its liberty; which an indulgence in licentiousness, and an abuse of its privileges, would rather tend to defeat than to promote or increase. Under a free government, on the contrary, it is already free, and no efforts are needed to assert or extend its liberty. Hence under such a government, it soon runs into licentiousness, from the absence of all restraint; and as an instrument of the majority, is rather used as a means of tyrannizing over public opinion, than to advance the cause of true liberty, while it otherwise is an ever-fuming censor of flattery to the people, who are treated by its conductors as an idol, before which all who profess republicanism are required to bow down, and shout hosannas, and to venerate as

“Most just, most wise, most good, most everything.”

Hence it is not free, and dares not breathe a word in favor of any other form of government than that most approved of by the people, or to avow or advocate any sentiments *caviare* to, or essentially variant from those generally entertained by the multitude.

overlooked or not properly appreciated by the people ; who, though their eyes are directed with a continued and fixed stare upon these gentry, and all their movements, are sometimes strangely blind to the conspicuous excellency of their characters, and the splendor and value of their services. The organ receives from the cabinet its cue or tone, which it again imparts, with a keep-time movement, to other instruments of lesser note, which form, along with it, the regimental music and great *brass-band* of the party. The democracy, particularly the progressive branch of it, who are no less distinguished by their ear for harmony, than by the refinement and chivalric delicacy of their sentiments and manners, are unable to take even the first step in any conjuncture without a keynote from the organ, to whose directing melody they turn, move, wheel, fall back from, or march up to the polls, with the precision of the drill and the punctuality of the parade. A parade and display of the uniform character of their principles, and of their equipments for service, (though their *appointments* are certainly none of the best,) forms, as we need scarcely observe, an essential part of the means which they employ to guide, gull, and govern the people. Those whom they cannot enlist, or drag into their ranks, they at once denounce as traitors and Tories,—lost to every sense of patriotism and decency, and “given up to strong delusion.” To what point the progress of this division of the party is tending, has never yet been indicated, and does not seem to be very clearly understood by its members themselves ; though to others, it is sufficiently certain that the movement, instead of being in advance, as it is supposed to be, is only in that beaten circle, which all radicals and revolutionists have, from the beginning of time, so invariably and fatally pursued. For a reaction, or return to first principles, forms the invariable termination of their rash experiments and mad excesses ; which ever render them the final and foredoomed victims, either of the foreign despot, or of the domestic usurper. These remarks, we are well aware, will probably meet with no other notice than a quiet smile of contempt from the *party of progress*, and who rejoice in the highly respectable, though rather outlandish name

of *Locofocoes*—a name which, though not exactly synonymous with moderation, or allied

“With every virtue under Heaven,”

is quite good enough for and no disgrace to those who bear it—as certainly none are more zealously engaged than they are in the experiment of working out, in as short a time as possible, the important problem, which has proved the *Pons Assinorum** of republican lawgivers and statesmen, for so many ages past—that of popular self-government.†

As respects the management of the Government Press, it will be perceived, from what has been said, that the labors of its conductors are of a manual rather than of a mental kind, and consist chiefly in a skilful use of the *brush*, instead of the pen—or in the aspersion, by a dexterous flourish of the former, over every one who comes in their way, of two certain liquids,—the one composed of equal parts of ink, aquafortis, and hot water, which forms a truly infernal mixture, that blackens, burns, and exulcerates wherever it lights, and rivals in malignancy and concentrated venom the death-dew of the upas-tree, or the warroo poison of Guiana. The other more harmless fluid, is a mere simple solution of lime in lye-water, (or *lie*, as it might more properly be spelt,) along with a certain proportion of ink and oil—there being just enough of the third ingredient, to make the composition stick, or of a sufficient consistency and thickness to answer, when *well laid on*, the purpose in view. These preparations (to use a pharmaceutical phrase) are contained in

* On this difficult political puzzle, the “Locofocoes” of America are now trying their hands, in a manner that certainly shows great knowledge of the subject, and that must be admitted to be truly promising ; if the sketch above given, of the use they make of the Press (the means on which they mainly rely for success) be at all calculated to convey any idea of the progress they are making in this ambitious, important, and interesting undertaking.

† If those thus ambitiously engaged, would begin at home, and try the experiment of self-government on themselves, we should have some better hopes of their success, than their present condition—loaded with debt, disgraced by repudiation, and stained with the blood of their slaughtered and plundered neighbors—will warrant us in entertaining.

two ample reservoirs or tanks, shaped like ink-stands, and the Swiss editor has nothing more to do each day, than, brush in hand, to *white-wash* with the last described compound, however coarsely or awkwardly this may be done, his patrons, and each and every member of the government; and from the other witch's cauldron to *black-wash*, in the same wholesale and unscrupulous manner, the enemies and opponents of the party; his labors in this way being arduous and constant, but otherwise sufficiently simple and easy of performance. Similar establishments on a small scale, are at the same time in operation all over the country—both under administration editors, and the agents and partisans of the opposite party; so that the land is darkened and beclouded by the fury of the political warfare constantly going on from one end of it to the other—citizen being arrayed against citizen, and brother against brother, in a manner truly edifying to the sincere lovers of freedom, and highly encouraging to its maligners and enemies. Though the champions on each side do not absolutely hurl mountains at each other, in the style of Milton's warring angels, there is always enough of *dirt* flung in the course of a single campaign or canvass, to make at least one good-sized mountain, and some half-dozen hills besides, under which numerous unfortunate candidates lie buried—some never to rise again, while others either crawl, or are at least dug out by their friends; when after a little recollection, refreshment and breathing, they re-engage in the contest, with unabated spirit, and undiminished fury.

The ultimate effect of all this, or of the use thus made of the Press,* is, as might

* It may be said in extenuation of these villainous and mischief-making practices of the editorial corps, that it is not their fault that Demos, not content with his daily mess of roast and boiled, *done to the bone*, requires that his human food should also be served up, ready carved to his hand, by his purveyors, and punctually furnished him in this state each morning, as a sort of side-dish at his breakfast table, as he is unable even to begin to eat without a *morceau* of this kind, or dainty bit, sliced from the reputation of some unfortunate wight or other, whom it is the duty of the editorial pack to select, hunt down, and butcher for his use. This duty they are more urgently required to attend to, as a diet of

be expected, to render this boasted bulwark of freedom of little real benefit to either party; for as the invention, like that of gunpowder, is equally available to the weak and the strong, and is generally used by each with equal license and want of principle, it reduces both to a level in the field of political warfare, and neither hurts the one side by its slanders, nor dignifies the other by its praise. As an enraged combatant wastes half of his blows in the air; as an overloaded gun always shoots badly; and as a mountain torrent, with all its foam and fury, only ends at last in a lake; this vaunted engine of intelligence and power—from the senseless and insane manner in which it is used and abused by those into whose hands it has fallen—serves scarcely any other effective purpose in the end, than to afford a convenient safety-valve, by which the feuds, wrath and rivalries of the different parties, find a comparatively harmless vent, in railing, disputation and scurrility; by which they spend their fury in ink, instead of bloodshed, and content themselves with *speaking daggers*, in place of using them—as was the more ancient and approved method, before the means was discovered of compelling people to hear what their neighbors have to say of them, and enabling both sides to “unpack their hearts with curses,” and relieve themselves in that way of the bile and ill-humors which the heat of factious contention, and the unwholesome atmosphere of politics, so fatally engenders in the human system. For it is a somewhat untoward circumstance, and forms another of those serious drawbacks to the improvements of the age, to which we have had such frequent occasion to advert, that the fearless advocacy of free opinions (the terms in which calumny and scurrility have long since

this kind has now become absolutely necessary to his health and digestion—as without it, he would infallibly fall into some malady or other, and experience some gastric qualm, or derangement of the stomach for the rest of the day. In this respect, he is now to the full as delicate and particular as was his brother King of the Battas, who, according to the accounts of travellers, *took on*, and became dyspeptic, if he was not regularly treated with some choice piece of human flesh every morning, to stay his stomach with, and gratify his unreasonable *penchant* for this scarce and rather expensive article of food.

been merged by editors and politicians, and received republican usage,) is always attended, more or less, by this unpleasant and disordering effect upon the animal economy, and by innovations like the foregoing upon the national speech, which have already rendered a new dictionary of the language necessary for the use of schools, and as a guide for politicians, statesmen, and historians.

Whether our beloved country be destined to *press* forward in this way, to greatness and glory; or whether the use thus made of the glorious privilege of free discussion be *typical* of the progress it is in future to make in knowledge and virtue; we pretend not here to determine or predict. Being unwilling, however, to be termed prophets of evil, we are for ourselves ready to say, that we rather look hopefully forward, and expect nothing less than the access of the Millennium, under the auspices of our present political leaders, sages, and editorial exemplars; though there are those, who are skeptical enough to maintain, that as long as the taste of the people is thus turned from amusement and instruction to politics and strife, and continues to encourage the excesses of the Press, and to delight in the extremes of abuse and eulogy, in which it daily deals, we can anticipate nothing better than a perpetuation of the present state of things, in which citizen is arrayed against citizen, "as foe against foe"—in which men professing to be Christians, pursue each other with far more rancor and virulence than Turk does Jew, and with far worse motives than those which actuate the religious persecutor. Such, at any rate, is the present state of Jonathan's mind and taste; as he now regularly expects on the rising of the newspaper curtain, to be treated with the usual panorama of political contention, party rows, and encountering factions—with this daily and disgusting scene of rage and rivalry—of violence and vaunting—barbarism and discord—unworthy of a free people, and disgraceful to a civilized country. Surely something better than this was to have been expected from the inheritors and descendants of the patriots and sages of seventy-six. Ye "sages in council, and Samsons in combat!" was it for this, or to bring about

such a state of things as this, that you made such costly sacrifices, and shed your precious blood? Was Washington sent in vain on earth? and did Franklin

"Snatch lightning from Heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants,"

to leave the golden fruits of their toil and achievements, only to be used as the stakes and counters of political gamblers—and oh! dire disgrace! to become even among such, the prize and reward of those who *play lowest*, or who employ the ballot-box, as the faro-dearer does his, but the more effectually to *stock the cards*, and cover his *tricasseries* with the mere outward and deceptive semblance of fairness and honor.

NOTE.—In referring to the subject slightly touched on at page 6, we must again express ourselves but briefly, as it is one that cannot be fully illustrated within the limits of a note. We can therefore do but little more for the present, than partially to expand the remark there made, that we consider it as an error to regard the privileges enjoyed under a free government, in the light of either natural or hereditary rights, or as being no less legitimately held by those to whom they descend as heirlooms, than by their first possessors. For to maintain this, is virtually to adopt the leading principle of aristocratic institutions, by which the titles and estates of a privileged class are bequeathed to or entailed on their elder sons, however unworthy they may be to inherit them; and who, not having earned them by any efforts of their own have no other claim to them than that which they derive from unjust and arbitrary laws. The blood-bought and inestimable privileges of liberty are then, we contend, blessings strictly contingent in their nature and character, and like all other objects of human desire, or that are prized by man, must be considered as existing in abeyance and expectation, until won, as was the Hesperian fruit of old, by hands worthy to gather them: the classical fable here alluded to, serving well to illustrate, if it was not designed to convey, this important moral, and sublime political truth. By the wise institutor, therefore, they should at least be placed upon the same footing as those more worldly objects which they so much surpass in dignity and importance, by rendering them the rewards of civic virtue and military service, instead of treating them as fruits hanging over a common highway, of which all may freely partake, and which those that may happen not to like their savor, or who may feel a fastidious disgust at the cheap terms upon which they are thus offered to all comers, may contemptuously reject, as the better off and more respectable visitors of our shores most generally, and indeed almost invariably do. The effect, in a word, of this mongrel system of hereditary rights and universal citizen-ship, has been attended, as might have been anticipated,

with the evils of both of these extremes—with the excesses of democracy, and the degeneracy and corruptions of an exclusively aristocratic *régime*. For while the admission of the base and unworthy, both of our own and of all other countries, to the full enjoyment of all the rights of citizenship, has been the means of giving to the mere *mob* an undue power and preponderating influence in the government—it has, on the other hand, introduced among the higher, or propertied orders, the luxury, extravagance, and degeneracy, which this class so generally exhibit under aristocratic institutions. For the premature decline and corruption into which a free people are so apt to fall, is precisely analogous to and springs from the same source as the vices and degeneracy of an old nobility, or the descendants of illustrious ancestors. It would, therefore, be a wise reform, to reserve the higher privileges of freedom—as those of eligibility to military command, and to the more elevated trusts and honors of the Republic—to reserve these, we say, for those only who have undergone a five years' apprenticeship to arms, and passed through a system of political training and instruction, which we shall take another opportunity to describe, or who have distinguished themselves by specific acts of public spirit and patriotism, and by conspicuous civic virtues and deeds. The indiscriminate liberality with which those precious and

sacred rights, which should be enjoyed and exercised only by the patriotic, the virtuous, and the brave, are imparted to the very refuse of society, and the most debased of mankind, not only deprives the privileges and immunities of all value in the eyes of the worthy and the high-minded, but are thrown away, like pearls to swine, upon those who are not only incapable of using them for any good purpose, but of comprehending or appreciating them, and are ever sure to degrade and abuse them: The above, we repeat, should be the principle upheld in relation to the rights, honors, and franchises, placed within the reach of the citizens of a free government; though we certainly are not so visionary as to expect to see it fully acted upon, or to insist on its enforcement, to the extent laid down here. We are yet satisfied that an approach may be made to such a reform as would embrace, not only a recognition of the principle above propounded, but would afford such an illustration of it in practice, as would answer the most important political ends, and produce the most beneficial effects, both upon the national character and the public weal. It would require a volume, however, properly to illustrate this subject, and we shall therefore drop it for the present, but hope to return to it at another and more suitable time.

ATHENION.

UNDINE: THE BIRTH OF A SOUL.

I.

COME, listen to me, gentlefolk,
While I to you shall tell
The glad, but the mysterious fate,
Which once a maid befell.
Just one brief moment listen,
'Twill not detain you long;
And lend your hearts, and lend your ears,
Ye old in age, or young in years,
Unto this little song.

II.

Beyond where gray Atlantic
His sleepless billows rolls,
And heaves his might in the dim light
Which bathes the moveless Poles;

In broad and princely Germany,
'That's ever in the van,
In days of old, as legends hold,
There dwelt a fisherman.

III.

His form was tall and goodly,
And honest was his face—
As honest as the life he led
Among the finny race.
And by his side his good wife
Plied her domestic care.
Oh, nowhere round might there be found
So good and true a pair.

IV.

There was one only sorrow
 To mar their happy lot ;
 Aside from this, 'twas simple bliss
 Within that humble cot :
 For when their sun had passed its noon,
 And now was in decline,
 The first dear boon of gracious Heaven,
 A little plant to them was given,
 For their old hands to twine.

V.

Ah me ! it was a goodly child
 As one might wish to see ;
 But too much grace was in its face
 For mortal destiny ;
 And so it sadly happenéd
 That on a summer's day,
 When at the distant market town
 The good man was away,

VI.

The glad and careful mother
 The little girl would take
 To play upon the grassy bank
 Which fringed the fisher's lake :
 It was a broad blue water,
 Hard by the cottage door ;
 And if no storm its breast had torn,
 The tiny waves were scarcely borne
 Up to the waiting shore.

VII.

But while her arm she folded
 Around the happy child,
 And from its eyes drank in the light
 Of its spirit warm and mild,
 The girl sent out a little shout,
 One blessed smile it gave,
 Then with a spring, as if on wing,
 It leaped into the wave.

VIII.

Down, down her fainting body
 The wretched mother flung,
 And sorrow fell upon her heart
 And silence on her tongue.
 Oh, brightly shone the morning
 When the golden sun arose ;
 But when that sun its race had run,
 How sorrowful its close !

IX.

No more that little shadow
 Upon the floor shall fall,
 Nor, as the silent years go round,
 Glide higher on the wall.
 No more that pleasant prattle
 Into their ears shall creep ;
 Nor by their side, a joy and pride,
 When want and age their lot betide,
 Shall she her vigils keep.

X.

Yet ever just is Providence,
 And ever kind is Heaven ;
 And if from us one comfort goes,
 Another one is given.
 The lone and weeping parents
 Would see their child no more,
 Yet for their desolate old hearts
 New blessings were in store.

XI.

'Tis evening in the cottage,
 And evening in the air,
 The evening of the self-same day
 That robbed the happy pair :
 And all alone on the gray hearth-stone
 Where the cold, cold ashes lay,
 There sit they silent side by side,
 But not a word can say.

XII.

But while in glowing circuits
 The midnight planets burned,
 The wooden latchet of the door
 Upon a sudden turned ;
 And lo ! a fairy creature
 Burst in upon their eyes,
 So fair it seemed as if they dreamed
 A dream of Paradise !

XIII.

A great yet gentle fearfulness
 On them its shadow flung,
 As when we tread, with secret dread,
 And with a voiceless tongue,
 A long and darkened pathway ;
 While ever, evermore
 Some unknown thing doth lightly spring
 Upon the way before.

XIV.

The bright mysterious vision
 Did to their eyes unfold ;
 And lo ! a smiling little girl
 Some three or four years old,
 Some three or four years old it was,
 But yet most queenly dress'd ;
 And soft and white as morning light,
 It heaved its infant breast.

XV.

All golden were her ringlets,
 Like the sunbeam's braided ray,
 And when you looked upon her face
 You could not turn away.
 For oh ! a world of tenderness
 Dwelt in that eye of blue ;
 And from behind, a gentler mind,
 I wis, than any one shall find,
 Shining its glances through.

XVI.

The parents took the Heaven-sent gift,
 And to each other said,
 This, by God's grace, shall fill the place
 Of the little one that's dead !
 And so she grew up with them,
 And their lives' life became ;
 The comfort of the Fisherman
 And helper of his Dame.

XVII.

Yet day by day the creature
 Was more a mystery ;
 They knew not whether sprung from earth
 Or fallen from the sky.
 But when of this they questionéd,
 She answered still the same,
 That once she fell into the lake,
 And *Undine* was her name.

XVIII.

One day in the quiet even-tide,
 When the sun had sunk to rest,
 A horseman rode up to the door
 In knightly armor dress'd :
 For that old time was the very prime
 Of generous chivalry—
 Nor yet, alas ! as now had past
 All high-born courtesies.

XIX.

He had crossed the mystic forest,
 Which stretched for many a rood
 Between the city and the lake
 In sunless solitude,
 And braved its storied dangers
 A lady's hand to win ;
 But I ween no more thought he of her,
 Now he had seen *Undine* !

XX.

'Tis evening in the cottage,
 And evening in the air,
 But there's no gloom in that low room,
 For a nuptial feast is there.
 And since the first great wedlock
 In Eden's garden seen,
 Where God was Priest and Witnesser,
 Had such a bridal been.

XXI.

The good wife lit the taper
 And placed it on the stand ;
 The good man led Sir Hulbrand up,
 And gave him *Undine's* hand ;
 And then the holy fatler
 Knelt down upon the floor,
 And spake that word, which, when once
 heard,
 Binds fast for evermore.

XXII.

The changeful *Undine* sported round
 In graceful wantonness ;
 And then would glide to Hulbrand's side
 And look up in his face.
 "My friend," spoke out the man of God,
 "Thy mirth I love to see ;
 But oh ! betimes remember
 To have your souls agree."

XXIII.

"That word," said she, "on others
 With awful might must fall ;
 But lightly to myself it comes,
 Who have no soul at all !"
 Three paces back that company
 Drew toward the cottage door ;
 But *Undine* looked at Hulbrand,
 And went on as before :

XXIV.

"Throughout this vast and goodly world,
 In earth, and sea, and sky,
 There dwell a countless multitude
 Unseen by mortal eye.
 We are a fair creation,
 Far fairer than your race;
 The essence of all Harmonies,
 The embodiment of Grace ;

XXV.

"The mirror of all feeling,
 The glass of every sense,
 Incarnate passion—calm or wild,
 Or gentle or intense.
 But though we take a human form,
 No soul is in the race !
 And therefore live we joyously,
 And therefore die we silently,
 And pass to nothingness.

XXVI.

"But by our nature's law, we gain
 A full humanity,
 By being wedded to a soul
 As I am now to thee.
 But late a creature of the wave,
 I come to join thy life ;
 To share its greatness and its good,
 Its burdens and its strife.

XXVII.

"But ah ! a strange, glad anguish
 My being doth embrace ;
 For lo ! the image of my soul !
 It cometh on apace.

Ah me ! that I have been so light,
 When I had such high fate.
 Oh, great the burden of a soul,
 Unutterably great."

XXVIII.

Then did the breath of Deity
 Enter that thing of sense ;
 And lo ! through every part there shone
 A bright intelligence.
 A high and conscious spirit,
 Deathless and strong and wise,
 Swifter than lightning to the view,
 Flew lightly through each avenue
 And glowed within her eyes.

XXIX.

And when forth from the fisher's cot
 With her fond lord to roam,
 They traced each wind of castled Rhine
 Unto Sir Hulbrand's home,
 All marked the fate, good gentlefolk,
 Which I have sought to tell,
 So glad yet so mysterious,
 Which had this maid befall.

XXX.

For though this august inmate
 She knew the world despise ;
 And saw it sold for shining gold,
 And bartered for a prize ;
 She felt it was a mystery
 And sacred in her eyes ;
 That though ye fling a tireless wing,
 And speed you to the pole,
 Ye may not find another thing
 So awful as the soul !

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KEATS.*

THIS is a wished-for and welcome book. Keats, *the poet*, we well knew, and had many pleasant memories of, from the time when our boyhood was first enlightened as to the wealth that was in him by the sweet criticism of Leigh Hunt, to when, in our "Love's young dream," we used to read him to fair women among canvasses that rivalled the pictures in his pages, and flowers that breathed as sweet an odor as his verse. But Keats, *the man*, was a blank to us. That he was killed by the Quarterly and lamented by Shelley—such was all we knew, or thought we knew about him personally—just enough to make us wish to know more. Truly gratifying was the announcement that Monckton Milnes had collected his correspondence and written his life. Not that we should have pitched upon Milnes as the most natural or likely man to write a life of Keats. Indeed there is scarcely a point in which the poet and biographer do not present a striking contrast. Keats, a poor surgeon's apprentice, sensitive and struggling, without resources of his own, or friends at court to help him, ridiculed and proscribed by the dominant party in the state—Milnes, a wealthy M. P., confident and successful, the spoiled child of the literary aristocracy, petted alike by Tories and Whigs. Keats, a genius without art, displaying marvellous beauties and glaring faults, gems and rubbish mingled—Milnes, an artist without genius, endowed with that mediocrity of versification, which, unhappy in awakening no enthusiastic admiration, is happy in avoiding all sweeping censure. And yet, for all this, Milnes may be the very best man to write about Keats; for *ἀνὴρ ὁμοῖός ἐστιν* is only half true after all. Literary admirations, like love-matches, spring from contrasts quite as often as from resemblances. Men, Anglo-Saxon men at least, are not charmed by repeti-

tions of themselves, but rather by something different from, and unattainable by them. It is a truth which our small writers of both sexes have yet to learn, that true appreciation may provoke rivalry, but must deter from imitation.

But how came Milnes to single out Keats from among the many unfortunate and ill-used poets? What connection was there between them that furnished the requisite material? Monckton tells us how it happened, in this wise. He was at Landor's villa "on the beautiful hill-side of Fiesole"—that villa from which Savage, in his wrath against Willis, savagely threatened to turn away any American traveller who *might* come to visit him. There he met Mr. Charles Brown, a friend of Keats, who had collected and was preparing to publish the poet's literary remains. But circumstances afterwards preventing this gentleman from carrying out his intention, he placed his manuscripts in the hands of Milnes, rightly judging that he would do them justice. As soon as it was known who had the work in hand, every one was ready to oblige him; assistance flowed in from various quarters, and a goodly number of letters, &c., were amassed; quite enough to have been spun out into three or four volumes, had the editor followed the usual plan of writing biography by sandwiching every page of his subject between two of his own reflections. But Milnes had a truer notion of what is required from a poet's biographer. "If," says he, "I left the memorials of Keats to tell their own tale, they would in truth be the book, and my business would be almost limited to their collection and arrangement; whereas, if I only regarded them as the materials of my own work, the general effect would chiefly depend on my ability of construction, and the temptation to render the facts of the story sub-

* Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats; edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. London, —; New York, G. P. Putnam.

servient to the excellence of the work of art, would never have been absent." Accordingly there is very little of the editor here, but that little of a quality to make us regret that he does not cultivate prose in preference to verse composition. There may, perhaps, be fifty pages of Milnes in the volume. Could we by any amount of brain-work elaborate fifty pages of such crystal-flowing prose, we would not give them for "Palm Leaves" enough to shadow a crusade.

The great fact of interest about Keats, which his enthusiastic biographer has made known to us, is the cause of his premature death. The universal belief was that he had died of the London Quarterly; a belief natural enough after Shelley's Adonais and Byron's well-known doggerel. It was a double pity that Keats should have so died; pity for the whole craft of reviewers, and pity for himself. To critics one and all, it was an ever-ready and ever-recurring reproach that one of them had "killed John Keats." On the memory of Keats, it threw more than a suspicion of weakness that he had let a critic kill him. But now comes Milnes and tells us—for which all thanks to Milnes—that Keats did not die of the reviewers at all; but of a disease to which, if to succumb be a weakness, still it is a nobler weakness and one more worthy of a poet. Keats died of love.

These four words open to us a prospect very different from any of our former visions of Keats; melancholy enough yet, but grander and loftier in its melancholy. A poor young poet perishing of a silent sorrow, the cause of his fatal malady concealed from all but his most intimate friends.

"This great disease for love I dree;

There is no tongue can tell the woe;

I love the love that loves not me:

I may not mend, but mourning mo."

It is impossible not to feel some indignation against his "sweet enemy."

"Ye shall have sin an ye me slay."

Truly it were no small sin to have slain Keats. But here again our biographer comes to the rescue, and intimates that his love was not unreturned. It was his unlucky want of means that delayed their

union indefinitely. This deepens the picture by introducing another sufferer. But at this point our skepticism is awakened, and—over-captious we may be—but Milnes' intimation (it is not a positive assertion) does not command our entire belief. We cannot persuade ourselves that if the decision of the affair had rested with Keats, he would have hesitated to run the risk. He would have "leaped into the sea" of matrimony, as he did into that of authorship. Is it conceivable that a man who deliberately threw up the profession on which he had spent some of the most valuable years of his life, and no inconsiderable part of his small means—not because he was unsuccessful in it, but because it was "uncongenial" to him—is it conceivable that he should have postponed to any prudential considerations that love which was literally a matter of life and death to him? Moreover, it looks as if the editor's language, in the few sentences he devotes to the lady, were even vaguer than delicacy demanded, and purposely made susceptible of more than one construction. As this is a point of some nicety, it will be but fair to give the *ipsissima verba* of Milnes:—

"However sincerely the devotion of Keats may have been requited, it will be seen that his outward circumstances soon became such as to render a union very difficult, if not impossible. Thus these years were passed in a conflict in which plain poverty and mortal sickness met a radiant imagination and a redundant heart. Hope was there, with Genius, his everlasting sustainer, and Fear never approached but as the companion of Necessity. The strong power conquered the physical man, and made the very intensity of his passion in a certain sense accessory to his death: he might have lived longer if he had lived less. But this should be no matter of self-reproach to the object of his love, for the same might be said of the very exercise of his poetic faculty, and of all that made him what he was. It is enough that she has preserved his memory with a sacred honor, and it is no vain assumption that to have inspired and sustained the one passion of this noble being has been a source of grave delight and earnest thankfulness through the changes and chances of her earthly pilgrimage."

Now it seems to us that not one word of the above is incompatible with the assumption that the lady did not accept Keats.

But waiving this discussion, a more practicable question arises. If the cause of Keats's death now first presented is the true one, how came the other story to gain currency? Several reasons may be assigned. Mere sequence would, in this case as in many others, be taken for cause and effect. Keats was abused by the reviewers—he died soon after—their abuse must have hastened his death. The Tory scribes were ferocious enough not altogether to dislike the reputation of having killed a Radical poet, and gave at least a negative encouragement to the general opinion. Byron liked “good stories” and “points” as much as any Frenchman; the supposed poeticide of the Quarterly gave him an opportunity of letting off some saucy doggerel, and, above all, flattered him with the reflection, so sure to suggest itself to every one, how differently *he* had taken the Edinburgh's onslaught. As to Shelley, it was his fixed idea that all Conservatives were oppressors and murderers, and all Radicals martyrs and victims: that a Tory critic should assassinate a Liberal bard was to him an event in the ordinary course of nature.

To be sure, instead of forming any hypothesis to account for the fact, we may, like King James's wise man, deny the fact altogether. That universal cold-water-thrower, the *London Spectator*, thinks that Mr. Milnes has not shown after all that the reviewers did not kill Keats. It is but charitable to suppose that the *Spectator* has not read these letters carefully. Keats was annoyed and angry at the reviews; but his annoyance and anger, so far as his correspondence can be taken for a test, were less than most persons' would have been under the circumstances. True, he talked of fighting Blackwood—but did not Byron want to fight Southey, and that too, long after his reputation as a poet was made, and it might have been reasonably supposed that nothing in the way of reviewing could affect him at all? This very belligerency shows that Keats was not the man to die of a reviewer's lead, in the way commonly believed, at least. At any other time doubtless the adverse criticisms would have annoyed Keats more, for he had not the vanity of pretending to despise criticism; but to one consumed by the absorbing passion that then held possession

of him, any literary mortification, however severe in itself, could have been little more than a scratch to a man burning to death.

Our interest in the catastrophe has made us begin with it. Let us retrace our steps. Keats was born in 1795. His father had begun life as a groom, but did so well as to marry his master's daughter, and, though dying young, to leave £8000 among four children. John was the second son, a handsome, resolute, energetic, pugnacious boy at school, marked out by his young companions for a future military hero, but suddenly taking to study and at last surpassing all his fellow-pupils. He mastered some Latin, but did not attain to Greek; the Classic Mythology he learned from dictionaries, and knew Homer through Chapman. Reading the Faery Queen first incited him to write poetry; and his biographer here truly remarks that “the just critic of his maturer poems will not fail to trace to the influence of the study of Spenser much that at first appears forced and fantastical both in idea and expression, and discover that precisely those defects which are commonly attributed to an extravagant originality may be distinguished as proceeding from a too indiscriminate reverence for a great but unequal model.”

He was then a surgeon's apprentice: whether his wishes had at all been consulted in this does not appear. Charles Cowden, Clarke and Matthew Felton were his most intimate friends. Before long he began to feel “the delightful complacency of conscious genius”—that glorious anticipation so much oftener felt than realized. On this pleasant conceit—too frequently, but not in this case a mere conceit—Milnes' remarks strike us as peculiarly just and elegant:—

“Although this foretaste of fame is in most cases a delusion, (as the fame itself may be a greater delusion still,) yet it is the best and purest drop in the cup of intellectual ambition. It is enjoyed, thank God, by thousands who soon learn to estimate their own capacities aright and tranquilly submit to the obscure and transitory condition of their existence: it is felt by many who look back on it in after years with a smiling pity to think they were so deceived, but who nevertheless recognize in that aspiration the spring of their future energies and usefulness in other and far different fields of action; and the few in whom the prophecy is accomplished, who become what they have believed,

will often turn away with uneasy satiety from present satisfaction to the memory of those happy hopes, to the thought of the dear delight they then derived from one single leaf of those laurels that now crowd in at the window, and which the hand is half inclined to push away to let in the fresh air of heaven."

On completing his apprenticeship and removing to London for the purpose of walking the hospitals, Keats made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, who afterwards atoned, by embalming him in honeyed words, for the involuntary injury he then did him by the bad model which his style presented to the young poet. In 1817 was published Keats's first volume, containing the *Epistles* and some other short pieces.

"At the completion of the matter for this first volume he gave a striking proof of his facility in composition; he was engaged with a lively circle of friends when the last proof-sheet was brought in, and he was requested by the printer to send the dedication directly, if he intended to have one: he went to a side-table, and while all around were noisily conversing, he sat down and wrote the sonnet,

'Glory and loveliness have passed away,' &c.,

which, but for the insertion of one epithet of doubtful taste, is excellent in itself, and curious as showing how he had already possessed himself of the images of pagan beauty, and was either mourning over their decay and extinction, or attempting in his own way to bid them live again. For in him was realized the mediæval legend of the Venus worshipper, without its melancholy moral; and while the old gods rewarded him for his love with powers and perceptions that a Greek might have envied, he kept his affections high and pure above those sensuous influences, and led a temperate and honest life, in an ideal world that knows nothing of duty and repels all images that do not please."

The little book was published by Ollier "out of sheer admiration." The public took no notice of it, for which poor Ollier was blamed by the disappointed author—a warning to publishers, which perhaps the usual habits of the trade do not render very necessary. But notwithstanding this first failure, the young surgeon, who had passed his examination and had some not unsuccessful practice, boldly resolved to adopt literature as his profession, instead of the less agreeable occupation on which

he had expended some of his most valuable years. At the same time a friend of his set out, equally sanguine, on a career yet more melancholy,—Haydon the painter, who after a life of constant struggle, sustained by occasional brief triumphs, was finally killed by something considerably smaller than the Quarterly, even by General Tom Thumb.

And now we begin to arrive at the letters: honest, natural letters, showing us the sort of man who wrote them. And most completely do they bear out the one great design of the editor in publishing them. Whatever may be their defects, they show clearly that there was nothing piling, or effeminate, or lackadaisical about John Keats. Their style is mostly dashing and off-hand: they show him to be rather pleased with his uncertain and hap-hazard way of life, much more disposed to laugh at than lament over his debts and duns. Sometimes there is an air of quaint banter in them that reminds one of Charles Lamb, but in most of them, as well as in the sayings of his that have come down to us, the prevailing characteristic is strength of expression.* Reynolds, who sported a little verse himself, was one of his favorite correspondents, but the very best of the letters are those addressed to his brother George in America.

[*Keats's Criticism on West.*] "I spent Friday evening with Wells, and went next morning to see Death on the Pale Horse. It is a wonderful picture when West's age is considered, but there is nothing to be intense upon, no women one feels mad to kiss, no face swelling into reality. The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with beauty and truth. Examine King Lear and you will find this exemplified throughout; but in this picture we have unpleasantness without any momentous depths of speculation excited in which to bury its repulsiveness."

This is somewhat milder than what another poet—one Peter Pindar—said of Sir Benjamin:—

* As when he asked in reference to some would-be Mephistophiles who had been slandering and sneering at good men, "Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?"

"When it shall please the Lord
To make his people out of board,
Thine may be tolerable pictures."

[*Fashionable Wits.*] "I dined with Haydon the Sunday after you left, and had a very pleasant day. I dined, too, (for I have been out too much lately,) with Horace Smith, and met his two brothers, with Hill and Kingston, and one Du Bois. They only served to convince me how superior humor is to wit, in respect of enjoyment. These men say things which make you start without making you feel; they are all alike; their manners are alike; they all know fashionables; they have all a mannerism in their very eating and drinking, in their mere handling a decanter. They talked of Kean and his 'low company.' 'Would I were with that company instead of yours!' said I to myself."

[*What the "Kirk-men" have done for Scotland.*] "These Kirk-men have done Scotland good. They have made men, women, old men, young men, old women, young women, boys, girls, and all infants, careful; so that they are formed into regular phalanges of savers and gainers. Such a thrifty army cannot fail to enrich their country, and give it a greater appearance of comfort than that of their poor rash neighborhood. These Kirk-men have done Scotland harm: they have banished puns, love and laughing. To remind you of the fate of Burns—poor unfortunate fellow! his disposition was southern. How sad it is when a luxurious imagination is obliged, in self-defence, to deaden its delicacy in vulgarity and in things attainable, that it may not have leisure to go mad after things that are not! No man in such matters will be content with the experience of others. It is true that out of suffering there is no dignity, no greatness, that in the most abstracted pleasure there is no lasting happiness. Yet who would not like to discover over again that Cleopatra was a gipsy, Helen a rogue, and Ruth a deep one?"

[*Keats Romantic.*] "I have been very romantic indeed among these mountains and lakes. I have got wet through day after day; eaten oat-cake and drank whiskey; walked up to my knees in bog; got a sore throat; gone to see Icolmkill and Staffa; met with unwholesome food, just here and there as it happened; went up Ben-Nevis, and—N. B., came down again; sometimes when I am rather tired, I lean languishingly on a rock, and long for some famous beauty to get down from her palfrey in passing, approach me with—her saddle-bags, and give me a dozen or two capital roast-beef sandwiches."

[*How Keats came to appear a Misogynist.*] "I am certain that our fair are glad I should come for the mere sake of my coming; but I am certain I bring with me a vexation they are better without. If I can possibly, at any time,

feel my temper coming upon me, I refrain even from a promised visit. I am certain I have not a right feeling towards women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? When I was a school-boy I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. I have no right to expect more than the reality. I thought them ethereal, above men. I find them perhaps equal—great by comparison is very small. Insult may be inflicted in more ways than by word or action. One who is tender of being insulted does not like to think an insult against another. I do not like to think insults in a lady's company. I commit a crime with her that absence would not have known. Is it not extraordinary? When among men, I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; I can listen, and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets, I am free from all suspicion and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put all this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood. Yet with such feelings, I am happier alone, among crowds of men, by myself, or with a friend or two; with all this, trust me, I have not the least idea that men of different feelings and inclinations are more short-sighted than myself. I never rejoiced more than at my brother's marriage, and shall do so at that of any of my friends. I must absolutely get over this—but how? the only way is to find the root of the evil, and so cure it 'with backward matters of dis severing power.' That is a difficult thing; for an obstinate prejudice can seldom be produced but from a Gordian complication of feelings, which must take time to unravel, and care to keep unravelled. I could say a good deal about this, but I will leave it, in hopes of better and more worthy dispositions—and also, content that I am wronging no one, for, after all, I do think better of womankind than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats, five feet high, likes them or not."

A lady thus describes Keats as he appeared attending Hazlitt's lectures in the winter of 1818: "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness. It had an expression as if he

had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin."

The next summer he made a pedestrian tour to the Highlands with his friend Brown. The same season *Endymion* was published—the poem which elicited that abuse of the Tory reviewers. We think it was really a waste of time in Milnes to tell us that this abuse was "dull" and "ungenerous" and "scurrilous." The whole case lies in a nutshell. Keats was a Liberal; the reviewers were Tories; the Tory writers made it a principle to caricature and vilify all liberal authors. It is positively awful to contemplate the violence of the political prejudice which at that day infected English literature; and to us Americans it is the more striking because no similar state of things has ever existed among ourselves. Most honorable is it, and a most fit subject of national pride, that in no one instance have the political opinions of an American author affected the decision of American critics.

[*How Keats took the Reviews.*] "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. J. S. is perfectly right about the 'Slipshod Endymion.' That it is so, is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice and trembled over every page, it would not have been written. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment* hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the

quicksands and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and played a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest."

[*The Lady.*] "She is not a Cleopatra, but at least a Charmian; she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into the room, she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself, to repulse any man who may address her: from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am, at such times, too much occupied in admiring to be awkward, or in a tremble: I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her, so before I go any farther, I will tell you I am not. She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'yes' and 'no' of whose life is to me a banquet. I don't cry to take the moon home with me in my pocket, nor do I fret to leave her behind me. I like her and her like, because one has no *sensation*; what we both are is taken for granted. You will suppose I have, by this, had much talk with her—no such thing; there are the Misses — on the lookout. They think I don't admire her because I don't stare at her; they call her a flirt to me—what a want of knowledge! She walks across the room in such a manner, that a man is drawn towards her with magnetic power; this they call flirting! They do not know things; they do not know what a woman is, I believe, though she has faults, the same as Cleopatra and Charmian might have had."

[*Another Lady.*] "Your mother and I have had some talk about Miss —. Says I, 'Will Henry have that Miss —, a lath with a boddice, she who has been fine-drawn, fit for nothing but to be cut up into cribbage-pins; one who is all muslin; all feathers and bone? Once in travelling she was made use of for a lynch-pin. I hope he will not have her, though it is no uncommon thing to be *smitten with a staff*—though she might be useful as his walking-stick, his fishing-rod, his tooth-pick, his hat-stick, (she runs so much in his head.) Let him turn farmer, she would cut into hurdles; let him write poetry, she would be his turn-style. Her gown is like a flag on a pole: she would do for him if he turn freemason. I hope she will prove a flag of truce.'"

[*Keats likes Bordeaux.*] "I never drink above three glasses of wine, and never any spirits and water, though by the by, the other day Woodhouse took me to his coffee-house, and

ordered a bottle of claret. How I like claret! When I can get claret, I must drink it. 'Tis the only palate affair I am at all sensual in. Would it not be a good spec, to send you some vine-roots? [to America.] Could it be done? I'll inquire. If you could make some wine like claret to drink of summer evenings in an arbor! It fills one's mouth with gushing freshness, then goes down cool and feverless; then you do not feel it quarrelling with your liver. No; 'tis rather a peace-maker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape. Then it is as fragrant as the Queen Bee, and the more ethereal part of it mounts into the brain, not assailing the cerebral apartments, like a bully looking for his trull, and hurrying from door to door, bouncing against the wainscot, but rather walks like Aladdin about his enchanted palace, so gently that you do not feel his step. Other wines of a heavy and spirituous nature transform man into a Silenus; his makes him a Hermes, and gives a woman the soul and immortality of an Ariadne, for whom *Bacchus always kept a good cellar of claret, and even of that he could never persuade her to take above two cups.*"

During the next year, besides writing an impracticable tragedy in partnership with his friend Mr. Brown, Keats achieved his really great poems, *Lamia*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, and the fragment *Hyperion*. The superb "Ode to a Nightingale" had a narrow escape, in this wise:—

"Shorter poems were scrawled, as they happened to suggest themselves, on the first scrap of paper at hand, which was afterwards used as a mark for a book, or thrown anywhere aside."

It seemed as if, when his imagination was once relieved by writing down its effusions, he cared so little about them, that it required a friend at hand to prevent them from being utterly lost. Accordingly, when a lucky bird had inspired him one spring day after breakfast, the results of his reverie were thrown away as mere waste-paper, and his vigilant host had no small difficulty in collecting and arranging the scattered stanzas.

Here is one of the Lamb-like passages we alluded to:—

"I want very much a little of your wit, my dear sister—a letter of yours just to bandy back a pun or two across the Atlantic, and send a quibble over the Floridas. Now by this time you have crumpled up your large bonnet; what do you wear? a cap? Do you put your hair in papers of nights. Do you pay the Misses Birkbeck a morning visit?

Have you any tea, or do you milk and water with them? What place of worship do you go to? The Quakers, Moravians, Unitarians, or the Methodists? Are there any flowers in bloom you like? Any streets full of corset-makers? What sort of shoes have you to put those pretty feet of yours in? Do you desire compliments to one another? Do you ride on horseback? What do you have for breakfast, dinner and supper, without mentioning lunch and bite, and wet and snack and a bit to stay one's stomach? Do you get any spirits? Now you might easily distil some whiskey, and going into the woods set up a whiskey-shop for the monkeys! Do you and the other ladies get groggy on anything? A little so-so-ish, so as to be seen home with a lantern? You may perhaps have a game of Puss-in-the-corner; ladies are warranted to play at this game, though they have not whisks. Have you a fiddle in the settlement, or at any rate a Jew's-harp, which will play in spite of one's teeth? When you have nothing else to do for a whole day, I'll tell you how you may employ it: first get up, and when you are dressed, as it would be pretty early, with a high wind in the woods, give George a cold pig* with my compliments, then you may saunter to the nearest coffee-house, and after taking a dram and a look at the Chronicle, go and frighten the wild boars on the strength of it. You may as well bring one home for breakfast, serving up the hoofs, garnished with bristles, and a grunt or two, to accompany the singing of the kettle. Then if George is not up, give him a colder pig, always with my compliments. After you have eaten your breakfast keep your eye upon dinner; it is the safest way; you should keep a hawk's eye over your dinner, and keep hovering over it till due time, then pounce upon it, taking care not to break any plates. While you are hovering about with your dinner in prospect, you may do a thousand things, put a hedge-hog into George's hat, pour a little water into his rifle, soak his boots in a pail of water, cut his jacket round into shreds like a Roman kilt, or the back of my grandmother's stays, tear off his buttons."

Keats's health had been very uncertain for three years. In the autumn of 1820 he was evidently dying of consumption. As a last resort he went to Italy with his friend Severn, the artist, in whose arms he died five months afterwards. This, it will be observed, was more than two years after the *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* articles, a distance of time which militates still further against the supposition that they were

* i. e. a cold bath, something so unpiggish, that it is hard to see how the phrase originated.

accountable for the catastrophe. There was consumption in the family; one of his brothers died before him; the other did not live to be an old man: indeed, had the poet's circumstances been as favorable as they were the reverse, there would have been small warrant for predicting length of years for him, though it is evident that disappointment accelerated the fatal complaint.

Of Keats's poetry generally, what shall we say? What are we expected to say? What *can* we say, after what Hunt, and Jeffrey, and now Milnes have said? Only one point we must mention and insist on—the steadily progressive improvement discernible throughout his productions. As he learned more of books, of men, of his own mind, all his additional knowledge told immediately on his poetic art. Read his poems (not as they are jumbled together in the common edition, but in their chronological order, which this work gives,) and the fact cannot be escaped from. One exception we were about to admit—the mock “Faery Tale,” to be published under the fanciful signature of “Lucy Vaughan Lloyd;” but a more careful perusal of this fragment (now first published) has convinced us that it is in no way unworthy of the man who was at the same time at work on *Hyperion*. Challenging, from its subject and intent, a dangerous comparison with more than one poem of Byron and Shelley, it has a peculiar style and treatment of its own which repel all possibility of the charge of imitation. In his union of the beautiful and the comic, it reminds us of some clever caricatures on classic history and mythology we once saw, in which the artist had combined

consummate beauty of form, with supreme absurdity of attitude and accessory; for instance, in the rescue of Paris from Menelaus, the Trojan was a beautiful young man, and Venus the very ideal of a goddess; but he wore boots and spurs, and she was lifting him off by the most sedentary portion of his garments. Similarly, in “the Jealousies,” the language is always beautiful and poetic, while every now and then comes in a bit of unexpected grotesque, perfectly gentlemanly, and perfectly ludicrous.

And now can we conclude better than with the conclusion and the moral of Milnes?

“Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: *the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper.* The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and the scholars will be few; still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope which we call heaven would be realized on earth.”

HUNGARY AND THE SLAVONIC MOVEMENT.

HAVING given an account, in a previous number of this Journal, of the Revolution in the Germanic nations, we now proceed to notice the progress of liberty still farther eastward—particularly the recent political changes in Hungary, together with the movement among the Slavonians both of that country and its appendages, and also of Poland, Bohemia, and the Turkish principalities of the Danube.

Hungary is a land which has been explored by the feet of few English travellers, and the history of which has been illustrated by the pen of no English historian. The former have generally been satisfied, either with looking out from the heights of Vienna upon the great plain which stretches away, with an expression of Oriental monotony, to the city of Presburg, or with floating, well protected by leather sheets and musquito nets, down the current of the Danube, without seeing any other parts of the country than those lying immediately upon its banks; while the chronicler of events has done little more than give a meagre outline of the course of Hungarian history, adorned, here and there, by a more full description of such scenes as when Attila, having overrun the half of Europe with those uncivilized hordes who cooked their meat beneath their saddles, set up his barbaric court on the banks of the Theiss; or when the young and beautiful Maria Theresa, having implored the succor of the nobles of the Hungarian diet for a falling empire and an insulted empress, they drew their swords, and cried, *Moriamur pro REGE nostro, Maria Theresia*.

But the history of Hungary, notwithstanding the neglect which it seems to have experienced from English and American scholars, is one of very great, almost of romantic interest. The national character, also, from its singular blending of elegant tastes with barbaric virtues, of European manners with the sentiments of the East, presents a highly attractive study.

And as liberty, in her eastern course, has at length crossed the frontier of this distant country, and breathed, in no small degree, the spirit of our own institutions into the minds of its inhabitants, their claim to both our interest and our sympathies can no longer be disregarded. Without apology, therefore, we proceed to give a brief notice of the land, the history and the character of the Hungarians, introductory to a narrative of the events of their recent Revolution.

The kingdom of Hungary consists of Hungary proper, into which the grand duchy of Transylvania has recently been incorporated, of the dependent kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, and of the so-called Military Limits, inhabited principally by Magyars, Croats, Servians, and Wallachians. It is a country of vast plains, with mountain frontiers. The Save, the Drave and the Theiss flow down from the latter, while the Danube seems to stand still in its course through the monotonous level of the former. Along its low banks, as well as around the shores of the great lakes of Neusiedel and the Platten See, lie leagues upon leagues of desolate and unwholesome marsh. Besides these melancholy wastes, a portion of the surface of the country is darkened by primeval and almost impenetrable forests, fit lurking places for the bandit, who sallies out from their borders upon the traveller and the merchant. Still, of the interior and level parts, the greater proportion consists of open puszias or prairies, on some of which the eye is fatigued by an horizon as vast and unvarying as in the deserts of Africa. Here, too, as there, the traveller is sometimes mocked by the fantastic illusions of the mirage; though, oftener, he is misled by dense and noxious mists to wander among the reeds of the morasses, happy if the distant lowing of cattle may direct him to the hut of the shepherd.

The climate of the country is no less varied than its surface. The Tatra moun-

tains are white with perpetual snows; and in the northerly districts, the reign of winter continues unabated during half the year. But the peasant, who, dwelling amid the boundless meadows of central Hungary, has never seen a mountain, looks with wonder upon the fragments of ice which are borne down by the Danube from the realms of frost. The southern plains are fragrant with rosemary, vervain, and the passion flower. The Carinthian grape ripens its sweet juices on the sunny hill-sides. The orange and the lemon blossoms perfume the air of the valleys. In the higher districts, and on the cultivated plains, the air is remarkable for its salubrity; but the vicinity of the nitrous and saline marsh lands is as decidedly unhealthy.

In a portion of the plains and higher regions of Hungary, the generous soil yields abundantly both corn and wine. This country, in fact, is second only to France in the amount of the products of its vineyards; and the aromatic wines of Tokay and Menesch are the most delicious in the world. Where the vine does not claim priority, tracts, as boundless as our own prairies, wave with wheat, millet, rice and maize. But plains, still more ample, refuse the plough. Over these roam herds of cattle, as numerous as those which feed in the pastures of the Ukraine. Thousands of sheep and swine, also, gain a scanty subsistence on these sandy savannahs, upon whose lonely expanse the shepherd's or swineherd's hovel is the only human habitation. The mountains abound in marbles and precious stones, and the miner bores into their sides for metals, salt, and coal.

The people, for whom nature, with so lavish a hand, pours out these stores, consist principally of three races, the Magyar, the German, and the Slavonic. The Magyars are the Hungarians proper, and rule over the others, together with the Jews, Greeks, and Italians, who, from time to time, have come to bivouac around the ancient cross of St. Stephen. Their historical origin is somewhat doubtful. They appear, however, to have belonged to the Uralian or Finnic race, and to have come originally on their swift horses from the banks of the Volga; while the Germans first entered the country by the way

of the Danube, and the Slavonians came down from the Carpathian mountains. Called in by their brethren, the descendants of the Huns, so distinguished in the fourth and fifth centuries, to oppose the Moravians, the Magyars subjugated the various Slavonic tribes, who had immigrated before them, and remained masters of the land. This conquest took place in the ninth century. After having become established in their new homes, the Magyars gratified their love of war by making predatory incursions into the neighboring countries, where also their aid, as soldiers of fortune, was frequently solicited by less warlike princes. Their fierce and fleet cavalry, in fact, swept over no small part of central Europe, and terrified the nations from Bremen to Otranto, from Constantinople to Provence. In the tenth century, however, their desolating course was stayed by the victories of Henry I., of Germany, at Merseburg, and of Otho the Great, at Augsburg; and still more even by the triumph over them of Christianity, which was established by the instrumentality of King Stephen, with help of Latin monks and German knights. After that period horse-flesh was no longer eaten in Hungary; tents were abandoned for houses; heathenism, with all its rites, was extirpated; the frame of a richly endowed hierarchy was raised; a law of orders was established in the state; the kingdom was divided into counties with a regular system of magistracy; a constitution of government, in fine, was granted, the principal features of which have descended to modern times; and thus, at the commencement of the eleventh century, the summits of the Carpathians were illumined by the dawn of civilization. But the new Christian state did not cease to be militant. In the course of the immediately following centuries it was often invaded by Turks and Mongols; when the believer and the infidel fought together on the Hungarian plains, with all the hate and all the chivalry which characterized the wars of the Spaniards and the Moors. Success sometimes deserted to the side of the crescent; and for the space of one hundred and sixty years the country was held as a province of Turkey. In consequence of these contests, the kingdom, which, under Lewis I., had become so enlarged by conquest

or by election, that it equalled if it did not surpass in extent the modern empire of Austria, was greatly narrowed in its limits, and so reduced in its population, that it gladly encouraged the immigration of the Germans, who now first entered the country in considerable numbers. Nor had the effect of these disasters entirely disappeared, when the Protestant reformation, which brought a sword into all Christian lands, drew it in this also. Now adopted, and now proscribed, the new faith kindled the fires of civil war throughout the land, when the arms hitherto wielded against other nations, were turned, envenomed with all the fanatical passions, upon themselves. After these dissensions, however, the different sects were all established on an equal footing; and the prosperity of the country was visited by no great national calamity until the year 1713, when the slow and methodical policy of Austria, which, nearly two centuries before, had claimed the right of succeeding to the extinct line of the Hungarian princes, finally prevailed, and Hungary consented to yield the homage of her crown to the house of Hapsburg. But no great change was made in consequence, either in the laws or the ancient constitution of the country.

The Hungarian Diet, established by Stephen, is of greater antiquity than any other legislative assembly in Europe, save one; for the Parliament of England was instituted a few years earlier. This venerable constitution of government has survived the invasion of enemies, the discord of citizens, the tyranny of rulers, the inconsistency of the people, in short, all the shocks and contrarieties of more than seven centuries. It is composed of an Upper Chamber of Magnates and clerical dignitaries, in which the Palatine, the representative of the King, presides; and of a Lower Chamber of Deputies, elected by the citizens of the free towns, and the nobles of the counties, who, more democratic than were the knights of the shire in England, or the representatives of the particular estates of France, are required to act conformably to the instructions of their constituents. These Chambers, together with the Emperor, as King of Hungary, constitute the *Populus Hungaricus*, and exercise supreme authority in the state. The government of Hungary, accordingly, is a

mixed monarchy. But it has always been administered by the aristocracy, chiefly for their own benefit, and been supported almost entirely by the contributions of the peasantry, styled, in the old laws, the *miseræ plebs contribuentium*.

The aristocracy of the country is composed exclusively of Magyars; the Germans, who are generally congregated in the towns, form a large proportion of the free burghers; and the peasantry, the class without civil rights or privileges, being eight or nine millions in a population of twelve or thirteen, is Slavonic, with a smaller mixture of Magyars, Swabians and others. The nobles own the soil, the possession of landed property being forbidden to the peasantry by law, and permitted to the class of burghers only within the jurisdiction of a burgh. The tenure, however, which generally prevails, as in all Slavonic and Scandinavian countries, is the allodial; although a smaller portion of the land, as for instance, the domains of Prince Esterhazy, are entailed, and inherited according to the laws of primogeniture. But it may be remarked that the principle of equal partibility has not had the effect in Hungary of preventing the formation of large landed estates, as was likewise the case, to a considerable extent, in the ancient republics, where the rule of primogeniture was unknown, and as also has been the case in Spain, where it has existed only as an exception to the general law of partibility. Yet whatever difference there may be in the size of the estates of the nobles, they themselves are, for the most part, equal before the law. The man who possesses but a single rood of allodial land, has in the *theng* or county congregation, where the public affairs of the county are discussed and ordered, the same rights and privileges as the proprietor of the most extensive domains.

The Hungarian nobles, owning the soil, holding all civil offices, exempt, for the most part, from tithes and taxes, and endowed with all the privileges which they have chosen to confer on themselves, have always maintained a character as haughty as their rank in the state has been exalted. But to a high sense of personal dignity have been allied many of the most brilliant attributes of character, besides great frankness and self-possession of manners. A

generosity as noble as that of the Irish; the bold, dashing gallantry of the knights errant; an Oriental hospitality; power of never-yielding endurance; ardor in both love and hate; a contempt of fear; a jealousy of dishonor; these are qualities which relieve the love of ostentation and luxury, and whatever may be gross or rude in the dispositions and manners of the Magyars.

The general characteristic of the physiognomy of the Hungarian nobility is intelligence. The broad, open brow; the clear, full eye; the mouth firm and well moulded, give them a very striking appearance, especially when seen collectively. It is this, added to the variety of costumes worn in the Diet; the loose robes of black silk; the gold chains, crosses, and crimson scarfs; the richly furred frock coats, and *kalpags* or national caps of the elder gentry; the green or scarlet pelisses laced with gold, and the magnificent chakos of the higher officers; the elaborately braided waistcoats of the younger members, with pendent crowns of bright-colored kersey-mere in their embroidered caps; the waving heron plumes; the purple sashes; the gilded belts; the polished weapons; which render the national assembly of the Hungarians, probably, the most picturesque and characteristic in the world.*

The appearance of the Hungarian peasant presents a strong contrast to that of his master. Ever since the days of King Attila, his shoulders have been thatched with a rug or cloak of rough sheepskin. His scanty under garments are of coarse sack-cloth, soaked in lard to protect the wearer from insects. A broad-brimmed felt *sombrero* casts an additional shade upon his swarthy face; while mane-like locks and unshorn mustachios give to his wild features an expression more of Asia than of Europe.

But this costume covers two separate characters, the Magyar and the Slavonian. The Magyar peasant is bold, passionate, and courteous; he is proud of his descent, and vain of his ornaments; in temperament, he inclines to melancholy; has a marked partiality for the care of animals; and, indolent in his habits, prefers a gallop over the *pustas* to the following of his plough. The Slavonian, on the

other hand, though poor, is good humored; he likes music and the dance; and has no pride of country, but hatred of his conquerors instead. Not open and sincere in his disposition, like the Magyar, he is deceitful rather. His manners are insinuating, but to the last degree submissive; for while the Magyar, taking off his hat, stands erect in the presence of a superior, the Slavonian bows his neck, and never ventures to resume an upright posture until dismissed. Of Germans among the peasantry there are very few; they, together with a large number of Jews and some Greeks, having monopolized the trade of the towns. But wherever found, they exhibit the same manly, unostentatious character; and retain intact, for the most part, their national peculiarities.

The general condition of the servants and tenants of the Hungarian landlords has been superior, in most respects, to that of the peasantry of other European countries. Although the system of serfage was early introduced by Stephen, only the revolted peasant was held in personal and perpetual servitude; the others being allowed to pass from the domains of one lord to settle on those of another. They paid tithes to the clergy, and one ninth of the remaining products of the soil to the landlord. The great majority of the country people, being hired laborers or farmers, were bound by contracts to till the land for a stipulated rent or for their maintenance, in which cases they could not leave the farms until after having paid all advances made by the proprietors, nor could they be turned out, except on the condition of receiving an indemnity for their labor. Considerable relief was granted to this class of the people by the *Urbarium*, or rural code published under the auspices of Maria Theresa, which put an interpretation on contracts favorable to the farmer, and regulated in a more liberal manner the amount of labor which was to be accepted in the place of rent. The reforms of Joseph II. which swept away many of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, also abolished perpetual servitude, so far as it had been recognized by law; and when the old constitution was re-established under his successor, this enactment, together with others for the protection of the peasantry, was allowed

* Miss Pardoe's *City of the Magyars*.

to stand. Such was not the case, however, with the decrees sanctioning the right of acquiring heritable property by all Hungarians, and equalizing the imposts on all lands, whether in the possession of the noble or the ignoble. The ancient principle of Hungarian law was still maintained *fundo ne inhereat onus*. The peasant continued to pay tithes to priests and lords; to maintain the country magistracies; to labor on public works without remuneration; and to pay for the support of the army, in which the nobles served.

But although nearly all the burdens of the state have fallen upon the shoulders of the peasant, nature has dealt bountifully with him. The fertile soil of the plains and valleys yields its increase with little pains of tillage. He raises the largest oxen in Europe, and divides the care of them with his dog, roaming in companionship over the rolling hills, or lying at ease in fragrant meadows. If he has no money, he has few wants. If he cannot drive his cattle or cart his grain to the distant marts of trade, from inability to pay the tolls, neither does his simple frugality crave the luxuries of foreign fairs. He is content to obtain by barter with his neighbors whatever of raiment may not be supplied by the sheep which he shears, or whatever of food may not be furnished by the cattle which he slaughters. For him, whose ancestors never slept beneath a roof, it is no hardship to wrap his woolen guba around him, and lie down to sleep wherever beneath the heavens night-fall overtakes him—the wagoner in his cart, the shepherd by his fold, the husbandmen amid sheaves or hay-cocks. The monotony of his every-day life is sufficiently relieved by the diversity of his toils and the changes of the seasons. On holy days he piously says his prayers in church, shuffles through the intricacies of the Hungarian dances, sings the national songs with questions and answers, and supplies whatever may be lacking in these amusements to fill up the small measure of his delights by admiring the costly pastimes, the showy equipages, the luxurious entertainments, the gilded state and ceremony of his prodigal but perhaps not more happy lord.

Such, in brief, have been the Hungarians and their institutions. But the revo-

lutionary spirit which is now reforming the laws and governments of so many European states, has produced changes in this country, not less important than in those which have attained a higher degree of civilization. Hungary, in consequence, is no longer what she was. The spirit of the people, and the fundamental laws of the kingdom, bear alike the marks of the great revolution which, commencing a quarter of a century ago, has now just arrived at its climax, and regenerated the land.

The period when the rise of new political convictions first began to manifest itself in Hungary, was during the session of the diet, which took place in the years 1823-7. A popular party was then organized, which soon received the support of a large number of persons of high rank and ample fortunes. These friends of progress labored with much zeal to improve the condition of the lower classes, encouraged popular education both without law and against law, and pursued a system of political agitation which seemed to produce effect when other means failed. Count Szechényi took up the pen, an instrument which had been but little used by his countrymen, and won a European reputation by the ability of his dissertations on subjects connected with politics. The small number of newspapers and periodicals was enlarged; a theatre, in which the Magyar language was used, was erected at Presburg; and the national literature, which had not possessed much to boast of except the beauty of its lyrics, received a new impulse from the patronage of the nobility, and the increase of scholars. The diet of 1840 went still further than its predecessors in calling public attention to the necessity of a reform of the state. Much was done by it to protect both the moral and the material interests of the country, to develop more fully the Magyar nationality, and to diminish the power of Austrian and all foreign influence. This movement forwards was aided also by the imprisonment for political offences of two leading members of the liberal party, Baron Wesselenyi, and the since distinguished Mr. Kossuth, for a measure so severe and so tyrannical naturally gave rise to an earnest demand for the restoration of the old constitutional freedom of speech, independent of all interference of the

sovereign. Some partial concessions, in consequence, were made by the authorities, but no liberal plan of reform was timely introduced to satisfy the reasonable wishes of the great majority of the popular party, or to neutralize the extravagant claims of factious partisans. The disaffection continuing, as a matter of course, to gain ground, when the Diet assembled at the commencement of the present year, it demanded the recall of all Austrians in office, and remonstrated against the system of policy which, for forty years, had been pursued by the administration of Metternich.

At the time of the occurrence of the revolution at Paris, therefore, a great reform party had grown up in Hungary, and when that of Vienna followed, paralyzing for the time being the imperial authority, insurrection swept, like the wind, down the Danube and the Theiss. The conservative party, deprived of Austrian support, gave way at once, and the friends of reform succeeded in establishing a provisional government almost without opposition.

At Pesth, as at Vienna, it was the students of the university who led the van of the revolution. They named the members of the new national government, which were immediately accepted by the Chamber of Deputies. The choice seems to have been a judicious one, for it fell upon men possessing the confidence of the people and long distinguished by their valuable services in the cause of national improvement. They were Count Batthyányi, and Prince Esterházy, magnates of the highest distinction; the active Count Szechenyi, who, as well as the more popular Déak, is one of the best informed men in the country, and Mr. Kossuth, a lawyer, well known for his zealous attachment to liberal principles. Their political opinions, indeed, were far from being the same; but in view of the magnitude of the crisis they cheerfully consented to act together for the common good.

After the organization of this new government a deputation was sent to Vienna by the Diet, to ask for it the approval of the Emperor. Ferdinand, making a virtue of necessity, granted all that was demanded, and the virtual independence of Hungary was proclaimed,

accordingly, on the 17th of March. The provisional government, which had been appointed, was confirmed; in future the ministry was to be elected by a majority of the national representatives, and to be responsible to the people of Hungary; the press was declared to be free; the ancient constitution, in all its independence and with all its privileges, was acknowledged as the fundamental law of the realm; and in place of the former Palatine, whose authority was very limited, the Archduke Etienne was appointed Viceroy, and clothed with all the powers for organizing the new state which could be lawfully exercised by the King-Emperor.

These concessions were not made any too soon to secure the loyalty of the Hungarians, for the messenger who brought the tidings of them to Pesth, found the National Guard assembled, and in the act of deliberating on the propriety of immediately proclaiming a republic. The people, however, had obtained all they asked for, and opposed as they had been to the administration of his ministers, they remained steadfastly attached to the Emperor, and expressed the wish that he would visit the country, and even establish his residence at Presburg.

The installation of the new order of things met with some slight opposition from the conservative county magistrates; while a small, but violent party of radicals, stimulated by clubs and journals, called for the abolition of the Chamber of Magnates, for the total subversion, in fact, of the ancient constitution, and even for the proclamation of a republic entirely independent of Austria. But both of these extreme classes of partisans were overpowered by the stronger common sense of the great majority of the nation. The local disturbances, however, attending the interregnum of authority were in many instances of a very serious nature. Armed bands of peasants roamed unresisted over several districts, committing the greatest excesses. Persons who had anything to lose, were plundered; many who had nothing were murdered; some towns were sacked, others were burned, and their inhabitants compelled to bivouac in the open fields. A large proportion of the Hungarian troops had before been sent into Italy, Bohemia and Moravia; and where there were detach-

ments of the National Guard, they aimed to maintain a sort of neutrality between anarchy and order, generally arriving at the scene of disturbances when, the plundering and sacking being over, their services were no longer needed. But it was against the Jews that the excited passions of the lower classes were chiefly directed. At Presburg, even the Jewish hospital became a mark for popular vengeance. The sick were driven into the streets; the dying were eased prematurely of their pains; and the persecution was stayed only by the expulsion of the Jews from the city.

The day of frenzy and license, however, was soon over. The new ministry exerted its influence to re-establish order; and aided by the general consent of the people, their efforts were crowned with success.

Meanwhile the Diet, assembled no longer as before at Presburg, but in the ancient capital of Pesth, proceeded, without delay, to confirm by legislation the reforms which had been introduced into the structure of the state, and also to alter some of the ancient laws of the kingdom. The "Robot" was summarily abolished, whereby the property of the different churches and the nobility was curtailed of those feudal rights of tythe and labor, which pressed most heavily upon the people; and the amount of compensation to be paid to the landlords was left to be determined at a future session of the Assembly. The right of owning the soil was extended to all classes. The peasant was admitted a citizen of the state, and endowed with a portion of the lands which he had before held in tenantry. Measures were taken to introduce a new system of internal improvements, to extend the freedom of industry, and to multiply the advantages of popular education.

To carry into execution all these plans of improvement will undoubtedly require no little time, and more means than seem to be at present at command in the country. For although Hungary has no national debt of its own, yet the entire farming interest is in arrear for the last quarter's rent; the incomes of the landed proprietors are to be temporarily reduced by the emancipation of two millions of laborers; and if anything like a just compensation for their services is to be made out of the public treasury to their former masters, it is im-

possible to see where the means will be found for building roads, digging canals, and improving the navigation of the rivers, or executing any other of the great national works now in contemplation. Heretofore the Austrian system of duties, the government monopolies of salt and tobacco, the numerous restrictions upon industry, the depressed condition of the lower classes, have not been favorable to a full development of the material resources of the country. The annual revenue, from all sources, domains, regalia and taxes, has not usually amounted to more than about fifteen millions of dollars; and although the receipts of the public treasury will now be increased by the contributions of the nobility, still the immediate augmentation cannot be great, as their luxurious habits have rendered almost the whole order *de facto* bankrupt. Nevertheless the stimulus of free institutions, and of liberal legislation, together with the English system of husbandry now being introduced, will, undoubtedly, unfold new resources, and add greatly to the amount of the national wealth. The immense estates in the Bannat and elsewhere, which have hardly done more than defray the cost of their cultivation, will now be sold or leased to independent farmers, greatly to the advantage of all parties. And if, in addition to all other measures for the improvement of the country, the immigration of settlers with some property be encouraged, and the old contempt for trade and labor and foreign blood be somewhat abated, the Hungarians may soon be able to sustain a public debt of considerable magnitude. At present, however, the condition of their finances, aside from the expenses of war, cannot be considered sufficiently encouraging to enable them to obtain any very large loans from abroad; and the friends of internal improvements and national advancement must content themselves with the old motto of *festinare lente*.*

But since the organization of the national government at Pesth, a new source of financial embarrassment has been opened, the consequences of which cannot, at present, be estimated. This is the war with the Slavonic appendages of Hungary,

* Die Allgemeine Zeitung von Augsburg, Gazette de Heidelberg, London Times.

which we now proceed briefly to notice.

Of these appendages, the principal one is Croatia. This kingdom is represented in the Hungarian diet by deputies, and has been a dependency of the Magyars since its original conquest in the ninth century. Two hundred years before, the Croats had come into the country, and founded the petty states of Carinthia, Friuli, Liburnia, or Croatia proper, Dalmatia and Slavonia. A warlike people, they have always been fond of breaking their spears with their neighbors, and were in the habit of making predatory incursions into the Ottoman territories, even up to the middle of the last century. At that period compelled by Austria to relinquish this amusement, they have since submitted to the discipline of the imperial service, and, though still preferring the chances of war, have occupied themselves more with the labors of peace. But they have made no great progress in civilization. Their houses are destitute of windows and chimneys, and might better be termed barns, as one large roof extends its protection alike to men and oxen, pigs and women. But though possessing the vices of semi-barbarians, they are not incapable of exalted sentiments, and have ever been loyal to the sovereign, whose government has accommodated itself to their prejudices, and left them in the enjoyment of a large share of native independence.

Next to Croatia, the most important of the revolted dependencies are those districts, on the confines of Turkey, called the Military Limits. They consist of a long line of frontier, extending from the Adriatic to Transylvania;—a sort of perpetual camp, in which all the inhabitants are both soldiers and husbandmen. The constitution of society is, in other respects, peculiar. One or more families form what is termed a house or society, in which the oldest member exercises a patriarchal power, under the title of *gospodar*. The land, not divided into individual possessions, is owned by the community at large, as were the woods of Germany, in the days of Hermann. The flocks, money and movables of a particular society are also held in common by all its members; and if a female marries any one of a different house from that to which she belongs, she goes

to her new home with but a wedding garment for her dower. The number of merchants, or hucksters rather, and of priests, is limited by law; every inhabitant is required to contribute by some kind of labor to the common stock; and whoever absents himself, without the permission of his *gospodar*, is considered a deserter. The population, though naturally clever, are ill-informed, their military government being, of course, not favorable to the progress of civilization. Attached to the Emperor, these districts supply Austria with some of the most trustworthy and efficient soldiers in her service. They furnished, also, in the famous thirty years' war of the Catholics and Protestants, and in the seven years' war, against Frederic the Great, those irresistible *Pandours* and Croats, whose very aspect spread dismay even to the western borders of Germany.

The cause of the revolt of these kingdoms from Hungary, is the antipathy of the two races. The Croats, Slavonians, Servians, and Dalmatians, are all of Slavonian origin. They hate—they have always hated the Magyars. And in return, the Magyar despises the Slave. "*Tot nem ember!*—the Slave is not a man!" is a proverb constantly on the lips of the Hungarian noble. Indeed, instances are not wanting of villages, in which the Magyar inhabitants hold no communication with their Slavonic neighbors for any purpose; where they do not even understand each other's language, and will not permit the intermarriage of their children.

The more immediate cause of the breaking out of civil war, however, is to be found in the numerous and very earnest attempts, which have been made within the last few years by the Magyars, to extend the influence of their own language, and to revive the observance of their national customs. Their aim has been to strengthen their authority by suppressing all languages in the country except their own. Formerly, the official language of the State was Latin. But since 1836, the laws have been published in the Hungarian tongue also. The representations made to the sovereign have been drawn up laterally in Hungarian and Latin, the former being declared, by virtue of a recent decree, to be the original or responsible language, in case of any tech-

nical difficulty. With the exception of those of certain magnates and magistrates, the speeches made in the Diet are exclusively in the Magyar dialect. All the transactions between the two Chambers are carried on in the same; and the Latin maintains its former pre-eminence only in the Resolutions of the king.

This new policy of the conquerors did not escape the jealous vigilance of the leaders of the party of the conquered. The lower classes, however, being destitute of all political education and sympathies, the illuminated kept their plans of opposition to themselves; and left it to the papas of the Greek church, to which confession most of the Slavonians belong, to persuade the peasantry that this design of degrading their language was but one of a series of attacks upon the independence of their faith. Thus the fanatical passions of the people were aroused; while their leaders, forming affiliated associations throughout all the Slavonic countries, for the purpose of simplifying their various dialects, so that they might all be reduced into one, cloaked beneath this garb the plan of forming a Panslavonic confederacy.

An event which any impartial person would suppose must have tended to heal the dissensions between the two races, furnished the occasion for the long meditated outbreak. When in consequence of the Revolution in Hungary, the franchise was accorded to all without regard to nationality or religion, and both surage and tithes were totally abolished, it would seem as though no shadow of discontent between the ruling and the ruled could any longer have existed. But it was stipulated by the Magyars that the debates in the diet should be held in their language. To this the German inhabitants made no objection, and received the new reforms with joy. Nor was there any reasonable ground of objection, as the Hungarian tongue was generally familiar to all the inhabitants of the country, whatever their origin. But the leaders of the Slavonic party, seeing that then or never their time had come for shaking off the ancient yoke of bondage, gave the word of command; and every every Slave ran to arms.

The headquarters of revolt were established at Carlowitz, in Slavonia, the seat

of the Greek archbishop. A committee of public safety, or, in other words, a provisional government was here organized; and its authority was at once recognized throughout the district, inhabited as it is mostly by Slavonians. A camp of twenty thousand men was soon formed; and funds were liberally furnished by the Greek convents. But the governor of the town of Peterwaradin, on the Danube, ventured to attack the insurgent forces; and his attempt, though not successful, was followed by a truce, to give time for the revolted to submit their case to the Emperor. A deputation, accordingly, was dispatched to Vienna, instructed to demand the independence of the Slavonians from Hungary.

Meanwhile, the insurrection spread rapidly through all the Slavonic dependencies, south of the Danube. Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, put himself at the head of the movement, and the Croatian diet, illegally assembled at Agram, invited the States of Bohemia to meet those of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia in general diet, for the purpose of throwing off the yoke of the Magyars. The enthusiasm of the Croats rose to the highest pitch. When, in the last session of the diet at Agram, it was stated that there was a deficiency of funds necessary for sending troops to the threatened quarters, all the deputies, together with the auditors, rose to offer voluntary contributions. Several gave five hundred, others a thousand or two thousand florins. The fair sex, following the example of their lords, threw their watches, chains, rings, and various trinkets into the treasury of war. And thus, in the space of a short half hour, upwards of fifteen thousand florins were collected, besides other objects of value.

The Croatian call to arms has been answered also by other tribes. The Servians, the flower of the race, have sent large bodies of volunteers from the distant Balkan. The Dalmatian has come, even from the *Porta Hungarica* of Fiume. The Wallachians have taken the field, from the remoter East. And all are impressed with the belief that they shall have the sympathy of Russia, regarded as the head of their religion and their race. As many as eighty or ninety thousand men, accustomed to arms and trained up in regiments, are reported as now concentrating on the

Danube. Already several sanguinary, though not decisive engagements have taken place between the two contending parties; and by the last advices, the insurgents had advanced within two days' march of both Pesth and Vienna.

On the other hand, the Magyars, although in the midst of the confusion attending a popular revolution, have made spirited efforts ultimately to quell the revolt. A large number of their soldiers are absent from the kingdom, in the service of the empire; but, the landsturm having been convoked, it is expected that a force double that of their enemy will be brought into the field; and it is confidently believed that, terrible as is the advance of such hordes of Croats and Pandours, the campaign will result in the triumph of the ancient cross of St. Stephen. This issue may be looked for with the greater certainty in consequence of the recent timely incorporation into Hungary of the dependent kingdom of Transylvania, whereby the strength of the Magyars is increased by a more close alliance with a million and a half of their countrymen.

To the same end, the stand lately taken by the government at Vienna will no doubt contribute. At the commencement of the insurrection, the unsettled state of Austrian affairs, and, probably, a secret disposition in the imperial court to allow the Hungarian revolution to be embarrassed by the disaffection of the more loyal and less democratic Slavonians, prevented any decisive interference on the part of the sovereign. Hitherto, also, the negotiations carried on at Vienna between the Ban of Croatia and the Hungarian minister, Prince Esterhazy, as well as the mediation of the Archduke John, of Austria, have been altogether unavailing. But the increasing magnitude of this Croatian movement, not second in the importance of its possible effects on the Austrian empire to that in Italy, has at length forced the imperial government to take a decisive part. A manifesto, expressed in the strongest terms, has been issued, requiring both the contending parties to lay down their arms, and put an end to the war. The Austrian government has come to the conclusion, doubtless, that it is prudent to check the rising ambition of the Ban of Croatia, for, although the loyalty of the Sla-

vonians has not heretofore been questioned, still if they should be successful in overmastering the Hungarians, this war might be the means of laying the foundations of the great Panslavonic Empire. At the present moment, in fact, the greatest peril which threatens the Austrian State, is not that it may lose an unprofitable province or two in Italy, but that, while the Germanic parts of the empire are allying themselves more closely to the fatherland, the Slavonic portions may become leagued together in a separate national confederacy.*

* Advices received since the writing of the above, put a somewhat new aspect upon the affairs of Hungary. It now appears that the imperial government has not been acting towards that country in good faith, but has long had a secret understanding with Jellachich, that the latter should be allowed to conquer Hungary, if possible, on the condition of repressing the revolution, and restoring the former influence of Austria. To aid in accomplishing this purpose, the Emperor, in the latter part of September, appointed Count Lamberg to the chief command of the army in Hungary, and sent manifestoes requiring the submission of both the troops and the people to the new commissary. But as these decrees did not bear the countersign of a Hungarian minister, as required by the new constitution, the Diet manily pronounced them to be in violation of the laws of the land, and forbade them either to be circulated or obeyed in the kingdom. The day following this vote of the Diet, Count Lamberg arriving himself at the capital, and attempting to assume the command of the national guard, he was seized by the people, while on his way to the Diet, for the purpose of presenting his credentials to that body, and put to death by violence. After the commission of this unhappy act by the popular fury, the Diet made the rupture between the kingdom and the empire absolute and irretrievable, by the adoption of a resolution in the following terms:—

“In the absence of a supreme government, the Chamber appoints the six members who have been associated with Bathyanly for the conduct of the war, a provisional government, with unlimited powers.”

This act became the signal for universal rebellion against the authority of the Emperor. At the same time, to blow into a flame the popular enthusiasm in behalf of the independence of the country, the publication of intercepted correspondence, addressed by the Emperor to the Ban of Croatia, revealed the dastardly plot, which had been formed at Vienna, for effecting the overthrow of the new Hungarian constitution. These papers brought to light three decrees of the Emperor, of which the first appointed Count Adam Véczy President of a new Hungarian ministry, with authority to select its members. This doc-

To this greater Slavonic movement, embracing also the insurrection of the Bohemians at Prague, the contests between the Germans and the Poles, both in Posen and Galicia, and the revolution in the Danubian principalities of Turkey, we now turn more directly our attention.

The Slavonic race, coming originally from Asia, appears to have existed for some thousand years in the north-east of Europe. The Greeks and Romans despised the distant Slavi, and contented themselves with giving to the vast regions occupied by them, in connection with the Finni, the vague names of Scythia and Sarmatia. Their descendants, which still possess a large part of Eastern Europe, consist principally of the Russians, the different Slavonic tribes in Hungary, the Bohemians, the Poles, and the Lithuanians.

The relationship of a common descent is acknowledged among all these nations, excepting between the Poles and the Russians; and within a few years, many of the leading minds of the more westerly Slavonic countries have entertained the design

of strengthening these ties of brotherhood. The principal means employed for effecting this purpose have been the interchange of sentiments, various forms of association, and the cultivation of their common language and literature. Russia, also, favoring the idea of a national hegemony, has zealously patronized Slavonic letters beyond her own borders, and particularly in Hungary. Every Hungarian writer of reputation, employing this tongue, has been openly and freely rewarded with Russian favor, if not with stipends. A Slavonic propaganda is said to have been founded and maintained in this country by northern gold and influence; and that it has been mainly in consequence of its exertions, that the dream has been cherished by some ardent friends of Slavonic nationality, of establishing a monarchy of their own on the ruins of the Magyar dominion. Certain it is that the principal portion of the Slavonic population in Hungary delight to call themselves by the name of Russnyaks, and, being of the Greek communion, openly pray for the Emperor of Russia, as our "Czar," even at Pesth and Presburg.

The recent revolution in France, and the political disorganization of the German States, gave a very great impulse to the centralizing tendency among the Slavonians. Hence the origin of the Congress of Prague. Immediately after the triumph of the people of Vienna, the friends of Slavonic nationality in the Austrian Empire agreed to assemble at Prague, on the thirty-first day of May, to deliberate on their common interests. Besides representatives from the various Slavonic provinces of Austria, a considerable number of distinguished individuals from other lands inhabited by the same race, were invited to be present. The call was very generally answered; and at the time appointed, the ancient city of Prague saw its quiet streets animated with deputies, speaking in different dialects, and dressed in the various and gaunt costumes of Czecks, Poles, Croatians, Dalmatians and Illyrians. They represented eleven millions of their countrymen. On the second of June, the Congress was formally organized. A committee, appointed to draw up a series of resolutions, expressive of the views of the Assembly respecting the subject of Slavonic interests, subsequently

ument was not countersigned by an Austrian minister, but by Count Veczy himself. The second decree, addressed to the county magistracies, placed the kingdom under martial law, the third dissolved the Diet, on the ground of the illegality of its late proceedings, declaring all its acts to be null and void, which had not received the imperial sanction; and appointed Baron Joseph Jellachich dictator of Hungary, with supreme powers, both civil and military.

This assassin's blow, aimed from behind at the liberty of a great enfranchised nation, has been paralyzed by still another insurrection at Vienna, and by the second flight of Ferdinand, as pusillanimous as double-faced, from his capital. On the occurrence of these events, the Constituent Assembly of Austria immediately revoked the powers conferred upon Jellachich; and the latter, in consequence, will no longer be sustained by the secret intrigues or the open aid of the governing power at Vienna. The latest reports represent him to have been defeated. This will, undoubtedly, be his fate, sooner or later, as, although his position, extending from Raab on the Danube, on the left, to the Platten See and the Bakonyes forest, on the right, is one of great military strength, his army, hastily collected and imperfectly equipped, is particularly deficient in that right arm of war, the artillery. The independence of Hungary, favored as it will be by the supremacy of the popular party at Vienna, cannot fail, we think, to be established, whatever may be the fate of the Austrian Empire, now shaken again by insurrection at its centre, as well as by revolt in its extremities. [*Vienna correspondence of London papers.*]

made an elaborate report. Of this, the first clause asserted the necessity of forming a league offensive and defensive between all Slaves, as the only means of restoring the lost strength and faded splendor, as well as maintaining the new constitutional liberties of the empire. The second clause declared the importance of preserving, as the basis of this peoples' league, each one of the distinct nationalities of Austria; and to this end, recommending the formation at Vienna of a general Austrian diet, in which the different nationalities should be duly represented. The third resolution advises the establishment of a system of literary intercourse between different branches of the race. The fourth asserts that they will not allow Austria to occupy a subordinate position in the proposed German Empire; and that the Slaves will not recognize the decrees of the Frankfort Parliament as binding. The last clause proposes that a deputation should wait upon the Emperor, informing him of the resolutions of the Congress.

Before any action, however, was taken on these resolutions, the breaking out of the Czechish insurrection in Prague put a stop to the deliberations of the Congress, and finally resulted in its premature dissolution.*

The Congress, it is true, observed the form of loyalty to the Emperor, but whether it possessed its spirit may well be the subject of doubt. It appears to have been the sense of the members of the Assembly that the Austrian Empire ought to be Slave, a majority of its people being of that race; and that if the German provinces should become incorporated with the new Teutonic confederation, it would become necessary for the others to form a separate state.

This idea the Slavonic population of Bohemia were quite too ready to reduce to practice; for some vision of a national empire, including Russia, seems to have been one of the principal causes of the insurrection at Prague. Their hatred of the Austrian Government, however, was of long standing. For many years a systematic effort has been making to revive the use of the Czechish language and customs, in opposition to those of their con-

querors. Previously to the breaking out of the recent Revolutions, therefore, the national feeling had become very strong, and the national party well organized in Bohemia. So imbibed, indeed, had this province become against the aggressive, yet weak and vacillating policy of the administration of Metternich, that armed bands of Czechs were formed in various districts, for the purpose of overawing the German population, and ultimately resisting the Austrian government. These consisted principally of fanatical young men, who dressed and armed themselves after the fashion of the time of the patriot Zyska, and were called the Swornorst—in all about twenty thousand. The triumph of the people at Vienna weakened still further the German party in Bohemia; and when the governor, in obedience to instructions received from the new Austrian administration, gave orders for the election of members to the Frankfort Parliament to be held in Prague, only three votes were tendered, and the people could hardly be restrained from expelling the officer who had ordered the opening of the polls.

At length, when the abrupt departure of Ferdinand from his capital had produced an interregnum of authority in the empire, the National Committee at Prague resolved on establishing a separate national administration in Bohemia. A provisional government was accordingly formed, with Count Leo Thun at its head, and with a majority of its members selected from the most determined friends of Czechish nationality. The new ministry immediately sent a deputation to Innsbruck, to request the imperial sanction for the revolution, and to demand the recognition of the right of Bohemia to a separate administration of government, responsible to itself alone.

This mission was unsuccessful; and a conflict of protocols, which had been opened with the Cabinet at Vienna, was followed by a more serious war of arms. The immediate occasion of the outbreak, which occurred on the twelfth of June, was the refusal of the commander of the garrison in Prague, Prince Windischgrätz, to supply the students of that city with arms and ammunition. The Czechish population, encouraged to revolt by their priests, took up the cause of the latter,

* Die Allgemeine Zeitung von Augsburg.

Barricades thereupon were erected ; and the populace, at the same time, proceeded in great numbers to the head-quarters of the commandant. Here, amid the uproar of the people, a fatal shot, directed towards the windows of the palace, struck down the wife of Prince Windischgrätz ; another severely wounded his eldest son, an officer of the Cuirassiers. But the commander, meeting with Roman equanimity the shock of this sudden calamity, appeared before the infuriated people, and addressed them in words, which deserve to be recorded on the page of history to his honor.

"If this is meant," said he, "as a charivari for me, because my name is Windischgrätz, and because I am called an aristocrat, yonder is my private residence. You are free to go to it. But if it is directed against me as an officer, and against this public edifice, I will show you a commander who knows how to do his duty."

"My wife lies before me a pallid corpse ; but I address you with words of kindness and conciliation."

But the time for words was past ; that for actions had come. The people, becoming more riotous, were forced back by the cannon of the artillery ; and the troops took possession of the principal streets. But more or less skirmishing continued until the 15th, the women acting their part in the fray with characteristic fury ; and the fighting, wherever it did take place, was of the most desperate character. One man, who had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Czecks, was crucified ; several captured soldiers were murdered ; noses and ears were cut off ; and many other acts of atrocity were committed, as cruel as those which, during the Hussite wars, stained the name of the Taborites.

On the 15th, after negotiations had been tried to no purpose, and the military had been galled by the irregular firing of the people, until their patience was well nigh exhausted, the commanding general withdrew his troops from the streets, in which they could act with little advantage, and bombarded the town from the neighboring heights. The old city of Prague was shaken to its foundations, and many a venerable relic of the middle ages was cast down to the ground. These severe

measures soon quelled the spirits of the insurrection. The leaders surrendered on the evening of the 17th ; the town was reoccupied by the troops ; and the dominion of Austria was established more firmly than before.

Thus ended the plot to drive the Germans out of Bohemia, and to found on the ruins of the Austrian dominion an Empire of the Czecks. For that this was the design of the leaders of the insurrection was known, in fact, beforehand by the government at Vienna, by means of information communicated from Russia, whose aid had been invoked by the conspirators. The hopes of the rebellion having been completely annihilated, the Czeckish and German parties in Bohemia, when the new constitution for the States of Austria was proclaimed, went through the ceremony of a reconciliation in a "grand festival of fraternity." We hope that it was more than a ceremony ; but until Slavonic and Teutonic blood mingle more freely together than it has yet done, the old enmity of the races, it is to be feared, will not die out in Bohemia.*

Equally futile, though far more sanguinary than the insurrection of the Czecks against the Austrians, has been that of the Poles in the grand duchy of Posen against the Prussians. Here the contest seems to have had no other purpose than to gratify the antipathy of the two races, though it had for a pretence the line of division recently run through the duchy, by order of the Prussian government, with the design of incorporating the western districts into Germany, and conferring a separate and national organization upon the eastern division, inhabited principally by Poles.

After the establishment of constitutional liberty at Berlin, the Poles inhabiting the grand duchy of Posen demanded of the Prussian monarch a national reorganization of the province, similar to that asked for by the kingdom of Bohemia, from the Emperor of Austria. Public opinion in Prussia, then enthusiastic in the cause of free institutions, compelled the King to grant the petition of his Polish subjects. Accordingly, a committee, composed half of Germans and half of Poles, was appointed to confer with a royal commis-

* Gazette de Cologne, London Times.

sioner, Count Wilbain, on the necessary proceedings to be adopted in order to carry the wishes of the people, and the consent of the King into effect. The plan, at first, was very favorably received by the German inhabitants of the grand duchy. But when the self-styled National Committee, which had been formed at Posen, consisting entirely of Poles, undertook to supersede the then existing German authorities; to give orders to the troops; and, by various acts, assumed an attitude toward the German population, which said, You are our subjects, the old jealousy and enmity of race was aroused throughout the western districts. Thereupon the Germans lost no time in remonstrating against the proposed changes, which threatened to bring them under Slavonic rule; and afterwards, the Prussian cabinet delaying to proceed with the proposed reorganization, they followed up their remonstrance with a prayer to be separated from the duchy, and to be incorporated into Germany.

The king was not reluctant to comply with the wishes of those who desired to become more closely allied to their fatherland. The province was divided. The line of demarcation left the portion inhabited principally by the Poles on one side, and on the other the districts which had originally belonged to Pomerania, and the population of which is now almost exclusively German, and unacquainted with the Polish language. But as Prussia was unwilling to give up the fortress of Posen, the most important point on her eastern frontier, together with the rivers, canals and high roads subsidiary to it, some districts which were strictly Polish in their character found themselves separated from the fortunes of their countrymen, and allied to strangers.

The line of division, therefore, did not satisfy the Poles. On the other hand, the appointment of Count Willisen to the presidency of the province, whose partiality towards the conquered race was well known, and the first acts of whose administration were regarded as expressive of his preferences, displeased the Germans. It took but a little matter to kindle the flames of civil war in a land so long oppressed, and possessing such an indestructible nationality as Poland. Serious disturbances had some time before occurred

in several places; but now the war between German and Pole broke out with terrible violence. The peasantry of the former race, assembling in large numbers, directed their attacks upon the residences of the Polish nobility. Many were sacked; many burned. On the other hand, the Polish peasantry seized their scythes and axes, and rushed still more furious into the fight. Microslawski, who in 1846-7 had acted a conspicuous part in the conspiracy at Berlin, espoused the cause of his countrymen, and put himself at the head of their troops. These amounted to about twenty thousand men, poorly supplied with arms, though abundantly with passion. On the other side, Count Willisen having been recalled in consequence of the unhappy posture of affairs brought about by his administration, General Colomb was placed in command. He immediately resorted to the most vigorous measures for putting down the insurrection. At the head of disciplined troops, and amply furnished with heavy artillery, he commenced his attack upon the insurgents with every advantage. Still in several minor contests the Poles were successful. Animated with the fiercest hate of the enemy, they fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause. With scythes and pitch-forks they faced the cannon's mouth, and stood to be shot down in their places, rather than turn their backs in flight. Alas, that Polish blood should always flow in vain! Here, as in all their conflicts with the conquerors of their country, there was no possible chance of success. The first general engagement closed the war. In the battle of Xiong, on the fifth of May, Microslawski was taken prisoner, his followers defeated, and his cause ruined.

The war having been terminated by one terrible struggle, in which Polish and German blood was made for once to flow in common channels, order was soon re-established throughout Posen. This work done, General Colomb was withdrawn; and the new President, General Pfuehl, by conciliatory but determined measures, readily succeeded in pacifying the minds of both parties, and preparing the way for the speedy introduction of the changes determined upon by the cabinet at Berlin.*

* Die Allgem. Zeitung. Die Zeitung von Berlin.

In Austrian Poland important and liberal concessions have been made by the imperial government to the people. A popular governor has been appointed in Galicia, with instructions to effect an administrative re-organization of the province. Cracow is to have a separate council of government; Polish is to be the official language in the transaction of all internal affairs, and the peasantry are to be released from feudal services, a compensation being made from the treasury to the landlords.

These political privileges, however, were not granted to what was once the republic of Cracow, until after the occurrence of serious disturbances and some bloodshed. The principal outbreak of Polish discontent took place on the twenty-eighth of April. While the commandant Count de Castiglione was riding through the town at the head of his staff, and exhorting the disaffected people to keep the peace, he was fired upon from a window and badly wounded. Thereupon General Moltke, taking the command, ordered the troops to fire upon the populace. These being collected in dense masses, the execution was terrible. But the inhabitants, instead of being cowed into submission, immediately turned to the work of barricading the streets. Behind their hasty defences they withstood for the space of three hours the attacks of the artillery. But it was idle to contend against such unequal odds. The city submitted and sued for pardon. The principal insurgents and what few of the Polish émigrés survived the contest, escaped by flight. Of the troops, ten were killed and forty wounded; but of the people, a much greater number. The timely bestowal, soon afterwards, of an independent and national administration of government, prevented the occurrence of insurrection.*

It remains for us only to chronicle the progress of Slavonic liberty in the principalities of the Danube, belonging to Turkey. For even so far eastward have advanced the European revolution and the ideas of popular reform.

The Moldavians and Wallachians are the descendants of the ancient Getæ and Dacians, mixed with the Roman colonists sent into the country by Trajan, and speak

a language composed of Slavonic and Latin, hardly inferior in richness and harmony to any of the modern languages, which have sprung from the amalgamation of the Romans and the barbarians. Their country, lying on the Danube and the Pruth, has been from time immemorial the high road, by which the Asiatic hordes have driven their herds and flocks into the pastures of Europe. Here their spears first met the swords of Roman and Gothic civilization. During the earlier Christian centuries, these now flowery plains were a field of death. The light Sarmatian horsemen charged upon the heavy legions of Rome; the Hun, more brutal than the Sarmatian, pursued the scattered Goths; and nation after nation established an ephemeral dominion, until the white eagle of Poland, which for a time built its nest on the woody hills of Moldavia, was scared away by the crescent of the Osmanli. The unchanging despotism of Turkey, under which the inhabitants of these countries dragged out a precarious and miserable existence, lasted until it became somewhat modified, though scarce improved by the protectorship of Russia, established by treaty in the year 1828. Since that period, the long interval of peace which has enriched and elevated the middling classes of most European lands, has extended a degree of its material prosperity and its political influence even to the banks of the Lower Danube. A liberal party has gradually sprung up, still more powerful than in other parts of Turkey, and in the early part of the present year, had made such progress as to attract the attention of the ever watchful Czar.

After the occurrence of the western revolutions, the disaffection having greatly increased, and having led to the expression of a desire on the part of some of the friends of progress that the principalities might be detached from Turkey and formed into a kingdom dependent upon Hungary, the Emperor of Russia threatened to exercise his office of protector by an armed intervention, and ordered an additional number of troops to the northern frontier of Moldavia, which, like a promontory between two boisterous seas, threatening to overwhelm it, lies exposed between the dominions of Russia on the one side, and Austria on the other. But the activi-

* Die Kölnische Zeitung.

ty of the Russian government produced no more effect in staying the progress of democracy than the lethargy of the Turkish. The people arose in Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, and declaring that the ancient order of things had come to an end, formed a Provisional Government. Bibesco, the pospidar, an officer invested with powers little inferior to those of a Turkish Pacha or a Roman proconsul, after having undertaken in vain to place himself at the head of the new movement, was compelled to abdicate. The people mistrusted his motives, and preferred to intrust their liberties to men of their own choice. The popular council of government commenced its administration by suppressing all titles and ranks in the two sister principalities; removing the censorship from the press; requiring the surrender of all fire-arms in the possession of the people to the state, with the exception of one for each man; and abolishing capital punishment, together with that of the Schlague. These decrees form the principal features of the popular constitution, which has superseded the former arbitrary administration of the laws of Justinian.

The flight of Bibesco was the signal for the Russians to cross the Pruth. On the 26th of June, General Duhamel marched his Cossacks and Huhlands—in all an army of ten thousand men—upon Jassy, the capital of Moldavia; and the advance of this Russian force was soon followed by the arrival in Wallachia of a Turkish detachment of five thousand men, by the way of the Danube. Before this display of the men of war, the Provisional Government hid its head, for a time; and only the liberal propaganda, consisting of the young men of Bucharest, remained at their post. Remonstrances, however, were made against the Russian intervention both by the people and by the Turkish authorities; and the invading generals, contenting themselves with occupying the principalities, awaited the slower action of the diplomatists. On the 25th of August, a note from the Russian minister of foreign affairs was presented to the Divan, stating the designs and the demands of the Czar. It required the recall of Suleyman-Pacha, the Turkish commissioner extraordinary in the principalities, who had remonstrated against the entrance into Moldavia of General Duhamel, and the restoration without

delay of the ancient order of things, declaring that Russia would never consent to the establishment of a democratic propaganda on the banks of the Pruth. The Divan, through the influence of Reschid-Pacha, and the party in favor of political reforms, decided to send a new commissioner to Jassy, before taking any decisive action with reference to the revolution, and thereby give time for the diplomacy of the other European courts to counteract the designs of Russia. Meanwhile the Russian troops have retired; the authority of the Provisional Government has been recognized by the Sultan; and the new commissioner, Fnad-Effendi, is said to be equally intelligent and liberal in his sentiments as his predecessor, Suleyman.*

The diplomatic question now pending respecting the affairs of these principalities, is one not only of vital importance to themselves, but one also of great moment to the adjacent countries, and to the cause of freedom in Europe. These provinces, so fruitful, yet so neglected that they may be termed a beautiful wilderness, need only the protection of free institutions, in order that the solicitations of nature may be cheerfully met by the industry of man. But besides its own banks, promising the most generous rewards to the enterprising husbandman, the lower Danube furnishes, also, an outlet for the superfluous produce of Hungary and Austria, and a way of communication between Europe and Asia. May this great high road of the nations be set free and open! As over it once passed the barbarous tribes of the East to vanquish the arms and the arts of Athens and of Rome, so may now the civilization of the West proceed unobstructed along the same pathway to Asia, until, at some future day, the freedom which has sprung so unexpectedly into existence on the western shores of the Euxine, and which seems to encourage, by its near presence, the struggling independence which has made forever memorable the mountain land of the opposite coast, shall surprise the world by returning to dwell between "the river of Egypt and the great river, the river Euphrates"—to rebuild the fallen cities of the Syrian plains—and even to till again that sacred Garden, whence it originally sprang.

* Correspondence of London Times.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.*

THE work, of which this is the first volume, is intended to portray "the French Revolution, which commenced under Louis XVI., in 1789, and which, under various modifications and phases, has been in operation ever since." It would be difficult to find a subject upon which so much has been written already, yet the work before us is well deserving a perusal. Even those familiar with the astounding events of that period will feel an interest in again passing them in review under the author's guidance, whose clear statements present a distinct view of each great occurrence, with its dependence and influence on those which precede and follow.

It is no new matter of remark that the previous histories of this period have been greatly tinctured with the peculiar bias of each writer. Thus it has been difficult to reconcile conflicting statements, and an impression previously formed has often been shaken, without our being able to decide whether it was actually right or wrong. The strong prejudices evinced by the writers have been so apparent, that after reading both sides, we felt convinced that neither was entitled to implicit confidence. Besides the works professing to be histories of this period, there has been such a vast collection of biographies, memoirs and personal narratives of the actors and sufferers in this great convulsion, that no person of ordinary leisure could spare time for their perusal. Of all these Mr. Redhead appears to have made good use, and we give him credit for having written of the French Revolution, in the spirit of his preface, that "the time is now come, when it may be described with truth and impartiality; when the passions of the partisan may merge in the cooler deductions of reason; when it may be considered without any bias tending to obscure

the judgment or vitiate the veritable development."

The work commences with the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne of France, on the death of his grandfather, Louis XV., in 1774. In the twentieth year of his age, of a virtuous disposition, with the best intentions and sincerely desirous of doing good, he succeeded to a power in theory almost unlimited. Totally inexperienced as he was in all business, obliged to rely on the counsel and agency of others, and with a mind naturally weak and vacillating, he required a minister with the genius of a Richelieu and with honesty equal to his genius, to save the nation from the abyss over which it was trembling. An empty exchequer, and a people already exhausted by taxation, the spoils of which had been squandered in debauchery by a greedy and frivolous aristocracy, without affording any stability or support to the government, left this monarch more powerless than the meanest of his subjects; whilst every office of trust and emolument was in the hands of titled paupers who cared neither for the King nor the people, each being intent only on filling his own pockets.

That such a state of affairs should produce a revolution was inevitable, and that in that revolution this selfish and useless herd should be swept away, is not to be regretted: but, as is the case in all great changes, the innocent suffered with the guilty, and the good and virtuous were confounded with the dissolute and rapacious in one common ruin. The work before us gives a very clear and distinct view of all the stages through which that unfortunate country was hurried, in the short space of three years, from the state we have described to the opposite extreme of a domineering and Jacobin Democracy,

* The French Revolutions from 1789 to 1848. By T. W. Redhead. Vol. I. Boston: Gould Kendall & Lincoln. 1848.

which, far from mitigating any of the evils it pretended a *mission* to extirpate, added such scenes of cruelty and bloodthirstiness as the world had never before witnessed.

The present events in France have greatly revived the interest of the story of her old Revolution, and it would be gratifying to our readers, did space permit, to show the many points of resemblance between the proceedings of that and the present. We look upon the great error of the former, to be the entirely democratic form of government which was sought to be established. So great was the hatred and fear of anything aristocratic that one chamber elected by universal suffrage was the only legislative body which the majority would tolerate. This, while the King was permitted to remain nominally on the throne, rendered him worse than a mere cipher, for his person and office were alike contemptible in the eyes of the nation; and if we substitute a President in the place of the King, we shall find the head of the executive department in constant accordance and actuated by the same impulses, right or wrong, as the legislative chamber, without even the control of public opinion, which each claim to represent during their whole term of office, notwithstanding the changes which may take place in the mind of the nation at large, and it must be borne in mind that the vast majority of the French nation are entirely without political knowledge or education, not having hitherto had the slightest influence or share in the election of representatives.

Another point of resemblance, or rather another idea borrowed from the old Jacobin Democracy, is the overweening insolence of the Parisian mob and its leaders. "Paris," says Louis Blanc, "is the heart and brain of the world." So thought the Jacobins of 1793, when the fall of the Girondins, and a rapidly approaching anarchy, was to establish their bloody and ferocious ascendancy. The Girondins, with a majority in the Convention, were powerless before their fearful audacity. Backed by the Commune of Paris and the clubs, with a ferocious mob ready at their call, they overawed the representatives of the nation. The departments generally manifested a determination to support the Convention, and threatened a hostile movement against

Paris, for the emancipation of the national representatives. Seizing upon the pretext of foreign invasion, but for the real purpose of establishing their own supremacy, the cry of the Jacobins was for "a centralization of the powers of the government, as Marat expressed it, for an organization of the despotism of liberty to counteract the despotism of kings;" but as all parties were equally resolved on repelling foreign aggression, the real reason for the decree of centralization, was to put down opposition to Jacobin rule at home.

The following is the account given of the state of political parties in the Convention:—

"France was declared a republic before a single clause of the constitution appropriate to such a form of government was framed; and in the interim the reins of power were left to be grasped by the boldest and the strongest. Three competitors were in the lists to struggle for this supremacy—the Convention, the Commune, and the Jacobin Club. In the first the Girondins continued to possess a numerical majority. * * * But the two latter were wholly in the hands of their adversaries, who consequently had means of action at their command on the decisive point on which they had always proved so efficacious. These adversaries always ranged themselves on the left side of the Convention, and being perched on the higher benches, obtained the appellation of the *Mountain*. Between the Girondins and the Mountain sat a large number of deputies, who affected to be impartial, and who, in fact, when not under the direct influence of fear, generally inclined to the side of moderation and reason. They were called the *Plain*, and subsequently in contempt, the *Belly*, when they devolved into the passive instruments of tyranny. In theory the differences dividing the Girondins and Jacobins were not very broadly or even distinctly marked. They both professed to be republicans, although many of the former were doubtless reluctant converts in their faith, and sailed with a current they could not hope to stem. * * * Save that the Girondins dreamt of a republic in which virtue and talent should exercise their legitimate sway, both parties were agreed that it should be based on the widest principle of equality, in the most extended signification of the phrase 'sovereignty of the people.' * * * The differences therefore were extraneous to mere elementary opinions, and sprung from personal rivalries and animosities, which arrayed them in bitter and implacable antagonism."

Their great difference was in the man-

ner in which the people should be allowed to interfere in the government, the Girondins holding that the people delegated the right of sovereignty to their representatives, while the Jacobins, palliating the massacres of September, maintained that the people, meaning the Paris mob, through whom they expected to rule, re-

tained the right of controlling their representatives.

We shall be glad to see a continuation of this work. We do not say its completion, for judging from present appearances, it is impossible to anticipate that our generation will witness the end of the "*French Revolutions*."

GHOST STORIES.

WHETHER or not the evening on which I first heard the following narrative was the one succeeding that in which the schoolmaster gave us the history of Allison and Ellen, I cannot now remember. But it must have been some one of the evenings during that visit at uncle Robert's, for I well recollect his bringing home from the post-office a number of a monthly magazine, and Mary Horton's persuading the schoolmaster to read aloud a story which happened to strike her fancy.

The tale so much interested me that I have often since looked to find it among the bound volumes of magazines in libraries, but have never been able to light upon a set of the "Entertaining Magazine"—(for so it runs in my memory the periodical was entitled.) The endeavor to recall and reproduce it will please myself, though perhaps it may trespass upon the indulgence of some readers who may have met with the original. Certain circumstances, however, persuade me that their number cannot be many.

It is not so long since the railroad was cut through the heart of it, that the West-hill estate will have been forgotten by the inhabitants of Norfolk county in the Old Bay State. The mansion house, a large three story dwelling, with a square roof, and portico, used to be a conspicuous object for several miles along the —sford and Boston turnpike. It was situated on

the summit of a gentle rise of land; a wide smooth lawn left its western front exposed, while the swell of the ridge almost concealed the village of barns and out-houses which clustered behind it, so that by strangers it was often mistaken at a distance for a meeting-house. Near by, however, and from the house itself, the view was delightful; a famous orchard spread along the south-eastern descent, and over the north a patch of woodland extended nearly up to the kitchen garden. Altogether the site was very desirable, and it seemed almost a pity when the railroad was pushed through it, leaving the house on the edge of a fifty foot deep cut. But the estate has trebled in value, and as the family had moved to the city some time before, residing on it only during the summer, they have cheerfully submitted to what has proved so profitable.

The estate came into the hands of its present proprietor by marriage with the only daughter of Colonel Blanding, who bought it of old Mr. Dalton's heirs. Mr. Dalton was a Boston merchant, who after a long life spent in business, found himself compelled by increasing infirmities to retire from active pursuits. He was rich, but his wife had died childless several years before his retirement, and his only connexions were some distant relatives in the western part of the State. Left thus almost alone in the world, his solitude, combined with the restlessness of a mind

suddenly torn from its habitual toil, rendered him somewhat eccentric in his habits.

He had kept at his post in his counting-house till a shock of palsy almost deprived him of the use of his limbs. Upon his partial recovery from this, he caused his affairs to be wound up, and purchased this estate, whence after building the house, and domiciling himself within it, he seldom ventured. A favorite porter, who had been with him many years, an old house-keeper and a kitchen maid composed his whole household.

He was not a man, however, to let any property of his run to decay. The lands were kept under proper cultivation by an experienced farmer, who, with his family, occupied the original dwelling below the patch of woodland; and it was the old gentleman's chief amusement to give directions for the necessary annual changes and repairs. He was of a mechanical turn, and introduced many improvements in the implements of husbandry and the economy of the household. Under his superintendence the whole place wore an air of neatness and order. Out of doors, the fences were all in good keeping; the lawn was always well trimmed. Within, the floors were polished, the windows bright; rooms never opened for any other purpose, and beds never slept on, were kept well aired. The old man evidently had the art of being faithfully served. It was a fine sight to see him sitting in his portico of a summer evening reading the ship news in the *Daily Patriot*, which the stage brought him every afternoon from the city.

But as time went by he grew more solitary. At length, for nearly three years before his death, he was confined to his chamber, and latterly to his bed. He grew more subject to whims, and for some time before the close of his life it was said he would allow none of his servants to sleep in the house, nor any of them to approach him except John, the old porter, and even he was never suffered to remain longer than was necessary to attend to his master's wants and receive directions. The nature of his afflictions, aided probably by his constitutional tendencies, rendered him unable to endure the most minute annoyances.

At length he died, and the estate passed into the possession of his heirs; to whom, after making suitable provision for his faithful domestics, he had devised it in equal portions. There being several heirs, most of whom were in good circumstances and living many miles away, they at once agreed to turn the property into money, and thus it fell, within a few months, into the hands of Colonel Blanding, almost as it stood on the very day of the old gentleman's decease.

The Colonel was one of those middle-aged gentlemen common in New England who acquire titles of dignity, to which they have no legal claim, by their personal peculiarities. He had never seen any actual service; never even had he commanded a regiment of his fellow-citizens at an annual militia muster. Yet, owing probably to certain authority in his figure and bearing, the sense of propriety which is everywhere latent among mankind, had conferred upon him that particular rank. Not a colonel in fact, he was the embodiment of the common ideal in that part of the country of what a colonel should be in manner and appearance.

He was a rather portly, well-built old gentleman of fifty-five or thereabout, with a round bald head flanked by grayish locks which certainly had a very military aspect. His mode of speech was also abrupt and decided, like that of an officer giving the word of command. In complexion his countenance was inclining to red, which tint, if the truth must be told, deepened as you approached the extremity of his nose. He had all his life been accustomed to a free country style of living, having inherited ample means, and being a man of social qualities. Few men were better known in that region, or more popular with those whom he represented in the Senate of the Commonwealth, than "the Colonel."

At the time of his purchasing the West-hill estate, his family consisted of his wife, a comfortable old lady, his son Stephen, a sophomore at Cambridge, and his daughter Julia, whom it is necessary for the purpose of our narrative to describe more minutely.

Yet how to describe such a creature as was Julia Blanding in her seventeenth year, is a matter that might give any

chronicler pause. Even now, when she is the mother of one whom—even now, I should say, she is one of the most beautiful as well as the gayest ladies you can meet in society. But from what is remembered of her when she was in what Shakspeare calls “that unmatched form and feature of blown youth,” it is no wonder she was the pride of her parents and the talk of the country round. They say she was then the living image of Aurora, goddess of the morning. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks rosy, and her hair deep golden—the tints of sunrise; while there was that in her disposition which, had she been far less beautiful than she was, would have warranted the comparison. Her presence was like the opening dawn; it inspired all who saw her with fresher life. She was a perfect specimen of a “bonny country lassie,” capable, had she known it, of piercing a thousand hearts, but as innocent of that sort of knowledge as a young antelope. She laughed much, she ran faster than most city girls can, she talked, and sang, and danced with more zest and spirit—all because she could not help it. Yet she was not a romp, and what was singular, in the midst of noisy gaiety her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, and there would be much pointing of fingers because Julia was crying, “for nothing at all only that she was so happy.”

The truth is, extremes of feeling lie nearer together than is generally suspected. Excessive laughter will often lead to tears. The phase of mirth not infrequently ends in sadness. So in artless young girls, who seem to be compounded of more music and poetry than any other mortal creatures, we that are old may often discern a hundred shades passing over them in a few moments, according as they are touched by influences around them. They are so delicate that like harps played upon by the wind, they give out broken harmonies under the slightest impressions; whereas we men require rough blows, and then we answer only in coarse low notes that have in them no sweetness or beauty. But all these effects fall in and help to perform the one great drige of fallen humanity.

Julia's cousin Henrietta (for so she was called, though in reality she was not related, being the daughter of the second wife of a

gentleman whose first wife had been Colonel Blanding's sister,) lived with her as a companion; her father and mother were both dead, and she was the ward of her uncle. She was as different from Julia as ever were two young ladies in a story. She was taller and thinner, with dark eyes and hair, and a more quiet manner; she had suffered affliction, and its traces more than counterbalanced the few months' difference between her age and her cousin's. But perhaps the very points of contrast in these two girls made each seem lovelier, by bringing what in each was peculiar into stronger relief. However that may have been, the two in combination imparted a cheerfulness and vivacity to the Colonel's household that only results to a family from the possession of similar attractions. To all the young people in that vicinity the Colonel's parlor seemed, they hardly knew why, the pleasantest place in the world.

It will not appear surprising, therefore, that when, after the family had moved to Westhill, the young ladies were permitted to give a little house-warming at their new home, they should have had, for the country, a numerous party, and a gay one. It was, as it happened, a thanksgiving eve; Stephen had come over from Cambridge and brought with him his classmate and chum, Harry Ide, the same lively fellow then that he is now, and a much better scholar, I fancy, than he is now that he gives all his time to his extensive practice. There were the Joneses, the Smiths, and the Browns, (for one cannot spare time to invent names for so many,)—even the minister of the parish came and staid till after the supper.

But as our story only concerns a few individuals, we will confine ourselves to them, leaving the figures in the background to be filled out as the reader may fancy.

Among the other guests was Fogger, John Fogger, the lawyer of the next village, a shrewd calculating chap, suspected by some of the better sort of being cunning enough to conceal petty dishonesties without having courage to involve himself in great ones. He was a thin, ill-made man, yet he fancied all the girls adored him, and only became an old bachelor because he waited to find one rich enough to marry. He talked constantly, and bored

every one with his conceit ; still he flattered or endeavored to flatter all he spoke with, and if there were points on which any seemed a little tender, he was uneasy till he had cross-questioned and found out the secret ; he was thus a great prober of wounds, but had no balm to pour into them. In brief, he was coarse-grained, wiry, hard and cunning. The Colonel, who, though he had his weak sides, had no sympathy with meanness, never liked him.

Still he must be invited, and he was sure to come, and *did* come. He not only came, but came wide awake, and more disagreeable than usual. To narrate how many unpleasant things he contrived to do and say in this single evening, would occupy more pages than ought to be filled with such details. But for so simple an accident as a change in the weather, he would only have passed as the most displeasing of the few bores of the party.

About eleven o'clock, as some of the guests were leaving, the front door was opened, and it was discovered, to the general surprise, that it was snowing fast and the wind high ; for hitherto the old piano had been kept so busy with country dances and reels, the company had no ears for aught but that. But now in the lull which the intelligence created they could hear the noise of the storm around the house corner, and the snow driving against the eastern windows. What was to be done ? Many of the party had come from a distance ; all had come unprovided with winter gear, for the night had been fine and this was almost the first snowstorm of that season. Harriet and Jane and Charlotte and Carry, &c., must not think of going ; they had plenty of room ; the house was large and every room well provided ; they could stay as well as not, and they must, and their brothers. As for Emily and Sarah and Abby, &c., if they *must* go, as they lived so near, they should have old cloaks and hoods.

The upshot was that when the company broke up, the half who lived nearest went away muffled up like Hudson Bay voyagers ; while the other half, who came from more than five miles, when they went to look for their horses, found the Colonel had given orders to have them stabled for the night, and the carriages put under cover ; so there was no resource but submission.

Among those who staid was Fogger, who did not reside more than three miles off, and might have gone without the least inconvenience, for he came alone in a chaise of his own. But he knew that his horse would be well taken care of, and thought on the whole it would be more pleasant to ride over in the morning. Besides, he began to think Miss Julia a "smart young lady," and thought he might as well throw out an anchor that way to windward ; she was rather young yet, it was true, and there might be another heir : still it was well enough to "look over the ground," as the farmers say, "against you may wish to buy."

It was not more than twelve o'clock, for they keep early hours in the country, when all who remained had been snugly disposed of—the young ladies occupying the third floor, and their brothers the rooms on the second. Fogger thought himself lucky in securing a large corner room with a spacious old-fashioned bed all to himself, while Ide and young Blanding were obliged to precede an ex-president and a distinguished Whig member of the House, in a mode of sleeping, to say the least, extremely uncomfortable. He chuckled not a little as he sank into the depths of an unfathomable feather-bed and pillow, on his comparative comfort, and listened with satisfaction to the fierce dashing of the snow against the windows. He had partaken freely of the good things at the supper, the boned turkey, and the chicken salad—nay, he had even quaffed more than one glass of the Colonel's old Scotch whiskey in a private apartment, unknown to but few of the older guests, the younger ones being restricted to lemonade and coffee with a few rounds of grape after supper. Consequently he did not feel very sleepy, but rather disposed to pleasurable contemplation.

To this another circumstance might also have contributed, since it is a historian's duty to relate all the facts which give a turn to events. Our lawyer was a little advanced in life ; all things about him were not what they seemed ; in brief, since it must out, to supply the deficiencies of age or early sorrow—he wore—a wig. Now the taking off this article of harmless disguise, rubbing his poll with a cold towel and putting on his nightcap, (for he never

was without one and a small hair-brush in his pocket,) may have contributed to this wakefulness. At all events he did not pop off into a good ten knot an hour sleep, but thought over his cases, and got involved at last in a series of short dozes that left him doubtful whether he was asleep or awake, or whether he ever would sleep again, where he was, or which way was north, and the like.

Out of this demi-torpid condition he was roused suddenly by a strange voice in the room. He started up and leaned on his elbow. The snow-clouds had not so much obscured the moon but that he could make out the room quite distinctly. As he recalled his scattered senses, suddenly, almost in his very ears, there came a chorus of strange uproarious laughter:—

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! O—ho!"

It was not like human laughter or horse laughter, but fearfully grim and hollow like the voices of demons.

Hardly had it ceased when he, "distilled almost to jelly," heard the following words uttered in an awful measured voice:

"Ten—three—five—eighteen—twenty-eight—thirty-two—thirty-three—forty-three! Jack, you cheated—you can't cheat me! I'll do your business yet! YOU'RE A GONE KOON!!"

This was too terrible. To hear the years of his life numbered, his name syllabled, his secret crimes thrown in his teeth, and his doom pronounced by devils, was too much. Poor Fogger groaned aloud as he groped for the door. The room echoed with a confused noise. He rushed into the hall and burst into the next room, which happened to be Ide and Blanding's, crying, "O dear! wake! help!"

The young gentlemen were roused in a moment, and Blanding, thinking the lawyer was ill, proceeded at once to light a candle. This done, the spectacle Fogger presented as he stood in his night-gear and night-cap, with his eyes half out of his head, along with his broken words, telling how the chamber was haunted, and that he had heard awful noises, was so horribly ludicrous to these college boys that as they looked at each other they could not restrain their mirth; Ide in particular, who always made more noise than any one else, actually roared, while Blanding ran up and down the chamber holding

his sides. The noise woke up several young fellows in the adjacent apartments, who suspecting some college trick, ran in to see what was the matter. Then came to light the mystery of the lawyer's raven locks, which one of the party, a red-haired man, had secretly envied; and what with his appearance and his fright, the effect was altogether so overpowering, he was glad to creep into the bed and cover himself with the comforter. As soon as they could compose their nerves, the young men whispered among themselves and very soon settled it that the lawyer must have paid too much attention to the whiskey, with which natural conclusion they retired to their chambers, reserving the full enjoyment of the jest till the morrow.

When they had gone, Blanding told Ide to jump into bed with Fogger, saying that he would go and occupy the couch Fogger had left. But Ide, whose real motive, as well as Blanding's, was to avoid their new bed-fellow, protested against this, saying that he had a passion for ghosts, and had always hoped to scare one up some time or other; Blanding, perceiving his object, thought it due to the character of host to yield at once. So Ide taking the light, touched the lawyer's shoulder as he lay bundled up in the clothes, and telling him he should make him join a temperance society in the morning, and bidding his friend good-night, left them and went to the lawyer's chamber.

There was nothing in the chamber at all remarkable, much less indicating the presence of supernatural visitors. The lawyer's garments were carefully deposited over the backs of a couple of chairs, and on the table under the old oval mirror were his watch and his wig. Ide was no Paul Pry, but he had never seen an isolated specimen of the latter article before in his life, and he thought it was no harm to avail himself of the unexpected opportunity to give this a careful examination. He was curious to see how the things he had read of, and which were once a necessary part of a gentleman's apparel, were put together. He accordingly held the light close, and stooped over to have a good view.

While thus occupied he was startled, though not alarmed, by a confused noise, similar to that which had frightened the

lawyer. It sounded like a mingling of hoarse voices in disputation, and seemed to come from behind the curtains at the head of the bed. He reflected a moment, and concluded it must be the creaking of the window shutters, though it was certainly an odd sound. Walking up to the window, therefore, which opened near the head of the bed, he examined the shutters by moving them to and fro, till he satisfied himself it could not be they. The wind howled piteously without, and the snow drove against the panes, but it could not be they. He stepped cautiously around the bed's head and harkened.

Presently (all this, by the bye, passed in a few moments,) there came another sort of noise—a loud whistling sound, very coarse and hollow, something like what one may make by whistling into the end of an empty cask. It was so very singular a sound that Ide, bold as he was, was not a little relieved to recognize in a moment a popular Methodist melody! He had begun to feel rather uncomfortable, but surely no stray current of air nor any restless ghost would entertain itself on such a wild night with the tune of "O how harpy are they!"

But how was it that he heard it so distinctly? The room below was the parlor; beside him were Blanding and the lawyer; above slept the young ladies; the kitchen adjoined the house on the other side, being the first of the long range of out-buildings. While he thus busily surmised, the whistling was interrupted by speech, and he heard clearly pronounced, in the same voice which so astonished the lawyer, the following mysterious words:

"The King is after you—look out!"

And before he had time to recover from his surprise, the following, from different speakers:

"One—eleven—fifteen—eighteen—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty-three—thirty-seven."

This was spoken in the awful monotonous manner which had so overcome Fogger, and it would, perhaps, have been too much for Ide, had he not listened more attentively while it proceeded:

"—forty—forty-two—fifty-two—GAME! HURRA FOR JACKSON!"

"Don't swear—you'll raise the devil again."

"Hush, Jim; hurra for Jackson aint swearing."

"Game!—high—low—Jack, and the game; three and four are seven—WE ARE OUT!"

This explained itself. Henry Ide was never a youth who kept low company, nor was he fond of low amusements; but what country-bred New Englander ever got through his teens without an initiation into the mysteries of the famous game of All Fours? In various parts of the country this game takes different names; on the western boats one may hear it styled "Old Sledge," a title which is probably a primitive root, since it is not easy to imagine aught from which it could have been a derivative; in other parts it is called "Seven Up," a name given it on account of the game being up when the winner counts seven.

But under whatever appellation this amusement passes, it must be indigenous to New England; there is not, it is likely, a hay-loft in that region that is unfamiliar with its technical phrases; and the sunny sides of many stone fences, if stones could preach sermons, might utter moving discourses respecting the time they had seen wasted in its excitements.

It was plain to Ide, therefore, the moment his ears caught the above words, that the mysterious voices, so far from having a supernatural origin, actually belonged to some rustic card party somewhere within hearing. But the accounting for their singular audibleness was still as much a problem as before. However, our young student was somewhat of a mechanic, and had read Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic* enough to take an interest in the solution of such apparent impossibilities.

The reader must remember that what transpires in less than a minute may sometimes occupy several in relating; otherwise I should justly incur the severest penalties of criticism for having kept my hero, or as it may be, one of my heroes, thus standing on a cold night in his night clothes all this while we have been telling what happened to him. The whole affair, in fact, passed in five minutes by the watch; but as it is necessary to this narrative that it should be minutely recorded, and every circumstance fully explained, I take the liberty of using so

much space as is required for that purpose.

The voices did not cease with what has been here given; they kept on talking, and gave Ide ample opportunity to make his investigation. Finding that the sounds were more distinct the nearer he came to the head of the bed, it occurred to him whether the tall bed-post might not be hollow, and thus transmit echoes as if it were the tube of a huge bassoon, from some other part of the house—the cellar, perhaps. As he bent down to examine, however, he caught the sound more distinctly than ever in his right ear, which thus came within a foot of the wall. Turning that way, and closing the shutter which he had thrown back, he discovered just underneath the high wainscot that ran around the room, and at about a level with the head of the bed, a round aperture three or four inches in diameter, which on examination proved to be the funnel-shaped extremity of a tube set in the wall.

The mystery was now fully explained. Old Mr. Dalton, of whom and whose eccentricities he had often heard from his friend Blanding, had no doubt contrived this mode of communicating with his servant in some distant part of the house.

This application of acoustic tubes is by no means a new one; most large boarding-houses in the city are now furnished with similar contrivances to save the time of attendants; and any reader who has heard in eating-houses the command,—

Hurryupthemcakes!

to the regions of below, and the response,

Komingrightup!

can form an accurate idea of the singular change in quality of tone produced on the human voice by the use of such an apparatus.

Ide was, as has been stated, a young gentleman who had the organ of mirthfulness rather fully developed; indeed, most persons at his time of life, and particularly college students, are as little distinguished for a predisposition to melancholy as any portion of the human family. With them no occurrence comes amiss which can afford food for merriment.

It was but natural therefore, that Ide's first thought was how his discovery might be turned to advantage. To this end it was necessary to find the other extremity of the tube, for from the boisterousness of the players he could not suppose the apartment they were in to be in the main building.

With his ear close to the tube he could distinguish the voices quite distinctly, and at once recognized one of them as belonging to Wilber Wells, the Colonel's coachman—a harmless fellow, who might easily be frightened out of his senses. It appeared he and some others, probably servants, had got a small jug of “stuff” and were taking advantage of the night for enjoying themselves at their favorite amusement.

Ide listened to their talk till he began to grow cold, when he bethought himself it might be a good scheme to find out where they were, to frighten them into the belief that their card-playing had attracted the especial displeasure of the adversary of souls. There is still a latent superstition in the breast of a great portion of the Puritan descendants respecting the use of the “devil's Bible,” and many a stout rustic has, after an evening spent in such sinful indulgence, paid dearly for his pleasure when the hour has approached that “Tam maun ride.” I remember the house-carpenter, when the new shed was built, telling us children one day at dinner, how in crossing the Great Side-Hill Piece one pitch-dark night, he stumbled over an old black cow, who suddenly started up and “moored,” (as well she might,) whereupon he threw his cards away and fell on his knees crying “Spare me!”—and that though it soon came to him what had happened, yet those few moments of agony were enough to make him resolve never to burden his conscience with the sin again, and that he had “never touched a card from that hour.”

Of course, through a tube constructed for the purpose, it makes no difference which way the sound passes. Ide, however, was so full of glee at the thought of what he was going to do, that he could hardly compose his muscles as he placed his mouth close to the aperture and gave a low prolonged groan. Instantly the conversation at the other *terminus* was

bushed into silence. Ide then called three times in feigned voice, distinctly and slowly,—

"Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells?"

He was answered by a real groan, evidently more heartfelt than the counterfeit one he had just uttered. He hastened to relieve the poor fellow:

"Speak to Henry Ide—he can help you!"

"I will;—oo—oo!" was the tremulous response.

To end their sport, for it must be now near two o'clock in the morning, Henry then cried in a commanding tone,—

"Depart hence!"

Immediately he heard a clatter of boots and boards, and in a moment all was still. He blew out his light and jumped into bed shaking with cold and laughter.

Next morning, (and a bright snowy morning it was,) when all were assembled in the breakfast-room, there was much ill-concealed mirth when the lawyer made his appearance with red eyes and haggard cheeks, but with locks as glossy as ever. The story of his being tipsy the night before had got among the young ladies, and there was a vast deal of sly remark; the conversation hung upon the subject of temperance, till some one asked the lawyer whether he believed in spirits?

He was too thoroughly horrified by what he had passed through not to answer yes. This only provoked the query as to what sort of *spirits* he believed in, and there was then so much smiling and exchanging of glances that it finally attracted the attention of Mrs. Blanding, who would not have any of her guests treated impolitely.

But she was only able to restrain the young people within the limits of decency. The lawyer's disposition had never made him a general favorite, and now his having drunk too much in the presence of young ladies at a social party, and disturbed the house of his entertainer at night by hearing hobgoblins in his chamber, was an offence which his tormentors were not disposed to consider very venial. As to the wig, the young gentlemen found that little was to be made of *that*—the girls being already accurately informed respecting the fact of its existence. But

there was enough against him besides, and John Fogger was made pretty clearly aware by the time he got into his chaise, that his character was as well understood by his associates as it appeared to be by the beings Providence permits to infest the darkness.

This night did more to shake his inordinate conceit, and render him careful of wounding his conscience, than anything which had ever occurred to him in all his life before. Whenever he visited hereafter, he saw that he must, if he wished to retain a place in the esteem of his acquaintances, exert himself to be agreeable. Whenever, in the course of his practice, he was tempted to dishonor his profession by mean artifices, or acts of unfaithfulness to his clients, the terrible words,

"Jack, you cheated—you're a GONE KOON!"

seemed to ring in his ears and warn him of the danger of yielding.

In all these respects the incident had upon him an effect most salutary. He dared not mention the subject to any one. Once or twice he did so, but the absurdity of the words he affirmed that he heard, only confirmed the opinion of his inebriety, and he was obliged to beg, with tears in his eyes, that nothing might be mentioned of it, lest the "Gone Koon" should adhere to him and become a nickname.

When the company had mostly departed that morning, one of the housemaids whispered to Harry, that the coachman would take it a great favor to be allowed a word with him. This was what he had expected. He accordingly put on his hat and sauntered down to the stables, wishing to give Wells an opportunity to unburden himself, unseen by others. That individual, who appeared much agitated, was attending to his horses. In order to bring him to the point at once, and at the same time awe him into keeping the affair a secret, Harry began by saying, in a grave tone, that he believed there had been some *card-playing* about there last night. Poor Wells, seeing that Ide knew so much of the matter, became on the instant like a timid school-boy, who dares not speak untruth.

He said that seeing they were together, himself and the hired man, along with Squire Davis's and Mr. Hodgkinson's drivers, had thought to have a good time,

and had taken a little jug of "Stingo," which belonged to the hired man, and an old pack of cards he himself had in his chest, and had gone up into the room over the stable to play—only for fun. This room, he said, had been roughly finished off in Mr. Dalton's time, for the porter, who used to stay there; that it had a fire-place, and thus they could make themselves comfortable. There they were, after they had done waiting in the house, till some time after midnight, when they thought they heard a queer noise; however, they did not mind that much, but took another pull at the jug and went on with their game.

About an hour after—but I need not repeat what the reader knows already. The consternation and confusion in which they broke up can be imagined.

Ide listened to all this with the most solemn face he could assume, and then asked Wells to show him the room. This he readily did; but no persuasion could induce him to enter. Our young necromancer found it to be a small, roughly-plastered apartment, with a pine table overturned, and two or three old chairs, only one of which remained upright. After a little searching he soon discovered the extremity of the tube, which was just covered by the plastering, and was placed in a part of the room which might have been by the head of the old porter's couch, when he inhabited it.

He said nothing of this as he came out, but advised Wells, with an air of the most profound mystery, to give him the key; the room was not needed or used for any purpose, and there were "important reasons" why it had better remain closed. He also enjoined upon Wells the strictest secrecy; should it come to the ear of any but those who knew it already, "though he had learned many strange things in books, he could not be answerable for the consequences." As to card-playing, if it ever were repeated by Wells after what had occurred, let it never be done after ten o'clock at night, or on Sundays; on holidays, such as election days, and May trainings, it might be indulged in to a limited extent harmlessly; at all other hours, beware. The jug must be broken and the pieces buried that night, thirty paces from the corner of the barn, towards the North Star. Liquor, of the sort it

contained, could only be taken three times a week by those who had been *three times called*, and never, then, to excess. If he carefully followed these directions, Harry assured Wells no harm would come to him—but he must particularly avoid hinting of it to Sally, the housemaid.

So saying, Ide took the rusty key and left the coachman much relieved to find the condition of things no worse. As for the telling of it, Wells felt pretty secure, for he knew the others would never let out what would cost them their places. Indeed, two of them had already begun to fancy, either that one of the rest had played upon the others, or that it was but a freak of their tipsy imaginations; for no two of them had accurate memories enough to be able to agree as to the precise words they seemed to have heard.

Ide resolved to reserve his discovery till some favorable opportunity for having a frolic out of it, and therefore said nothing to his friend Stephen. They remained till the end of the week, two days after the party; and we may be sure that during their stay, the old mansion contained a merry household. The young folks told stories of evenings, sang, danced, played at forfeits, quarrelled, made up again, and amused themselves in general after this fashion, till Stephen, who was of a rather quiet temperament, like his mother, grew no more afraid of his cousin, while Ide and Miss Julia openly declared themselves lovers, in order to conceal that they were so in secret.

No opportunity occurred for his contemplated jest, and he forgot it entirely, till some days after, in his room, at college, he found the old key in a pocket and thrust it into his desk.

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Were I to follow the example of many great narrators, and preface the divisions of this history with mottoes from the poets, I might now use the words which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Gower, in the prologue to the fourth act of *Pericles*, Prince of Tyre:—

"The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way."

For the reader must now be requested to transport himself in fancy to a period three years later than events herein previously recorded.

During this time our fair demoiselles had become young women, and our gay cavaliers had graduated and were preparing, each in his own way, to enter upon the duties of manhood. Their youthful acquaintance had ripened into intimate friendship, and something considerably more. Harry Ide and Julia Blanding had long been what in sport they used formerly to style themselves, avowed lovers; while between Stephen and his cousin Henrietta there existed a mutual attachment which, though it had never expressed itself, except in slight pressures of hands, or, it may have been, a few stolen kisses, was perhaps quite as strong and tender as if it had found language.

Ide and Julia were of a free cheerful temperament. They could command their nerves, in situations which to others no less brave, would have been embarrassing. Nothing could shake their vivacity or shed a paleness over their glow of health. What they resolved they could accomplish; as for sentiment, though they had it in plenty, yet they would never confess so much to themselves. They were the life of all companies where they visited. Never was such a dancer as Julia Blanding, or so capital a fellow or "puffickly gemmly" (as the dandy students phrased it) a man as Harry Ide. But nothing was known of any engagement between them; they were quite competent to the management of their own affairs, in their own way. By the growth of their affection, each had, without being aware of it, exchanged some portion of original disposition with the other; thus Julia, without losing aught of her original feminineness, had acquired something of Harry's manly courage; while he, the most athletic of his time at the university, instead of turning out a boisterous merry companion, the hero of convivial clubs and anniversary dinners, had falsified prophecy by subsiding into a person of gentle thoughts and manners.

The same interfusion had taken place between Stephen and Henrietta. He who it was feared would injure his health by too close an application to study, had

found a worthier object in the world of real life; his reserve also, which it was supposed would always stand in his way, had vanished out and left him simply a plain business man of unobtrusive manners, but quite social and open in conversation. Henrietta also had passed safely over the great ocean of sentiment, upon whose dark heaving bosom so many tall young girls, like beautiful seaboats, founder and perish,—some (if the figure may be so hunted,) to sink into the fathomless depths of speculation, others to be riven and scattered by superstition and the many *cross* currents that make havoc of such poor wrecks. She had found rest for her heart, and thereby her pure mind had opportunity to expand and her delicate fancy to bloom and ripen. Both she and Stephen were constitutionally fond of music, and through the enjoyment of this congeniality they had a life and a language of their own. Though each still seemed to others, if anything, cold and formal towards the other, and though no words had ever passed between them, they lived in a world where their manners seemed to each most affectionate, and possessed a language through which they could express in a moment what poor halting speech would toil after in vain. Thus their hearts grew together as time went by, and thus the two whom even Julia was often puzzled about, sometimes holding to the opinion that they loved each other, and then (when in her *badinage* she had said something unwittingly which had alarmed her cousin's excessive privacy,) thinking herself deceived, each felt that life would be intolerable without the other.

But when did the course of love run smooth? When did youth ever pass to age without having previously suffered from its infirmities? It seems that the most critical part of this existence of probation is its latter end, and that more and more as we grow old, so long as we remain undecayed, does the good or evil that is in us come out and have its effect on those around us. How beautiful it is to see benevolent old men and women of enlarged hearts and minds, full of all charity, intent only on that which aims to nurse the life! But then the number of such is so few! By far the greater por-

tion of the old carry into age so much *profound knowledge* that they are a burden upon the succeeding generation. There is nothing that Youth need pray more heartily to be preserved from than Age clothed with brief authority, and wise in its own conceit.

Colonel Blanding was, as we have seen, far from being one whom, as the world goes, we ought to set down as a bad man. He had worthily maintained the reputation of an estimable member of society and a kind father. In disposition he had always been open and genial, hospitable in his housekeeping, and generous in his business. In all the contacts of life to which a country gentleman, the inheritor of wealth and respectability, is exposed, he had always borne himself so as to win and retain the position of a man of large influence; neither his integrity nor his ability was ever called in question.

But all of us have our failings, and a very little one will sometimes make itself the occasion of a great deal of mischief. The Colonel had, mixed with his good qualities, a certain self-complacency, which, while it made him only a more pleasant companion among his equals and superiors, was far from being so agreeable to those over whom he was called to exercise authority. With his inferiors among his fellow-citizens at large, this infirmity bred in him that peculiar shade of pomposity which had probably been the means of elevating him to the brevet rank of commander in some imaginary regiment; it was a mere personal weakness that his political opponents could just turn into jest—nothing more.

The bare power of one man over another, among that intelligent race of men called Yankees, is so slight that anything in a man which looks like an overbearing temper, whatever may be his station, is regarded purely as the harmless manifestation of a foible. The individual is sure to receive some fanciful title, but, except in extreme instances, he is not the less esteemed. The reason is, that there is so much innate impudence in your genuine Yankee, that he has never, from the time of George the Third until now, allowed any man, friend or enemy, to put him down by mere force of countenance; his visage is as good as anybody's, and

anybody's as good as his. He is quite willing to submit to what is reasonable, but there is not a drop of servile blood in his veins. Hence a man may grow up in New England easier than anywhere else, and have a little spice of the tyrant in him, which shall never display itself disagreeably until he has gained the dignity of gray hairs, and has a parent's cares or responsibilities, or until circumstances, by placing him over others, in the post of master or minister, for example, shall have concurred in its development.

Hence it often there happens, as happens everywhere, that a man has two phases; one a warm, hearty, out-door phase, for those who are not afraid of him, the other a grim, distant, in-door phase, for those who tremble at his frown.

Again, I have remarked that this devil of self-will, or self-conceit, or love of dictation, call it what we please, when it is by a man's own good sense kept in almost all respects under proper control, will still sometimes take refuge in a corner, so that its possessor shall be generally a reasonable, yielding man, but in one particular point as obstinate and impracticable as a "hedge fence." Thus one shall be clear-headed and able to reason on all topics except such as touch his religious belief; another shall fly off upon medicine; another upon politics; one lays more stress upon keeping Saturday night than the whole of Sunday; another has the first fire of each winter lighted on the fifteenth of October, howsoever cold it may be on the second, or fifth, or tenth of that month; and each of these peculiarities shall be as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Smile not, gentle reader, for there are none of us exempt from such weaknesses! No amount of learning can save us from them; even I have my omens!

One of the Colonel's favorite hobbies was parental authority. He thought the discipline of the present age, especially in our republican country, much too lax; on this topic he was ever ready to converse, and had all the arguments at his tongue's end, including traditions of the Puritan family system, handed down from his great-grandfather.

And it must be admitted that his arguments were generally sound. They were

only incomplete in this, that they left completely out of the question, as all New England education does, *the proper training and degree of indulgence to be given to the social part of our nature*. They never took into account the fact that boys and girls came from their Maker's hand with *human affections*, which are to be guided and indulged under and along with the reason for their happiness. The question how far the heart must be thwarted or yielded to being a difficult one, the old system leaves it out altogether. Indeed, a large majority of fathers and mothers set to work with a direct determination to kill out the hearts of their children altogether, and feel never so proud of their sons and daughters as when they have brought them to that pitch of refinement when they have no more the power of preference. What must such children have left to take pleasure in? Where must be the secret life of their souls? Where but in some selfish passion, in the *auri sacra fames*, for instance, or in that awful Habit, by which man seeks to avoid the primal curse and eat his bread no more in sorrow—by which he narrows himself into a working-machine, and compels himself to find a constrained pleasure in the "sweat of his face."

But this is considering too gloomily. The young dogs do contrive to break through sometimes and enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

Two years previous to the time at which this part of my story commences, it was the Colonel's misfortune to become involved in some stock speculations, which turning out badly, considerably embarrassed his estate and obliged him to mortgage a large portion of the lands of which it chiefly consisted. About the same time, also, Fogger, who since his failure among the better sort of people, had turned demagogue, ran against him for the Senate and was elected over him. But the worst misfortune to him was the death of his wife, which, as misfortunes never come singly, took place after a brief illness, that same winter. She had been his good angel; her evenness and gentleness of temper had softened his constitutional irritability and restrained his impetuosity.

But now she was gone; his lands upon which he had expended so much care, and

out of which he desired to make a handsome provision for his children, seemed to be slipping through his fingers; and what was to one of his temper a most unkind cut, his fellow-citizens had chosen a sneaking lawyer to represent them in place of a gentleman. Altogether it was not wonderful that the farmers in the vicinity, as he nodded to them from his gig, should remark that the Colonel "seemed to take it not so easy lately."

It is hard when a merchant in the city meets heavy losses, and sees the accumulations of years vanishing from his eyes; but merchants are accustomed to constant risks and speculations. With country gentlemen who live upon the rents of land, their returns are so secure that they are little used to anxiety, and consequently, the loss of property is to them a blow from which they rarely recover. They only know how to manage the particular estate they have owned; of business education, which is a sort of profession or art, they have only so much as they have acquired in the course of life—in short, they are like trees whose roots lie deep in the soil: they seldom survive transplanting.

The Colonel began to dread the approach of want. True, he could manage for the present, though his estate was heavily encumbered; but in a few years the mortgages must be paid off, and how was this to be accomplished by barren certificates of stock which nobody would buy?

It was but natural that under all this present and prospective trouble, the old man's bad points began to come out in strong relief. He grew day by day more and more irritable and imperious. His head became a wilderness of schemes; and besides these, his old hobbies were his only themes of talk. While his wife lived there was never a better conducted household in the country; she did not govern but influenced him to forbearance. His hobby of parental authority had been then only a matter of speculation; he controlled his children without his or their feeling the relation irksome. So he would still, in all probability, had nothing occurred to set him on a wrong track.

Among his nearest neighbors, was a large farmer who owned an estate adjoining his own—Mr. Oliver Jones, a shrewd industrious old man, who understood how

to make bargains, and was held to be rather economical in his dealings. He, by a little of what country people call "sarching the registry," easily ascertained the extent of the incumbrances on the Westhill place; and then set to work upon the mortgagees, many of whom were city men, and by judiciously depreciating the value of the land, induced most of them to assign their deeds to him at a discount. He knew the Colonel's property well, and was confident the interest would be paid, or at any rate, that the lands were amply sufficient. In this way, by fair means, he became the Colonel's principal creditor, much to that gentleman's liking, for he had known Jones many years, and was more willing an old neighbor should hold his securities than that they should pass into the hands of strangers.

Mr. Jones and the Colonel having now in a manner identified their interests, were brought more together than they had been before. They frequently rode over to each other's houses, and talked over the value of lots, the prices of neat stock, wood, hay, and grain. In his visits to the Colonel, the old farmer could not but be struck by the beauty and elegant manners of the two young ladies—especially Miss July's, as he was wont to call her.

He was a pretty selfish old man, and next to himself he had an only son, Oliver Jones, Junior, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. This young Oliver, his father intended should be the pride of mankind; all that money could buy should in time be his; all that plotting and toiling could do to place him in an honorable station, should be done. Accordingly it began now to dawn upon the old man that Julia Blanding would make him a capital wife. She was, he considered, the prettiest and best behaved young miss he had ever seen; while Oliver, in his eyes, was the paragon of youths. The property lay together; the Colonel was a man above him in station; in short, the more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more desirable did it appear—and that especially, as he had a kind of suspicion which he would not confess to himself, that Oliver was a little wild, and spent money rather too fast, and it would be wise to marry him and settle him down. But the old man's estimate of

his son's perfections was far from being a correct one.

Of all creatures in this world there is none I hate worse than your country dandy—one who wears great plaid pants, and chews tobacco—whose clothes are cut in the extreme tailor fashion, and whose brains have nothing in them but conceit and mean ideas—who drives a buggy, and lounges and talks loud at grocery corners, or sits tilted back with a cigar in his mouth and his boots against the tavern balusters.

Such an one was Oliver, Junior. It may appear strange that when at length by distant approaches, the old man broached the project to the Colonel, it was not at once rejected. But consider the circumstances: here was a scheme which would make ample provision for his beloved daughter, and wipe away all his own losses. True, Oliver, Junior, could not have been educated like his own son, Stephen; but neither had Julia. As for the difference in rank, he flattered himself his daughter could gather around her what society she chose. The young man did not dress in the best taste; but what is there in dress? There was also much in his air and manner which, had he appeared to him under any other relations, would have been very disagreeable—but then the whole arrangement seemed so nice that all minor particulars would surely come out right. Thus the Colonel's ardent imagination so occupied him with the view of what after all could only be the means of happiness for his child, that he altogether neglected the end.

The old men came to an understanding. They talked it over and hob-a-nobbed success to the young couple one cold November day, with hot slings of Julia's preparation, while she was hinted out of the parlor by pretence of private business. The thing was fixed upon—decided; nothing remained but to put it into execution.

Accordingly, old Mr. Jones, the next time he came, brought over the Junior in his old fat chaise, and the two old fellows manoeuvred to bring the young people into immediate intimacy. But they (like most old folks who attempt such games) opened too roughly, and showed their hands too soon; they forgot that Henrietta was by, with perceptions as delicate,

compared with theirs, as a fairy's; and they were incapable of suspecting that such a quiet creature as she had any resolution or any power. Herein they could not possibly have made a greater mistake.

For of the two, Henrietta was a far more dangerous witch than Julia; the latter might call up very potent spirits, but the first could waken the Love which dwells with Life and Death. She knew how Ide and Julia stood affected toward each other; and also how she esteemed them both, and more than all, how dear to her was Stephen. She saw, with the quickness of instinct, what were the Colonel's designs, and she had experienced enough from his growing infirmities to catch alarm. What she could never have done for herself she could not help doing for another. In her own nature yielding and reserved to the last degree, she could encourage her friend in resolution, which, had it not been for her, might have broken and melted away in tears.

Within an hour after the departure of old Mr. Jones and his young Hopeful from their first visit, the cousins had conferred together, and Julia had written a letter to Harry Ide in Boston, which Henrietta was to give Wilber Wells in the evening, for the post-office; that gentleman, by the way, having long entertained the profoundest respect for Ide, and hardly less for "the tall one."

I should have mentioned that Harry and Stephen were now both settled in the city, the former just working his way into a fair practice as a physician, the latter a head clerk and junior partner in a large manufacturing firm. Both visited West-hill every week or two, and they generally came together; their ancient friendship had remained unbroken, save by some little miffs, which, in bantering each other, occasionally served to turn a jest.

When Ide received Julia's letter, informing him what they had to fear, he went to a famous restaurant, and ordered a good dinner, as the first step in the business, and considered what was to be done. He loved Julia Blanding with all his heart and soul; but in order to do anything it was necessary to preserve his nerve. He thought her father a fine old gentleman, and had no desire to thwart or cheat him. But he held to that natural

and inalienable right of a freeman, to marry any lady who loves him, and the equal right of any free woman to choose her own husband. He regretted that necessity should force him into proceedings out of the common way, but he was willing to go far to sustain a principle; and, in short, he was no less fixed in the opinion that Julia Blanding should *not* be the wife of any but him, than were the old men to the contrary. To use a legal phrase, the pleadings had now reached a direct issue.

Harry was not a man to do things underhandedly. He was no intriguer, but one who wrought in the daylight. His first step, therefore, was, to go to Stephen and open his whole heart to him, in a friendly and brotherly spirit. They had never touched the subject before, though each had a suspicion that his secret could not but be known to the other.

Stephen met his confidence by a frankness equal to his own; he had seen the Junior Oliver, and he now turned pale as he declared, that he would, rather than see his sister married to such a low-bred scoundrel, behold her pretty face beneath the coffin-lid. He saw the letter Julia had written his friend, merely a plain, brief one, informing him of the treatment she had reason to expect from her father, and urging him to come soon and pay them a visit. The truth was, the old ones had opened the campaign so vigorously, and young Oliver had been made a confidant by his father so soon, and was so sure of success, that the garrison were a little disposed to overrate the hostile force. The letter was superscribed in the hand-writing of Henrietta, and the slight flush which went across the face of Stephen when he saw it, was remarked by Ide; a little circumstance, but it made the latter smile. In conclusion, they agreed to go out together and spend thanksgiving at West-hill, which would be in about a fortnight. Wilber Wells was accordingly informed to that effect by the stage-coachman, who passed next afternoon.

The two weeks tardily wore away, and found our two friends, one dreary afternoon, seated on the box by the side of the same daily messenger. But they did not anticipate precisely such a reception as was in store for them.

For in the meanwhile, the Colonel ha

held a conversation with Julia, in which he disclosed to her his plans and wishes. She, in her guilelessness and confidence in her affections, had thought to overcome her father by frankly avowing the truth to him, and appealing to his tenderness for her; she thought when she told him how *long*, how *dearly* she had loved Harry Ide, how constant had been his regard for her, and all the bright hopes awakened in them by the strength of their attachment, that then her father would forbear and relent, and change his mind. In this she was wholly in error.

The old man, to do him justice, really wished and felt that he ought to yield, but he could not. For what, if he did yield, would become of his *parental authority*? The moment this notion took possession of him, all he underwent in going against his natural kind feeling for his daughter was set down by him as so much sacrificed to duty. Thus the more he felt he was acting against her wishes, the more determined was he to continue to do so. He accordingly put on a Roman firmness. His duty as a parent required him to overcome his feelings as a man. He regretted he was not more hard-hearted, and that it should cost him so much trouble to do what many men would go through with quite easily.

So have I seen a mother hector her child into disobedience, flog it therefor, and weep that she should be obliged to do it; and all really on account of there being a cold morning. So have I known a man who took credit to himself for spoiling his appetite, under a notion that the Christian religion required him to eat his dinner from a sense of duty. The disease of glorying in self-denial *for its own sake*, is probably older than the Puritan rigor, or than monkish penances.

The Colonel grew stern and awful. Under the impression that he was playing the martyr, he, in reality, was acting like a very foolish old man. He put on the magnificent, and wished to know if his only daughter was going to disobey her father, and marry a poor doctor, when an eligible match had been contrived for her advantage; things were come to a pretty pass if daughters were to undertake in this way, to provide for themselves, against the wishes of their natural guardians. He de-

sired to hear no more of it. He thought he knew what was best, and intended to be master in his own house.

He intended to be, but he was not, for there was a pair of dark flashing eyes worn by Miss Henrietta about this time, which he dared not look at. There was also in Miss Julia's manner anything but humility manifested. In fine, the self-sacrificing father only made himself and the house thoroughly miserable.

The two friends arrived just as the family were sitting down to dinner; they were received, Stephen cordially, and Ide grimly, by the Colonel, and we can imagine how by the young ladies. A few guests had been invited for the holiday, otherwise it is probable the Colonel would have proceeded to extremity, and forbidden Ide the house at once. Among others was Fogger, who had been engaged with the old gentleman all the morning in drawing papers, for he being the only man of law in the vicinity, political and personal considerations yielded to those of business. Oliver Jones, Junior, was also present, as a matter of course, seated next to Julia, on the Colonel's left flank.

That promising youth wore, on this occasion, a pair of De Meyer check pantaloons, and a beautiful gold breast-pin, with a short chain hanging to it. His hair had been frizzed that morning by the village barber, and altogether he was very fine, except his hands.

He did his utmost during dinner, seconded by the Colonel, to make himself easy and agreeable, but it was, as he himself afterwards remarked, "no go." He did not know exactly what to say, his range of conversation being chiefly confined to bar-room jests; he would have been much more at home, notwithstanding his pantaloons and chain breast-pin, seated on a beer barrel in a grocery, cutting a chip and flooding the floor, while the talk was of dogs and horses, and the same stale witticism was ten times iterated. He began to doubt whether he would marry Miss Julia after all; she was a kind of incomprehensible creature, whom he did not seem to get on with at all.

Stephen, on sitting down, put the old housekeeper into a side seat and took the foot of the table, but instantly remarking that Ide should be more familiar with

carving, made him take that seat and do execution upon a thanksgiving turkey. Ide, nothing loth, took the chair, and vis-a-vised the Colonel with such determined hilarity, that the old gentleman could have found in his heart to have kicked him out doors. With him and Stephen, and the young ladies, and guests, conversation went on smoothly, and all was high and bright; but whenever Oliver, Junior, would fain have joined in it, the chariot wheels of the young ladies' tongues were off, so that they drave them heavily. But a stranger at the dinner would only have thought it a merry occasion, where all was unmixed enjoyment. For when the wine came in, even the Colonel forgot, for the time, his duty as a parent, and yielded to the animation of the company.

But he bethought himself before the conclusion of the repast, and when they rose from the table after dark, he requested Stephen with an air of solemn authority to join him presently in the back apartment or sitting room, to which he usually retired for business. The rest of the company adjoined to the parlor, where by and by tea and coffee were handed round, and soon after they began dancing and other evening amusements. But before the tea, and after Stephen had only found time to stand for a few moments by the side of Henrietta, and mention with a meaning look that his father was expecting him, he left the parlor and joined the Colonel.

What passed in that conversation between the wrong-headed old man and his hitherto in all respects quiet and obedient son, was never accurately reported, and I believe is not now remembered even by the parties themselves. As far as Ide could judge when Stephen returned to the parlor, it had been of a very grave and important character, for he never saw on his friend's countenance so little expression in his life: the muscles of his face were like marble, only his eyes appeared actually burning. He observed him after a while in the corner of the room speaking in a low tone of voice with Henrietta, but of the purport of what they said he could tell nothing, except that in a few moments her face reflected the fixed expression of his and her eyes gleamed with a lustre almost supernatural. Harry paid little at-

tention to this, for he was dancing with Julia, and this, with what they were making opportunities to say to each other, left him no time for observation. He expected a quarrel with the Colonel, but he was secure in his love and had no doubt of ultimately winning the old man over. Hence he did not suffer himself to be very unhappy.

Thus the evening wore on. Fogger and young Oliver struck up a great friendship, the former being anxious to do business for so promising an heir, and the latter glad to talk with any one, since he made so little progress with Miss Julia. Stephen and Henrietta sang an old duet, rather tremulously but with great feeling; Harry and Julia said and did more things than there is here space to tell of; they danced till Anne Smith said she could play no more without resting her fingers. One old lady went about declaring they were the best looking and best appearing couple she had ever seen in her life, till the Colonel wished her where all sinners go to. At the same time he could not but secretly admit that she said nothing but the truth.

Late in the evening, just as happened three years before, it was all at once discovered that the weather had changed and blown up a storm—a violent sleety rain, pitch dark, and the wind a tempest—an unfit night to be out in. The same disposition was made of the company as had been on the former occasion; but no persuasion could induce Fogger to remain. Ide and Stephen both pressed him warmly, but much to the former's diversion, he was immovable, evidently determined not to tempt Providence again.

But as fate would have it, the unfortunate Oliver Jones became the occupant of the chamber where the lawyer had received that solemn admonition from the other world which time could not make him forget—and the heir of so much expectation was destined to a no less uncomfortable lodging than his predecessor.

Harry Ide, partly to relieve the poor fellow's superstitious apprehension, and because he was growing too old to take delight in such boyish jests, had long ago confided to Wilber Wells the secret of the talking tube, and showed him how he might use it if he pleased to play upon

the fears of Sally the housemaid. But there was a tender passion in that quarter which prevented our coachman from using his knowledge that way, and as the room was never occupied except on some accidental occasion like the present, he had no chance to play off the trick. But he thought he might as well keep his knowledge to himself, and accordingly threw the key of the stable room into the bottom of his chest, where it had remained along with his Bible, pack of cards and razor strop ever since.

But Wilber was not so simple in many respects as he was thought to be; he saw what was passing in the family, and knew very well "what he was about." Sally remembers how slyly he operated that evening to find who slept in that particular chamber.

A long while after midnight, and when all within the house was still, the doomed Oliver was torn from his balmy slumbers by the most horrible imitation of an Indian yell that ever saluted mortal ears!

What was that? What *could* it have been? He listened—broad awake. Nothing could he hear but the pelting of the storm. He lay down his head again and breathed more easily. Suddenly there came an appalling cry:—

"*Oliver Jones! Oli—ver Jo—nes!*" He had no power of motion.

"*You're no business here!—marry Pol—ly Car—ter!—Cut them checkerboards!—go home! Be off!—out—oo—won!*"

The poor Junior screamed with terror. He found the door and rushed into the hall roaring in extremity of agony. The whole house was roused. Lights were brought; but by that time the sufferer had recovered his senses enough not to tell what he had heard. He only desired to *go home*—he could not speak—it seemed he could not get his trembling limbs into "them checkerboards" fast enough. Every one wondered, and thought the poor fellow subject to fits. Finally, seeing nothing could be done with him, the

Colonel sent for Wilber Wells and told him to go home with him.

When they were gone, and the house a little quieted, it suddenly occurred to Ide, who had retired first, that Stephen must have slept very sound, and on going back to the room he found that he had not been in bed at all! Hardly had he discovered this when there were loud inquiries from up stairs for Miss Henrietta.

We shall not fatigue the reader's imagination by attempting to describe what followed when it was clearly ascertained that these two birds had flown. How the Colonel stormed, worse than the storm outside; how his horse and chaise were gone; how Miss Julia was not afraid of him; the wonder of the guests; the general commixtion of the elements—all these are beyond mortal pen.

Suffice it that the next that was heard of the lovers was through a respectful letter from Stephen to his father, inclosing their card, and dated at the Astor House.

Poor Oliver Jones came near going off in a fever, and when he recovered, his aversion to the proposed match was so strong his father ceased to press it.

The two fathers again laid their heads together, and formed a new resolution, to let the young people have it all their own way, since it was out of their power to prevent them.

Accordingly Stephen and his bride came home and were forgiven in time to dance at Julia's wedding; and about the same time poor Polly Carter, who, as Wilber suspected, had an indefeasible title to the hand of Oliver, had her claim duly honored.

The stock in which the Colonel invested so largely has since risen in value, and the land has more than redeemed itself by the passage of the railroad through the estate.

The old gentleman suns himself up and down State street, and spoils his grandchildren, whom he thinks his sons disposed to bring up too strictly.

"Parental authority must be preserved," he says, "but there is reason in all things."

G. W. P.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE trials of the London Chartists have terminated, most of the accused parties have been sentenced to transportation, and there appears to be but little political excitement at present in England. The quarterly statement of the revenue to October, shows an increase over the receipts of the July quarter, of £703,061, of which the duties in corn form a considerable part. The increase on the corresponding quarter of last year is £772,996 in the customs, and in the excise department there is also an increase of about £31,008. Upon the whole year, as compared with the preceding, there is a decrease of £308,183.

The Asiatic cholera, which for the last few months has ravaged the whole eastern part of Europe, and has lately prevailed in Hamburg, made its appearance in England in the early part of October. On the 4th, two patients were admitted into one of the hospitals in the middle of the city, and about the same time the disease appeared in the western districts of the metropolis bordering on the river, and at Woolwich. The number of cases during the week was 27. A favorable change in the weather appeared to arrest the disease, and altogether the total number of deaths from all causes was considerably below the average of corresponding seasons. Simultaneously with its appearance in London, it was reported in Sunderland, Hull and Edinburgh; in the latter town, out of 25 cases, it terminated fatally in 20. An order in Council was issued, placing in quarantine all vessels arriving from infected places, but on the report of eminent medical men, sent by the government, to Hamburg to investigate the disease, the restriction has been abandoned; the idea of its being contagious being considered erroneous.

By the decease of his father, the sixth Earl of Carlisle, the title devolves on Lord Morpeth, his eldest son, well known and much respected here and in England. The late Earl was educated at Eton and Oxford; was a member of the liberal administration of 1806; and again under the short ministry of Mr. Canning in 1827; and also had a seat in Lord Grey's cabinet in 1830, from which he retired to private life shortly after the passage of the Reform Act. He died at the age of 75. The grandfather of the present Earl was the guardian of the poet Byron.

The state of railway property in England is at present a great cause of uneasiness. The continued calls, by forcing into the market the

stock of holders who are unable to raise the requisite money, has had the effect of depressing prices to a ruinous extent; while expensive management and an absurd practice of paying dividends out of capital before the lines were even completed or earning money, has still further decreased the value of shares. The capital expended on railways now open for traffic, is stated at £148,400,000, of which £17,200,000 is reported to be unproductive. The revenue on the capital during the past half year amounted to £4,772,419, and the working expenses to £2,311,770, leaving a profit of £2,380,949, or 1.81 per cent. for the half year on the capital: deducting about 24 millions of unpaying capital, the dividend averages about 2 per cent. for six months on the residue.

The trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien for treason commenced at Clonmel, on the 28th September, and the entire day was consumed in disposing of objections raised by his counsel, as to his right to a copy of the jury panel and a list of the witnesses to be produced against him; on which points the court decided that the law of treason in Ireland differed from that of England, and overruled the objections. An inquiry was then proceeded with to ascertain whether the jury book had been made up according to law, and whether the panel of jurors summoned for the trial, had been fairly and impartially made up: on both of which points the triers decided in the affirmative, and a jury was called and sworn. Eight days were consumed in the trial, in which Mr. O'Brien's participation in the outbreaks was fully proved. The ground of defence urged by his counsel, Mr. Whiteside, was that the evidence only showed that Mr. O'Brien had excited the peasantry to take arms to protect him, Mr. O'Brien, from arrest under the warrant issued against him by the Lord Lieutenant, under the late act of Parliament, suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland, and that although the facts proved him to have been guilty of an infraction of the law, there was no evidence of an intent to subvert the government, and therefore he ought not to be convicted of treason. This view of the case was urged with great force and ingenuity, but the jury returned a verdict of "guilty," and on the 9th of October, the usual sentence of death in cases of high treason was pronounced against him, amid the most profound sensation of his friends and political opponents, by whom the court was thronged. His conduct throughout this trying occasion

was calm and manly, and although no doubt was entertained of the justice of the verdict, he met with universal sympathy. On the occasion of being called up for sentence he said, "My Lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which in my opinion it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence."

The jury by which Mr. O'Brien was tried accompanied their verdict with an earnest recommendation of the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Government, the jury being unanimously of opinion that, for many reasons, his life should be spared. Strong and influential recommendations of a like character from parties of all political opinions in Ireland and England were likewise sent in, and the Government, at a council called for considering the subject, and for which the Lord Lieutenant proceeded from Dublin to London, commuted the sentence in the cases of Mr. O'Brien and the other prisoners convicted of treason, to transportation for life.

The other persons convicted of that offence, are Terence Bellew McManus, Thomas Francis Meagher and Patrick O'Donohue. There was no attempt made to interfere with the course of justice, and had the Government arrived at the painful conclusion, that public necessity demanded a sacrifice of the lives of these individuals, there is no doubt the sentences passed on them would have been carried into effect; but this political calm, being the best proof of the hopelessness of their efforts, and of the entire absence of anything like an organized resistance, has had the good effect of mitigating their punishment, to one more in accordance with the feelings of the present age. Another good effect arising from this absence of political movement is, that the Lord Lieutenant has discharged on bail several persons arrested for being connected with the late disturbances; others, however, who were more prominent as leaders, remain in custody, among whom is Charles Gavan Duffy, awaiting his trial in Dublin, for treason.

The whole of France is at present agitated with the question of the election of a President, which is fixed to take place on the 10th of Dec. The candidates at present spoken of are Gen. Cavaignac, Lamartine, Thiers, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The latter has openly declared his pretensions from the tribune; Lamartine, under pretence of a visit to his estate, is on an electioneering tour, while the two others are battling in the Assembly. Ledru-Rollin is also perambulating the provinces,

stirring up the fires of Communism, and red-republicanism, and using his utmost efforts to swagger into favor at the head of the mob.

A spirit of encroachment and grasping at power, which was one of the distinguishing characteristics of all elected bodies in their great revolution, and which was lately so much displayed by those who constituted themselves the Provisional Government, appears to have taken hold of the present National Assembly. This body, elected to frame a constitution, having nearly completed that work, discovered their right, as well as the absolute necessity, of holding fast their powers until they shall have passed what they shall consider organic laws, for the government of the Republic. Having been originally clothed with the entire powers of government, executive as well as legislative, it will become a delicate question how far the newly elected President has a right to infringe upon their prerogative, and as what are to be deemed organic laws will be a matter for their determination, the President, unless backed by military power sufficient to enforce at least an armed neutrality, will be completely in the hands of the Assembly and compelled to do their bidding. Should the office be filled by a man of determination, and who can command the military force of the nation, the Assembly will have to succumb; so that in either case one of the powers of the government will be paralyzed.

The partisans of General Cavaignac, aware that his chance of election was daily deteriorating by his waning popularity out of doors, made a strenuous effort in the Assembly to prevent the election of the President by the people, and to confine it to that body. This, however, the whole executive influence was insufficient to effect, and the Assembly decided by a vote of 602 to 211, that the President should be elected by direct and universal suffrage, by ballot and by an absolute majority of all the electors of France and Algeria. In the event of no absolute majority, the National Assembly will elect the President by ballot, and by absolute majority, from among the five candidates who may obtain the largest number of votes.

The state of siege has been raised in Paris, but a law is under consideration and has been agreed to in committee, affording the Executive increased powers over the Press. Several Socialist Banquets have been held in Paris and at other places, where the usual sentiments have prevailed, but no disturbances have ensued.

The capital of Austria has been the scene of fresh disturbances, in consequence of which the Emperor has again quitted, and has taken up his abode in Olmütz. On his leaving, the Diet assumed the government, but the city appears to be in the greatest confusion, and an attack is threatened by the Slavonic and Austrian troops who side with the Emperor; the local authorities, on

the other hand, are vigorously arming the inhabitants and National Guards to sustain their opposition, and repel the threatened attack. Count Lamberg, who was sent by the Emperor to take command of all the troops in Hungary, and effect a pacification of the hostilities between the Hungarians and Croats, was barbarously murdered by a mob of the former, after his authority had been set at naught by the military. In consequence of this act, the Emperor has dissolved the Hungarian Diet, and anew appointed Jellachich (Ban of Croatia) to be commander in chief of all the forces in Hungary, and placed that kingdom under martial law. It appears that Jellachich has all along been supported by the Emperor, and was in his confidence to put down the radical rule

in Hungary. The departure of troops from Vienna to join the Croats was the cause of the *émeute* which induced the flight of the Emperor, his minister of war Count Latour having been murdered. This state of affairs induced the insurgent Viennese to rely on the assistance of the Hungarians, but the Diet has refused to sanction their troops leaving the kingdom, and the inhabitants of Vienna are left to their own resources. For the purpose of putting down the insurrection in the latter city, Jellachich has for the present removed his troops from Hungary and joined the Austrian force in the neighborhood of Vienna, which is now surrounded by an army of altogether about 100,000 men.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Home Influence: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By GRACE AGUILAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This story is intended to be illustrative of "a mother's solemn responsibilities." Its author is a Jewish lady, "the author of Jewish works, and an explainer of the Jewish Faith." She fears "some Christian mothers may fear that the present work has the same tendency, and hesitate to place it in the hands of their children. She, therefore, begs to assure them that as a simple domestic story, the characters in which are all Christians, believing in and practising that religion, all doctrinal points have been most carefully avoided, the author seeking only to illustrate the spirit of true piety, and the virtues always designated as the Christian virtues thence proceeding. Her sole aim, with regard to religion, has been to incite a train of serious and loving thoughts towards God and man, especially those with whom he has linked us in the precious ties of parent and child, brother and sister, master and pupil."

This seems well intended, and we find nothing exceptionable in looking hastily over the story, which is in a flowing style, without so much power as seriousness.

A religious novel addressed to Christian mothers, by a Jewish lady, who denies the *Saviour of Mankind*, is an anomaly upon which it is deemed unnecessary to comment. Such a work, so addressed, by some learned Chinese lady writer, (of whom there are not a few,) would be far less remarkable.

Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth. Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Commerce, Banking, Revenues, Internal Improvements, Emigration, Mortality, and Population. By EZRA C. SEAMAN. New York: Baker & Scribner.

Of the hundreds of editors and politicians who write and converse, and sometimes think, upon topics of political economy and finance, there are probably few who are really at the pains to acquire real information on such topics. If it should ever occur to such persons that a little accurate knowledge is worth a volume of talk, they may be led by that reflection to spend a few shillings to buy knowledge. The work before us contains an immense and well digested store of real information. Mr. Seaman's work is well known and recommended. As a book for school libraries, there is nothing to fill its place.

William the Cottager. By the Author of *Ellen Herbert, or Family Changes.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A story of the temptations and trials of a humble and pious cottager. The style simple and elegant; the manners of English cottage and palace life brought together in the relations of charity, and piety.

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By RICHARD MAGNALL. First American, from the eighty-fourth London edition, with large additions: embracing the Elements of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry, etc., etc. Adapted for schools in the United States, by Mrs. Julia Lawrence. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is an excellent edition of a standard school book. The improvements are judiciously made, and the work is in every respect admirably adapted to its purpose. Without going into an extended critique, for which with regard to books intended only for a particular class, and not interesting to general readers, our pages afford but little space, we desire to be understood as heartily recommending it to the attention of teachers.

The Thousand and One Nights. Illustrated by six hundred beautiful designs on wood. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1848. [Part VIII., to be completed in 12 parts.]

This is Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights. We greatly prefer it to all others. The present number contains a story that we do not remember to have seen—the story of the City of Brass, of the Battles of Solomon, in which were matured the evil spirits that rebelled against God, and of the wars of the birds, beasts and Genii, related by the Afrite Danhash, in his place of torture in the pillar of brass. It is by far the wildest of all these stories, and probably contains more of the supernatural and of the peculiar sentiment of the East, than any other of these wonderful fictions. Lane's translation is particularly valuable to critics and persons of taste, as it gives the spirit and style of the original, with all the quotations from the Arabic poets, &c. &c. The illustrations are in the best taste, correct in costume and architecture.

Fairy Tales and Legends of many Nations. Selected, newly told and translated, by C. B. BURKHARDT. Illustrated by W. Walcut and J. H. Cafferty. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

This is as appropriate a gift-book for little readers as could be desired. The stories are mostly new and interesting, and the printing and illustrations are very neat. Mr. Burkhardt has been very happy in the selection of a motto from Wieland for his title-page—

"Believe me, there is ne'er so light a fairy tale,
But that a man may gain in wisdom by it."

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, to which are added those of his companions. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's revised edition. Vol. I. Small 8vo. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, and 142 Strand, London. 1848.

It is only necessary here to announce the appearance of this elegant edition of Washington Irving's Columbus, revised by his own hand. After an interval of many years, we read it again with renewed delight, and thank the author for providing us a mental entertainment so elegant and so instructive as this history.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the different idioms of the Greek and English languages will allow. With Explanatory Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. First American from the fourth London edition. Thoroughly revised and corrected; with additional notes. Princeton: Published by George Thompson. 1 vol. 8vo.

The reading of this translation has renewed for us old enjoyment. It leaves the same impression upon the mind that is left by hearing Homer translated aloud by a good literal scholar. Readers who wish to renew their acquaintance with the greatest of poets, but who have no leisure to review their Greek, may rely upon this translation. It is of course a necessary addition to the library of the solitary student, whose means or opportunities do not afford him the aid of a private tutor.

We value our own copy beyond all other translations. It is full, free, and spirited.

Hobart's Analysis of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. With Notes. Also Crawford's Questions of Examination. Revised and adapted to the use of Schools. By CHARLES E. WEST, Principal of Rutgers Institute in the city of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A small, cheap edition of Butler's Analogy.

A Treatise on the Diseases and the Hygiene of the Organs of the Voice. By COLUMBAT DE L'ISERE, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, &c., &c., &c. Translated by J. F. W. LANE, M.D. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co.

A work containing in a very small compass all the important facts concerning the mechanism of speaking and singing, and of the various diseases which affect these functions. The book is both curious and valuable.

The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition. Revised by the Author. Vol. II. The Sketch Book. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848.

The style of this celebrated collection of essays, seems rather to gain in vivacity and richness, like good wine, as it grows older. It is, perhaps, the most perfect example of a pure Addisonian English, produced by an American. Of the interest of the "Sketches," as works of fancy and feeling, the world is well informed already. The volumes of this series are elegant, but not expensively got up.

Observations on the Pathology of Croup, with Remarks on its topical Treatment. By HORACE GREEN, A.M., M.D., &c., &c. New York: John Wiley. 1849.

This little work is important for containing a description of the new method now in use of curing inflammation of the pharynx and throat generally, by the application of a solution of nitrate of silver, applied by the sponge: a great improvement. A plate of the instrument used is given.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The past month has brought the commencement of the opera season, and has also been fruitful in concerts. The merits of the principal vocalists of the opera company have been discussed and settled. Truffi, the prima donna, is a singer of much excellence, but is on the whole perhaps quite as much indebted for her success to her dramatic powers, as to those she possesses as a mere vocalist.

The orchestra this season is admirably conducted by Mr. Maretzek, formerly chorus-master, we believe, at the Queen's Theatre in London. They accompany with precision, but in general much too loudly for our taste.

The donna seconda, Madame Laborde, is a vocalist of great merit—one of the best studied artists we have lately had among us; her voice is not large, but she manages it with so much skill that she is already a favorite with the opera audiences.

We hear nothing but the most confident assurances of a successful season at this establishment—which if Mr. Fry accomplishes, he will achieve a task of so much difficulty that he will deserve to be decreed a triumph, or at least an ovation.

Besides the opera, the city has produced many interesting concerts, and there has been an influx of foreign artists quite unparalleled in our musical history, and not a little alarming to our resident performers, who find themselves in prospect of being brought in competition with the first of their art in Europe.

Young Ikelheimer, a violinist of uncommon promise, gave a concert which did not attract in proportion to his merit. He was assisted by Miss, or Fraulein, Valesca Kletz, from Berlin, a very unassuming and unexceptionable singer; she has a pure quality of tone, and is well studied, but wants those striking qualities, which, whether good or bad, seem to be necessary to win the public.

The Germania band have continued to give concerts, all, with the exception of one got up for their benefit by many of the best artists and amateurs of the city, at a loss. At that they were assisted by our two pianists, Messrs. Scharfenberg and Timm, who played a brilliant duet by Chopin. Generally the music played by this company has not been either classic or popular, but dry German waltz music. Had they boldly produced none but good music from the first, and put themselves on that ground, we cannot but think they would have been more successful. As it has been, they have given so large a mixture of poor stuff that people would not go to hear it. Once or twice they gave the beautiful *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn, a piece in which the composer seems to have caught the very spirit of Shakspeare's poem. They gave also Beethoven's wonderful C minor symphony, in a style in which it was never before heard in this country.

In private, at Mr. Pirsson's, a number of them played a quartet of Beethoven's, Op. 18, a quintet of Spohr's, a sextuor of Bertini's, and two movements of a septet of Hummel; they were assisted by Mr. Timm and Mr. Joseph Burke, who played Mendelssohn's unique violin concerto—why is it that artists are so very fearful of letting the public hear such music as most of this was?

In addition to the Germania we have another similar band, of it is said equal merit, from Berlin, under Josef Gungl, and another from Dresden; the Distin horn family, (excellent performers, we are told,) from England, have their pictures in the music store windows; a brother and sister, violin and piano, also are there seen, and we hear of more soloists and infant prodigies on their way here than there is room to enumerate.

Meantime our music dealers say that the best class, and indeed all classes of purchasers buy nothing but Ethiopian melodies. The prospects of the art are anything but encouraging.

The Philharmonic have in rehearsal for their first concert, Mozart's Jupiter symphony, and a new symphony by Gardé, a protégé of Mendelssohn's, which showed more power of invention in the ideas than in their treatment.

At the theatres nothing has transpired worthy of special note since the departure of Mr. Macready. The Placides at the Park have drawn good houses, but their version of *Dombe* was very little to our taste.

INDEX.

A.

Arnell's Poems, review, (Frank Tuthill,) 174.

B.

Browne, Sir Thomas, sketch of his life and writings, (Joseph Hartwell Barrett,) 15.
Buena Vista, Battle of, (Lieut. C. P. Kingsbury, U. S. A.,) 445.

C.

California, The Route to, review, 204.
Causes of the Success of the Whigs, (J. D. W.,) 547.
Chiozza, The War of, (Trans. by C. C. Hazewell,) 399, 470.
Chloroform, On the Use of, in Hanging, (G. W. Peck,) 283.
Colton's Public Economy, review, 142.
Congressional Oratory, 361.
Correction, 330.

CRITICAL NOTICES.—The Diplomatic and Official Papers of Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State, 108; Angela, a Novel, 109; The Seat of Government of the United States, 110; Mary Grover, or the Trusting Wife—Mrs. Markham's History of England—Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land—Spencer's Cæsar's Commentaries—Modern Painters—Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay in his 71st year, 218; Guernsey's History of the United States—History of Congress—The Planetary and Stellar Worlds—A First Book in Spanish, 219; Headley's Letters from Italy—The Taylor Anecdote Book, 220; Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, 326; Literary Sketches and Letters, being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb—A Manual of Grecian and Roman Antiquities—Neander's Life of Jesus Christ, 328; Headley's Life of Cromwell—Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull—Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley—Modern French Literature, 329; An Universal History, in a Series of Letters—Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II.—Story of the Peninsular War, 330; Portrait of Millard Fillmore—Chambers's

Miscellany, 435; Works of Washington Irving—Physical Geography—Charms and Counter-Charms, 436; Mirabeau, a Life History—Grantly Manor, 437; The Drama—Music, 438; The Architect—The Past, The Present, and the Future, 544; Gowrie, or the King's Plot—The Playmate—Music and the Drama, 546; Home Influence—William the Cottager, 618; Historical and Miscellaneous Questions—Irving's Life of Columbus—Homer's Iliad, 619; Music and the Drama, 650.

D.

Damascus and Ba'albek, An Excursion to, (Prof. Adolphus L. Koeppen,) Part First, 157; Part Second, 235.
Daute Alighieri, The Life and Genius of—with an account of the Divina Commedia, (Prof. Philip Schaff,) 125.
Day in October, A, verse, (J. H. Barrett,) 528.
Duhobret, The Painter, 501.

E.

Edward Vernon, review, 317.
Ezzelino da Romano, surnamed "The Cruel," a Character of the Thirteenth Century, 53.

F.

Fantasy Piece, A, (G. W. Peck,) 179.
Fillmore, Millard, biographical sketch of, 341.
Adventure of his great-grandfather with a pirate, 341; apprenticed to a clothier, 342; his thirst for knowledge—studies law under the patronage of Walter Wood, Esq., ib.; elected to the State Assembly in 1829, ib.; to Congress in 1832, 343; Chairman of Committee on Elections—the New Jersey case, ib.; his arduous exertions as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, 344; peremptorily withdraws from Congress, 345; elected Comptroller of New York in 1847, ib.
Foreign Miscellany, 106, 213, 323, 433, 541, 646.
Free Soil Policy, 193. No constitutional power in the Executive over the question, 193; no legitimate influence upon legislation, 194; position and duties of the President, 195;

ends proposed by the Free Soil movement, 197; corruption the only means of attaining them, 198.

French Revolution: M. Louis Blanc, review, (Henry Smales,) 90.

G.

Germany, The Revolution in, (John M. Mackie, A. M.,) 345. Retrospective view, 345; state of preparation for revolution, 346; a republic not generally desired, 348; effects of the late French Revolution in Prussia—outbreak in Berlin, 349; the funeral of the slain, 350; the results, 351; state of Austria, 352; proceedings in Vienna on the fall of Louis Philippe, 353; success of the popular demands, 354; reforms in the smaller German States, 355; Bavaria—Lola Montes, *ib.*; formation of a general German Diet, 357; the Archduke John elected Vicar of the Empire, 359; sketch of his history, *ib.*; organization of the imperial Government, 360.

George II., Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of, review, (N. S. Dodge,) 561.

Ghost Stories, (G. W. Peck,) 411, 529, 629.

Godwin, William, sketch of his life and writings, (G. F. Deane,) 259.

H.

Hudson's Lectures on Shakspeare, review, (G. W. Peck,) 39.

Hungary and the Slavonic Movement, (John M. Mackie, A. M.,) 611. Description of the country, 611; sketch of its history, 612; its institutions and inhabitants, 613; first steps towards reform, 615; provisional government established, 616; its proceedings, 617; the Slavonic population—antipathy of the two races, 618; their insurrection, 619; movement for a Pan-Slavonic confederation—the Congress of Prague, 621; the outbreak at Prague, 622; insurrection in Posen, 623; affairs of Cracow, 625; Turkish principalities of the Danube, *ib.*

Hymn of Creation, (in the Indus,) (William Wallace,) 24.

I.

Ingersoll, Hon. Joseph Reed, Memoir of, 101. Insanity, how far a Legal Defence, (I. Edwards,) 269.

K.

Keats, The Life and Letters of, review, (Charles A. Bristed,) 603.

L.

Laconics, (J. D. W.,) 200.

Lamb's Letters, review, (G. W. P.,) 381.

Letter from a Citizen of New York, to his Friend in the Country, touching the Election, (J. D. W.,) 439. Reasons for not engaging in the election considered, 439; requirement of pledges from a candidate, 440; particular measures not essential to the Whig creed, *ib.*; perversion of power consequent on the election of a pledged President, 442; General Taylor pledged solely against such perversion, 443.

Louis XIV. and his Court, review, (N. S. Dodge,) 484.

M.

Manabozho and the Great Serpent, an Algonquin Tradition, (E. G. Squier, A. M.,) 392. Mendelssohn, sketch of his works, (G. A. MacFarren,) 305.

Modern Improvements—The Newspaper Press, 584.

N.

Ne-she-kay-be-nais, or the "Lone Bird," an Ojibway Legend, (E. G. Squier, A. M.,) 255. New Mexico and California—their Ancient Monuments, and Aboriginal, Semi-civilized Nations, (E. G. Squier, A. M.,) 503. Emory's and Abert's Reports, 504; primitive, semi-civilized tribes, 505; description of Acoma, and other towns, *ib.*; their government, 507; aboriginal remains on the Pecos river, *ib.*; on the Gila, 508; the Pimos Indians, 510; ancient remains among them, 511; their remarkable character, *ib.*; the Coco Maricopas, 513; the Soones, Zunni, or Moqui, 514; Navajos, 515; descriptions of ruins by various authors, *ib.*; early Spanish explorations, 517; expeditions to Cibola and other provinces, 518; locality of the places visited—their accounts compared with present data, 520; ancient descriptions of the country and the inhabitants, 523; the "unexplored region," 525; notes, 526.

Newspaper Press, The, 584.

Nomination, The—General Taylor, (J. D. W.,) 1. Objections considered, 1; fitness of his character—testimony of Hon. John J. Crittenden, 2; letter from Hon. D. D. Barnard, 3; Gen. Taylor's position, 5; proceedings of the Convention, *ib.*; reasons for supporting the nomination, 7.

O.

Oratory, Congressional, 361.

Oregon Bill, The—Remarks on the South Carolina Doctrine in regard to Territory, (J. D. W.,) 111. Bearing of the Constitution upon the question, 111; joint ownership, 112; Mr. Calhoun's view of the Declaration, 113; the true idea of liberty, 114; the question not between States, but individuals, 115; powers

of Congress, 116; slave representation, 118; extent of power over the territories, 119; the ordinance of 1787, and the Missouri Compromise, 122.

P.

Party Discontents, 331. Candidates before the Philadelphia Convention, 332; singular course of the friends of Mr. Clay, 333; grounds of discontent combated, 334; expediency defined, 337; eminent qualifications of the Whig candidate, *ib.*

Party, Necessity for—The Press—The Locofoco Platform, (J. D. W.,) 8. The struggle for power not discreditable, 9; the franchise, its exercise how influenced, *ib.*; the press, corrupting influences over it, 10; its importance not duly appreciated, *ib.*; Locofoco truth and consistency, 11; External *vs.* Internal Improvements, 12; "Democratic" ingenuity—Protection, 13; opinions of the "father of Democracy," *ib.*

Peace of Years, The, verse, 173.

POETRY.—Hymn of Creation, (in the *Indus*,) (William Wallace,) 24; Twenty Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes, (G. W. Peck,) 81; Stanzas, imitated from Sappho, 141; The Peace of Years, 173; Midnight, 323; Summer Afternoon in my Study, (W. Gilmore Simms,) 346*; The Shore, (J. D. W.,) 366; The Vengeance of Eros, imitated from Theocritus, (C. A. Bristed,) 482; Sonnet, 502; Song, *ib.*; A Day in October, (J. H. Barrett,) 528; Undine: The Birth of a Soul, (Henry W. Colton,) 599.

Princess, A Talk about the, review, (Charles A. Bristed,) 28.

Public Economy, Colton's, review, 142.

R.

REVIEWS.—Sir Thomas Browne, (Joseph Hartwell Barrett,) 15; A Talk about the Princess, (C. A. Bristed,) 23; Hudson's Lectures on Shakspeare, (G. W. P.,) 39; French Revolution: M. Louis Blanc, (Henry Smales,) 90; Colton's Public Economy, 142; Arnell's Poems, 174; Edward Vernon, 317; Lamb's Letters, (G. W. P.,) 381; Vanity Fair, (Charles A. Bristed,) 421; Louis XIV. and his Court, (N. S. Dodge,) 484; Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II., (N. S. Dodge,) 561; The Life and Letters of Keats, (C. A. Bristed,) 603.

Revolutionary History, Two Leaves of, taken down from Conversations with Governor Shelby, (Lieut. John J. Hardin,) 577. Battle of Musgrove's Mill, 578; Battle of King's Mountain, 580.

S.

Sadi, the Persian Poet, 275.

Schleswig, Wars between the Danes and Germans for the Possession of, (Prof. Adolphus L. Koeppen,) 453. Present state of affairs, 453; geographical description of Jutland, 454; inhabitants, 455; sketch of its history from the fifth to the thirteenth century, 456; Holstein incorporated with Denmark in 1214, 457; its possession again lost, *ib.*; early dissensions between the crown of Denmark and the Dukes of Schleswig, 458; first union of Schleswig and Holstein—the act without legality, *ib.*; distractions of Denmark—wars with the Counts of Holstein, 459; Schleswig alienated in 1386, *ib.*; restored in 1424 by the Emperor of Germany, as umpire, 460; the war continued, *ib.*; escheats to the crown by the failure of direct heirs, 461; but again alienated by an invalid act of King Christian I., 462; he is elected Duke of Schleswig and Holstein in 1460, *ib.*; view of their internal condition, *ib.*; continued difficulties, 463; the Dittmarsk commonwealth, 464; the revolution of 1660, 467; Schleswig secured to Denmark in 1718 by the guaranty of Sweden, England and France, *ib.*; difficulties with Russia, 468; the general peace of 1815, *ib.* Shakspeare, Hudson's Lectures on, review, (G. W. P.,) 39.

Shore, The, verse, (J. D. W.,) 366.

Sonnet, 502.

Stanzas, imitated from Sappho, 141.

Summer Afternoon in my Study, verse, (W. Gilmore Simms,) 346*.

Swiss Revolution, The, (J. A. McMaster,) 63. Importance of Swiss affairs to the rest of Europe, 64; origin of the Swiss confederacy, *ib.*; its struggles with Austria, 65; admission of new cantons, 66; consequent internal dissensions, *ib.*; bad policy in regard to foreigners, 68; the French Revolution, 69; jacobin intrigues in Switzerland, 71; secret political clubs, 73; efforts at revolution in 1830, *ib.*; suppression of monasteries, 74; calling in of the Jesuits by Lucerne, 75; the Sonderbund, its organization and objects, 76; outbreak of civil war, 77; attack upon Friburg by the radicals, 79; treachery of its commandant, *ib.*; present state of Switzerland, 80.

T.

Twenty Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes, (G. W. Peck,) 81.

U.

Undine, The Birth of a Soul, ballad, (Henry W. Colton,) 599.

V.

Vanity Fair, review, (Charles A. Bristed,) 421

Vengeance of Eros, verse, imitated from Theocritus, (Charles A. Bristed,) 482.

Vinton, Memoir of the Hon. Samuel F., 297. Procures a collegiate education by teaching, 298; studies law, and settles at Gallipolis, Ohio, *ib.*; enters at once upon a successful practice, 299; unexpectedly nominated for Congress in 1822, and re-elected for fourteen years, *ib.*; procures an important modification of the Land Laws, *ib.*; defeats Calhoun's scheme of Indian migration, 300; debate on Nullification, 302; his successful defence of the public lands system, *ib.*; withdraws from Congress in 1837, and reluctantly drawn back in 1843, 303; his final retirement, 304.

W.

War of Chizza, (Trans. by C. C. Hazewell,) 399, 470.

Wars between the Danes and Germans, for the Possession of Schleswig, (Prof. Adolphus L. Koepfen,) 453.

"Woman's Rights," (Rev. John W. Nevin, D. D.,) 367. Man the centre and embodiment of nature, 367; humanity incomplete without a free social union of its members, 368; Religion the crowning idea of humanity, 369; the Family the fundamental form of society, *ib.*; the distinction of sex universal and organic, 370; this distinction imperishable, 371; the physical difference of the sexes—extends to the body as a whole, 372; the moral difference also complete, 373; the sexes designated to widely different spheres of life, *ib.*; humanity completed in the unity of the two sexes, 375; the nature of love, 376; marriage a mutual self-surrender of individual personality, 378; theory of the *emancipation of woman*, 379.

Whigs, The, and their Candidate, (Hon. Daniel D. Barnard,) 221. Objects to be gained by

Whig ascendancy, 221; Whig principles—opposition to executive usurpation—the veto, 222; distinction between legislative and executive functions, 223; ambitious views of Gen. Cass, 225; the advocate of executive supremacy, 226; proper character for a Whig candidate, 228; Zachary Taylor—his character and opinions, 229; grounds for the action of the Convention, 231; the Alison letter, 232; the Free Soil Party—its object secured by the election of General Taylor, 233.

Whigs, Causes of the Success of the, at the late Presidential Election, (J. D. W.,) 547. The result of the election, 547; disinterested professions of our candidate, 548; Congress restored to its original functions by this election, *ib.*; a deadly blow given by it to demagoguism, 549; course of the Administration in the matter of annexation—should have *mediated* before it *annexed*, 550; what we have gained by the war, 551; tariff system of the Administration, *ib.*; origin of their distrust of the people—Jackson's experiment in banking, 552; doctrine of the division of labor among the nations, *ib.*; evil effects of permitting manufactures in this country, 553; operation of the tariff of 1846—occasions great fluctuations in the market, *ib.*; ruinous effects on manufacturing districts, 554; why the farmers voted against the Administration, *ib.*; interest of Southern planters in the establishment of manufactures, *ib.*; employment of slave labor, 555; support of the Whig candidate by the commercial classes—improvement of harbors and rivers, 556; reasons of the Administration for vetoing the River and Harbor bill, 557; doctrine of non-interference with the interests of the country, *ib.*; working of the credit system, 558; specie system of the Administration, 559.







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